4/4/1962

Most Precious Love,

I realize now how protected my life has been. I’m a creature that never should have been. I fell in love with my scientist and never looked at another man for 10 years. He worshipped me. There was never any question of either of us straying. We lived only for each other. It was a beautiful love. I realize now how much he protected me from the harsh knowledge of life. Love was so beautiful; sex too. True, I was never willing to consummate sexual relations because I believed such consummation belonged to marriage and so I never had complete sexual relations until I married when I was nearly 37. Then for 33 years my husband protected me. I didn’t read modern novels. I never thought of modern sex ideas. My husband never told me a dirty story. I suppose now I must have lived in a false and unreal world. I never encountered the dirty side of sex. Never knew of promiscuity except in a most distant fashion. Bawdy houses, and the like, were just so many words to me. It didn’t occur to me that I’d ever encounter a man who had been to one. Oh my!