

Letter - October 21, 2002

My Lady,

21 Oct 2002

Friday afternoon I went over and cut Joyce's grass. It's easier now that it's cooler - what would leave me sitting in a stupor a couple of months ago is now invigorating. A few degrees makes a tremendous difference. Afterwards we had tea in her "secret garden", admired my handiwork and chatted about whatever came to mind.

I told her about eating dried apricots. Mid morning Friday I opened a container of dried apricots to chew on while editing my "Into the Wind" story, in the process I scratched my finger. I was happily staring at the computer screen and munching apricots one after the other. At one point I noticed that the things tasted funny and looked at them - they were covered in blood! The "scratch" on my finger was actually a fair sized but painless cut, blood was dripping all over as I mindlessly picked up each apricot. (I can only hope that people become as absorbed in that story as I was.) Though I like to call it my "powers of concentration", actually my propensity to ignore things is absolutely incredible sometimes.

Joyce told me about Fran worrying that she didn't have enough money to go to a movie this weekend. In reality Joyce was "preping" me for renting the little house on Oak to Fran, Fran's finances are just fine. I had already decided that Fran could rent it - the rent will be rather low, but she will have to pay it. I see the jump from dependent child to productive adult as larger now, the kids need all the help they can get. But that got me started thinking about being young and money and houses.

You know I bought that little house with the money I didn't spend in Vietnam. Blood money it was once called by a hippie. Looking back I suppose there was some truth in that. But still I can't be too hard on myself and the rest of the guys. We were young, we were strong, we were believers, we truly were out to save the world. We were naive. The realization that "we were what the world most needed saving from" hit us very hard. Such a revelation bludgeons the brain, shreds the soul, and hardens the heart. The protesters of those days knew the words - we knew the meaning, they shouted in rage - we burned in it, they moved on - we were consumed.

Always Searching - Always Thinking - Always Finding A Way

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Then I met you!!! Luck? Fate? Destiny? Pick the one you like. If it was luck, it could explain why I always lose at the Casinos, I used up all of my good luck in that one instant (and if I never win another dime I'm still way ahead). Maybe that's why I don't really care for Las Vegas, compared to what I've already won, they are just a nickel and dime game.

You with that delightful smile. You who brightens the day of everyone you meet. You who's created the fondest memories many people have. You who allowed me to see the world through your eyes - anything is possible in that world. It's a wonderful place to live.

Time alone could easily have taken a hundred years to rebuild me as a human being, I like to think that you did it in 28. Did you "save the world"? No, not anymore that I did - but you did save a piece of it. With my last breath I will still be thanking you.

Whoa! I've really wandered off into the shadows here. It's just the times, all so sadly familiar. But all I have to do is think of you to see where the light is. And I am indeed thinking of you girl.

Love,

Wayne