

Letter - July 7, 2003

My Lady,

7 Jul 2003

Three day weekends are wonderful things. They are different from just taking a day off in that I don't have to feel guilty - no one else is working either, I wouldn't do any business anyway. But I could do some of the things around the house that I keep putting off - so I did them, well some of them anyway. Cleaning all of those little pieces of glass on that big light in the dinning room got put off again - it's probably best that way.

This weekend's plan was dedicated to working down the long "to do" list around the house. No golf, no fishing, just housework. The weather may have re-enforced that plan, but it was my plan. By Sunday evening all of the trash cans were full and everything was clean, some things even sparkled. It feels good this morning. How long does a good house cleaning last?

Sometimes I have to stop and wonder at that. I guess I could hire someone to clean the house and cut the grass, though probably not the same person. But I don't and sometimes I wonder why. The obvious answer is that I'm cheap - but that's not the reason. A desirable and smart answer is that I had rather spend the money on you - I would but that's not it either. No, I think it has to do with my sense of pride and self worth. I can still cut the grass, it takes a bit longer than it used to, but I'm still man enough to do it. So I do it.

But house cleaning is something else, house cleaning for me is more a matter of discovery - every time I discover some "thing" that I had forgotten about. We have a great many "things" girl - a lot of which only get touched when I clean them. Maybe I should have a Garage Sale just to lighten the load - maybe, but not likely, there are just too many memories attached.

For example this weekend I rediscovered my Delta Whales, the little statue that Delta gave out as a souvenir of their inaugural flight to Hawaii. It must have been a smooth flight because I don't remember it - but I do remember that little MG car that you had at the time. And how we drove up under the big tree in front of the Royal Hawaiian in it. The fanciest place in town - a shiny sporty little car - all dressed up - an incredibly beautiful woman with me - all of the lights shining on us - the people turning to watch - Valets running to open the doors - we're talking every young man's dream

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here. Then I got stuck and it took both of the Valets to help pull me out of that little car. There was a lot of laughter at my expense that night - just call it one of my unplanned gifts to the Hawaiian Heritage. That circular driveway is the courtyard now, the buses just wouldn't fit I guess - that's sad - but it still sparkles in my mind.

Right now I had better turn my sparkling mind to work things. I still can do some of that too. But today I think I am going to put some money in an envelope and set it aside - just to buy a bottle of sparkling wine the next time I see you. As you (and everyone else I meet) can see, I'm thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne