

How Long Have You Been Married?

In mid-January 2016 Fred and I were in Dayton, Ohio. Fred said he knew a nice place to eat near UD. We parked the car and began walking. We walked about three blocks without seeing it, and since my ankle was hurting, we settled for Five Guys. Walking back to the car we passed an ice cream store. Since dinner had not been what we expected, we decided to treat ourselves to a dish of ice cream. At first we were the only customers, and then a couple came in, probably in their late twenties or early thirties. It seemed as if they were not married but in a serious relationship. The woman looked over at us and began a conversation. As we talked she asked how long we had been married. "Fifty two years," we answered. She looked at her boy friend and said, "That is what I want for us. Married fifty years and sharing a dish of ice cream." We smiled at each other and finished our ice cream.

Last summer Fred and I were at the Mount Healthy Dairy Bar. Usually we sat across from each other at one of the picnic tables. This evening we were there earlier than usual. The sun was low in the sky but quite bright. So, we sat on the same side of the table facing the drive-through. I was eating a child-size twist ice cream cone and Fred had a small sundae in a cup. A large SUV pulled up in front of us. The driver, a man, rolled down the window. "How long have you been married?" he asked. "Fifty-two years," we answered. "You look so content sitting there eating your ice cream. We have been married only two years and we fight about everything. Right now we are fighting about what kind of ice cream to order." Fred asked, "Are you each getting your own ice cream?" "Yes." the man answered. Fred replied, "Then why do you need to argue about it?" The man rolled up his window.

This late fall we were eating in a restaurant, seated in one of those booths that is a half circle along the wall. In front of us was a table of eight women engaged in animated conversation. As we got up to leave, the woman on the end asked us, "How long have you been married?" "Fifty-two years," we answered. She said, "You looked so sweet sitting there just eating your dinner." We thanked her and went on our way. We did notice that she was not wearing a wedding ring.

Last Friday we had dinner with friends and went to Graeter's for dessert. We had just finished telling them the stories I just related. Our husbands asked us what we wanted and went to order the ice cream while we women stayed at the table. A man, presumably the manager, approached our table. "Do you trust those men to get your order right?" We nodded yes. He then asked, "How long have you been married?" We answered fifty three and forty-two years." As he turned to leave the table we lost it, laughing. We could not believe it!

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