

**Letter - July 10, 2006**

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My Lady,

10 Jul 2006

I'm better - - not all right - - but better. Most of the time, if I can keep busy, I can appear fairly normal. However, still too frequently an image of that kid and his pistol jumps into my mind and the rage grabs me again. I just lose control and scream obscenities through my clenched teeth for a few seconds. It's probably not doing my teeth or blood pressure any good - but the rage pressure drops and it passes. To be sure I would like to take that little piece of crap, twist his arm off, and beat him and his two buddies to death with the bloody stump - but that's just the rage talking and it has passed. Passed but not over.

Thirty some odd years ago when I got out of the Army I promised never to pick up a gun again. Now I feel a real need to break that promise. Standing completely at the mercy of a stupid black boy with a gun is not something I want to experience again. (Black? Yes, he was. Stupid? Of course he was stupid - he was robbing a jogger. How much could he really expect to get?) I feel lucky to be alive. I don't want to trust only luck again, but I am going to hold off buying a gun until I trust myself again. Right now the rage is too fresh and the anger loses focus - right now I should not have a gun.

There are millions, no, there are billions, of people who did not stick a gun in my face and threatened to kill me the other day. Millions of them are black. They do not deserve my anger. Only three young hooligans have earned my rage. I must keep focused.

After the robbery I went to the building supply store, I wanted to be around working black men. I helped one load his truck - he was a real nice guy - and that helped me a lot more than it did him. Then I went to the bookstore coffee shop looking for serious black students. I wanted to talk with young people trying to better themselves. I did, and some of them have really big dreams - that is great, young people should have big dreams. I can't do anything about the anger, only time will dull that. I can fight the urge to stereotype, people are only all too willing to do that now. I don't really know if it did any good - I like to think so.

But something is coming my way that I know will do me good - - YOU! In fact just thinking about you does me good. It's hard to be mad when I can close my eyes and see your

smiling face. Those happy brown eyes are infectious, they make everyone gazing upon them happy too. I see it all the time, every time you come up in a conversation everyone perks up and soon they all are laughing and relating events they shared with you. You are a spark in so many peoples lives that I find it hard to get my stories in. So I let them talk about you - because I get to be with you and talk to you. Most think I'm lucky - but I know it.

You are squarely in the middle of my thoughts this morning girl.

Love,  
Wayne