

Letter - July 18, 2006

My Lady,

18 Jul 2006

I feel pretty good right now - I haven't been robbed in over a week - I played pretty good golf yesterday - the Discovery got back okay - I got my new computer - my cardiologist said that I'm doing great - and most importantly, I'm married to you. Yeah, I feel pretty good - and with good reason.

I'm feeling good and I've got a growing anticipation. Most definitely life is good. The closer your arrival gets the more excited I get. However lots of other people are getting excited too. So right now I'm reserving a bit of "US time" - all of Sunday night. A couple of cocktails, maybe some munchies, disconnect the phones, lock the doors - it's just us! (The world will simply have to get along without us - for one night anyway - we can check on it again Monday.)

Golf yesterday was fun - but definitely challenging. We didn't tee off until well after 9 and well before we finished it got hot, really HOT. Even Tony and I considered giving up, Sandy and George did - they just went back to the clubhouse and waited for us. There was a high point though (other than my score). On the tenth hole my tee shot went 285 yards - and I used a 4 iron. I know that only those who saw it believe it, and I know that the ball probably got some help by bouncing on a yardage marker or sprinkler head - but - it did make me feel manly. Make that hot, sweaty, and manly.

That same heat is having another affect. It's either making me braver or dumber. After the robbery I moved my exercise walks back a couple of hours thinking that more of the night thugs would be asleep. Maybe that's good thinking and maybe not. But the heat is melting me, a ruler would probably contradict it, but I get shorter as I walk - melting. Now I find that each day I start out a few minutes earlier. Braver? Dumber?

Whatever - I am going to walk. The heart doctors say it's good for me and I think that I do feel better (after I cool down) - it's "gonna" make me live longer. However the immediate driving force is you girl. I want the stamina to keep up with you. Just keeping up with a gorgeous, vivacious, sexy lady like you is no easy task ... and then there is Sunday night - I had better get back out there right now. You're worth every drop of sweat.

Okay, I know that you have a busy week coming up - and I really should do something besides daydream about you. The only thing better than daydreaming about you is being with you but there are some things requiring my attention. And I want them done and over with before you get here - there will be no sharing, you get all of my attention.

Love,

Wayne