



WHEN A CITY GIRL *goes country*

By Annette Bridges

Barefoot or Boots Kind of Gal

I'm mostly a flip-flop and boots kind of gal! These days, you'll also often find me sporting my colorful and comfy Crocs. I have several pairs featuring camouflage patterns, tie-dye colors, and tropical designs. What I'm wearing on my feet really just depends on what I'm doing.

When we're moving or working cattle, I'll almost always be in my rubber boots. They're my go-to for tromping through tall grass or navigating cow patties.

But if it's summertime and we're delivering hay, hauling cattle, or riding around the ranch in our Ranger checking on mamas and babies, you'll likely catch me in flip-flops or Crocs. If it's a muddy day, though, I'm back in rubber boots — and recently I even picked up a colorful pair. Why shouldn't rubber boots be cute, too?

When it comes to boots, let's just say I have a pair for every occasion — in many styles and colors.

I have to chuckle when I think about my history with boots. Growing up in the city during the 1960s and '70s, I didn't own a single pair. For a whole host of reasons, I ended up going to college in Illinois — my first time living north of the Mason-Dixon line. I was true GRITS — a Girl Raised in the South — born in Atlanta, Georgia, and moved to Texas when I was ten. I stayed in Texas until heading off to college — and made my way back after graduating.



(Photo courtesy of Annette Bridges)

The friends I made during those early college years had no doubt I was from the South. Apparently, my attire, especially my shoes, gave it away. Whether flat or heeled, all my shoes were toeless! My first northern winter convinced me pretty quickly to add boots to my Christmas wish list. It was the Christmas of 1976 when my love affair with boots officially began.

My first pair of authentic cowboy boots arrived after I met my

husband in 1980. In fact, my red cowboy boots were one of the first gifts this country boy gave his city-girl bride.

Throughout the 1980s, you could find me in Rocky jeans, western belts, and cowboy boots — and out boot-scootin' and line-dancing at country western clubs. All of it was brand new for this city girl who had gone country from the moment she met the love of her life.

It's funny to admit that even

though I've always loved hats, I didn't get my first "real" cowboy hat until just a year or so ago — a Valentine's Day gift. I love it, of course, but I'm still more of a floppy sunhat chick at heart.

At the end of the day — or maybe I should say at the beginning of any day — what you wear on your feet (or anywhere else) is all about the demands of your day and what makes the most sense to you. Most importantly, it should be whatever makes you happy. 

