

Dear Paul,

I read your piece again tonight from your Family Attic page and was, as always, very moved: the final paragraphs of "The Right Stuff."

You give me more credit than I deserve, but I will gratefully take it.

You have been for me, now and always, the perfect embodiment of what anyone could hope for in "A Big Brother."

You were always there, my point man, my protection, taking the courage and the blows, sometimes, so I wouldn't have to.

You shielded me.

And even when you were mean to me in the way siblings will be, you made me aware of meanness; from that I knew I had to fend for myself, too, and gain self-reliance.

You taught me things and gave me the inspirations that only a genuine role model can.

When we lost our father, I still had something you unfortunately did not have — an Older Brother who would be there to fill the void, who could reassure that it was OK to keep on living.

I don't think I have said these two things plainly or often enough, but it is not too late to do so now:

1. Thank you.

2. I love you.

Your brother, always,

Larry