

Letter - November 18, 2002

My Lady,

18 Nov 2002

My vocabulary is failing me. I don't quite know what to call my sister's daughter's daughter. But I got a letter from Susan and she knows exactly what to call me - Santa. That's how it was addressed, and it listed all of the things she wants for Christmas. It's the brown eyes, I've always been a sucker for brown eyes, and now even a six year old can see it. I'm doomed.

It's not cold here by a long shot, but it's chilly - you know down past cool but not yet to cold. But it's the first chilly spell after the summer and that makes it seem worse. Come January we'll consider this a delightfully warm day. However right now it's uncomfortable. Being the soft hearted nice guy that I am, I put out the Electric Cat Warmer for the furry guys. They seem to appreciate it, I don't believe that it's been unoccupied for more than a moment since I put it out - except at feeding time, nothing yet has interfered with feeding time. I've got to write up how to make the Electric Cat Warmer as a Family Project, there are probably lots of cats out there who would appreciate one.

Quinn Cat is getting old. You just have to know that because you can't tell by looking at him, it's an advantage of being covered with gray fur. My first memory of him is as a kitten over in the condo at Blue Mountain. He was sitting at the top of the stairs wanting to come down but scared. Pepper, just a puppy then, came up behind him and pushed him with his nose. The kitten tumbled from one step to the next all the way down, then stood and walked proudly into the kitchen tail held high. Quinn still walks proudly.

Blue Mountain has always been one of my favorite places. The three story condo overlooking the beach and the gulf, a beach for a backyard, that was nice. Blue Mountain, only in Florida would that sand dune be called a mountain.

I recall sitting on the deck looking down the beach waiting for the sun set. There the sun always grew absolutely huge just before it slipped over the horizon. A girl in a bikini walked the beach, a small black dog at her side. She walked slowly and waved to and greeted most of the people on the beach. Mine were not the only eyes watching her walk, that beach may well have been created solely for that walk. All else was secondary, nothing could really compare. Every man around paused to watch you walk by and still to

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this day pauses to remember it.

The walk is a painting in my mind. A painting of you. The white sand only leads to your feet. The flat emerald sea only serves to contrast your curves. The sun's only function is to highlight your hair. The people - well they didn't make it into the painting at all. There you are gorgeous, smiling, content, at ease, at home, and walking toward me !!

If I had the talent I would commit the painting to canvas and let the world admire it. But I don't. So all I can offer the rest of them is advice. Go sit on the beach near sunset and hope that she walks your way.

Let me get going now. It's going to be a busy week, and even if I can't physically get there, I know that I'm going to be taking some more mental "beach time". I've got you on my mind girl.

Love,
Wayne