

Letter - April 21, 2003

My Lady,

21 Apr 2003

The family gathering at Easter went well - it really did. I worked hard at getting Joyce's house and yard ready for the crowd, sometimes it's hard to create enough places for a hundred people to sit down. All of my little groupings of chairs and benches out under the trees worked great - a few people just sat but for the most part people moved from one to the other and mingled pretty good. Great weather helped (there is no way all of those people would have fit in the house) but it took more - a lot of mowing, raking, sweeping, spraying, trimming, washing, and carrying went into creating pleasant places for people to be. A sort of "Built it and they will come" mentality drove me - and they did come.

The cooking had to happen without me, you know about my lack of kitchen talents. But Julie pitched in at a level far beyond her years. At eleven years old she knows more about that stuff than I ever dreamed existed. Over the years I've grown used to my contribution being Joyce asking me to take a heavy ham or turkey or roast out of the oven - not quite the same this year. This year Julie "told me" to take the ham out and put it on a platter. As I put on the oven mittens I stole a glance at Joyce, she was quietly watching the scene from the living room and absolutely beaming about it - yes, it was a good Easter.

Sometimes I hear other people talking about their family functions and feel hesitant to join the conversation. Most seem to talk about small groups going to fancy places. By comparison our celebrations appear large, rowdy, and definitely homemade. Sometimes I feel a little awkward, but then I chuckle at my foolish self and launch into it - I know that families are homemade.

Of course Easter would have been even better if you had been here. Everyone asked all about you. Karen and Susan put some of their Easter Eggs in a basket for you - later on I ate them, but you can tell them how good they were.

Now that the days are longer and we are on daylight savings time I do miss sitting in the yard with you. I want to do more of that - sit in those big chairs that fit me so well, the ones you call ugly but always nap in. Just sit there and talk about the day - or plan the next - or not - just sit there with you. Maybe there would be Mosquito Hawks to watch, why do I call them Mosquito Hawks and other people call the Dragon

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Topic 110 Article 37 PAGE 2 April 21, 2003

Flies - it doesn't matter, you know the little guys I'm talking about. Maybe we would have something on the grill, I would be secretly hoping that it cooks slow - just to prolong the moment. I want to sit in the yard with you.

This boy had prolonged this moment about as much as is wise. I had better get up and get moving - people are depending on me. But you can depend on me to be thinking about you girl.

Love,

Wayne