

Dear Ruth Anne:

You've eaten my
cooking; therefore I won't pretend I
can. I'll just write a few memoirs.

Remember the
annual picnic up the railroad
track when if we didn't get caught
in the cow catcher or nearly have
heart failure over the railroad bridge,
we didn't dare sit down because we
thought we heard a snake?

Remember how hard
I had to work in school to
convince you that comb was
spelled c-o-m-b and not c-o-m?

Remember all the
tea parties you put on when I'd
come home from school? Maybe
it's your fault I'm so fat.

Lastly, remember I'll
always wish the best of everything
for you.
Gene Dell