

Dear Paul,

First, I would like to thank you for being so kind as to read my letter. My name is Rachel Edee Smith. In sixteen days I will be twenty-two. I am from the most wonderful Hubcock, Texas. I cannot recall a time in my life when The Beatles were strangers to me. From birth, my mom has been playing your music for me. By the time I was four years-old I could tell people, "The Beatles are John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr who is also known as Richard Starkey". Around that same age (circa 1997), my mom broke the seventeen-year-old news to me that John was no longer with us to which I wept with despair. Growing up with the music, my love for the Fab Four would grow even stronger and would mature into something graceful, elegant, and carefree. At eighteen I went on a vacation to New York City with my mom. During our Central Park visit, I laid eyes on the Dakota for the very first time. Tears immediately began streaming down my mystified face. I was standing in a place that John had once stood. I was gazing at his home where he lived and ultimately died. As I sat sobbing on the sidewalk in front of his home, my heart felt as if I was mourning a brother, a father, or a best friend that I hadn't seen for a very long time, even though his life ended twelve years before mine began. The music that the two of you wrote together inspired a kinship in this world that I don't think I could ever truly explain or understand. Likewise, it has also created a very special love language between my mom and me.

She is really the reason I am writing you this letter. My passion and lifelong dedication to music can be accredited to my mom making the music of the Beatles a part of my life. As far back as I can remember which is pretty far, I have wanted to sing professionally like John and Paul. Thank you for leading me to my dream. And thank you for giving my mom and me a unique way to connect and communicate.

I could write a book telling you about all the times in my life where you and your bandmates either influenced me or seemed to be present, but that is not why I write. My mom and I are attending your show tonight. At first, we worried we wouldn't be able to go because tickets sold out before we could blink. My stepdad, Mike, who knew our crisis, began to tirelessly search Craigslist for tickets. Due to the increase in price, he could only afford one. My mother was devastated. "Just one?" She couldn't go without her Beatle-loving compadre! Of course I would have been sad, but no one in their right mind would refuse a ticket to see the Sir Paul McCartney! To please her, Mike began his quest again. Just one week later, he found another that was cheaper than the first! However, that wasn't what made this ticket so special. He called the woman who was selling the ticket, "You have to sell me this ticket! It's fate! I have the seat next to this one!" By this unforeseen miracle, we had tickets to go together!! (This was in May.) I could hardly believe this story was real. But the amazement doesn't end there.

As if this couldn't be more soundipitous, you became ill and had to postpone your Hubbard concert to October 2nd. My mom will be fifty-one the following day. I was unable to celebrate her big five-oh with her, so I want to make up for that by this birthday being extra special. We have finally arrived at my point!

I am asking if you would sing to my mom, Stacy Tunderbuk, for her birthday? I have imagined you singing 'Birthday', but you could sing her 'Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star' for all I care! I know without a doubt that this would be the greatest gift that she would ever receive in her whole life. Whether it be a private performance or you bring her on stage or you simply give her a shout-out during the show it would mean the world to her (and me!). I just had to ask because it would hurt me to do no. This is the gift I want her to have from me. She is so special to me, and deserves to feel that for at least one night. Would you do that for me? Thank you so very much for reading this. I hope you feel like you know us a little and can find a way to help. Break a leg! We are so thrilled to see your show!!

With love,
Rachel Smith

ps. Will be watching from section 102, row 27, seats eleven and twelve.