

March 9th 98

Hi Syl, Sam,

Just let me say, 'Sam, I hope you're feeling better, and that you have all those nasties under control!'

John tells me that you so enjoyed my poem, of Momma, (I think I could write a dozen or so about the different incidents that cropped up (funny as hell), and I probably will.)

Anyway, I'm in dire need of a fan club, and you seem to be the most enthusiastic.

THEREFORE I thought you might enjoy some of my other efforts. (I'm surprised John didn't share these with you)

I bought a Fax for my sister Yvonne, and we've been having so much fun faxing each other, she says she's like a child with a new toy. Deedee and Glade both, communicate with me that way - Sylvia, please get one, then I'll be able to send my scribbles straight to you

OVER

Sammy called John this morning, reading my poem to him, and laughing his head off - Telling him he knew what he was doing when he married me - What a fine compliment.

Anyway my love, here are a couple of my first attempts at this new diversion of mine, as you can see they were written at the appropriate? time of these catastrophes.

Hoping to fax you with my next bits.

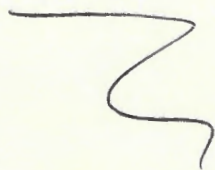
My brother Harry, had entered my 'Diana' poem into 'their' paper, they again printed it on the anniversary of her death. Which gave me quite a shot-in-the-arm.

Feel good Sam, and Sylvia

Keep in touch

Love

Vicki





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