

## Can't Do Without Betsy

*By Kenita Gibbins*

Dear Amy always shines as my advice guru. She says, "The best, closest, most intimate friends don't make empty promises. Best friends are reliable. They tell one another the truth. Best friends also read one another well, and understand and forgive one another's quirks."

We all need a best friend outside of our spouse or family. I'm reluctant to designate or tell my best friend she is #1. I'm at the point in my life when friends seem to be dying way too soon and all too often.

Betsy and I have been friends for maybe 30 years. We started out in a birthday club. She lives in Windsor Gardens and she is fifteen years younger than I. We can finish each other's sentences. For the most part we have a lot in common. Betsy makes gorgeous, unique quilts. I don't have the patience to reattempt making quilts.

My husband really likes Betsy also. However, he never minds if Betsy and I go off doing our adventures. We have taken off to Peru for 16 days. We love road trips to Central City and to Santa Fe for the opera seasons. We used to take a bus to Central City before better access to the town was developed. I would say, I sure do hope if the bus has an accident people know we are on the opera bus and not the gambler's bus. We eventually started driving and would stay in Central City overnight. That way we could see two different operas in a weekend. When we stayed over I always wanted to go up Mt. Evans to look for mountain goats. She indulged me. I loved the time we stopped overnight in Lindsborg, Kansas en route to see my family in Oklahoma. Lindsborg is a little Swedish community nine miles off I-35. We rented bicycles and rode all around the town looking at the Dal horses each family had on their porch. We loved the many tastes at the smorgasbord. The looking and shopping in the darling little businesses along the main street proved to be great fun.

We seldom read the same books and don't belong to the same book clubs. I'm encouraging her to read *When The Crows Sing*. It is one of those kinds of books you don't want to put down, but since it is very long you can't read it in one sitting. I think it would be boring if we were always on the same page. We never, ever bore each other. Betsy is from the east coast. I'm from small town Oklahoma. We were raised in different religions. Her education exceeds mine. None of these differences cause an imbalance in our friendship. We have only one mutual friend. I'm happy we are in tune when it comes to politics, and museums.

Our next planned outing includes George. We are going to the Botanic Gardens for an evening picnic and walk through the gardens to see 17 fantastic sculptures. It will be the second time I've seen the sculptures from a private collection in Evergreen. I can share the stories I heard from a garden docent. We three best friends will have so much pleasure together.