

Letter - May 28, 2003

My Lady,

28 May 2003

Girl we missed a fine opportunity - Memorial Day. A three day weekend that just sort of slipped up on me - so it was quiet. Almost everyone I know went somewhere but I hadn't planned anything. I did go out to eat Saturday night but otherwise I just stayed around the house. That was good - I very much enjoyed it. There is one thing that could have made it better - you being here.

We could have gone over to the little coffee shop in the morning. Sat, sipped our coffee, read the newspaper, and discussed (or argued, depending on who was there) events of the day. We could have laid in bed during the afternoon, "reading" out books with our eyes closed - is not a nap by any other name just as sweet? I could have worked on a story while you planned dinner - then pushed the shopping cart while we bought all of the "essential" things that my kitchen is somehow lacking. Of course there would have been candles at dinner - a glass o wine on the porch, and, well we miss out girl.

As far as I can tell everyone made it back from their holiday travels and all is well. Odd that I should worry about them traveling but not about you and I. While I always muddle through it and eventually get where I'm going, you are the absolute master of it. I guess it's not so odd after all.

Flag waving and remembering? I don't wave the flag much these days - but I remember everyday. Young men with guns following old men with dreams of glory is a very dangerous and painful thing. I wish more people remembered.

Now pay attention here, because I'm not going to admit this often -your knight in shining armor is getting older. The other day I made another small concession to that fact - I bought an old man golf club. Not one of the ridiculous long putters, I'm not that old, but one of the big ultra light drivers. Not one of the \$400 ones, but a \$40 one, I'm getting older not richer. I know that I've argued against new clubs for a long time saying, "It's not the arrow - it's the Indian", but I finally gave in. I do hit it farther and straighter, I guess I'm just not strong enough to swing the heavy club around anymore. So I'm adjusting, grudgingly to be sure, but adjusting - maybe the arrow is still just fine, but this aging Indian shoots better wit ha lighter bow.

I can hear you chuckling right now, and I know that there

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may be other signs that I once wore a younger mans clothes. But don't even start down that path - I don't want to hear it - one admission is enough for one day.

You know old guys can be sick puppies, or maybe it's young women, or maybe it's just me. I recall being in Boca Raton, just up the coast from Miami, sitting in one of those out door bars overlooking the ocean. I was talking to a guy named Greg, trying to buy some software from him - at the bar sat a beautiful young lady, wearing very nearly nothing. Of course I looked, I'm a man. Then an old guy, older than me and with even worse taste in clothes, came over and sat next to her. He put his hand on her bare leg and looked around smiling at all of the guys in the area. I wondered at this then Greg explained about "Trophy Wives". It seems that some men make a lot of money, move to Florida, marry beautiful young women, and like to just show them off for others to envy. Sick, I thought. But I've been places with you - I know the thrill - I share the symptoms if not the disease. Still, I feel sorry for those guys - they missed you, they don't know how good life can be.

Sick or not, I had better get moving. Got lots to do this week and that is good. Because if you get the urge to sit around in very nearly nothing - I want it to be a very stylish very nearly nothing. Yes, I am most definitely thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne