

Letter -September 1, 2002

My Lady,

1 Sep 2002

Yesterday I took Stan fishing, well, maybe he took me. He bought a nice little boat and wanted me to show him some good fishing spots. It was a good time. Stan had a box full of fancy baits, it took half the morning for him to try them all. Then I gave him a sparkle beetle and he began catching trout. He wants to learn well enough so he can take Tanya with him. Good plan, your sister needs an outing about now, and she enjoys fishing. Remember, she used to go with me sometimes. I'm glad to help, and it's fun.

Art was home when we got back - he wanted to tell me about his grades. The boy is doing great, he made the Dean's List - again. Tanya is so proud that she could pop. I gave Art a hard time about his "easy" courses and he ribbed me right back about engineering being a "real college", but he's right, it's a tough program. He handles my teasing well, your nephew is growing up nicely.

Our upcoming rendezvous has put San Francisco on my mind. It seems that every free moment some memory of the place jumps forward. That puts a lot of smiles on my face, if there are any bad memories they are lazy about jumping. I know that I say that San Francisco is not my favorite place on the planet, but right now I can't figure out why. You know, we've been there a lot, is it just convenient - or something else?

The weekend out there with John and Charlene comes to mind. (Remember?) We stayed in a two bedroom suite at the Fairmont. We got in late, you ordered some hot chocolate, and you and Charlene went to "change". (Now you remember don't you?) I was surprised at the amount of hot chocolate that arrived and shocked at the bill - but that was nothing, little did I know... Then you girls stepped out in those tiny transparent nightgowns... Well, the reaction on my face must have been good - you girls kept smiling. However I must admit, on the inside I was desperately scrambling to get my heart restarted.

Try as I will, I can only remember one other thing about that weekend. There is a picture on the bookcase of you and Charlene sitting on some stairs, but I don't remember taking it. No, the only other thing I recall is how happy I was when I opened my eyes the next morning and saw you sleeping beside me.

Always Searching - Always Thinking - Always Finding A Way

SouthernThoughts.Com

Topic 110 Article 4 PAGE 2 September 1, 2002

John and Charlene are definitely not invited this time - I don't want any distraction - or competition. I'd better go make some money now, in case I need to buy some more hot chocolate. As you can see, I'm thinking about you girl.

Love,

Wayne