

Dear Richard,

2/4/91

I have a story to tell you, a story that reminds me of the word "lovable" <sup>which I appreciated</sup> when I heard it recently because I also use it.

I was on page ~~28~~ 29 of the draft I enclose when I saw the UPS man going past the window. I met <sup>him</sup> ~~he~~ at the door. He seemed to have a different look. We know him well. I was concerned that the package might weigh <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ than I am now permitted to lift, and I was about to ask him to please take it inside when I saw the name "Penny" and a <sup>Third</sup> ~~Third~~-Ave. New York address. I told him I did not know the sender. He then said I was about to ask you that because this package has no UPS markings on it, so - should not be carrying it and I would not appreciate handling a package that contained dangerous materials.

Lets open it, I said, without thinking that unskilled opening of dangerous materials is careless and foolish. I went <sup>to get a knife</sup> ~~into~~ the house and when I returned he was slitting the ~~tape~~ <sup>tape</sup>. He then removed the triangular bottle I identified immediately. When he saw that it was Scotch whiskey, that wonderful single-malt I'd been given for Xmas, he said ~~we~~ we are not supposed to handle whiskey.

I don't know whether he'll report this or not. ~~He~~ didn't say and I didn't ask.

He did take the carton into the house for me and as I put the bottles in the place I keep these beverages I began to wonder who had ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> it.

It did not take me long to realize that at most two people had heard me say how fine it is and had seen the bottle, although not as I recall closely, when I offered them some.

It came on one of the two best days for me, the day of my biweekly blood testing. I am not to vary my alcohol consumption for 48 hours before these tests. So, I have no limit today and although usually I have but two drinks a day, at 3:50 I am about to have my second.

The first did make me feel better when I was finishing up such disagreeable a partial history.

and I do thank you very much. You also have very sharp eyes, unless you could identify it by the shape of the bottle. It is a fine and a thoughtful gift that I cannot justify buying for myself. Simply lovable!

~~Lucky day, too, because it had the correct address. It was addressed to me on Reunion~~  
Next, but not today, before I read the existing ms., I'll write to go first

*Hardé*

"~~personal statement~~." It is a lucky day, too, because <sup>it had</sup> although it had my <sup>name</sup> ~~name~~ correctly, the street was "Old Reunion Road" and the city was Fredericksburg. Good thing the driver was the one who knows us so well!