

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

The Incident at Cedar Tree

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The Bandera Prophet

Since moving in with My Future Husband, I've had to make a few changes to his abode. Taking over half the closet, combining my kitchen utensils with his, and marrying our medications. Oh yes and moving an entire house.

My Future's Husband's home is beautiful, but there is no room for an office, so he had a desk crammed into a kitchen corner. When I set up shop, I grabbed a card table, slapped down my laptop and began working. This writer was not happy.

Enter a visit from Very Best Friend who is an organizing genius. She came up with a "simple" idea: Move an existing cabin on one side of the property about 500 feet to a new site right next to the main house and turn that into an office. We decided to name it "Headquarters."

My Future Husband boldly announced, "Sure. No problem! I'll just haul the cabin over here with my trusty 1957 Ford Tractor."

Even this dummy knew that was going to be a real trick.

He spent weeks stabilizing the cabin. Then he roped off the new site, measuring exactly how the Headquarters would sit right next to the side of the house. He trimmed trees so the cabin had a clear path. Finally, he was ready for lift off.

VBF and her Perfectly Engineered Husband showed up to help. She and I reorganized the kitchen while the boys went out to play "Be Manly and Move a Cabin." We thought they might have fun. Instead, it became an experiment in terror.

First off, the cabin wouldn't budge, and My Almost Deceased Last Husband found himself popping wheelies on his trusty tractor, Hank. Luckily, he stopped this rodeo foolishness right before he flipped over backwards, when this story would have turned into the 911 call about how to get your fiancé out from under a 1957 tractor.

They worked hard, sweated A LOT, took mini-breaks and finally figured how to use a floor jack to prop the cabin up. Know what a floor jack is? Me neither.

Headquarters began to roll. They stopped about every 25 feet and moved the jack and then went again. I've never seen a building move that slow in my life. It took two days.

At one point during the move, they had to go between a cedar tree and a live oak. MFH had already trimmed the trees and was positive Headquarters would make it through. Evidently, the cedar tree had different ideas.

I was lucky enough to be the witness with the video camera running so I've got proof of "The Incident."

This is what happened.

The boys were almost through the clearing when the backend of the metal roof met the cedar tree. As they were unaware, I stood there videoing in horror.

Suddenly, the cabin got loose and whipped itself across the yard. Amazingly, the only damage was a piece of roof-metal that's now a permanent part of said cedar tree. It stands alone as a lasting symbol of "The Incident at Cedar Tree."

By the end of the day, they had HQ parked right outside the back door. When I glanced outside, I half expected to see the Wicked Witch of the West under the building.

My Future Husband had marked out the spot he wanted Headquarters to be with string, flags and some wooden thing he called a placer or whatever. I thought his markings were cute and something they should probably aim for. And aim for it, they did.

When Headquarters was planted, we gave them a round of applause, but they looked dejected. VBF asked them what was wrong to which the

boys replied in unison, “Yeah, but it’s just an eighth of an inch off so it’s not quite perfect.”

And that’s why, in the all-new Headquarters, my writing is always just a little bit off.