

March 1, 1995

Dear Peter,

What a bittersweet goodbye. Part of me wanted to run back inside on Saturday and get another hug from you. Yet, as I walked outside a mockingbird was singing from the top of a tall pine tree outside your office. As I listened I felt as if it was Spring, a new beginning. A rush of hope and excitement. Thank you for pointing me in a new direction and for staying with me when things were so dark. Let's stay in touch. I'll miss you, but I will be thinking of you.

Love,