

Love Note

My Dearest Love:

I can see us picnicing at Millers park at the end of Broadway on a warm summer afternoon, a blanket spread out on the green grass, a cool breeze blowing off the Sacramento, I can feel you there in my arms your body pressed up against mine. I can remember kissing you, your lips tasting like strawberries, the sun reflecting off your face, so beautiful sitting there watching our old friends walking down the levee. I try hard to remember our conversations - there were many mostly filled with I love you and plans for the future. Not a day goes by that I don't reminisce about our happiness during our carefree days - we didn't have much but the music always played for us. We never did find the time to build that little white house, the one with the white picket fence on a quiet street, a two car garage, a rock fish pond in the yard, a love seat swing on a front porch like the one at my grandma's house. Was it all true or just another dream we both carry. I love you not just part of the time, but I love you everyday not just part of the time and I will always be here waiting on you. See you in my dreams - I love you.

I'll Always Love You
Forever + Ever + Ever
Your Steve

7/24/20