

Letter - March 17, 2003

My Lady,

17 Mar 2003

Today I feel the troubled and troubling times we lived in. There is a current of unhappiness flowing through everyone. I see people becoming divided - divided in increasingly vulgar terms. For the first time since my military days I have to look around to see who is listening before expressing my views. It's driving resentment in deep, I fear forgiveness will be slow in coming. America will be a lesser place.

But I don't want to think about that stuff, I want to think about you - I need to think about you. I need something wonderful, something caring, something open and bright, something alive, something to make me smile, something to keep the frown from setting in permanently. Remarkably, I have you... You to remind me that not everyone is full of hatred,. You to show me that there are still good and decent things going on. You to point out that the sun will come up tomorrow and offer another chance to make things better. You to tell me that this particular madness will end and we can start to rebuilt happier lives. Oh yes, I need to think about you.

Okay, I agree, Phoenix is out - there is just too much working against it. The airlines could stop flying again at any moment. But yes, come here if you can. I know that will mean I'll have to clean up - but for you it will be a pleasure. I told Tony about the probable change in plans, he immediately began figuring out things we could do. He is almost as crazy about you as I am. With both of you making plans, I'm off the hook, I can just sit back and enjoy it - life does get good sometimes.

It has occurred to me that I probably will not make the Senior PGA Tour next year. My golf game has really gone to hell in a hand basket. For the past few months if I get my score out of the 90s, it's on the high side. It's amazing, everything feels the same - until I lookup and see where the ball is going. Maybe if I weren't so stubborn I would admit that I'm just not any good at it - but you know that is not going to happen. With golf, like everything else, I will just keep doing the best that I can - then, with my head held high, I'll live with the results. Memory of the bad shots fades quickly - but the few good ones will shine forever.

That's what I want your visit here to be - memories that will shine forever. Think we can pull that off? The competition for memory space will be tough - we've had a lot of great

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times. Maybe if it's cool we can have scotch by the fireplace - or if it's warm wine under the Oak tree. Dinner at the French place in the Quarter, the one where wine only comes by the bottle - or maybe the Italian place in Gretna where the waitresses wear those starched white shirts - or maybe both. Perhaps we can go fishing - or sailing. Maybe coffee by the river and browse the art and antique shops. Maybe Little Theatre - or the acrobat show over on the Mississippi coast. Maybe we can go fly kites on the levee one afternoon - or just sit side by side and watch the ships go by and speculate about where they are going. The possibilities are endless and you can never tell where the shining moment will appear - we'll just have to keep our minds open.

Well I can see that even if I do let you and Tony make the plans, I will be providing a little "guidance" as necessary. But only to make sure that you have a good time - oh, we sleep late one morning, I insist on that. See girl, I'm thinking about you.

Love,
Wayne