

TO JUDY

Richard Loveall

Dearest Judy,

While I will be out of phone contact until Sunday, you will be everywhere about me in the peaceful Sierra.

I will hear your voice singing in the brook, your pert whistle in the sough of the firs. I will see your lovely eyes in the restless doe that will bound away after a fleeting look,

your steadfastness in the granite outcroppings, your skin in the softness of new leaves, your warmth in the cracking fire, your full gentle lips in the wild iris blooms.

And lastly, your countenance will be in all that represents God's wondrous work in Nevada's mountains.

While I will miss you, these reminders will keep you close and in my heart.

Love,
Richard Alan



Photograph by John Kupersmith