

June 12, 1944

Margie.

I fell in love with you when we were eleven years old. I recall the moment. It was during our math lesson. You raised your hand to answer Mr. Benz's question. I took notice of you and realized how beautiful you were. Your smile. Stunning. How you sat. Back straight, chest stuck out, and proud that you answered the question right.

There was something different about you. Still is. Ruth Rehnquist and Doris McHenry always wore dresses to class. Even in the cold winter. Not you. You always wore pants. That did something for me. I overheard your mother one day talking to mine about how you made your own pants. That's why you wore them. I was impressed.

I need to tell you something. I followed you most days after school. I didn't have anywhere to go. My father was always at the McHenry's farm and mother was busy with something. Going home meant being alone. I kept to the woods or behind people so you wouldn't see me.

My favorite place was the river. I liked how you had a cane fishing pole buried under some leaves along the shore. I spent hours watching you. I stood behind one tree. I never got tired of the view. I was happy when you caught a fish. I loved watching you sit in the sun.

I also liked when you walked to town. I kept to the opposite side of the street. What was it about the Ye Old Cheese Shop store that kept you in there for hours? They had a large window. That was good to see you. What did you talk about with Ms. Marcy? I know that she gave you old cheese to use for fishing.

My least favorite place was your house. There was nowhere to hide. Unless it was dark. I loved to watch you read. Don't worry. I left when you would get dressed or change. I kept your honor.

I love you so much. I think about you all of the time.

My problem is that I can't talk around people. It's not that I can't. I struggle. I'm embarrassed. My head thinks I'll say something wrong. It's easier not to talk.

I don't know what to say to you. You must think me a fool. A mute.

I'll show you what love is. You will never find more devotion. Trust. Deep. For all of your life. I just need to tell you. I've tried several times. Actually, hundreds. It can't come out. No matter how hard I try. It is one of the greatest secrets in the world. If I could only express myself. I'm yours.

I'm going to marry you one day. Just need to get back home and figure out how.

Would you marry me?

Will you marry me?

Could I have the honor of having you as my wife?

Would you spend the rest of your life with me?

Margaret Mary Frazier. will you be my wife?

Let's get hitched.

Does eternity sound good to you?

How's about we go to the church and talk to the preacher man and get ourselves a marriage?

Margie. may I have your hand in marriage?

Could I interest you in marriage? It's free and lasts a lifetime.

I love you. I'll figure something out. I've got plenty of time to think of something.

You ever devoted mute.

Emil