

# FARRON E. CUTLER, Agent

4900 Highland Drive

Murray, Utah

May 13, 1962

Dearest Leola,

During my lunch hours this past week I have spent several of them in looking for a nice card which would express my feelings for you on this mother's day. So I decided to write you this letter today while I had the typewriter out to write Ron. So many things I could say that no one else could possibly compose and put on even a \$1.00 card.

You may think that I am just doing this as a result of your remark about our lack of sentiment. This is not true for as I said I had this in mind early in the week.

Be that as it may I am going to finish with my original idea on this Mother's day.

To really show my love and appreciation for you I must go back a good many years. Only through the years has my love for you grown to such an extent that to me you are even more beautiful than you were when I first saw you. And that is more of a statement than you will ever really realize. I am sure you know it but from the first time I saw you I was overcome not only with your fun loving nature but with the way you walked, talked and looked. To me you were the essence of all I had been looking for in a life companion. I remember parking down town by the bank building and saw you come out to go to lunch. I did not let you know that I was there and I just watched you come out and go down the street. The feeling of pride and joy that came over me when I thought that you were my girl was enough to make tears come to my eyes to think that I could be so lucky as to find some one like you. Even though we have had our problems this feeling still remains. Even now when you come in the bank or I meet you down town, I am ever so proud to think that you are my wife.

I remember another time when I was waiting for you and you had on that matching outfit from Logan with the hat and coat that you had so many compliments on. I think you refer to it as your teardrop outfit. Anyway as I watched you come up the street, you were by far the best looking person on the street, and I saw several people both men and women look at you twice, for your stunning dress and the way you carried yourself.

These of course are things I remember, but to me the other more important things at this time in our life are the daily common favors and courtesies you show to me. I know you are not very concerned about the little ailments we all have, but when I really get sick you have done your very best to make me as comfortable as possible. As I read somewhere, the young cannot appreciate the

*Representing*

UTAH HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

FARRON E. CUTLER JR.

true feeling of love and security except as they experience it through the years. Just to know that there is someone around who is interested in you and what you do and think is a major step in the relaxation one can get from his home and surroundings. This is possibly the reason that I am so contented in my home and do not most of the time have any cause to be worried. After all to be loved, have a comfortable home well kept are to me a soul satisfying feeling. Maybe I am too easily pleased with the material things of life, but I know that my life would be completely overthrown if I did not have you to be with me each and every day.

Another thing that I remember that made my love for you grow stronger is each time you come out of the delivery room after having given birth to one of our children. To see how sick you are and how much pain you have gone through makes me know that my love for you must do nothing but continue to grow. After the ordeal is over for you it is amazing how quickly you can forget, but to me I will never forget what you go through to bear these children. I don't see how any man could help but love his wife and sweetheart more after going through with her the bearing of children.

As I sit here writing these things so many memories flood my mind with the happy things we have done together. For some reason I cannot remember the unpleasant things. Even if there were these things I know they have only come to us to make our union grow stronger.

Oh, yes, I do remember one time. Or maybe twice when we had a little spat. Remember the time you got out of the car down by Liberty Park and walked home. And the other time when you went out and sat in the ditch. Where was that? Over by the house here? And then the couple of times I would go down to the little cow barn to get away. What the quarrels were about I cannot remember *but* only the results.

I don't suppose I have accomplished what I set out to do by writing this letter, but honestly my intention was sincere, and that only to let you know that I love you more than I did when we were married and want to repeat my pledge that I will continue to try and make you happy through the years yet to come.

Farron