

**Letter - January 13, 2003**

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My Lady,

13 Jan 2003

Be glad you are not here - it's cold here. Not Chicago cold but cold enough and getting colder. I hate the cold, I know that's not news - and it does provide my family with the "after Christmas go buy Wayne a sweater" activity (which I much appreciate) - I'm just complaining. The sweaters, gloves, hats, and coats do keep me warm.

It's the spirit that suffers most from the cold. I keep the fire place going to lift and cheer it, but still my spirit just huddles near and refuses to soar. My world shrinks in the winter. All things are no longer possible, only those near the fire - I sure wish you were one of them right now.

Oh, I'm not a shut-in or anything like that - I still make myself work. This week I went fishing with Stan, shared a bottle of wine with Tanya, another with Kim as she told me the charges against her had been dropped, and had dinner with Tony and Marie. Life goes on - the old dreams remain, but new ones don't show up this time of year.

Last night I particularly missed you. I watched a movie early, then built up a big fire, got a glass of scotch, and sat down to think about the movie. I put my feet up on the bricks, sat back, and sipped my whiskey - okay, I know that's not good, but they are my bricks and I enjoy having my feet there more than I enjoy looking at clean bricks. Your chair was there too - and not unoccupied. Quinn Cat curled up in it and seemed quite satisfied, he actually purred but didn't share any thoughts he had about the movie. You would not have liked the movie or had much good to say about it, but I wanted to discuss it with someone more talkative than Quinn.

I wanted a "Carmel night". Remember there? The damp ocean chill? How we would come home from dinner and build a fire to drive out that damp chill? I remember. That was more the real California, it doesn't make the movies all that often. Back then I thought the peaceful contented feeling I always got came from being warm and dry - now I realize it came from being with you.

In this movie I watched the leading lady had an unexplained ability to slow down the passage of time when she was with the leading man. They could have long conversations while the rest of the cast moved along at a snail's pace. While watching I thought it was an odd and interesting effect, upon contemplation it occurred to me that it is as common as dirt

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- you do it to me all of the time. I don't talk fast when I'm with you, I'll never talk fast, but there is always ample time to notice all about you - your perfect legs, thin graceful hands, those happy brown eyes and the warm sincere smile, your dainty ears disappearing up into that hair that somehow always seems to be the way it should be. Honestly, such thoughts always invite comparison - and I don't fair well there, big feet and hands and ears, deep set eyes, a big lopsided grin, and hair that is mostly out of control. Frequently I wonder what you see in me - whatever it is, this boy is glad that you do.

Time has returned to normal speed now and I've got to start my week. Other wives must not share your ability, if they did the guys around here would never get anything done - or perhaps they do and just don't turn it on very often, women are cunning like that. Anyway I've got you on my mind - and everyone else is just going to have to live with it.

Love,  
Wayne