

Letter - March 24, 2003

My Lady,

24 Mar 2003

I'm tired but it's done - the house is as clean as it gets. All of the "man stuff" is put back where women would think it belongs - all of the "woman stuff" from the last time you were here has been cleaned or replaced - I'm ready!!

It has occurred to me that there is a definite "up side" to living by myself - and a definite "down side". On the up side, if I put something somewhere it stays there until I move it, few things get lost. On the down side, if something needs moving, I have to do it. That wrench that has lain on the dining room table for three months might not have been in the proper place, but I knew where it was the whole time. It's back in the tool box now - so don't worry.

Playing with all of the stuff in the house and yard brought to mind the backyard bar-b-ques we used to do in the summer. Remember those? Remember how hot it was? Well, maybe hotter for me as I spent all morning at the grill. Hot-dogs, hamburgers, chicken, pork chops, country ribs, and sausage - according to the stuff I read now people would think I was some sort of sick-o trying to kill everyone, then we called it living. And it was living - living good.

People started showing up around eleven, by one everyone had eaten and divided into the three groups - the kids yelling and squealing in the pool, the women gossiping by the fans under the Oak, and the men bragging and drinking beer by the garage. Remember that? No matter how we tried to mix and stir them as soon as we stopped stirring they separated back into the groups.

I enjoyed playing with the kids, just taking whatever idea that came up and following it until it led to another - always discovering. I tried talking to the women but always sensed that the topic changed as I walked up, always questions about what I thought about something, I never had a clue what they were thinking. And the guys, well I spent most of the time wondering why they were interested in whatever they were talking about. But everyone was doing pretty much what they wanted and seemed to be enjoying themselves - and that by my definition is the good life.

Right now I'm chuckling at the memory of the little black dog that you had then. All morning as I cooked on the grill he would sit at my feet waiting for me to drop something. Then the day I dropped the hot-dog, he grabbed it and scampered halfway across the yard before he realized how hot it was.

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Not deterred in the least by a burnt tongue he was right back at my feet twenty minutes later.

I haven't done a bar-b-que in quite a while. I think because the kids turned into moody teenagers and it just wasn't as much fun. But I have to look around, there is probably a new batch of little ones there exploring and seeing the world in ways that I never dreamed of. Maybe they will share a little - and keep me from growing up completely. As Harry likes to tell people, "You're only young once, but Wayne is proof that you can be immature forever". He's mostly right, but I don't think he realizes that it's not a condition - it's a goal.

You and I were definitely a part of those summer days, but we were an odd part. We never felt that we really fit - I know I felt that way and I could see it on you. We didn't fit but it didn't matter, we were doing what we wanted to do and enjoying it - the good life.

On those days you were concerned with who sat where - I only that everyone had a seat. I would be concerned that the kids could logically proceed from whatever idea they started with - you only that they weren't fighting. In the evenings we would talk and you would carefully explain what went on to me. During those evenings I would understand, but the next day it would be all fuzzy again, maybe I'm slow, maybe it was the wine - or maybe I just wanted you to explain it again.

You know, our "backyard" is bigger now, it covers nearly half the planet, but we are still in a way doing the same thing - exploring. The people, places, and topics change but I still love the new ideas and concepts, and you the new social settings. The adventure continues. How I got to be lucky enough to have you journey beside me will forever be a mystery - but this boy is glad it worked out that way. I'm thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne