

Letter -September 30, 2002

My Lady,

30 Sep 2002

OH Yeah !! I got back to New Orleans a new man. My insistence that "Life is Good" was reaffirmed. I stepped off the aeroplane refreshed, relaxed, restored, and reinvigorated. I would need it all.

Not two hours after I got home Mrs. Aston came over, that's Kim's mother. She was crying and didn't know what to do. It seems that Kim and Bill had a fight and Kim hit him on the head with a frying pan. The police arrested Kim. Mrs. Aston wanted my help getting her out of jail. So I drove down to the "lock-up" and asked about her, the night crew couldn't do very much but they did explain the process to me. This morning I went back and signed an Appearance Bond and took her home. She has to go to Court at the end of the month - the investigator told me that these cases are usually dismissed at that time.

And my Black Cat died. I found him in the yard this afternoon. A couple of years ago when the raccoon showed up and growled at me, this is the cat that attacked it and ran it off. I buried him in the backyard. Quinn Cat and Heavy Cat came and watched - sort of a feline ceremony I guess. I'm going to miss that guy.

So the bright shiny "new man" is a bit scratched, scuffed, and smudged now. But still walking tall. The San Francisco smile can't be wiped away that easily.

I believe that I finally got all of the chocolate out of my ear. I know that you think it's funny, but it's not. And I know that it will go away with time, however, last night, even at home, I checked to see if someone had left a piece of chocolate on my pillow before going to bed.

"Making Memories", that's what we did on this trip. Perhaps in time even the chocolate will somehow get transformed into a fond memory - but it's got some stiff competition. The breakfasts - the jeans - the drinks, dinner, and dancing - and the LB&T dress. On behalf of all the men in the bar; thank you for wearing the dress. (We won't go into what the thoughts of the women who's dresses weren't quite as little, quite as black, and quite as tight - I'm sure they will have one just like it next week anyway.)

As for me, well you were absolutely drop dead gorgeous

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in the red dress. Of course I know that it's the model, not the dress.

This is going to be a slow day, whether everyone wants it to be or not - there's just too much of me that hasn't come back yet. Perhaps to the detriment of the folks here, you are being thought about girl.

Love,

Wayne