

## Letter to Bernie and Tom Carley for Their 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

Dear Bernie and Tom (whom I still think of as Roland),

Can it really be more than fifty (50!) years since my glamorous and always grown-up older cousin brought her boyfriend up to meet Uncle Johnnie and Aunt Isabel? You may not remember as I do, that it was winter and we all bundled up to go across the road tobogganing. Roland took Bernie down and washed her face in the snow. I was kind of horrified, because I hated having my face washed with snow; but Bernie giggled. That was kind of titillating because it clearly had something to do with the two of you being in love, though I thought that was a pretty strange way to show somebody you like them!

I think your wedding was one of the first I ever attended, which was also pretty thrilling. Joyce limped down the aisle and we thought she'd been hurt. Later we learned that she was trying to keep her shoe from squeaking. I remember that Bernie said she wasn't going to toss her bouquet because she didn't think her bridesmaid was coordinated enough to catch it. (I suspect that wasn't for public consumption, but little pictures do have big ears.)

From that time on, the two of you were always a real pair and I can't imagine one of you without the other. You were always both "there" together for the family and especially the various uncles and aunts. I shall always see Tom crying at Uncle Myrt's funeral and hear Bernie as she looked back over the funeral procession say, "I think that's enough cars. Uncle Myrt would be pleased."

Marriages have buckled under far fewer stresses than the two of you have had. It's a joy to know that you are happily together and celebrating in your own "busy retirement" way.

I send my love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Honey".