

My New Best Friend

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There comes a time in everyone's life when they find out who their true friends really are.

For me, that day was Thursday, Nov. 1, 2012.

It's a day that I've marked down *in Sharpie* and can never be erased.

I blame most all that transpired on my husband.

Growing up, it was a Sunday evening ritual for my father to take my mother's car and fill it up with gas. A loving gesture, I've tried to impart on **Brody**.

And when I do, he likes to impart that she cooked every meal for my father from scratch and, therefore, was deserving of a full tank of gas.

We have agreed to disagree, and for that reason I pump my own gas.

But, oh, how I loathe it! It never fails that when I most need gas, I'm dressed in heels and its cold or raining outside.

Therefore, I often drive with a flashing low fuel light on and sans radio and heat to make it to our destination.

But this Thursday, Nov. 1, 2012, my luck ran out ...right on Highway 231 North, at rush hour, with three kids in the car.

As I coasted the car (*almost* out of the roadway) onto a gravel drive, I immediately instructed the kids to get out of the car, as my precarious parking was just begging for an 18-wheeler to take us all out!

I then started making the calls.

First, I called my dear husband. (You know, the one who doesn't buy my gas.)

He didn't pick up.

Next, I called **Becky**.

Straight to voicemail. (Which we all know means she hit "*Ignore!*")

Then **Caroline**.

She picked up but was a half-hour a way, and the sheer panic in her voice for my predicament immediately rattled me more! **Bill**, her husband, was still at work in Nashville.

I basically had one call left before my youngest demanded I call 911.

I called **Jay**. (You know, Becky, my ex-best friend's husband.)

He not only picked up, but promised to save us within 10 minutes!

While we waited (on the side of the road like homeless people), I received the following text, "Don't forget, **Neill**'s game starts at 6. He can't be late."

Strange, how my husband's phone texting capabilities were working, but apparently his ringer was not.

That night, I refused to speak to either of them, each refusing to admit they had purposefully not picked up the phone when I called.

So, I have dubbed Jay my new best friend.

Admittedly, it's a little weird for both of us, but considering he saved my life, it's the least I can do.

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