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Hi Marion!

Wanted to tell you about a place I visited in North Carolina. It's called Bird Island. It is a wild life estuary/sanctuary. There is nothing manmade on the island. About 30 years ago, a woman was walking alone along the shore. She saw an old mailbox just off shore but could not get to it. She realized it was a hallucination. She saw it as a sign and the next weekend went to the same place and put up a mailbox and wooden bench and named it Kindred Spirit. She then placed a journal and pen in the mailbox.

Since then, she has cared for the Kindred Spirit anonymously. It now has 3 journals. People come from all over to just sit and read the thoughts put there and leave their own feelings. Some write letters and just leave them there. You have to walk over a mile down the beach to get to this peaceful place. Every comment begins "Dear Kindred Spirit". People discuss life, death, nature,---anything that is on your mind at the time and leave it for others to read with only the sound of waves crashing in the background. It is a wonderful place.

You created for all of us the same sanctuary in Kindred Spirits. We could go there and be ourselves in a world that did not understand us, discussing matters that gave us joy or pain, laughter and tears. What you did will live forever in the hearts and minds of so many people. Please know how much we appreciate and love you!



(KAS & GANG)