Before I met you, I had never taken much notice of flowers or dew or grass or birds. But this morning I walked outside, breathed in the crisp, spring air, sat quietly on the porch, and watched life happen. Then, when time forced me back into the real world, I arrived at work and tried to concentrate, but couldn't. When I looked at my computer screen, I saw your beautiful face and when I jotted notes, I found myself printing your name. Even when I broke for lunch, I remembered our date, the smell of your hair, your perfume, your playful laugh. Everywhere I looked, I remembered you!

Since I met you, my world is coming alive. The more I get to know you the more I feel something warm and beautiful stirring within me. Is this feeling what poets have struggled to describe as love? All I know is that I feel happy and complete when I am with you. When we are apart, I am lethargic and unfocused. I find myself watching the clock as it ticks off the moments until we can be together again.

I learn something new with every conversation. I am impressed that you can easily converse about Bach one moment and French cuisine in another. I was so pleased to learn that we share a common interest in educating children. I have often wondered if I was alone in my thinking, but you confirmed that these ideas might have real merit. That's just the point: you're full of surprises--I never know what new and wonderful thing I will learn when I'm with you.

Please pardon my awkward attempt at saying how much I treasure our growing relationship. I hope you feel the same way. The girls I've dated in the past are like vague memories. I've totally lost interest in anyone but you.

I've planned a surprise for our date this Saturday night, but I'm only giving one hint--please wear a formal dress. That's all I'll say for now. I hope you can come. I'll call you tomorrow night.