

## Homonyms In Harmony

### A Love Story

*By Eydie McDaniel*

Frustrated, Rose rose and yanked her golf cart past the rows of rose bushes. She took her morning tea to the first tee, teed up, and teed off. Then she got really teed off because she dropped her tee in her tea. She wanted to bawl as she stomped after her ball.

Stew finally asked her to marry him. Why wasn't she merry about it? She would rather bridle up her horse and ride off into the sunset than wear a bridal gown. Her mom knew how to sow good seeds. So, she could sew their wedding clothes but so what? She was the girl in those high school rumors about the rude roomer she rued taking in. She finished the course of course. She still had drive to drive. So she went through a bucket of balls.

This was beyond the pale she thought as she turned in the pail.

How could she ever be a good wife?

Stew thought he blew the proposal when she looked blue. Maybe the ring wouldn't sail because he'd bought it on sale. As he put down his tax papers, the tacks he stepped on cut to the quick. The pain began to soar. He hoped his sore heel would heal quick.

He knew he loved her so long ago that day he took her to see the gnu in his new car. At night he dreamed of being her knight. But now he worried. Was he only fishing like the day on the lake with his dad? As a tot he was taught to be sure the ropes were taut. But he was haunted by the time the knot he tied did not hold and their catch of the day came to naught. Not one soul ate sole. They rowed to the road and rode home in silence. Had he been wrong to tease her about taking her teas to the tees? Stew continued to stew. He slew his confidence with a slew of regrets. How could he ever be good husband?

They both managed to wait even with the weight of their private worries. Their families were there on their day at the church. "They're a nice pair," said the pear shaped Mothers.

Rose dreamed of hearing anchors aweigh on a ship bound for a far away isle as her father sighed by her side and walked her down the aisle.

Stew's hands began to wring, as he feared they had lost the ring.

But she had been able to alter the gown very well. She felt stunning at the altar. He took deep pride as he pried the fine gold ring onto her strong and gentle finger.

Ten years later their marriage seemed a well-seamed raincoat, to reign through the rain.

On the loveliest of eves beneath their eaves they sat on their porch with their pooch.

"Thanks for the stew", said Stew.

"Thanks for the rose you picked", said Rose.

Through wet eyes they watched their precious son play in the sun. In that beautiful moment they confessed their early nervous feelings and celebrated the sweet results of their risk. The knot they tied indeed held taut.