

# She's My Kind Of Woman

Now, in all honesty, I have to admit that The Wife has taken some hits in this column, so it's time to pay up. Not that I feel the need or anything. Since we live out of the circulation area of this honorable publication, she often misses my occasional references aimed her way. But jut in case, I don't think it'd hurt if I took a minute to mention one of her extraordinary strengths.

For some reason, she has the wonderful skill of making a quick decision. I don't know if it's a chromosome switch-a-ma-call it, or just good luck, but she has no trouble making a decision.

"I'll take that one."

"Don't you want to look around? What about looking in the row behind--or in the back where the freshest ones are hidden?"

"Why? I like that one!"

The Wife selects Christmas trees in seconds. I haven't looked, but I wouldn't be surprised to see her listed in the female edition of the Guinness Book of Records. We've driven to the remote reaches of Colfax, and Wife Nancy spots a suitable tree before we even park the car.

"Don't you think we should look around a little just to make certain that it's the best one? We've dedicated the whole morn-

ing, and the kids are all geared up for the hunt."

"Okay, but mark that one so that nobody takes it while we are messing around wasting time."

When selecting a car, we price and option shop and then cut our best deal. As the salesman nervously announces that he only has two colors available at "that price," Wife Nancy says, "That's okay. We'll take it!"

"Pardon me? We only have fire-engine red or hard to clean jet black."

"It doesn't matter!"

The salesman is in shock, and I just laugh. Who's ever heard of a spouse that doesn't want a car that's at least one comma out of your price range, let alone very specific about the color scheme? You won't hear The Wife saying, "I'll take it if you can find one that has armrests that match the wheel covers, two-way cup holders, a make-up light, cell phone console, dual digital-high resolution-sonoluminescent, four wheel all mall terrain drive."

I've even been painting our house and just picked any ole color and slapped it on. "How's it look?"

"Nice color! It goes good with the bricks on the fireplace."

Guys helping me look nervous because they think it's a trick.

Surely she'll come flying out the door at the last minute with a change of heart, and we'll have to start all over again.

Maybe I could enter The Wife in a world class shopping list contest. Heck, I'd pit her against the best. She's lightning. She finds a close parking spot--dismounts before the car has quit running--sprints in the least traveled side door, locates her prey by Global Positioning Device, points and chooses. (She has a 100-yard range of 10% plus or minus accuracy error factor). She snatches her purchase and is loaded up and hitting the garage door opener button before I even notice she was gone.

The few times I've even allowed myself to be tricked into a shopping mall, I noted that The Wife is an efficient shopper. She scans the scene, makes her pick and moves on. I've thought about timing and coaching her a bit. I think I could give her a couple of tips that might shave some seconds off her time. Also a little showmanship would add a nice touch. You know, like the calf roper that leaps from his horse--tosses the calf to the ground and whips the rope around its feet and then throws both his hands in the air to signal--"I'm done"--finis--accompli!

Picking a motel while on the road is no problem. "Do you have a room for two? We'll take it!"

"Does it matter what floor, what view, two beds or one?"

"Nope, we'll take it!"

"Id like the steak and lobster with a glass of your 04 Cabernet."

"Oh, I'm sorry madam; we're out of both of those."

"No problem, then I'll take the chipped beef and gravy on toast with a glass of prune juice or whatever you happen to choose for me."

"Hello? Is this The Wife? This is your husband. I'm calling from the car phone because I'm scared of you. See, I've made a terrible mistake. I forgot to make reservations in Tahoe for this weekend so we have to stay in a downtown fleabag hotel. Are you ever so mad?"

"No problem, I really don't mind as long as the door locks and the room has flush toilets, and there's hot and cold running water."

If anyone ever hears me say a foul thing about The Wife, they have my permission to call the guys in white coats.

You know, I wonder how much time she took in selecting me as her husband?

Now there's a scary thought! ☹

## Pow Wow Proposal



Many have heard "It takes a village to raise a Child", for John Keenan and Peggy Swanson, you might say "It takes a village to Propose at Pow Wow Days". John, a long-time Orangevale resident came to Pow Wow Days to find a Ferris Wheel to ride and propose to his love, Peggy. Peggy had found a ring she really liked at Folsom

Jewelers and John had gone back and bought it for her. When they arrived at Pow Wow Days, they were disappointed that there was not a Ferris Wheel, but decided to have a massage instead. While John was getting his massage, he mentioned to Jen (Massage Therapy by Jen) that he had wanted to propose on a Ferris Wheel, she told him they could make it special for them. Jen enlisted the help of Cheryl Lee (Advance Body Concept) and they had John place the ring where Peggy would see it when she placed her face in the head support of the massage chair. Cheryl had alerted someone to take the accompany-

ing photograph to preserve their Pow Wow Proposal for all. Peggy said "Yes" of course. John is grateful to the vendors that assisted him in making that moment very special for him and Peggy. After all the help, he realized it turned out to be more memorable than the Ferris Wheel might have. No wedding date has been set, but stay tuned as we will let you know when they set a date.



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