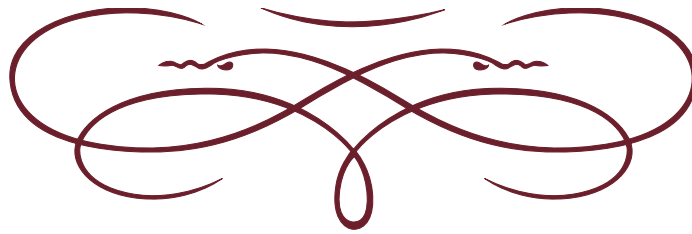


## 致文珺



死生契阔，与子成说。执子之手，与子偕老。——《诗经·邶风·击鼓》



My dearest [*Her Name*],

中文

I have been trying to find the right words for something that has become wonderfully simple in my heart: I love you. Not as an idea, not as a moment, but as a steady truth I return to—in ordinary mornings, in quiet evenings, and in every small space between.

You have a grace that changes the atmosphere of a room. When life is loud, you bring calm; when it is heavy, you bring lightness; when it is uncertain, you bring a kind of courage that feels like home. I admire the way you care, the way you notice, the way you make beauty out of what others might overlook.

If I could give you one gift in return for all you are, it would be this: the certainty that you are cherished. Not only for what you do, but for who you are—your laughter, your

tenderness, your strength, your mind, your patience, and even the soft, honest edges that make you human and real.

Thank you for building a life with me. Thank you for the thousand unseen kindnesses, for the forgiveness you offer, for the dreams you keep, for the love you practice like an art. I am proud to be your husband. I am grateful to be your friend. And I would choose you again, in any lifetime, in any version of the world.



With all my love,  
[Your Name]

