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Title: **1973-10-25 Mike McCormick letter to parents**

Category: **Document**

Provenance:

Person:

Date:

Dear Mom and Dad,

10-25-73

I dreamt I left my bike out overnight. The next morning it was stripped. Everything taken that could be taken without breaking the lock. I "knew" where to go (I went). I "found" the parts among many other parts like them. Well at least the bike got put back together and I knew what I was looking for, though I don't remember finding anything. The pedals were only thing missing now. I explained to the "bike dealer" how they were loose and could be taken off without any tools.

The bike is me and the pedals are my will. (?) What's (k)new? Nobody knows.

I got a 90 on my last chemistry test. I thought I really messed that one up. I didn't do so well, but I was lucky. It wasn't luck either. It wasn't kindness either. It was some kind of hybrid of luck and kindness.

Words say nothing. Only "feelings." Then there is understanding.

Will I be seeing you Parent's weekend?

Love,

Mike