

A love letter to my wife, Jessica Ann [nee Uman] Baral:

### **I CORINTHIANS 13:1-13**

<sup>1</sup> Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

<sup>2</sup> And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

<sup>3</sup> And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

<sup>4</sup> Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

<sup>5</sup> Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

<sup>6</sup> Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

<sup>7</sup> Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

<sup>8</sup> Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

<sup>9</sup> For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

<sup>10</sup> But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

<sup>11</sup> When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

<sup>12</sup> For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

<sup>13</sup> And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

M wife, come home.

Love, Your Husband,

Robert Baral.

4/19/2000 A.D.