

Eugene Patterson

July 31, 1997

Mr. Lawrence M. Flanagan
1854 Rolling Hills
Norman, Oklahoma 73072

Dear Larry,

You're on the other side of the world as I write this. But I hope you know the pleasure you gave me by sending along the fine, fine cup with my name where LEVI's used to be stitched. I've never quaffed a cold one from denim jeans but it's never too late overall (ha). Most of all, thanks for remembering me when you fired the kiln for old times. I recall you, your face, your grin, your strength of character that always showed, and our comradeship as we pushed those little airplanes around the night skies over Lawton and landed them on a black and unlit sea of pasture without runways, or any lights at all except the bulbs on the fence posts. (We did have a landing light on the L-5 but I never used it after the first time; it blinded me.)

I am pleased to know you've had such a great life and that you are still engaged and moving around. My wife's ill health has grounded us now. But we used the active years well and saw the whole world, and lived for good years in Atlanta, Washington, New York and London before settling here by the sea, with our daughter and three granddaughters near. We've all been blessed. Now, old friend, peace. 