

April 20, 1986

Dear Bob,

I am joyless, to say the least. I'm sure you know of my warm feelings for you, my respect for your excellent work, your constant and reassuring presence at our place of business. It's a melancholy time for all of us who responded, as I did, to your illuminating mirth. Quietly, I depended on you, your support, your angle on the way things were. I miss you with my heart. For me, your being gone is a severe reality. There will always be twists of language that will make me think of you — just something overheard, perhaps the sound of baseball.

Fondly,