

Tuesday.

Dearest.

I feel certain that I am going
mad again. I feel we can't go
through another of those health crises.
And I want to live this time. I begin
to hear voices, & can't concentrate.
So I am doing what seems the best
thing to do. You have given me
the greatest possible happiness. You
have been in my way all that anyone
could be. I don't think two
people could have been happier till
this horrible disease came. I can't
forget it any longer. I know that I am
spoiling your life that we can't see you
could work. And you will know.
You too I can't even write this properly.
I can't read. What I want to say is that
I owe all the happiness of my life to you
you have been literally packed with me
more deeply loved. I want to say that -
everybody knows it. If any body would