

Letter - June 30, 2003

My Lady,

30 Jun 2003

I'm back now - and all of the things that I ignored while with you are trying to jump me. They haven't got a chance - like water on a duck's back, they are just rolling off. That smile you put on my face is my shield. I'm walking tall.

There is a storm coming - not a hurricane but a tropical storm. How did I miss that? You really had me under your spell. It's not something for us to worry much about, just a lot of rain and some branches over the yard. Tony told me about it when he picked me up at the airport. It was the second thing we talked about, first he wanted to hear all about you - I'm not the only one bewitched by you girl.

This morning I woke up and realized how far in debt I am - I owe Andifer and Jerry big time. They came over and cut my grass on Saturday. After waking up next to you, seeing that grass all cut was the best thing that happened to me yesterday. I was not looking forward to pushing the lawn mower all afternoon. I have to think of something real special to do for them.

That's one of the things I love about my life - special things - you are always doing special things for me. Like last week when I got dressed for dinner first and went down to the hotel bar to wait for you - you called the bar while I was enroute and had my scotch and water waiting for me. Yes, I felt special - but little did I know.

I can close my eyes and see you in that blue outfit. I can hear the collective gasp of breath and the dead silence that followed as you walked into the bar. I can see one waiter step in front of the other to get the chance to serve you. I can remember how irritated my eyes became because I refused to blink, not wanting to miss an instant of it. When every head in the place followed you over to me - I did feel very special indeed. (Even in remembrance I frequently forget to breath.)

At the time I didn't tell you, but now I want to recount an incident to you. It was the day I sat by the pool snack bar writing. I was idly watching a group of young girls, constantly pulling on their little bikinis and practicing strutting their new found bulges and curves - of course there was also a group of young lads working hard to hide their new found interest. I began to wonder at all the work these girls had to go through to overcome the boys inability to simply say "Hello, my name is ...". Then you and Jackie walked in

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from the beach. I watched as in unison you two picked up your wraps and did that twirl thing with you arms - the cloth fluttered wide and high in the air like a flag, then settled effortlessly and exactly into place. I was not the only one watching. You didn't see what came next because you were walking toward me but I did. Two of the young ladies picked up their wraps and tried the same thing, one got it fairly right and demonstrated it twice again for the other. Smart girls, they recognized the masters and were determined to learn from them. I've seen you do that a hundred times and still have no idea which way you move your hands - but one peek was enough for these girls to imitate it. The young lads? They still had no idea what was in store for them.

But I have some idea what's in store for me today - and I had better get to it. Got to get things caught up and in order so I can start thinking about coming to see you again.

Love,
Wayne