

Letter -August 26, 2002

My Lady,

26 Aug 2002

Nancy turned 16 yesterday. I called about 10 in the morning just to let her know that I knew. To quote her first line in the conversation, "Hi Uncle Wayne, thank you, I've already got my license." She must have gotten Jake up at 6 o'clock to get in line at the Driver's License office. I may have needed the reminder that teenagers have different priorities. But that is one happy little camper - she's a good girl - I'm proud of her.

I came close to losing the latest battle in my Weekly War on Weeds. By the time I cut Joyce's grass and then our grass I was beat. I simply sat for the rest of the afternoon. I cut Joyce's grass first in case I can't get through it all - she shouldn't be punished because her son can't cut the mustard (or in this case grass). You know last winter I was thinking that this Global Warming stuff wasn't all that bad - low gas bills, more golf days, etc. Now I see that I could be wrong about that. Pushing a lawn mower in 96 degree heat isn't much fun.

Yesterday Joyce told me a story about her first job. In 1947 she was a 16 year old girl feeling the need for money. She went to the dime store in Vicksburg and applied for a store clerk job. She had to lie about her age to meet the requirements. The store manager liked her and said that she could have the job, however, she had to get a Social Security card before she could start. She went directly to the Social Security office to complete the paperwork for the card. She dreaded all of this because she just knew that the card would contain her birth date and expose her true age. But of course the card didn't. She literally skipped back to the store with the card and started the next morning.

Spunk!! It's a trait that you just have to admire. The story reminded me of another young girl years later. This girl rode her bicycle up to the offices of a large insurance company and got her first job. Spunk!! You've always had it.

It seems that more and more things remind me of you. Could I be missing you? Most definitely! But both the reminding and the missing make me feel alive. I walk around smiling in anticipation of seeing you again.

And on the subject of seeing you again, how about a 4 day weekend in San Francisco? Maybe the last

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weekend in September. I have in mind a few drinks at that noisy bar in the Palace that you like - dinner at that place on the side of the hill, the one with the dance floor - back to the hotel by midnight - then asleep by 3:30 or 4. How does that sound for a pattern for the evenings? Maybe a little shopping in the afternoons. Think about it.

Now that I have a plan for spending some money on you - I had better go make some. Today is going to be an easy day, I know what I'm working for - we're going to have a great time. Anticipation can be good - I'm thinking about you girl.

Love,

Wayne