

WHEN A CITY GIRL

By Annette Bridges

hen my country boy husband and city girl me got married 38 years ago it would have been presumed I would be the one doing all the cooking, and I knew how to cook.

Not only did my mamma not raise me to get my hands dirty in the fields, she also didn't raise me knowing all there is to know to function well in a kitchen.

Honestly, this could be because she didn't know herself. My childhood memories were of my dad doing the cooking.

Mamma loved to tell everyone how excited she was when Mc-Donald's opened near our home and she could feed her children the quick and easy healthy meal of a hamburger, french fries and a milkshake. Indeed, my husband would tell you I was a cheap date because the primary place I wanted to eat back then was at McDonald's.

Early on it became obvious to me that my man loved to eat and he enjoyed eating more than hamburgers, french fries and milkshakes. I felt compelled to learn to cook, so I bought a Betty Crocker cookbook and started practicing my skills on my dear country boy.

I will never forget the first time I baked a chicken and made homemade mashed potatoes. Apparently, it is indeed possible for a chicken to get done even when baking it upside down. My husband did later show me the correct position was, in fact, breast side up.

He did show me how to make sure the neck had been removed.



With some love, patience and guidance from her husband, Annette Bridges learned to work her way around the kitchen. (Photo courtesy Annette Bridges)

This first chicken I baked still had the neck and other unknowns inside of the chest cavity. Apparently, it also is possible for a chicken to get done even when these items are mistakenly left in.

I had seen my future motherin-law peel potatoes, cut them up and cover them with water to boil. The rest of the details I apparently missed such as draining the water and adding milk and butter before whipping them.

The main point I want to make with you, my friends, is the impeccable good manners my country boy had when we met and still has today.

Not only did he eat every last bite of the disgusting mashed potatoes I first made for him, he was able to kindly and very gently suggest the next time I made them to drain the water and add some milk and butter.

I didn't eat more than one bite of my unpalatable mashed potatoes.

They were gross, but my sweet country boy cleaned his plate and

praised my fixing him a good meal.

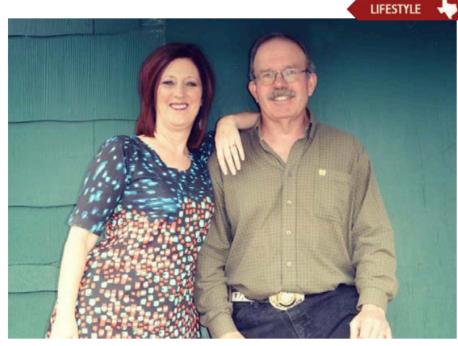
This was definitely proof that love is not only blind, but love has no taste buds.

There are other good manners my sweet man had and still has, such as always saying please and thank you.

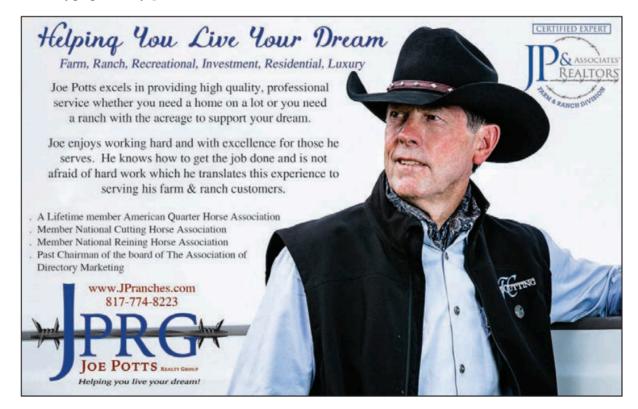
It is very nice to be appreciated and appreciated is something my country boy has always made me feel.

I don't know who said it, but they wrote a truth, "There are some things that money can't buy...like manners, morals and integrity." My country boy has all of these qualities and more. I didn't know how much or how little money he had in the bank when we married, and that detail was of little importance to me.

What mattered most then and now was his good character and his honest living of it. I am one blessed city girl gone country. &



Annette and her country boy husband have been married 38 years. (Photo courtesy Annette Bridges)



WWW.NTFRONLINE.COM JUNE 2019 | 39