

**Letter - March 10, 2003**

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My Lady,

10 Mar 2003

One of the first signs of spring has appeared - the weeds are starting to grow in the yard. There are also thousands of other signs but this is one that directly affects me - I have to push the lawn mower. So I pushed it over the yard, then sat on the bench to admire my work. Sometimes it's good to do work that has immediate, obvious, and visible results - it makes you feel that you have accomplished something. Quinn Cat came out and walked over it, inspecting my efforts more closely, then sat with me - I think he approved.

Yesterday I golfed in the morning and ate crawfish in the afternoon. The crawfish took longer than the golf. Ben is in town on leave, Jeff and Linda boiled the crawfish as an activity for everyone to see Ben. Actually Jeff boiled and Linda entertained, but both did an excellent job. Ben is looking good, military life seems to agree with him. I think there was a young lady of particular interest, but there were a number of them there and no one introduced me so I couldn't tell which one. Your nephew is doing fine, be proud of him.

Linda is changing jobs, she is going to start working downtown. To get something closer to home, she told me. That girl always impresses me, she appears to just happily bounce along - but she always bounces in the right direction, there is a shrewd mind under all of that blonde hair.

Oh, it happened again. I was talking with three of Connie's friends, just chatting along, then they began to say how much I look like George W. I don't know what to say when that happens. To be sure I was enjoying the attention of the three women - but not the comparison. Life is odd sometime.

But it's your attention that I want. There is nothing odd about that - half the men on the planet want your attention. Sometimes that worries me, if those guys really knew how wonderful it is they would kill me just to get me out of the way. I wouldn't have thought it possible for someone to know me better than I know myself but you proved me wrong. Maybe I am predictable, a creature of habit, or maybe you can just see me without all of the clutter and fog that I have to look through to see myself. Either way it's wonderful. You bring me sweaters to movies and jackets to restaurants because you know I will get cold. You seem to

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**Topic 110 Article 31 PAGE 2 March 10, 2003**

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know when I want wine and when I want scotch, and have it waiting. You know before I do when I've been in the sun too long, in the store too long, at the party too long - and you make some excuse to leave. By nine in the morning you are making suggestions to match my energy level. We meet someone and while the introductions are still going on you know if I'll like them or clash with them. All of those guys think they know how wonderful you are - but they don't. I know this because I'm still breathing.

Right now this lucky breathing guy had better get to work. I've got things to line up so I can spend some time with you. I don't want anything trying to pull on my attention. Maybe a bit of exercise would be good too, I want to be in shape for my lady - I'd hate to miss something just because I got tired. Most definitely thinking about you girl.

Love,  
Wayne