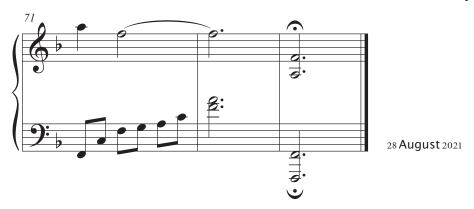
Three Hundred Thirty-Five







Three Hundred Thirty-Five



28 August 2021

Ryan,

I don't know why, exactly, but turning 16 is a big deal. Maybe it's a cultural or traditional thing; maybe it's that you can now legally drive a car; maybe it's because by this age you have achieved a level of independence and self-understanding that all who know you respect and love about you...When you were born, I wrote a special song just for you. You have that hanging, framed, in your room along with the recording I made. This morning (today), a new song just occurred to me and I hastened to write it down. I had not planned on it; nor had I considered it would be especially appropriate to compose such a thing for this particular day. Nevertheless, "Three Hundred Thirty-Five" arrived, and a dedication to you seems so right...I am incredibly proud of you — actually, "pleased as potatoes"—: for all of your accomplishments, certainly; but more so for the wonderful young man you have become. You may not realize it, but *you* inspire *me!* I am lucky to have such a special grandson. Happy 16th Birthday!

(A recording of this piece is in your text messages, since CDs are, apparently, "out of vogue.")