

Letter - April 1, 2003

My Lady,

1 Apr 2003

April Fool's Day - how appropriate!! I'm grinning like a fool and would feel like one if I had the energy. You are there right now, not by the route we had imagined and not under the circumstances we had planned - but you are there in Phoenix. I would be disappointed and angry had it not been for the past week here - instead I just have to laugh at the irony of it - best laid plans!!

I got what I wanted however. My goal was to spend some time with you, not spend some time in Phoenix. And I got my shining memories!! Perfect. I hope that I am right in judging your mellow mood at the airport was an indication that you also had a great time.

Of course there is the New Orleans Airport. While I'm sure there are more screwed up disorganized places on the planet, I am equally sure that you can count them on one hand. It is a sad embarrassment to me that your trips to New Orleans, and my trips from New Orleans, each have to be bracketed by ordeals at that place. Okay, now that I've gotten that out of my system, let's move on to pleasant things.

The Crawfish Boil, that was pleasant - no, more than that, it was wonderful. I owe Jeff, Stan, Tanya, and Linda big time for that. A pirogue full of hot Mud Bugs, corn, potatoes, onions, garlic, and sausage - a tub full of oysters - ice chests full of beer, wine, and soda - and a yard full of friends and family - once you've been there, you know it just doesn't get any better. Describe it to your Hawaiian friends as a Louisiana Luau (but one with good food).

And the fireplace in the bedroom - exactly perfect for the occasion. There may be some guys who don't understand the logic of running the air conditioner so that you can light the fire place - they weren't sitting in my chair. They didn't have their feet propped up on the bricks, they didn't see your bare feet on the bricks, they didn't get to watch the firelight play along your smooth shapely legs. They haven't sipped scotch, watched the fire reflect in your eyes, and listened to you tell about your marathon training. They haven't woken in the night to find you contentedly using their leg as a pillow, or had the fire flare just so they could watch your chest rise and fall as you slept. If they haven't had a similar evening, I feel sorry for them - if they still don't understand, I feel sorry for their wives.

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Of course that magic you performed with Tony will always sparkle. If somehow I should forget it, Marie will remind me. She is both amazed and jealous - the height of basketball season - LSU still in contention - and you got him to leave the television off and talk to you an entire evening. She thinks you should start giving classes - I think it's a good idea, more women with your talent would make the world a happier place.

Being a morning man, I love my coffee under the Oak - having you with me made it even better. Sitting there in our loose robes, sipping good coffee, watching the squirrels, and planning out day - a perfect beginning. I do it often, but having you with me made it special, and sitting there at 9:30 rather than 7:30 was special too - and the reason for the delay was very special.

I miss you already, but as you can see I have some new sparkling memories. Something to use as a base for making our next rendezvous even better. I'm most definitely thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne