

Letter - December 16, 2002

My Lady,

16 Dec 2002

The Christmas lights are in bloom !! It looks to be a bumper crop in the neighborhood this year. Almost every house literally sparkles at night. The strings of tiny lights from China are so cheap this year that people can let their imaginations take over - and they are. The strings make a pretty light, they are not so bright that you can't look at them - they just sort of glow. With so many of them the glow comes from everywhere, it's ... well it's romantic. I walked around last night just looking at them, wishing the whole time that you were walking beside me.

Christmas is moving along nicely here. The little ones are getting excited, the shoppers are shopping, the cooks are cooking, and us helpers are helping. Saturday I filled all of the gas bottles for the heaters in Joyce's den. That big room in the middle of her backyard is almost perfect for things like our Christmas celebration. However when Sonny and I built it we seriously underestimated the heating requirements (we built it in the summer). The heater does the job but uses a lot of gas to do it. But it's Christmas and I'll gladly buy as much gas as it takes.

And I've started wrapping my Christmas presents. This year I may have gotten a tad ambitious with my wrapping, it's taking a while - but I just keep thinking how the little ones are going to love it. You however, because of the subject matter, will not care for it - so I'm sure they will line up to tell you all about it, maybe even save a couple to show you. An opportunity to tease you is part of the present for those bright enough to recognize it - warning: Julie is bright enough.

This holiday season is now filled with double anticipation for me. Christmas is a lot of work but fun, I always enjoy it - but now I have a special New Years to look forward to also. This Christmas I want you to do something for me - go somewhere and wear one of the red dresses, get used to being adored. That way you will know what's going on in Dallas.

I'm trying to remember if I like Dallas. As I recall you have to get into a car or taxi to do anything. The memory exercise has made me realize that my three favorite places on the planet are New Orleans, Honolulu, and where ever you are - and you will be there, so nothing else really matters.

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New years eve let's go to one of those hotel ballroom affairs.
Somewhere full of people we don't know all dressed up and
wearing funny little hats. Somewhere where the music is
slow and we can dance cheek to cheek. Somewhere where
I can feed you champagne and strawberries. Somewhere
where we can hug and kiss in public at midnight.
Somewhere where we can ride the elevator home and
dance some more. Somewhere where we can

Oh I could go on with that - but I had better go on to work.
As you can see girl - You are on my mind.

Love,

Wayne