

**Letter - August 25, 2003**

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My Lady,

25 Aug 2003

There was a car wreck on the corner yesterday, one car, one occupant, and he was killed. Very sad. A young lad is gone and his parent's dreams are snuffed out - all for the thrill of driving 90 miles per hour down a city street. The car left the road, knocked over a fire hydrant, broke a telephone pole, crashed through a fence, and smashed the corner off of Tom's house. All just so sad.

My heart really goes out to the boy's family. Maybe more so because I remember that wreck you were in up in Tennessee. The late night call - the panic and rage of not knowing - the frantic calls for information - the frustration, pacing, and waiting. My waiting turned out better than theirs but I remember your black eyes, the cast, and my scared helpless feeling.

I've been in some scary situations - and admit to being scared to the bone. But there the sense of crushing hopelessness and despair didn't settle over me - it's different when it's you. It's one of the prices we pay for our lifestyle.

The price might be high but it buys such wonderful things. I love talking with you, hearing your opinions of topics that interest you, getting you feel for ideas of mine - it's so refreshing, I never know what you are going to say, you always surprise me. That couldn't happen if I saw you every day, there would be no unknown stories to tell, we would probably watch television. The price might be high - but it is worth it.

I anticipate the stories you will have for me in Tampa. I have a good one too, but I'm going to save it - I have a setting in mind for it. About two hours before sunset, so I can still see those incredible brown eyes, we will go to an outdoor patio bar. We'll take a table out near the railing over looking a lake, so I can hear all of your delicate little chuckles and sighs. I'll order some scotch whiskeys and we will sip them as I watch your thin elegant fingers wrap around the glass. I'll notice the barest breeze toy with the tips of your hair. As the sun settles I'll watch the light sparkle off the diamonds and gold of the Olympic necklace resting against your richly tanned skin. In the slanting light I'll mentally time the rhythmic - Of course you realize there is not a chance in the world that I will remember to tell the

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story. Maybe the next morning.

But on this particular morning I have work to do, and had better get to it. Somewhere I have written down where I need to go and why - and that is a good thing because with you on my mind I wouldn't remember that either.

Love,  
Wayne