

Letter - November 4, 2002

My Lady,

4 Nov 2002

On Wednesday I went back down to the courthouse with Kim and Mrs. Aston. They didn't know what would happen at Kim's "Trial", I didn't know either but my being there seemed to make them feel better. The "Trial" turned out just to be a "Hearing" where the DA could dismiss cases he didn't want to pursue, Kim's was not one of these and she was given another "court date". I've heard that the wheels of justice turn slowly, but I didn't know there were so many stops.

I played golf on Saturday afternoon - no, let me rephrase that - I went to the golf course on Saturday afternoon. I didn't hit the ball well enough to say I played. The Tiger can sleep easy, it will be a while before I'm a serious challenge. I have a little prayer I always say on the first tee, it goes "God, if you're going to let me hit one good shot today, please let it be this one where everybody's watching". Saturday I did my first tee prayer, however by the sixteenth hole I had another, "God, please give me the strength not to throw these stupid clubs into the lake". Now I know this is going to sound funny, and there is not a woman on the planet who will understand but - I had a good time.

Debra sent me an email this week. She is still in Austin and doing fine. She is making arrangements for having a house built, and is all excited about it. She should be, that's exciting stuff. Remember when we used to sketch out house plans? Remember the one you drew without a kitchen? "Perfect" you called it. Making plans together, it's always fun. Your niece is doing well - I'm proud of her.

According to my clock and calculations you are in Lahaina waiting for the ferry back to Lanai right now. I can close my eyes and I'm there with you. I look across the harbor channel, past the rock jetty, over the waves (now sadly devoid of whales) and see Lanai. Turning left, I'm looking into the harbor - it really is a rag-tag fleet of boats in there. Turning left again (so that my back is to Lanai) I see the street with it's taxis and delivery trucks and across the street the little hotel. Even this early hour has a bit of hustle and bustle to it, not so much the tourists (some of whom are sleeping and the rest wishing they could), but the local folks getting ready for another day. And there in the middle of all this stands a Little Princess - a flower among the rocks - the reason for the smiles - the disguised center of every man's attention --- there you are.

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Topic 110 Article 13 PAGE 2 **November 4, 2002**

Yes, right now I am thinking about you, and I want you to know it. After all a lot of men are slyly admiring you. You could have your pick - every day that you pick me boosts my ego and makes the day worthwhile. Sometimes I wonder just how much good luck one guy can have - every day seems to set a new record.

What do you have in mind for our next rendezvous? I can hardly wait. I'd better run now, but girl, I most definitely have you on my mind.

Love,
Wayne