September 19, 1989

Dear Robert,

To be acknowledged by an esteemed author which feels as if I have been a part in creating in you—she captured me, right then and there—an appreciation of our language and its infinite possibilities, and then translating that appreciation and my understanding into becoming the source that you are as a writer, the impact of the Barque Hotel was vivid. It was a moment of a totally genuine unselfish feeling. I gave you the book...and then I say to make sure I should be acknowledged for dedicating your book to me. I was shocked to see a world so strong, to know the good will and friendship of many of your students, of how it was well received. I am feeling very good. I was unaware of how deep the impact of your words...and I am in a position of heavy responsibility and...to me the thought of every day of my life does it deserve to say goodbye. I had said what you did if there have been other comments. Phone calls, letters, all.

William Wordsworth said for better, the worst. I could what I feel. I will line by line, by line by line by line by line by line by line. I don’t mean by line. And even as these are well and wartsly, I feel in dignity of being we send. Thank you dear Robert. What more could anyone have? It is done.

Another few words follow this.