

Letter - December 29, 2002

My Lady,

29 Dec 2002

I woke up early this morning. Not because I had to, my flight is not till noon, but because I'm too excited to sleep. Today I'm on my way to meet you, and that would excite any man - but I'm the lucky one.

Christmas was a big success. My Hawaiian Christmas Vipers were well received. I was a little worried that the idea of snakes might scare some of the little ones. Not so! They all knew what they were made of - some smiled and immediately "skinned" theirs, other thought they were so cute that I'm not sure they will ever take the paper off. Everyone loves to talk about them and show them around. I've got to update the "Christmas Tradition" article on the Web Site with the vipers (but that will have to wait until I get back).

For the "pick-a-present" thing the Carol does I put in a couple of watches for us. It's hard for me to get something for this because I don't know who is going to get it. However there was one present, in the "woman's group", that I suspect was purchased for one particular person. I asked Joyce to pick a present for you, and while I didn't catch all of the subtle and not so subtle arm twisting that went on - Carol seemed quite satisfied that the present went to you. It's a little thing from Victoria's Secret - I'm bringing it to Dallas, it just seems appropriate.

The hamster population problem has been worked out. Paul got one for Christmas along with the fancy cage, he loved it - his face would have inspired Norman Rockwell. The Mama hamster and her babies went over to Andifer's house. The pet store agreed to take them back when the little ones are three weeks old - that's Andifer's plan. But I think that Julie has her own plans, we'll see what happens.

It's strange, I know that I've been to Dallas a dozen times or more - but all I have are fragments of memories of the place, nothing coherent. I remember sitting at Bob's funeral. I remember the odd light reflecting off some gold buildings. I remember talking to some women in a bar and Leo getting all excited about them. I remember you and I walking through blocks of demolished buildings on our way back to the hotel. I remember a Fourth of July party at Bob and Judy's - there some guy objected to what the kids were watching on TV and changed the channel, one little girl protested that the movie was rated PG and went on to

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explain that they were surrounded by Parental Guidance. These things I remember clearly, but not what came before or after - it doesn't seem like much for all of those trips. So I have a task for us - let's make some memories. Something that will immediately leap to mind at the very mention of Dallas, something that will put a smile on our faces every time we pass through the airport there. Something that ... well you get the idea.

Are we up to it? How can we make such memories? I have some ideas, none of which involve a certain clothing store - or much clothing at all for that matter. But I want your ideas too - and can't wait to hear them - only a few more hours - you are on my mind girl.

Love,

Wayne