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Open Letters to People or Entities Who Are Unlikely to Respond

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An Open Letter to William D. Ford Federal Direct Loan Repayment Program.

BY Kendra Stanton Lee

- - - -

Dear William D. Ford Federal Direct Loan Repayment Program,

Thank you for your recent overhaul of the Federal Direct Loan program website.

As with the prior iteration of your site, I would forget my four-digit pin as often as I would forget to conduct a breast self-exam. Thus, I appreciate that your site now allows a password that is not government-issued.

I noticed, however, that your site now offers an array of new password hint questions. NAME OF YOUR FIRST PET is no longer a menu item, so I elected to check the box next to NAME OF FIRST PERSON EVER KISSED.

At first I could not understand the relationship between teenage pecks and student loans, but then I realized that both had a great deal to do with miscalculation.

So now, barring any password recall dysfunction, the name of "Wonderboy" will always guarantee access to my student loan repayment account.

The sentiment almost overwhelms me.

You're such an ol'romantic, William D. Ford. Conjuring epic tales of young love on the road to debilitating debt fulfillment. You knew our eyes would sparkle, recalling 7th grade rendezvous at the roller skating rink, as you ushered us into a portal where the awe-inspiring figures in the STILL OWED field would wax long and large.

The convenience of the FIRST KISS password trigger cannot be underestimated. I am so glad, in fact, that you have enabled me to pay homage to my first kiss through the occasion of my monthly hemorrhage that I no longer opt for auto payment. Frankly, I find myself forgetting my password on purpose just to input the name of Wonderboy in that FORGOT YOUR PASSWORD query form.

Oh, Mr. William D. Ford, how I saved myself for that smooch! There in the foyer of my mom's house, where once upon a time I had waited for carpool pick-ups, overheating in my Columbia Bugaboo parka. One day Wonderboy knocked on the door and went all Mr. Darcy on my pride and my prejudice against fair-haired choir boys. And I? Was never the same.

So I will drop his name, I'm with Wonderboy, like a bootlegger trying to penetrate a blind pig. Only now I am stepping up to the bar to repay my gargantuan debt. And though my current tax status is married with two dependents,

I will give thanks, Mr. W. D. Ford, for this opportunity to recall simpler times. Times I that I took Intro to Communication Theory and Yoga I and Painters of the Italian Renaissance and spent my entire work-study paycheck buying rounds at a bar called Chipper's, never imagining the small alpine hill of debt at which I would need to chip away for the next 35 years, against the din of my children begging to take karate lessons.

Whenever I change addresses or bank accounts, I will log back in and identify myself as the person whose lips were first pressed by Wonderboy. To you, Mr. Ford, and to Wonderboy, I know that I was never just a number.

Mr. Dubs D. Ford, it would appear, that you don't mind a gal who will kiss and tell. As you move your invisible hand every 30 days to remove the hefty sum from my checking account, please feel \$108.76 worth of my heartfelt thanks. I am much indebted.

Kindest regards, Kendra Stanton Lee



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