

Letter - August 12, 2002

My Lady,

12 Aug 2002

This is the first letter that I have to give to Sir Anthony and I feel a little uneasy about it. I guess that will pass with time, after all very little is truly private anymore. But that boy has a piece of weird that runs to the bone, he could be getting good money for managing the Web Site.

This week I reclaimed our spare bedroom. It is "storage" no longer. I carried all of the old junk that I had in my Destin apartment out beside the road. It was quite a pile of stuff and I was worried that the trash guys would not be able to handle it. Wasted worry, I should have saved it (the worry), within an hour three pickup trucks had stopped and everything was gone. Really that made me feel good - it sort of verified my opinion that it was good stuff. I'm glad that it's not going to the dump - maybe it's helping somebody.

I stopped in to see your Mom. She is doing much the same. She doesn't have a clue who I am - but she still likes me. I tried the trick you told me about. It worked!! I limited the conversation to things that had happened to her that day - and we had a fairly coherent conversation. I will remember it anyway. However once again as I walked out of the home the thought crossed my mind that I have to get a more dangerous job.

Andifer is organizing a Poker Tournament to be held at her house next month. She saw a Championship of Poker on television and got the idea to use that format, except we only have to put up ten dollars instead of ten thousand. It should be a fun evening - and a short one from my point of view, you know my Poker Face.

Lately I've been thinking about my vacation out there. You know what my favorite part was? Sitting on the lanai having coffee with you each morning. You always looked so happy and I certainly was. Chatting about the things we are going to do was so easy there. No guards up, just relaxed easy conversation. Maybe it was the breeze and the trees - maybe it was the coffee - or maybe it was just you. I miss that and look forward to more.

We were facing the world as a team on those mornings, and it was great. Sometimes I wonder if the guys around here get to do that every morning. I doubt it because they would come in grinning from ear to ear if they did. That's sad, they are really missing something.

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Okay, let me run now - Got to go make some money for my honey. You have a great day and know that I'm thinking about you.

Love,

Wayne

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