

Letter - November 11, 2002

My Lady,

11 Nov 2002

This past week I've been something of a movie critic - if not a good one at least a busy one. Julie loaned me a copy of "Lord of the Rings" and insisted that I watch it so I could discuss it with her. Everyone should discuss movies with ten year old girls, it's a humbling experience. Mind you, I knew what was coming, I took notes during the movie, I studied the notes - and still came off like the school kid who hadn't read his assignment. While I knew most of the characters names and a good bit of the relationships between them - she knew all of them, their lines, their motivations, and had reasonable arguments for their potentials. (The turnip truck kept creeping back into my mind.)

But, we didn't stop there, we raked "To Kill a Mockingbird" (the movie and the book) over the coals too. This was my selection and I did a little better there - but not much. However if a bruised ego is all I had to pay for getting her to read the book, I'd consider myself one steely eyed horse trader. But I fear future payments are coming due, both "Harry Potter" and "Lord of the Rings" have new episodes coming out. I hope you don't mind but I have a couple of movie dates in my future.

The election this week was disappointing to say the least. Disappointing in both results and process. I vote at the Parish Playground about ten blocks away. That always puts a smile on my face, there is just something amusing about selecting national leaders from a playground. However the smile didn't last long on this particular Tuesday.

I drove down there to avoid getting wet in the rain, and I waited until 10 o'clock to avoid the lines - both actions worked to perfection. As I pulled into the parking lot and saw three cars my spirits sank, I suspected that I had lost track of time and had the wrong day. But I went in anyway and was briefly relieved to find that I did have the right day.

I should have seen it coming - a potato could have seen it coming - but I didn't. I was being patriotic and not thinking.

Upon stepping into the room it was obvious, the voter was outnumbered 4 to 1 by the poll workers - I had walked blindly into a trap, I was doomed. The kindly elderly ladies used up 30 seconds signing me in, allowed another 30 seconds for me to make selections and push buttons, then demanded a full 29 minutes of explanation as to where you

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are now, how Joyce is doing, what Tanya is up to, etc, etc. Now I understand how Radicals are created, I feel a deep resentment for every person who could have but didn't step into that room, demand their right to vote, and put an end to my interrogation.

I did the best I could, I told the ladies the story about the house in Kaneole and the day you girls decided to sunbathe topless on the upper lanai. About how you all gathered enough food and drinks for a month and marched up the stairs, locking doors as you went. About how you all came rushing back down, towels clutched to your chests, babbling about men falling out of the sky. About how we all went back up and waved to the Marine Paratroopers as they drifted by and into their base. About Liz and how big her eyes were when she told me, "Wayne, it's raining men!!"

Just telling that story put the smile back on my face (then and now). From 5,000 miles away you brightened the rainy day of four ladies and one man. Perhaps on this rainy morning the ladies are thinking about you again - I know the man is.

Love,
Wayne