

Women's Lib is Bringing Me Down!

I'm sick of hearing all this: "I don't need a man! I'm fine! I'm a self sufficient woman of the new millennium!" Okay, that's crap! I need a man and I'm not afraid to say it. There are important times in a woman's life when having a man around would be useful, such as when you are unloading heavy luggage, etc. I needed a man desperately when I decided to purchase a 150-pound hammock today at Costco. I knew I couldn't lift that box into my car much less get it up the stairs into my apartment.

Half of my lifelong dream of owning a beach house and a hammock was about to come true. I asked the store manager if someone would help me to my car. I *had* to buy it then – it was on sale. He said, "Sure. This gentleman will help you." Right before my eyes was Derek. "Well, hellllloooooo Derek, you tall drink of water you!" (Okay, I didn't say that out loud...or did I?) Derek was HOT in that "really-well-built-I-lift-boxes-for-a-living" way. And he had that all-American smile and really nice eyes.

Was I imagining this? It had been a long time since I found someone attractive that worked in a public place. No! I looked again. He was definitely HOT! We chatted a bit and he loaded my new purchase into the cart. I found out Mr. Derek was working two jobs while putting himself through school. Very nice!

I made my usual small talk as I silently prayed, "Dear God, please help me out here. How forward can I be? Is he going to ask me out or what?" It had been so long; I had lost my game. Thoughts of "Waiting on God" occurred to me, but I quickly brushed them aside.

An opportunity had presented itself and I had two goals:

1. Get him to ask me out.
2. Get someone to help me carry this stupid box up to my apartment.

We walked out to the car and he casually joked, "Ya know, my truck is over there if it doesn't fit into your car!" "Okay, let's go!" I said playfully in that I'm-half-serious kinda way. Let the games begin, I thought. He likes me...or does he? He could just be bored. I mean, how many chances does he get at Costco to flirt with women? Hmmmmm...I wonder what the benefits of dating

him would be? A free membership? That could be good.

But he did take about ten minutes to get the hammock loaded in my trunk because I pretended not to know how to fold the seats down. This ordeal was a bit humiliating because my trunk was a mess. It contained everything from my circa 1970's tennis shoe roller-skates, to a badminton set and some old jeans. But most importantly, my trunk contained about 50...I kid you not...Joyce Meyer Ministry tapes. He picked one up and said, "Let God Be God, huh?" "Yeah, those are my CHRISTIAN MINISTRY tapes." (Just putting it out there.) "Right On," he smiled! That's all I got. I didn't know if it was "Right On! I'm into that, too" or "Right ON...just Right On!" I didn't push it. Plenty of time for that later. Back to work!

As our time together ended, I wasn't any closer to my goal. I had only received mild flirtations. I had to act fast. He finally says to me "Well, Kerri, when ya come back, if you ever need anything, I'll be here." That was not good enough. I blurted out as he was about to walk away, "Do you like comedy?" "Yes," he said. "Well, do you want to come see some? Of me? I mean?" "You're a comedienne? I should have guessed by your shoes," he said pointing to my hot pink Converse paired with my khaki dress pants, blouse and pearls. I quickly pulled out my card, wrote my e-mail address and told him to e-mail me and I'd invite him to my shows. He seemed excited. He said "I'll definitely shoot you an e-mail and sign it Costco Guy." I made my last feeble attempt "Yeah, and maybe I could get some help lifting some heavy furniture at my house sometime." "Most definitely!" he replied. Score for Kerri! Well, kinda. The stupid box was still hanging out of my trunk.

I called Trista, Suz and Gina and repeated the whole story word for word...mainly for comic effect. They laughed at me. So what else is new? They get joy from my humiliations.

Later in the afternoon, I was faced with the prospect of unloading the stupid hammock myself. I was on a time clock because I had an appointment and couldn't keep the box hanging out of my trunk any longer. I got a knife and decided to do it piece-by-piece (my friend Barry's suggestion). Well, the first piece was made of iron and weighed about 50 pounds. I tried to think of myself as this self-sufficient woman, but come on! I was sweating,

and that goes against everything I stand for as a woman with a Southern upbringing! This was a nightmare. I resisted the urge to sit on the curb and cry. I wanted my hammock but was I willing to go through all this? Each piece was heavier than the last. At one point a man walked up and offered to help. He helped with the biggest piece and I thanked him profusely. It turned out he lived in my building with his lovely wife and child. Of course! Prince Charming is never single!

I finished the daunting task and it put me in a really bad mood. I didn't feel any sense of accomplishment, I felt dirty and sweaty, and that is just wrong. The phone rang. "Hey there! What are ya doin?" "UUUUUUUUUugh!" I cried. "Where are you when I need you?" "Missouri", a sweetly familiar voice uttered." It was Todd Kramer calling to check in. He does that from time to time; we catch up and I'm reminded that he's happily married to that bikini model! Alas! Even Todd was not able to cheer me up. Oh well. I made it to Pilates class on time, but I wasn't happy.

The day ended with Mexican food and a movie night with my girls. All in all, I'm glad it's over. And when I'm sipping lemonade and lounging in my hammock as I listen to the ocean breeze, I'll laugh about all this. But NOT one minute before!