

**Letter -September 15, 2002**

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My Lady,

15 Sep 2002

Our yard is "X-Rated" now. That's what Kim told me across the fence. The "Naked Ladies" are in bloom now, and it's a healthy crop this year. I had no idea that Kim also called them Naked Ladies, I really thought it was just an old country term for them. It probably is - they probably have a name with a dozen syllables in it - but the common old country name does have an appeal. (It's a guy thing, don't worry about it.)

However, Bill came out and joined our conversation, we were having a good time laughing and joking. Then Bill said something about not having Naked Ladies in their yard. Kim got real cold and said that she could fix that. She began to take off her shirt. Bill got mad and went back into the house. There is a story there that I don't know, I hope it has a happy ending because I like those two. (Kim didn't completely take off her clothes - but she was wearing blue underwear.)

Back to less exciting stuff, last night I took Joyce, Stan and Tanya to dinner. We just went to the Chinese Buffet down the road. Joyce likes their fried crabs and it's an easy place. Stan and Joyce talked for two hours - they really like each other's stories. Tanya was in a good mood, School Board elections are in November and she was "politicking". Me? Well, I hadn't eaten all day so I'm afraid that I ate. Six different kinds of chicken and some macaroni - somehow the place is still thought of as Chinese, but they have branched out. It was a easy and successful evening - everyone had a good time. Like you tell me, "Who" matters a lot more than "Where".

You are on an aeroplane right now, going to Chicago. We do ride on a lot of aeroplanes girl, but hardly ever together. I'm trying, but I can't remember the last time we were on the same aeroplane.

I do recall a time that we came close. We were in San Francisco, you had come in from Salt Lake City, and I from Dallas. We were going to Honolulu, but on different airlines. Your aeroplane left a couple of minutes before mine. This was back in the days of sanity, during the flight I explained the situation to the pilot and he let me look out the front windows - I could see your aeroplane!!

The weirdest feeling came over me as I watched. Up there, over the ocean, there was only your aeroplane and

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mine - separated by a void that I could not cross.  
Nothing was wrong but a sense of complete  
helplessness swept through me - I wanted so much to  
hold your hand.

Of course three hours later we were in Waikiki and I got  
my wish. Now you know why I was so attentive and  
agreeable. I don't want to have that feeling again,  
perhaps it's more than my big feet that makes me prefer  
the aisle seats.

It's going to be a busy day today. I want to get some  
things wrapped up before I leave. That may be hard to  
accomplish since part of me is already there. Thinking  
about you girl.

Love,

Wayne