
Letter - July 31, 2006

My Lady,

31 Jul 2006

Guess what I came across the other day? You're autograph from Jimmy Carter. Did you really know his son Chip? I remember those days, we lived in the French Quarter, we both walked to work, you to the hotel me to the brokerage firm. Sometimes I think we had more energy then – but at other times I feel we have more now. Guess that means we haven't slowed down much, everyone knows that you haven't.

I've been practicing in the heat, doing things outside in the middle of the day. I want to get used to coping with it – when a storm comes I'll be out there in it all day. There are no storms right now, but the South of Louisiana is providing plenty of heat for me to practice in. And actually it is doing some good – I'm getting better - stronger - faster – learning what to do and what not to do.

You would not have liked being with me yesterday – working effectively out there is a matter of sweat management. But you would have liked last night. I seldom have cravings about food, but last night I had one. I wanted boiled shrimp, not just thought about it – really wanted it. So I caved in and went down to the buffet place that has them. It was great, I ate my fill and topped it off with Jello. Perhaps a hundred items to choose from and I pick only boiled shrimp and Jello? Go figure, no don't bother. It was just what I wanted – I've eaten enough shredded wheat, fruit, and veggies this week, I'm way over allotment on my fiber grams and way under on my fat grams, I can have what I want for one meal. You would have liked it too – okay, maybe you would have skipped the Jello.

Carol got a new car this week. It's nice and it sure put a smile on her face. I don't remember what kind it is – it's one of those Toyota look-a-likes (That doesn't help much does it? Most all cars look like Toyotas now don't they? Automobile design – another job that's been moved off-shore.) Whatever – Carol is happy and that makes me happy.

Of course you're car doesn't look like a Toyota – you've

Always Searching - Always Thinking - Always Finding A Way

never just followed the herd. You've always chased you're own vision. That's but one of the things I love about you. I saw Mary and a bunch of her girl friends last week, if I had not known Mary for 25 years or so I'm not sure that I could have picked her out of the group. They all looked alike, same blond hair, same slightly odd make-up and the same clothes (they could have been troopers in the pastel army). Art and his friends don't look alike but they dress alike and all have exactly the same attitude. Everyone wants to be different but they lack the confidence to step away from the herd. Stepping away from the herd has never been a problem for you – gumption you've got galore. And I love it. In so many ways you stand apart from the herd, right out in plain view – men notice you there – you can have you're pick - but you pick me! (Don't tell anyone but sometimes it makes me want to do something childish, like stick my tongue out at them.)

I'm a lucky guy – but this lucky guy had better get busy. In a while sweat will be dropping off of me. Dropping unnoticed because I will still be thinking of you.

Love,

Wayne