

Letter - August 18, 2003

My Lady,

18 Aug 2003

Brief and to the point this morning My Lady. I'm still breathing - I miss you - and I hope that you feel better than I do.

It's easy to celebrate in the French Quarter - and we did celebrate! There is not a smile on my face this morning, to be truthful, it's a big dumb grin. One question however - the rose pedals, the rose pedals that were all over me, the bed, the whole suite on Sunday morning - where did you get those things?

I didn't schedule much for today - and probably won't get even that done. But I should go through the motions anyway. There is just not much chance that I will think of anything but you today - I can live with it and everybody else will just have to.

Love,
Wayne