

Letter - July 14, 2003

My Lady,

14 Jul 2003

I hate to admit it but I feel tired this morning. Seems like there was a time when a dinner, some lawn work, a party, a golf game, and some house work in a weekend wouldn't leave me tired - but that time isn't now. Maybe tired isn't the right word, I'm not sore, and nothing aches, I'm just content to sit, there are things I should be doing, but I'm not, I'm just sitting - yeah, tired is the right word.

But of course I'm not "just" sitting - I'm also writing to you, it's one of my favorite things. I get up extra early to do this, I'm at my best in the early morning and want you to have the best I can give. It's quiet now - the air is cool (well, it's what passes for cool in the South Louisiana Summer) - the first hints of pink are testing the high clouds to the east - a new day is dawning - another opportunity to do great and wonderful things. I could be working on somebody's project, or planning my day, or practicing a presentation, but no - this is my time of the day - I got up in the pre-dawn darkness to grab it - it belongs to me - and I'm going to use it to do what I want. And this morning I want to write to you.

On other mornings I rise early too. I sit, sip my coffee, and watch events unfold before me. Out backyard is and active participant in the great cycle of things. At first light two mice, stomachs bulging, amble down the Oak tree and disappear under the bushes - a few minutes later the squirrels appear licking dew from the leaves. At first light bats skim over the pool leaving tiny silent V shapes waves as they drink before fluttering off to where ever they go - a little later the doves come and breakfast on whatever it is that they find on the concrete (I can't see anything but they apparently do). At first light two stars are visible from my chair, I don't know their names I call them High Star and Low Star, they climb into the sky and slowly fade as it gets brighter - a short while later the Sun comes over the distant roof tops, not a dull red but already in it's blazing white glory.

As I watch, the story of the two beetles frequently comes to mind, it goes like this - two beetles are clinging to a tree trunk eating bark - one beetle asks, "What do you think of that new theory that the tree is alive?" - the other beetle replies, "It's stupid. I've lived on this tree my whole life and it hasn't done a thing". - I look, and I wonder at the things I see.

Saturday night I got yet another snapshot of my personal

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cycle - I went to my 35th high school reunion. I always enjoy those - the organizers do a good job. Reunions are different from other functions that I attend, they are easier, more relaxed, somehow more fun. Oddly, I don't remember a great deal about high school, and I realized that I remember most of the people there from previous reunions - then again, maybe it's not odd, maybe it's just natural - I enjoyed it anyway. I wish you could have been there, it may sound crude, it may sound self centered, it may sound egotistical, it may sound insensitive, and it probably is all this things - but I wanted to show you off.

Wow - I started out thinking about you, but I wrote about me. It's so wonderful to have someone I can tell these things to. And if you don't mind - I always will. Thinking about you girl.

Love,

Wayne