

Letter - December 23, 2002

My Lady,

23 Dec 2002

Merry Christmas. I just can't tell you that often enough, and if I could tell you every minute of every day it still wouldn't be enough. All of the words couldn't express the good things I want for you.

There is a little problem with Christmas at Joyce's house this year. She had talked to Jake and got his approval to give Paul a couple of hamsters for Christmas. So she bought two and a real fancy cage - with a water bottle, some food, a running wheel, and a little hamster house. Julie has been coming over every day and playing with them - to get them used to people she says. Everything was all set. - - then - -

Friday evening I went over to pick up Joyce for dinner, Julie was to spend the night with Grandma so there would be three of us. Andifer brought Julie over and stayed to chat for a minute. Julie went to "check" on the hamsters. She came running back grinning, giggling, and squealing - and announced the problem. The hamsters had babies....

That definitely put a kink in dinner plans. Julie was literally bouncing - she kept saying how beautiful they were. Joyce just sat and stared at them - she knew that Jake had agreed to two, not a dozen. Andifer started shaking her head - it was obvious to her who wanted the "extras". I was absolutely determined to let this be SEP (Someone Else's Problem) and ordered some pizza.

Julie was so funny, she actually had tears in her eyes. If I talked about those pink squirming little things for a solid week, I still doubt that the word "beautiful" would come out. Yet she kept repeating it. Got to be a girl thing.

My Christmas preparations are going well. The presents are wrapped, the "helping" is done, the schedule is set, and the story has been written. Now comes the fun part. If you could be here it would be perfect, but as I will see you a week later, I'll settle for near perfect - and anticipate the rest.

And anticipate I am - but it's funny, not a days I can't anticipate without remembering. Right now a New Year's when we lived in the French Quarter comes to mind. We had some people over and partied pretty good. Around midnight we all walked over to the big celebration at Jackson Square - even there you were the life of the party.

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Even more people came back to the apartment with us, and the celebration continued.

Then New Year's morning I remember serving coffee and aspirin to the women who had over-indulged and you wouldn't let leave. I was so proud of you. An apartment full of hung-over young ladies wasn't all that exciting, but you probably saved some big problems that night. You always take care of people - it's just what you do, and I love you for it.

Merry Christmas one more time. I had better get started on my day, Christmas Day I can take off - but not today. You know I just realized, this year Christmas will not be the climatic event followed by the letdown the day after, this year it will be part of the buildup to seeing you. I'm thinking about you - and getting more excited all of the time.

Love,
Wayne