

Happy Anniversary!

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My husband and I have been married 17 years! Truly amazing...given we are complete opposites.

I'm the type who never puts the cap back on the toothpaste, wipes the fog off my window shield with my hand, the only place I ever show up on time is court ... and that's because jail scares me, and believe letting my kids eat cake for breakfast makes me the best Mom in the world!

My husband, on the other hand ...well, let's say is a little more rule-oriented.

I recently found out he has folders at his office with all our children's names on them, and in them places their extracurricular schedules, their grades and all the print outs their teachers send us. (I call them the "*when I divorce Angel – I am so going to win custody files.*") He shows up for everything exactly on time, remembers everybody's name, and his side of the closet looks like a picture out of a Brooks Brothers catalogue with everything perfectly lined up and color-coordinated.

Another quirk of mine is I have complete memory loss of certain things, and other things I never forget.

For instance, if you ever wrong me, I will remember that day for the rest of my days, down to the clothes you were wearing on that fateful day I made a mental note to ruin your life.

But ...pretty much, everything else, I forget.

I don't remember where we vacationed last year or with whom, can never find my phone (*ever!!!*) and names always escape me! And since I can't remember names – when trying to tell a story ...its goes something like this:

“You remember her, she is that bad mother, is it Kathy or Kelly or Kristi??”

“Your smelly friend, you know what's his name.”

“You remember, that guy you went to college with that robbed a gas station, it starts with an R or S?”

So, getting back to our anniversary this past weekend – I can never remember if we were married on November 17 or 19. I've got it down to these two days – which I think is HUGE accomplishment on my part, but **Brody**, well ...he doesn't like that I can never remember.

This year, however, I received a text from my maid of honor on November 16 at 9 p.m. *“Congratulations on your 17th*

anniversary – can't believe you guys have been married that long. Hope to see you at Thanksgiving. Love you,
Maggie
”

BINGO!

My anniversary was the next day – the 17th!

So on November 17 – I woke up and was the first one to say *“Happy Anniversary!!”* - and all day Thursday went on and on about our being married for so many years, and telling people it was our 17-year anniversary.

So – on November 17 – after not receiving flowers, a card and most importantly an amazingly, expensive gift – around 8 p.m., I said – “*So, you got me nothing on our Anniversary??*”

To which my husband responded “*It’s the 19th – but don’t’ bother getting me anything – it’s been present enough watching you be a fool all day long!*”

And to many more...

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Wilson Living Magazine

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