

NR_key_name: F8BDDD3A8DE1FF7C8525657E006E2752
SendTo: Laura;Kevin
CopyTo:
DisplayBlindCopyTo:
BlindCopyTo:
From: CN=Joseph Freeman/O=ARRB
DisplayFromDomain:
DisplayDate: 12/31/1997
DisplayDate_Time: 3:30:00 PM
ComposedDate: 12/31/1997
ComposedDate_Time: 3:03:10 PM
Subject: Somewhere over west Texas...
these lines from Robert Frost came to me, and you will know why...Ah, when to the heart of manWas it ever
less than a treasonTo go with the drift of thingsTo yield with a grace to reasonAnd bow and accept the endOf a
love, or a seasonI don't have a citation at the moment, though I'm sure I could find it. Not entirely appropriate
(as I know full well) and, under the circumstances, mildly ominous, but -- you must concede -- a pretty
verse.Finn seems practically all well again, and our reunion was joyous! She didgrow in just a week.
Amazing.This is a long shot, but I didn't somehow leave a soft-shell cloth CD carrier with about 10 CDs in it
around the office, did I? Thanks for the good time yesterday!
Body:
recstat: Record
DeliveryPriority: N
DeliveryReport: B
ReturnReceipt:
Categories: