

Letter - June 2, 2003

My Lady,

2 Jun 2003

I took the long way home from golf on Thursday. It was about 7:30 and still a bit hot, the sun was setting, and I was mellow. So I just cruised along the old winding road - out through the swamp, over the bayou, and under the trees. I had all of the windows open and probably didn't get up to 40 mph the whole way. It was warm, even the breeze, but comfortable, I was tired and just plain happy. The locusts were singing in the trees - been a long time since I slowed down enough to hear that - all I had to do was roll down the windows but I hadn't even done that. What a wonderful time of the day - still light but not bright. The fish were striking at bugs on the bayou, I stopped to watch. I recalled us coming up that bayou in the little yellow boat at the same time of day - remember that? Well, I had the same peaceful contented feeling. The day's work was done and I was satisfied with it - it was time to relax and I was.

Though the road has it's share of bumps and dips, it is the exact opposite of a roller-coaster ride. Instead of excitement, it generates peace and calmness. If I were better at marketing I could sell rides down that road. No, I'd probably just give them away. I hope everyone can find a road like that every once in a while - and may they have the good sense to go slow and to roll down the windows.

Oh yes - Miami - what an opportunity! You know I've been there two or three times - but in searching through my musty mind for memories of Miami - I find that there are none. Not one! I know that I stayed somewhere, must have eaten a few meals, and undoubtedly looked at some boats - but nothing stuck. So I'm excited, Miami has another chance to make a first impression on me. Chances are it will be a good one as Miami will get a boost from association - you will be there. Of course you being there could make Death Valley a desirable place to be too. Oh yes -Miami will do just fine.

You are right, I know I always "take up" for the kids. And I still think that it's tougher world that they live in - but live in it they must. You have a good point, you peddled your bicycle to college and I rode mine across town to UNO for three years. Maybe that isn't exactly the old "I had to walk five miles through the snow" story, but we did what was necessary. (I'm not complaining about any of that, I have fond memories of sitting in morning classes knowing that I had already done more than most classmates would do all

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day.) We had a firm grip on “the dream”, we believe that if you “do this” then “that happens”, we could see what we wanted and how to get it. True, the “if then” relationship isn’t all that solid, there are loads of exceptions, and it has taken a lot more than just college degrees - but I’m happy with the reality of those long ago dreams. For a couple of poor southern kids, it’s worked out pretty good.

Now I just have to find a way of instilling a dream into our nieces and nephews. Most any dream will do so long as it’s concrete enough to take some action on. I do try - I talk, I push, I demonstrate - but frequently I feel I’m “tilting at windmills”. But tilt I must.

I can see you smiling as you read this, you know me so well. You know that the windmills were built, and I was born, for the sole purpose of such contests. There is not the slightest chance that I could resist. I love that you know this, it’s so wonderful to have someone who understands - my world just keeps getting better. And I love that amused little smile, the one that says that you don’t see a chance in the world of success but you wholeheartedly applaud my efforts. I would charge forward anyway - I have to - but it’s so wonderful to know that you are cheering for me.

Right now I need to charge forward and get a bunch of things done. I don’t know how or how much, but I’m sure that money will come in handy in Miami. I’m thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne