

I Married You

by Kenita Gibbins

My parents decided to sell their furniture store when an opportunity bowed in Boulder, Colorado. I had enrolled at the University of Oklahoma, but no way did I not want to move to Boulder.

My mother set me up with a way to take the entrance exam for CU. I took my first airplane ride in late August and got myself on a bus to Boulder. My anxiety rose with every step. Yes, I passed the test! The size of the university campus alone scared me.

My first class was in Political Science. I found a seat on the back row of the room. Surely I would be invisible. Acid rose to my throat. Nervous sweat streamed down the side of my new light blue cashmere sweater set. I felt miserable.

All of a sudden, the most handsome man came through the door. He smiled at someone he knew. My eyes followed as he sat in the front row.

The professor arrived. My attention went toward Professor Conrad McBride. I had been hooked on politics since I started making a little money handing out brochures for a man running for the senate in our small town. When I was a junior in high school, I got to go to Girls State and learn about the Oklahoma government.

The next class day, I arrived early and plopped myself in the front row. Sure enough, Mr. Smile claimed his chair next to me. Neither of us had any trouble introducing ourselves. Soon George became my confidant. I should've kept my mouth shut about the Jewish man I met on campus when my new girlfriends and I were wandering. Tom was with two of his buddies. We all chatted and parted.

In the first week of classes, I went to the Hilltop Photography Shop to have my portrait taken. The photographer put my picture in his window. Tom saw my image and went into the shop to ask my name. He then went to the CU office and got my address and phone number. I'm sure that revealing names wouldn't happen today.

I lived at home and could walk to campus. My parents loaned a car when I wanted, but most of my dates were at Tulagi's for dancing or on-campus playing bridge or chess.

Tom went back to San Diego for the summer. We had been a couple for nine months. He rarely wrote. Meanwhile, George and I were both taking summer school classes. One June, we met on campus, and George asked me if I was free Saturday night. I said yes. Then he asked if I would like to go out with Dennis, himself, and Helen. I went. Dennis never got a second time, nor did Helen.

By September, George asked my father for my hand in marriage. We married the following July.

The other day I asked George how he liked the topic I gave the Windsor Gardens Writers Group – "Strange but True." He replied, "Well, I married you."

It was love at first sight, at last sight, at ever and ever sight. – Vladimir Nabokov, author