

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

A Christmas Miracle

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

If you think this is the story of one more wonderful person giving a giant tip to an over-worked under-paid waitress, it's not. Nope. It's the story of a woman who finally has the sound of frozen water clinking in her scotch glass. Evidently, Santa did think I'd been a very good girl this year.

As you might, or might not, remember, I had a hate/hate relationship with My Future Husband's refrigerator. Luckily it was on hospice, though we were managing to keep it alive, waiting on the shiny new ice in the door fridge that I had purchased on July 28th. Unfortunately, my fridge really didn't want to be an American because it sat on a ship off the port of somewhere until someone finally forced it ashore.

As I was heading home one evening. I got a Toll Free Call. I don't answer those because it's either my car's warranty has expired, or I can get a cheaper, better drug plan. By the time I got home, I'd forgotten all about the call and the message that was left.

The next morning, I got another call from the Big Box Store I ordered my new fridge from. A nice man announced, "Sorry ma'am but we aren't going to deliver your refrigerator today. We will call later to reschedule." And then he hung up.

Did that mean there was hope? I wouldn't have to wait until next year for ice in the door? Could it be?

So I waited a couple of days, that was hard, and then I thought: Okay, I'll call back and see if I can't get this thing scheduled. Dang, I love a pushy woman on a mission for ice in the door. I called the 1-800 number

that had called me and talked to a very nice lady who determined that I had called the national Help Me Find My Fridge line. She needed to redirect me to my local store to get all the sordid details worked out. I agreed.

After a series of clicks I found myself talking to a very nice young man who was happy to help. He said, “Now this is what you do. You call scheduling about 5:00 and ask them when you are getting your fridge.” Shocked, I repeated, “5 am?” He explained, “Yes, they get in there about 4:00 to figure out scheduling for the day (well, now that makes sense) so early is the best time to catch them. They all go home at 2 pm.

Boldly, I pressed on. “Can you look it up just to make sure my fridge is actually in the good old US of A?” He agreed and determined that he could not find it. I sighed, “So my refrigerator is not in Kerrville, Texas anywhere?” He mumbled and said, “Kerrville? I’m in Cincinnati!” I laughed, “Well at least it’s not in Ohio!”

We parted ways, but then I was armed with knowledge. It’s all about what you know and now I knew the magic words, “Give me the scheduling department.”

I set the alarm for early the next day and called my local schedulers only to find that yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus! My fridge was in America, just not at the store yet. It took a few more days before I finally heard the magic words, “Your refrigerator will be delivered tomorrow. Wait for our subcontractor to call you and set up the exact time. And, oh, they don’t really like to drive 60 miles away from our store, so hopefully they will come that far.” I assured her I had beer and wasn’t afraid to use it on them to get my ice in the door.

And just like that, the next day I had a new fridge and within only a couple of hours, I heard the clink of solid ice dropping into the bin. A Christmas Miracle!