

Letter -October 7, 2002

My Lady,

7 Oct 2002

Sunshine is good !! I can't spend much time out in it like you can but I like to look out and see it. It does something good to the spirit. The recent storms and cloudy rainy weather has been depressing my spirit. While I never felt any personal danger from the storms, I did consider "evacuating" to Hawaii just to get out from under the gloom. Remember that winter we spent in Germany, all dark, gray, and cold? Well except for the cold the past week has had the same feel. My spirit has been caged, but today the sun is shining and it is free and soaring. Anything is possible when the sun is shining. Sunshine is good.

Of course I'm not allowed to ignore reality for very long. Here's a bit of family news that I learned over the weekend. Fran is pregnant. I know that it's just what young women do and that I should be happy about it. But right now all I can see are the options closing, the opportunities ignored, and the possibilities vanishing. With time my attitude will change, but it will take time. Today I am uncomfortable around all of the bubbling happiness. It's a flaw in my character, a defective outlook, a damaged priority, a missing gene, a hole in my soul - something. Whatever it is I will have to live with it, and I can - the sun is shining today and Sunshine is good.

This weekend I looked around and measured the dirt and dust in the house. It was time to either cleanup or plant something. I couldn't decide what to plant so I cleaned up. Maybe it wasn't quite that bad, but it was time. I went from one end of the house to the other washing everything. This took a while, it's a big house and we have lots of "things". During the process I realized that most of the "things" hadn't been touched since the last time I cleaned them. I paid for them, I shelter them, I don't use them, and still these "things" require my effort and attention. There is a problem here. My little friend Lori over in Destin once told me "Mens apartments are nothing but caves with furniture". Well this is a fairly fancy "cave", but I understand.

One of the things that I cleaned is a cookie jar shaped like a bear. It's sitting on the counter in the kitchen - and has been sitting on the counter in our kitchens for 28 years. I remember the first time I heard about the bear.

Always Searching - Always Thinking - Always Finding A Way

www.SouthernThoughts.Com

Topic 110 Article 9 PAGE 2 October 7, 2002

A young bride-to-be wrote me a letter telling me about getting the “sassiest bear” as a wedding present. Shamefully I don’t recall who gave it to us. That bear held vanilla wafers in our French Quarter apartment. I can still see you getting up each morning and going to it, followed by your two dogs and rabbit - all wanting a morning treat. It’s empty now, but ready to resume it’s work if desired.

A lot has changed since that bear arrived. For one thing you live in Hawaii and I live in New Orleans instead of the other way around. But a lot is still the same. I’m still crazy about you and the bear is still on the counter. I can’t see that the bear looks any different - and neither does the sassy bright charming lady who first told me about it.

Hi-ho, hi-ho, it’s off to work I go. See what a little Sunshine does? With Sunshine and thoughts of you - anything is possible today.

Love,

Wayne