

Letter - October 28, 2002

My Lady,

28 Oct 2002

Remember the Naked Ladies? (I talked with Kim the other day, she and Bill are doing okay, however I sensed a truce there not a peace.) But really I was thinking of the flowers. They're gone now. Those little plants hide in the grass for 51 weeks of the year, there they suffer the lawn mower and all of the other things I do to keep the grass in check. Then, literally overnight, the flowers are there. Long straight elegant stems, no leaves or thorns or other adornment, topped with thin, simple, graceful, no non-sense red flowers. They stand in their magnificence for a few days, then, seemingly overnight again, they are gone.

I wake up one morning and they are here, no greetings, no fuss, they are simply here. Then I wake up another morning and they are gone, no good-byes, no struggle, they are just gone. They must have some purpose in this, aside from delighting me, but that is their business - I am satisfied with the delight.

Only occasionally does my attention settle long enough to appreciate something like the Naked Ladies. Something that neither requires nor desires anything from me. Such things must be common, yet somehow seem rare, they manage to command respect - no way could I ever cut them down.

Saturday night I went over to Raymond and Adele's Halloween Party. That's always fun. Either my memory and eyesight are fading or the costumes were better this year, it took quite a while to figure out who was who - and some I never did. There was one charming little Witch that I suspected was you.

But the kids were the big surprise for me, I hardly recognized any of them! "Weeds", Adele called them and explained that they had all grown a foot since I saw them last. Grown may have been the wrong word - they didn't seem to have gained any weight, rather they were all just stretched vertically by 12 inches. Considering the surroundings it was not hard to imagine a fiendish torturer methodically kidnapping the happy little ones, strapping them into one of those 'rack' things, turning the crank, and releasing brooding teenage monsters upon the world. Fiendish indeed, but they'll grow out of it.

Raymond had a fitting costume idea. He dressed in

Always Searching - Always Thinking - Always Finding A Way

www.SouthernThoughts.Com

Topic 110 Article 12 PAGE 2 October 28, 2002

clothes like Harrison Ford wore in all of those movies. But of course he called himself "Louisiana Jones". I thought it fitting because he is as unflappable as the character. Oh? The charming little Witch? Well, she turned out to be Amie, Adele's little sister. After she got finished teasing me she rode her broom off to where ever Witches spend the rest of the year.

I wish the Witch had been you!! I wouldn't have let you fly away into the moonlight - well, not alone anyway. We would have danced til dawn, bid the sun good morning, and cuddled til noon. Would you have parked your broom for that?

I need to get moving now, lot's to do this week. And while I'm doing it, you should start planning another rendezvous for us. It's your turn and I can hardly wait, tell me soon what you have in mind. I am thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne