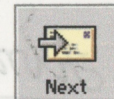


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Date: Sun, 02 Jun 2002 12:44:52 -0700

From: "James L. Acord" <acord@eudoramail.com> [Add to Address Book](#) [Add To Spam](#)

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Subject: test

Organization: QUALCOMM Eudora Web-Mail (<http://www.eudoramail.com:80>)

To: "James L. Acord" <acord@eudoramail.com>

Reply To: acord@eudoramail.com

Dear Sandra and Andy and Robbi,

This is my test of Sandra's new email address so let me know if it works. And Sandra, enter my address in your book, if you get this, as it is my only contact point.

Firstly, thanks for having me out. I had a great visit. To get out into the greenery, watch baby ducklings on the lake; see your yard awakening to a late spring. It did these tired old eyes good. Even both legs of the bus trip felt like a vacation.

I know I had said that I hoped I could get a little caught up on computer work, email and correspondence during my so short visit but the spirit wasn't with me. Rather I spent the night on your deck smoking and looking at the stars reflected on the glassy lake.

On the trip back to Seattle I reflected that the three of us met over twenty years ago in Alaska and our lives have turned out so well in such different ways. You and Andy have made a go of it and live in one of the loveliest houses and settings of any of my friends. To be welcome in your home, to watch Sandra fitting Robbie with a prom dress, made me so happy. What an honor.

And that bag of provisions! It would have allowed any of the encircled armies during the battle of Stalingrad to hold out another month.

I just finished unpacking it before walking up to the library to check my mail and it is definitely The Large Gourmet CARE Package.

Thanks so much. I won't need to leave the Starlight for a month.

And it was a lot heavier then I thought it was in your kitchen and while changing buses downtown and getting up the stairs to my room I was glad you talked me into using your folding cart.

Ah yes, the cart. The cart is the story in this letter. Debarking from the 311 bus, I dragged it from Fourth Avenue down to Occidental Park and stopped on a bench to rest a bit and write a note to Tom Putnam. It was nearly nine o'clock in the morning and groups of homeless were gathered at other benches around me; laughing and talking, sharing smokes and drinking from paper bags. And I noticed how my cart with the bulging black garbage bag of provisions, topped by my ratty duffel bag with the broken zipper, matched what everyone else had. I fit in better then ever.

As I finished my letter a couple of fellows came over and offered

Let to Bubba

Library

thanks for the words help

Dinner on Sat. - Norris's quote -

Keisa thing?

easy cheese

P.S.

Intergalactic navigation