



Poems: From Gail and Kathie Feb 26 1969

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Baba was a good man &
something
then, happen to him.
I wish I could cry all my life
but I cannot cry all my life.
Every ^{time} I think of him I want to cry,
but I can't cry. But I feel like crying.
Gail

If you ever look up in a starless sky, Baba,
You will see endless blue, endless infinity.
That's how endless my love for you is, Baba...
Never ending... infinite love.
Kathie

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