

The Bandera PROPHET

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You Move Me

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Special to the Prophet

My New Boyfriend isn't anymore. After getting down on one knee, he's now officially My Last Husband. Trust me, he's the last one I'll be able to handle. But let's go back to that "down on one knee" part.

If you will remember, this is the man who decided the best way to profess his love for me was via text while I was perusing the bread aisle at the grocery store. A real romantic, eh? So, what did I expect from a marriage proposal? Well, I expected a candlelit romantic dinner before the "down on one knee" moment. But what did I get?

It was a typical Monday and we were to meet at the Dancing Dog Ranch before heading to the Big City to attend a retirement party for Very Best Friend. I was dressed in my finest retirement garb (sounds like I was wearing my softest PJs) and waiting for him to show. He was a bit late and rather flustered when he bound through the door.

I was sitting on my comfy couch and stood up when he walked in the door. He demanded that I sit right back down. Yes, Master. That's the moment he dropped on one knee, fumbled with his pocket, pulled out a ring box and said those magic words, "Told you I'd marry you, didn't I?" Yes, a true romantic thru and thru.

Immediately I replied, "Who said I would marry you?" Guess I'll never quit playing hard to get. The custom-made ring he designed was beautiful and fit perfectly. I flaunted it at the retirement party attendees proving there can still be true love after retirement. I mean, what else are old people supposed to do with all that time on their hands?

After the initial excitement wore off, I realized that I had committed to spending the rest of my life with someone. As scary as that idea was, I

recognized it wasn't as terrifying as my next thought, "This means I've got to move!" Then I contemplated if you can be married and still live in two different towns.

We've set a date for later this year so there's all those wedding plans to be made, but I'm more worried about combining living quarters. He only has one closet in his house – yes ladies, you heard me right – so that's where move-in negotiations have begun. I've got shoes, purses, jackets, shoes, skirts, jewelry, shoes and cowboy hats to stuff into a closet that is full of his clothes, boots, belts and cowboy garb. Plus, this is a man who keeps clothes like he's a historian.

"This leather bomber jacket was issued to me by the US Navy when I was 19. It's still got plenty of wear in it!"

Sigh.

After taking stock of his abode, I have come up with a great idea to help him "purge" some of his excesses. I said that we could take all the extra everything we both had accumulated and have an "estate sale" to earn extra cash. Of course, it's just a garage sale, but somehow the word "estate" has motivated him into action. He has already donated about 25 of the 50 plus t-shirts he has hanging in his closet. Ladies, a show of hands of how many of you hang your t-shirts in the closet? Ah, I see, no takers.

Wish us luck. We are both used to living alone and have accumulated way too much stuff to fit into one closet. My only remedy is to remind him that he picked me so now he's stuck with all those women's shoes.