

# The Bandera PROPHEET

September 16, 2021

Gone Country

*I'm Getting Married in the Morning*

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

Since moving to the country four years ago, I've had many failed attempts at finding the man of my dreams. Sure, there have been some decent dates, quite a few nuts and one that actually got loved to death. Still, being the strong woman I am, I have persevered, hoping that one day God will bless me with a decent man sporting a full set of teeth. Seems that Dearly Demented Mom's got something that I haven't got because she's about to get married. I know what you're thinking. How does a wheelchair-bound woman with dementia date? Simple; it's all in her mind.

A few months ago, DDM came up with an imaginary friend named Margaret Bossie. No problem, I played along. (In fact, I've got one too. His name is Bruno.) Well, turns out that Margaret has a son named Steve. Dearly Demented Mom explained it all to me.

ME: "Mom, why are you grinning from ear to ear?"

DDM: "Well, because of my new boyfriend Steve Bossie. We're getting married."

ME: "Really? Have you set a date?"

DDM: "No, not yet. Did you know he's only five years older than you? I bet you're jealous."

ME: "I sure am. Sounds like you've found the perfect man. He's never here to feed or clean up after."

Evidently, their relationship has been going great. Just ask Broken Knee Sister who came down for a visit last week. When BKS sat down to chat

with Dearly Demented Mom, she got to hear all about the impending nuptials.

DDM: "I like your wedding ring. Can I try it on?"

BKS: "Well, I'm not sure if it will come off, but I'll see. Say, why do you want to look at my simple gold band anyway?"

DDM: "Well, Steve Bossie and I are getting married and I can't decide between that kind of ring or one with a really big diamond."

BKS: "Trust me. Go for the bling."

The other day she brought up her fiancé again.

DDM: "Steve Bossie and I are getting married tomorrow."

ME: "Mom, don't you think it would be a good idea if I met him first? I mean, isn't he supposed to ask my permission?"

DDM: "Ask your permission? Why? I'm your mother and I can do what I damn well please!"

Looks like she's got me there.

Dearly Demented Mom, whose wardrobe consists of nightgowns, matching socks and bed jackets has even chosen her wedding dress. It's a shimmering sea foam green pantsuit that she wore to her eightieth birthday party thrown by me. She sure hasn't lost her sense of style, because it's the perfect outfit to make one look snappy in a wheelchair. My problem is what do I get the lovely couple for a wedding present? Somehow I can't imagine DDM needing a new toaster. Frankly, maybe it would be more appropriate to get her a new set of teeth and a mental health check up. I'll probably just end up purchasing her a body pillow, paint a mustache on it and slap a baseball cap on one end. Then at least she'll have someone to cuddle up to.

Truth be told, the joke's really on me. Mom's totally happy with her man. Guess I'll sit on the porch tonight, close my eyes and call up Bruno. If he can hurry over, we can arrange a nice double date with the newlyweds.

Spreading laughter throughout the world...one chuckle at a time. God Bless DDM.