

**Letter - November 25, 2002**

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My Lady,

25 Nov 2002

With Andifer in the lead and Julie pushing her hard, we mobbed the movie theater Friday to see "Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets". This made a believer out of me, movies should be seen in large groups - so they can be talked about afterwards. And we did talk about it, at great length. It really is a pretty good movie - long and loud, but pretty good.

Interestingly I noticed that the little ones who had read the book talked about "Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets" while those who had not tended to refer to it as "Harry Potter 2". I guess the more you have invested in something the more formal you are about it.

Sunday morning Jerry and I went fishing - a good trip. The marsh is brown now, while there are still a lot of green things there the brown just dominates the color impression. The brown provided a nice background for a huge flock of White Pelicans that we came across. Hundreds of them, sitting shoulder to shoulder on a mud island - startlingly white - not a speck of dirt on these guys. I don't know what they were doing, they seemed content to just sit and watch us pass - I was content with that too - quite a sight.

After fishing, cleaning the fish, cleaning the boat, and cleaning me - I was tired. I felt guilty about it, but I just sat for a while. A nap kept calling but I knew better - I would wake up with a headache, I always do. I've always envied your ability to take a little nap and keep your energy and enthusiasm up. While my energy level slopes downward from morning to evening, you can manage yours, you are always up for the occasion. Where I can only drag along you absolutely sparkle.

I've seen you do it a thousand times, I can see it right now. It's 2:30 in the afternoon, we are going to dinner at seven. You get undressed and go into the closet - out you come wearing one of my shirts, the sleeves rolled up and the shirt tail hanging to your knees. You throw the bed covers way back, hop in, and pull them up to your chin. You look so happy and tell me how good it feels, then within minutes you are asleep. I look in on you several times, not because there is a need - but because I want to. You always look so peaceful, so at ease. You never snore, mumble, or fight with the covers as I frequently do. You don't smile in your sleep, yet somehow you look happy and that makes me feel

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good.

Then sometime between 5 and 5:30 you'll appear, refreshed, relaxed, dressed, and ready - sparkling. Next to you I feel somewhat like a hobo - a worn and tired hobo, but I'm a very lucky and happy hobo. Then we're off to somewhere for a cocktail before dinner.

Okay, I've got to get going now. Got to "Make Something Happen" today. Besides we'll be headed out to dinner again before you know it - but you still haven't told me where, "when" would be nice too. Think about it. Where-ever, when-ever, as long as you are there I'm looking forward to it. Thinking about you girl.

Love,  
Wayne