

Letter - August 11, 2003

My Lady,

11 Aug 2003

This morning I am absolutely convinced that big houses should only be owned by young people with the energy to keep them up - or maybe by rich people with the money to hire young people with the energy to keep them up. This morning I am neither, I'm a tired old puppy. The sun shines and the grass grows - everybody knows that. But this morning I realize a dirty little secret - the sun shines and the dust grows too. (Well, maybe I'm the only one that didn't know that, but I do now - and I don't particularly like it.)

Late Saturday afternoon, after I finished the yard and got cleaned up, I intended to sit with a glass of wine and just admire my work. The yard really does look good when it's all cut and trimmed and there is not a lot I do that can be viewed all at once as a completed product. Somehow looking at processes, even well running ones, is quite as satisfying as looking at a finished product. I guess that's a problem for a lot of people, but I really wanted to sit on the porch and look at the yard. I had an hour before I need to get dressed for dinner (I took Tanya, Jerry, and Andifer to that Italian place in Gretna that I like - my intention was that Jerry and Stan talk about fishing and become fishing buddies, but Stan couldn't make it) and I wanted to spend it feeling proud of my work. As I sat down, wine in hand, I noticed a big spot of grass that I had missed - not in the corner - not on the side - but right out in the middle. So I had to get the lawn mower back out and go over it. By then there was only time to run through the shower again, gulp down the wine, and get dressed. Tanya was driving so I had a quick refill on the wine to cover my disappointment and dinner went well.

Wow! I rambled a bit there - I guess control is the first thing to suffer when I'm tired. I cleaned the house yesterday, but I can't think of anything worthwhile to say about that.

I'm ready - I'm ready - I'm ready. All of the plans are made, all of the work is done, now all I have to do is rest up for next weekend. Tony and Marie are going to stay down at the Sonesta too - we're going to have great time. Surprises are in store - it's all arranged - you're gonna love it. We'll spend a little time going down memory lane - there are a lot of good memories from our French Quarter days - then we'll charge off in a different direction making new ones. I love it. I can't wait.



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The Vice President thing is beginning to get organized in my head. I still don't know if I really want to do it, but I'm getting a clearer picture of what it entails. I find even contemplating this frightening and I suspect that in many ways actually doing it will be absolutely terrifying. We'll see.

Okay, I'm off to work now. Got to close some things this week or the bank account will begin to get frightening. And we can't have that. No worries will be allowed at our anniversary celebration - none - not even one. Until then you can be sure that I will be thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne