

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country
Drive for Love

By Mikie Baker
The Bandera Prophet

Almost six years ago, I met My Future Husband. I was particularly excited about our first date because we both actually lived in the same county. In rural love terms, this is a big win. Now mind you, it took 45 minutes to get to his house from mine, but when H-E-B is an hour away and in another county, you score this as a personal victory.

As my Very Best Friend reminded me, “I’ve never seen anyone drive farther that you do for love.” It’s true. My Dearly Departed Husband lived in Fort Worth while my abode was in Big D. Again, another 45-minute drive to date him. Evidently, I drive for love. Does that make me desperate, or do I really love my car better than any man?

Anyway, I digress. For the five years we dated before I moved in with him, My Future Husband and I shared weekends for dating. One weekend I’d be at his house and the next weekend, he’d be at mine. We both got very efficient at weekend packing. After a while, I bought a second set of makeup and assorted essentials to keep at his house – you know like shampoo, contact lens solution and four-inch stilettos.

Once I moved in, all our suitcases got put away in the closet and the only thing I worried about was dragging over furniture. Then the pandemic hit, and we hunkered down with no plans to go anywhere. For a while, I sorted, stored and snored.

But last week, VBF called and said, “I must see my Very Best Friend, or I shall wither away and my toes will curl up.” Since that sounded serious, I decided it was time for us to emerge from our hidey-hole and head to the Big City. Then I realized we had to pack.

Why is it that a one-night stay still demands you take half of what you own with you in your trusty travel bag? I guess it's why I prefer vacations via car rather than plane. The kitchen sink can fit in your car if you pack correctly.

So we pulled out those dusty suitcases, filled them to the brim and headed off to the Big City and Big Traffic. Most of the drive was a breeze until we hit one of those "your exit is blocked so figure your way out of this" detours. Luckily, MFH knows his way around the Big City and snaked us through the backroads.

I managed the task of packing pretty well – I even remembered to wear a bra, pack my bathing suit and bring a nightgown. Score! But My Future Husband? Not so much. He forgot his phone, his bathing suit, his hearing aids (what?) and his underwear. Luckily, he remembered his pants. With no phone and no underwear, I'd say he was definitely unreachable and untouchable.

But what people don't know won't hurt them, so we still had a marvelous time. We had a lovely evening wining and dining. The next day we all headed to a Michelangelo exhibit of the Sistine Chapel. It was extra special fun because all the paintings weren't on the ceiling. Staring at the ceiling always gets us old folks dizzy, don't you know?

When we were done admiring art, we hopped in the car and headed back to the hills in search of an iPhone, bathing trunks, hearing aids and underwear. Luckily, the dogs didn't use any of these items while we were gone and they were right there where he left them, though I think one of the cats might have placed an order with Chewy.

Maybe driving for fun is almost as good as driving for love.