

Letter - April 7, 2003

My Lady,

7 Apr 2003

I woke up early this morning, real early, four o'clock early. It's tempting to tell you that I woke up thinking about you, but I fear that's just not so, nature was calling. However, I could not go back to sleep - then I started thinking about you. I lay in the bed, looking across at the blank television screen, and recalled you laying in the same spot watching "My Big Fat Greek Wedding".

You looked so happy that afternoon. You napped while I worked in my office. When I finished I made us cups of tea, put the tape in the machine, and woke you. Such a sweet smile you gave me, sat up, pulled all four pillows behind you, and took your tea cup in both hands - actually your "tea cup" was that odd mug that you like so well, the one with the sassy mouse painted on it. I pulled a chair next to the bed, sat, and put my big feet on the bed, the tape rolled, all was set.

I have to admit, I had seen the movie before and I didn't really watch it that afternoon, I watched you watch the movie. Mine was the much more interesting view. The movie was a "chick flick" and a good one, you were totally absorbed in it. As I watched you would slowly, with both hands, raise your cup, take a sip, and just as slowly lower it back to your lap - all without taking your eyes off the screen.

I loved watching your face. During the setup scenes, when you were concentrating on the details, your face was relaxed, your eyes fixed and still. Your eyes, those beautiful brown eyes that I can never say no to, took it all in. Without so much as a twitch they gathered all of the clues, the character positions, the camera angles, the length of the close-ups, the repetition counts - I loved watching them work. I could always tell the instant that you figured out the gag or punch line that was coming - your mouth drew a fraction wider and a bit thinner, those sexy little crinkles would form at the corners of your eyes, yet the cheeks in between would not move. (How do you do that?)

On those few occasions where it did manage a surprise you laughed - that obviously unrestrained but naturally proper laugh of yours, it conveys genuine joy without any foolishness attached. There are two parts to a laugh, the sound and the face. With many people the sound blurts out then the face struggles to catch up - not you - your face lights up, enjoys the instant, announces what's to follow,

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then, just before I decide that I've gone totally deaf, out comes the sound. Not a cackle, not a roar, not a giggle, but a happy, real, unguarded laugh. You shared every one of them with me - your face would light up, you would turn to look at me, and the laugh would roll out - I loved it.

Lying there this morning gazing across the dark room toward the television, I wondered if mine could really be called a television. It's not hooked up to an antenna or cable, it only plays tapes, I only turn it on when I have something I want to watch. I guess it is still a television, it's just not used to while away the hours like most. I have too many memories of you available for replay to sit around watching sitcoms and "reality shows". If I could somehow attach a wire to my head and broadcast those memories over a cable channel, it would surely be a top rated show. Of course some of it would be quite X-rated - but people would just have to learn to live with it - it's real.

Right now I had better go see about making some real money. I don't ever want a few dollars to come between us and another sparkling memory. As always, I'm thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne