

Letter -September 8, 2002

My Lady,

8 Sep 2002

Congratulations!! It's great to hear that you passed the "Personality Test". I never doubted but that you would, I know that if there is one thing that you have plenty of - it's personality.

Night before last I played in Andifer's Poker Tournament. I did much better than expected, I didn't win the tournament but I came in fourth. Don't take that to mean that I have talent in the area, it just means that most of the other players were not paying attention. Raymond won the tournament but not the evening, he was much too serious - everyone else had a lot more fun than he did. I hope Adele spends the money for him, she had a good time. (I'm going to write up the rules and processes of Andifer's Poker Tournament for the Web Site, it would make a good Family Project.)

And I had a family night last night - dinner at Joyce's. I had expected just her and I, but she had cooked a big dinner and had invited George and Carol. George didn't come but Carol did and brought Fran. Fran went and got Julie, then Bev walked over. This was a living growing thing, but it worked out just fine. Joyce hasn't been in the best of moods and having her girls there cheered her up some. Julie's 10th birthday is Saturday and Fran was taking her on a "shopping spree", Julie thinks that having a 22 year old cousin is the "coolest". Joyce, Carol, and Bev were going to watch a mother-daughter movie on TV, so I came home early.

Last year, the time I stopped in San Francisco on the way out to see you, Jackie and I went shopping. (It was for your anniversary present, you really didn't think that my taste was that good, did you?) Well, during this shopping trip we came across a store that sold blue jeans, but with a twist. Their idea was that a customer buys a pair of jeans and puts them on. Then, wearing the jeans, the customer sits for a while in this hot tub in the middle of the store. Then after a while they get out and stand in these chest high enclosures that blow hot air to dry the jeans. It's all supposed to shrink the jeans to perfectly fit the body. We didn't do it because Jackie was too worried about getting your present.

So while we're out there let's go buy some jeans. The guy in the store told me that we could drink champagne

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in the hot tub if we brought it. Yes, I know, I know that I hate jeans, and I know that I'll never put them on again, but humor me. You like jeans, you look great in jeans, and I want to see the envy on the men's faces.

Oh no, it's time to go to work. I'd better get busy, we want good champagne - right? It may sound bad, but I hope I can stop thinking about you before the first meeting starts.

Love,

Wayne