

September 25, 2005

Dear Jennifer,

I am so sorry about what I did at your party last night. I have no excuse for the amount of drinking I did. I guess I thought nothing would happen if I had a few more than usual.

I certainly did not mean to fall on your coffee table and break it in the middle. And the amount of throw up on your carpet and into your bathroom is indefensible. I just never threw up before when I was drinking. I felt really bad when I looked back from the bathroom and saw you slip and fall in my vomit with that tray of glasses you were taking to the kitchen. I saw all the blood later.

John told me this morning all the things I said to our friends and your family. I have loved your family since we were in Kindergarten together. Calling your mother a frumpy old has-been and your father a windy controlling gas-bag could not have helped my relationship with them. Uh-oh, John just told me that was the least of what I said. I can't imagine I said those things, but John assures me I did.

Driving my pick-up onto your front porch and yelling "YEE-HAH" was not my best moment. I thought I was a cowboy on a stallion, I do remember that! When I backed out again and saw the porch roof completely collapse and the people jumping off the porch! Well, it was just the funniest thing I'd ever seen. I had a fit of the giggles. I guess the drugs I took kicked in about then.

I'm pretty sure you and your family and many, if not most, of our friends are mad at me now. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I'm really sorry that the insurance on my pick-up was canceled the day before yesterday. Now I will have to find some other form of transportation to get around town since my pick-up was totaled by your front porch. Thank God your family has insurance!

Well, Jennifer, I hope you and your family will accept my apology. I hope when I see you all in church tomorrow morning it will be in the Christian spirit of forgiveness and love.

Sincerely,

Chris Smith