

Letter - June 16, 2003

My Lady,

16 Jun 2003

I'm almost holding my breath now - less than a week to go. I can decide if this feeling in my stomach is anticipation, fear or yesterdays tuna salad. But it's there - "Butterflies" I think it's called. Anyone would have them if they were on their way to see you.

I may have gotten ready too early. My clothes are done up, I even did a "trial packing" just to make sure everything would fit. The presents are bought and I've memorized the presentation speech - you're gonna love it. The bank wasn't too happy but they gave me some money anyway. I'm set, I'm ready - now I just have to get through a sure to be long and restless week.

Of course I found time for a round of golf this weekend - I shouldn't have but I did. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say I went to the golf course, my 107 score didn't look much like golf. Sometimes on the course I just go "braindead", each shot feels like its the first time I've ever held a golf club, but that wasn't my problem this weekend - my brain wasn't even there, it was already in Miami. I talked about my trip so much that at one point Tony told me, "Wayne shut up and try to hit one fairway". So I shut up and hit the ball - then told him about this place in Southbeach that I had read about. I was not about to let a little thing like golf dampen the excitement of going to see you.

Julie is going to come over and feed Quinn while I'm gone. She is about the only one the old boy will tolerate anymore. Your cute little kitten has grown into a grumpy old cat. He shows his claws and give the "evil eye" to most people - but will curl up next to her and purr as she pets him. Julie has a way with the furry guys, her Christmas hamsters have all grown up now. She has what can only be described as a "Hamster City", all of the cages, little houses, running wheels, tubes, and those plastic balls that she puts them in. When she gets them all cranked up it's quite a show. I don't know what Andifer is going to do when she decides that boys are cuter than rats.

Right now I have a cute thing on my mind - you. I remember back in 1974 walking on the beach in Biloxi with you, we've walked on a lot of beaches since then but the thrill is still the same. I don't do it on purpose, at first I'm not even aware of it, but every time, after a while, I notice that I have my shoulders pulled back and my stomach sucked in - I'm trying

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to look like I belong with the beautiful woman at my side. Of course its mostly for naught - when we walk down a beach together, few are looking at me.

But I had better get walking now - there isn't a beach here and people will be looking for me. People attribute it to my sense of responsibility, I want to get everything taken care of before I leave - but I suspect it's just that I don't want and worries or interruptions when I'm with you. I'm definitely thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne