

Who Gets You?

Posted on Aug 03, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

By BECKY ANDREWS, *Wilson Living Magazine* We all have a person that gets us. The person that appreciates your sense of humor appreciates your fashion sense-even though they frequently make fun of it- and agrees that when it comes to this friendship it's pretty special.

I have a few people who really get me but the most special one is, you guessed it, Angel.

In fact, I know her so well that I'll bet she's got her red pen out placing commas where 'technically' they should be. And now she's putting it away to prove me wrong. She'll laugh at me but glare at anyone else who does. She gets invited to my house during the holidays where my entire family talks loud, eats a lot and talks about other members of the family. It's very hard to let new people in. There are not many people I expose to my family. But after careful consideration, they accepted her.

I rely heavily on my friends. As a young girl, my dad told me, 'Consider yourself lucky if you can count your friends on one hand.' At the time, I couldn't imagine having only 5 friends. I mean I had a best friend, four tied for 2nd bestfriend, a pen pal that lived in South Africa who I corresponded with regularly about important topics like who was cuter; Ralph Macchio or Kirk Cameron, not to mention all the friends I'd accumulated over 5 long years of elementary school. A whole hand? No way. My dad was mistaken. Or so I thought.

Upon high school graduation, I along with a few of my closest friends vowed to never, ever lose touch. We would meet once a week to 'catch up' and when we were all tucked away safely at our chosen colleges we'd call or write. I'm sad to report that none of us kept our promise. It's no biggie because when we do see each other, it's like no time has passed.

In college, I met a few people that quickly became my confidants. I couldn't imagine life without these people. I pictured our families living next door down a tree lined street, barbeques, sharing a babysitter for adult nights out (I know, I watch too much TV) and grabbing a quick cup

of coffee to vent about the children. It wasn't long before all of those college friends moved out of the state and we were all forced to make new friends.

When I married and had children I met a new set of friends navigating the same path of jobs, mortgages, sports and homework. Upon close evaluation I realized that all of these friends had a lot in common. They were all funny, kind and just a wee bit neurotic.

So I guess I can consider myself one lucky person. Not just because I've had some of the most amazing friends at each stage of my life but now at my age I have a friend I can trust with anything, who is honest (except about her actual height, 5-3 my foot!) and who is not afraid of telling me that a gigantic hot pink flower looks ridiculous in my hair.

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