

Letter - December 2, 2002

My Lady,

2 Dec 2002

My eating binge is over. The last of the leftovers is inside me, and I'm looking forward to feeling good again. Normally I don't much care what I eat and can stop when I'm full - but Thanksgiving is different. The centerpiece is food, turkeys, hams, casseroles, potatoes, rolls, pies, cakes, candies - all done with care and pride, all so pretty, all so delicious, all so available. Appreciation, respect, courtesy, hunger (pick one, or all) compels me to make sure that not one portion is wasted. If I ate like this all year there would be 600 pounds of me.

Somehow it seems like a long time since I last wrote to you. I guess the holiday and all of the activity makes it seem that way.

On Tuesday I went back to the courthouse with Kim and Mrs. Aston. The DA still wasn't ready to do anything so another date was set. This aggravated the Judge and she said that we didn't need to come on that date, she said that she would let us know if we ever need to appear again on that matter.

On Thursday I ate Thanksgiving Dinner at Andifer's house. She had Jerry's family over but reserved a seat for me too. That's where the eating binge started, it all looked and tasted so good. That big table she has was all set and looked perfect - it could have been featured in a magazine.

On Thursday I also ate Thanksgiving Dinner at Connie's house. She had the rest of your sisters over, well Yvonne and Tanya anyway. Bonnie and Cristy were both there to help Mom cook, and Art stopped in too. We just ate and talked the afternoon and evening away. Easy and enjoyable.

By Thursday night I was one "hurtin' puppy". Through absolutely no fault of my own, I survived Thanksgiving.

Cristy was pulling Art leg by telling him about visiting Juliet's Tomb during her trip to Italy. It reminded me of the little guy in Rome selling me the guide book by pointing out where Mark Anthony gave his friends Romans countrymen speech.

Rome - now that's a trip to be remembered around Thanksgiving. Remember how violently the food there disagreed with my stomach? I really did think that I was going to starve. But there is another contrast carved so deeply into my memory that it occasionally shows on my

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Topic 110 Article 17 PAGE 2 December 2, 2002

forehead. The Rose of the Ruins.

It was a chilly morning when I saw the rose. I was among the ruins, busy pacing off distances, estimating angles, mentally reconstructing the city from that scattering of bleached building bones. Then there, leaning against a broken corner column, out of the breeze, standing in full sunlight, was the rose. You wore that bright red "Mary Tyler Moore" coat and floppy beret. You were smiling as you patiently waited for me to finish. It was that amused smile you always get when I react to something exactly as you knew I would. You brought me there knowing full well that I would try to breathe some life into those bones, it's what I do - you were enjoying watching me. And I thank you, now I not only have a picture of ancient Rome that no one else has, I have a picture of a beautiful and loving rose that most can only dream of. I hardly ever look at the dead rocks picture, but the living loving rose image I pull up often. It reminds me of how good life can be and how lucky I am.

Okay, let me get going now. There are still 23 shopping days till Christmas (I'm not going to shop much, but I had better work). I'll be thinking about you on each and every one of them.

Love,
Wayne