

Letter - June 26, 2006

My Lady,

26 Jun 2006

I'm feeling mellow this morning - just content with myself. Can't say that I did anything spectacular over the weekend to cause it - but I didn't really mess anything up either - so maybe that's where the feeling comes from.

It's the same feeling I remember having at your house on Kauai - the two story one with the second floor lanai all the way around. I loved that place, if I ever build another house it's going to have a porch all the way around like that. Anyway that was a mellow place. Breakfast on the front lanai watching waterfalls tumble down the mountains and before dinner drinks on the back lanai watching whales jump out of the ocean - yeah, mellow is the word for it. I remember Marie complaining about the birds waking her up in the mornings, then drinking coffee on the side lanai watching the same birds eat dates out of the palm for hours, yeah - mellow.

Once upon a time there was a popular song titled "Mellow Yellow". Now it is baffling to know that there was a time when I didn't think that particularly strange. Of course hip huggers, bell bottoms, and head bands were not strange in those days either - but hair cuts were as I remember. We didn't have much back then - it didn't seem to matter much though. I don't recall that we worried much either - those were happy days, mellow days. In many ways I want them back.

I made a new friend yesterday - he's kind of mellow too - his name is Rocket. Rocket is a nine year old Rocwiler that lives down the street (sort of near where Mikie the Boxer lives). It was toward the end of my walk, Rocket just came out to the sidewalk and watched me approach - he tilted his head and put on the "pet me brown eyes". Of course I caved in - I sat down on the grass and started playing with him. Vince, Rocket's owner, thinks Rocket is getting old, but I don't believe that Rocket agrees - we had a great time. Playing with Rocket probably didn't do much to keep my heart rate up - but it definitely lifted my spirits up.

On my walks I frequently feel like something of a "Puppy Pied Piper" (right now I don't remember why he was called Pied, what does that mean anyway?). My little puppy pals come out to walk with me, to get petted, or just to say Hi. There I am - all hot, sweaty, and smelly - but the dogs don't

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seem to mind - they want to see me anyway. I guess I could exercise on a treadmill in the air conditioning, but then - it would be just exercise. It might be hot out there, but that's where life is - it's where I want to be.

And in just a few weeks you will be here with me. I can't wait to show you off, not only to the puppies (they'll love you) but to the people along the way (they ask about you). But that's about all they are going to get - the rest to the time you're mine (okay maybe Tony and Marie can see you at dinner too - and Tanya and Stan will want to come over for coffee - and Victoria and Tom did mention coming down to see you - and of course Mike and Ann will want to show off Randy ...). This is going to get out of hand isn't it? It always does, that's just life - it's the fun part.

Love,
Wayne