

Letter - May 12, 2003

My Lady,

12 May 2003

I feel popular this morning - and with good reason. "Wayne's Famous Mother's Day Bars" went over well as presents. They met three requirements of a good present; 1) they showed that I cared and put out some thought and effort, 2) they were something that the recipients could use, and 3) they were something the recipients wanted to show around and talk about. They loved them. I'm describing the gift idea on my web site, I call the Article "Real Candy for Real Women". Occasionally a good idea does float through my mind.

On Saturday I went fishing down at Port Sulphur. It was really too windy but I found some great places to fish. Easy fishing and I had a relaxing time. Since I only caught six fish the clean-up at home was easy too.

That was the first time I had fished the Port Sulphur area in years - but it will not be the last. It's really beautiful down that close to the gulf. It's a flat world there - standing in the boat your head is the highest thing for miles around. You get the odd impression of being on a map - blue water and green land. You can see from one bayou, across the green marsh grass, to the next - of course to get from one to the next you have to follow the winding waterways just like on a map.

There are more and bigger Pelicans down there. On Saturday they were curious too - every time I stopped to fish they would land nearby with a big splash. They just watched me, I guess they were hoping that I would find a school of fish. But on that day I was watching the birds too, hoping they would find a school of fish. The blind leading the blind.

Maybe if you get here this summer we can make a trip down there - it really is an easy, simple, and quiet, world there. Quickly you begin to absorb the peacefulness.

You can't be surprised that I find being on the water peaceful. You know me too well for that -and you've been there, done that. Even on InsteadOfAKid there were more peaceful times than exciting times. I was always so proud of us sailing her - not because she was the biggest or fanciest boat in the harbor, she wasn't - but because she was the best crewed. I remember how you hated the "man overboard drills", how we fretted over navigation, and how you actually enjoyed doing "foul weather practice" just outside the harbor - even though people laughed at us. But

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I was, and still am, proud of us - we took that part of the world and made it ours. That teamwork thing put me at ease, I knew that if I fell overboard you would come back to get me - and always will.

Sometimes I miss "The Kid" and want another boat, but at others I want to concentrate on new adventures. On board, out in the gulf, many of life's lessons were crystal clear. I am convinced that other situations hold those and more lessons in different and fascinating forms - just waiting for our discovery. There is so much to look forward to - with you the adventure continues.

Right now this part of the team had better get going - got to see what adventures this day holds. Somewhere among them I should be able to make some money for my honey. I'm thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne