

it was so sad seeing you last night because i was so angry with you that, once again, you rejected me by not wanting to see me today, and yet, all i wanted was for everyone else in the room to disappear and for you to hold me.

i loved you with all of my heart, bill. i wanted to be with you all of the time. most recently in london, i walked the streets thinking how content i would be to walk the streets at your side while you spoke of things past -- filled the air and my soul with your knowledge of history.

when you gave me "leaves of grass", i realized that the reason i felt connected to you, or so i thought, was because you were in my soul. to quote your famous cliché, i felt your pain. i seemed, somehow to feel in my heart some of your experiences. you will see in this collection of things for you, a card i was so shocked to find for obvious reasons. it rang so true to me.

i realized yesterday when betty told me you "couldn't" see me what was really going on -- you want me out of your life. i guess the signs have been clear for awhile -- not wanting to see me and rarely calling. i used to think it was you putting up walls and that the real you was the person whom i was with on the fourth of july. i'm humiliated at how wrong i was. for the life of me, i can't understand how you could be so kind and so cruel to me. when i think of all the times you filled my heart and soul with sunshine and then think of the times you made me cry for hours and want to die, i feel nauseous.

i will never forget what you said that night we fought on the phone -- if you had known what i was really like you never would have gotten involved with me. i'm sure you're not the first person to have felt that way about me. i am sorry that this has been such a bad experience.

well, anyway, these are all of the little gifts and one big christmas gift (the black box) that i've had for you. i wanted to give them to you in person, but that is obviously not going to happen. you may not want to keep them, but please don't send them back. i'm very particular about presents and could never give them to anyone else -- they were all bought with you in mind. your christmas present is an antique from, i believe, the 30's. i was very attracted to it.

i knew it would hurt to say goodbye to you; i just never thought it would have to be on paper. take care.

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