

Dear,

Boy, this barracks orderly
bit has done wonders for my
communications gap. Wrote
one letter to you already, and
also wrote Mom S, Mom M,
Grandma, Mel, Ron, and Dad +
Julia. How's that for time on
the old hands. Well, it's fun
& cheaper than phone calls.
Not really much to tell
anyone - just trying to ease
their worries about how
we're taking it. I do hate
to be a burden on them -
they really shouldn't worry
about us - we'll make it
thru + then have a life-
time to forget this + be
together, oui?

Obviously, not much is
happening around here this
afternoon either. This job
would be terribly boring
if it weren't for all the
wonderful people I have to

want to. I'm so much more
relaxed today. Got a good
night's sleep & sitting around
writing & relaxing has restored
my low batteries again. I
love you so much. Felt so
close to you today. We can
face this dear as long as
we can be open with each
other and continue to care
as much or more about
each other's feelings as we
do our own.

The guys here are beginning
to pull together a bit more I
know that we're going over
there together. Most of them
are really very interesting
men and I think I'll enjoy
being with them for the
duration. And the more I
think about it, Nam isn't
that tragic that I can't
put up with what I'll see
& do. It's a price I have to
pay to be a citizen of a
potentially great nation. Maybe
after my blues are paid, I'll
be able to in some small
part affect the thoughts &

direction of this system of ours. Mustn't give up hope. Also, I can't lose sight of my goals and ideals. I will not let this defeat my purpose in life or that would be allowing what I hate the most to happen. Altho I'm not a violent person I do feel strongly about some things and I will never want bitterness to blind my striving for a better world for our children to live in. Bitterness is non-productive & our lives are too short to waste time feeling sorry for ourselves. Better to take what comes our way and work to better ourselves and our surroundings than to curl up into an apathetic shell and tell the rest of the world to go hang (for it just may do just that).

In some ways, I think we'll be able to face this better than some could. We know

where we stand & where we're
going, contrary to my feelings
& anger last night. Guess I
just had to blow off at the
methods of the system &
how it tends to engulf
people & hurt them at times.
There must be a better way
to live & defend ourselves
than this. But it's best
to concentrate on finding that
way rather than just saying
it's wrong & that's it.

Enough further blab.
I need you so much to
put up with my crazy
moments as well as my
more stable ones. Have to
admit my weaknesses at
times - only human as they
say. A lot of wonderful things
have & will happen to us
during our lives together.
And I do believe they will
tend to greatly overshadow
the temporary setbacks and
heartaches we face.

At least I can now begin
to see the end of this phase of
my Army career. After all,
if I can be out + free by
April 1970, it's not all that
bad to be going to Nam. The
happy thoughts of getting
home + getting down to the
business of settling + planning
our family will help pass
these days + they'll go quickly.

I love you, dear 'P's'
call Sun! Maybe by then
I'll have my orders + can
tell you more specifics.

Ten amour,
Lynn

Our Love

My love for you is many things
That only living truly brings
The unfolding truth in my heart
Of former void's counter-part
With the softness of a dove's wings.
Your love for me is priceless stones
Of multi-color producing tones
Giving shades of joy which tint the
gray,
Penetrating darkness with a powerful
ray,
Warming its target-husband's zone.

Our love is then the married parts
Of two strong loves to each impart
The hopes and dreams of future days
When our world finds peaceful ways
Like the quiet peace of lovers' hearts

(over)

Soon.

The touch, the smile, the eyes
Of my love
Preclude all need of words to say,
"I love you, & Lona."

We sense, we think, we know
Of our love.
Home I'll soon be just to feel
I love you, & Lona.