

Mea culpa

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There are three things that I HATE-HATE to do. (*And yes, I know hate is a strong word.*)

Camping, as you know, is one of the top 3 on the list. I dislike sleeping on the ground, in a tent, after a night spent around a campfire (*with no television*), eating food wrapped in foil. I don't intend to ever do this again unless a natural disaster hits and the Red Cross forcibly makes me sleep in a tent. And then I assure you, my mournful sobs and cries of "*why have you deserted me, oh Lord*" will keep the whole camp awake, until a collection is raised and I am moved to indoor accommodations (*with cable*)

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Swimming in any water that is not heavily chlorinated is #2 on the list. Knowing me as you do, you probably think it has to do with germs, but germs are just the beginning. Chlorine kills two things: germs and sharks. Like many people my age, I directly attribute my intense hatred of sharks to the movie *Jaws*. Followed, by my cousin George whispering in my ear, just prior to his pushing me off the float in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico, "*you better swim fast, there are sharks all over this place.*" Ever since that fateful day, sharks have been on my hit list. As such, unless my water is heavily chlorinated and I can clearly see the bottom, count me out.

But the number #1 thing I hate, hate, hate to do... more than anything in this worldis say the words "*I'm sorry.*"

I hate to admit I am wrong – ever!

It's not that I'm not sometimes wrong. In fact, I'm probably wrong a lot of the time. But I absolutely HATE to admit it and will do all I can to avoid admitting it.

So, given this is practically a once in a lifetime occurrence – I thought what better way to admit I was wrong, to my dear husband, than to proclaim it in the local paper. So here goes...

“Brody – I was terribly, terribly wrong. And you were soooo right. Becky is a complete screw up and I never, ever, ever should have relied on her to plan our Fall trip! I am so sorry!”

(Whew – there I said it – and it was easier than I thought it would be.)

My husband lives for his vacations. And every Fall we take a trip to the beach with our friends. But last year, when it was time to sign back up, Becky and I decided that next year we wanted to head up north to the big city!

“It will be fun! Becky and I will plan the whole thing.”

Well – as usual – things happened. *(Or more to the point – I told Becky to plan it – and she didn't.)*

And so now, one week before Fall break is set to begin *(and Wilson County as we know it comes to a grinding halt as everyone heads to the beach)*
...we are not going anywhere.

I mean – we will go somewhere – but it will just cost twice as much – and probably won't be the best of accommodations since most places are completely booked – one week out. *(Who knew?)*

And my husband, is really, really mad at me....and Becky.

I didn't realize, however, the level of his discontent – until this weekend - when Becky and I came upon Brody and Jay appearing to be planning the trip themselves.

All I heard were the words Fall Creek Falls, tent and then something called a Pop Up.

At which point – I turned to Becky and asked *“What’s a Pop Up?”*

She turned pale – *“Oh, God. You are going to be soooo sorry, you didn't sign up for the beach!”*

by Angel Kane, Wilson Living Magazine

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