

Letter -September 22, 2002

My Lady,

22 Sep 2002

Sometimes I think telephones don't work as well as they used to. I remember in days gone by calling people and talking to them on the telephone - now it seems that half the time I'm talking to a machine. Call me old fashioned, but frequently I think technology is a poor substitute for life.

I called Yvonne three times for her birthday, got the answering machine all three times - finally I sang Happy Birthday to the machine. You know that I hardly ever listen to the radio or the stereo, and don't keep up with current music. So when your sisters all tell me how wonderful it is for me to sing Happy Birthday to them each year, I get the impression that current music must be in sad shape.

I did have one successful telephone call this weekend - one very successful call. I called Victoria and Tom to let them tell me about their trip out there. And they did, for over an hour. You have a prime spot on their list of favorite people. Your sister and brother-in-law had a fantastic time - and they gave you credit.

They also gave me a lesson in "practicing what you preach". You know how I'm always urging people to "stop and smell the roses", well they didn't tell me that - they showed me. They talked about wonderful things that I have walked right past dozens of times without noticing. I feel like I've been walking around with my eyes closed. Everyone should have their world described to them through someone else's eyes every once in a while - it's a real eye-opener. (I couldn't resist the pun.)

This time next week we'll be there, frolicking in the California sun - or maybe sleeping late. Let's do that, sleep late. I'm willing to bet that the sun will come up in the morning even if we don't personally witness it.

Maybe around 9:30 I'll order from Room Service. Then serve you breakfast in bed. Extra coffee. Then we can sit there and plan the rest of our day - all slow and easy. Just you and I - just doing what we want to do. We even might put out the "Do Not Disturb" sign and keep the curtains closed until noon.

Well, maybe I am pushing it a bit, maybe I am dreaming

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a little, but I want to sit there with you. I want to watch you take those delicate little sips of coffee. I want to pretend that I don't notice you drinking my juice. I want to talk with you about the things we've done - the things we will do. I want to hear your voice first hand. I want to watch you through a fogged shower door. I want to see you with a towel wrapped around your head (I want to know why women do that.) I want to admire the contrast between your tan and the white terry cloth robes. I want to watch you try six outfits before you pick one to wear. I want to see you suck your lip when you decide that the blue shoes don't really match the blue suit today. I want to we may have to stay longer to get around to the things you want.

That's it. I'm fired up now. Got to go warn everyone that they are going to have to survive without me for a few days. And maybe collect some money - hate to let that come between us and something we want. I most definitely have you on my mind today girl.

Love,

Wayne