08 April 2008

Sweetheart,

Literally, you are my strength when I am weak. You are my voice because I cannot speak. You are my arms and my feet. You fuel my life.

Thank you for teaching me everyday what love is all about. I may not tell you by mouth how much it means to me, but my life is all about your love and mine.

Forever yours,

Jane Camp

P.S. Had cancer not taken my ability to speak, I will shout to the world how I love you and lucky I am that you love me too.