

Suzie in the Woods

[Very clean, feminine 20something girl on phone having just answered a call from her mother]

Oh, hi Mom!

Oh yeah, things are fine. How's Dad? [pause]

Good....good.

...Yes, I DID get that job drivin' the Big Red Bus! So that, combined with my 3 full time jobs--I think I'll be able to swing payin' for the bedroom I'm rentin'.

I really am just livin' the life--skiing every day, communing with God's Awesome Creation--and I have to say that every day I'm just so blessed. So very lucky to be having-
[is interrupted]

Oh Mother. I knew we'd eventually get around to THAT. Forget that I'm living YOUR very fantasy in the mountains, it's always--(mimicking)"Who are you dating?" "Have you met anyone nice?"

And you know what? I HAVE. There are a thousand very nice young men here and one of them may very well be my Future Husband! Why, just the other night one even made dinner for me. Er...I think that's what it was. You know, being a bachelor and all, sometimes it's hard to tell. But he put on his table an assortment of what he said were mushrooms and asked if I'd like any. But the funny thing is--he forgot to reconstitute them!! There they were, dry as could be. Needless to say, I didn't have any. I made up something about having just had a bite of dinner on my way over. Then he goes on to eat them! Bless his heart. You'd think he would have thought they were too dry, let alone enough for a whole dish--they were just itty bitty. No dip or anything, either.

But everyone here is VERY health conscious. Why, there is some kind of health center/medical dispensary on every corner. Just like in olden times when you didn't go to WalMart, NOoo. You went to your local apothecary. It's the cutest thing ever. And I can tell you, should I ever get sick--it's practically just a matter of walking next door. They've all got really cute names, too--"Medicine Man", "Organix"...

This other guy that's taken me out a couple of times--'Fro, well--his real name's Ole Erickson, but he goes by 'Fro--he says the 'skier vs. skiboarder' thing has really heated up; and I know it, because just about every morning it's like livin in a warzone, listenin' to the mortar blasts up on the mountain--

I worry about 'Fro gettin' away in time--bein' so active with his skiboardin, his pants are down around his ankles half the time from him bein' so skinny. A number of the guys,..poor things...shuffle along, their pants having fallen off their waists! And what are they gonna do, spend their day trying to hold their pants up? And you know it's really hard to make ends meet when you first move here. If you could afford to go buy a new pair of pants, it means you're working four jobs and then you don't even have TIME to go GET a new pair of pants! So these young men walk around with their pants on the ground. Yes--that's right! Pants on the GROUND. They honestly look like fools with their pants on the ground.

But yes--one of these days I am SURE I will find He Who Will Be My Husband--someone who loves the outdoors as much as I do. Someone who revels in the Glory and Beauty of all of God's Creation, whose only desire is to be a part of, nurture and care for the Heavenly Bounty that is NATURE! [she has been building to crescendo]

...If only I would stop meeting all of these VEGETARIANS.