

The below letter was written by the Physicist Richard Feynman to his departed wife 2 years after her death. He too is now deceased.

D'Arline,

I adore you sweetheart.

I know how much you like to hear that - but I don't write it because you like it - I write it because it makes me warm all over inside to write it to you.

It is such a terribly long time since I last wrote to you - almost two years but I know you'll excuse me because you understand how I am, stubborn and realistic: & I thought there was no sense in writing.

But I know my darling wife that it is right to do what I have delayed in doing, and that I have done so much in the past. I want to tell you I love you. I want to love you. I always will love you.

I find it hard to understand in my mind what it means to love you after you are dead - but I still want to comfort and take care of you - and I want you to love me and care for me. I want to have problems to discuss with you - I want to do little projects with you. I never thought until just now that we can do that together. What should we do. We started to learn to make clothes together - or learn Chinese - or getting a movie projector. Can't I do something now. No. I'm alone without you and you were the "idea-woman" and general instigator of all of our wild adventures.

When you are sick you worried because you could not give me something that you wanted to & thought I needed. You needn't have worried. Just as I told you then there was no real need because I loved you in so many ways so much. And now it's clearly even more true - and you can give me nothing now yet I love you so that you stand in my way of loving anyone else - but I want you to stand there. You, dead, are so much better than anyone else alive.

I know you will assure me that I am foolish & that you want me to have full happiness & don't want to be in my way. I'll bet you are surprised that I don't even have a girlfriend (except you sweetheart) after two years. But you can't help it, darling, nor can I - I don't understand it, for I have made many girls & very nice ones and I don't want to remain alone - but in two or three meetings they all seem ashes. You only are left to me. You are real.

My darling life, I do adore you.

I love my wife. My wife is dead.

Rich.

P.S. Please excuse me not mailing this - but I don't know your new address.