

Letter 72
(M)
2012-02-19

Dear Dan,

I have been married to my beloved wife (M) for over twenty years now. She knew by the Lord that I was to be her husband even before I knew she existed. Please allow me to explain.

As you know my dad was a school custodian. He worked cleaning district offices for almost all of his tenure. The offices used to be in an old school building, but about ten years before he retired they moved to a new, modern office building that my dad would later refer to as the "Temple Of Doom", which is also where I got the inspiration to write about "Mythrotellus", and where I begin speaking in tongues again after so many years.

The old offices were across the street from a junior high school. But the junior high school had on its campus an even older multi-story building that was the old original junior high, but had been converted into a support services facility. In the basement was where the district had its movie, filmstrip and audio library. This is where (M) worked, as a film librarian.

My dad worked nights all year round, so in the summer when school was out and all kinds of maintenance work was performed, (M) would be busy cleaning the films and movies and stuff like that. Towards the end of the work day, for second break, she would go across the street to the district offices because the break room over there was nicer, and cooler in the hot summer, and because my dad didn't empty out the coffee pot until late at night after everyone had gone home.

So (M) and my dad spent many summers having coffee together and talking. And whenever Dad would start talking about his oldest of three sons, a little "spark" or something would go off in (M)'s heart.

The district had decided to move the offices in the "old" junior high school to an elementary school that was closing and being converted into support offices, which was also where I worked at the time. This was also where I got the "Ghostbusters" (UFO) balloon.

So, in the summer of 1984, in the process of moving into the "new" building, (M) was walking through the multi-purpose room carrying some stuff. I was coming through at the same time from the opposite end. I did not know who she was, nor did I know anything about her already knowing my dad for so many years. (M) tells me that as we passed one another in the semi-darkness of the dimly lit MPR, that "little spark" in her heart fired and she then knew that I was the one to be her husband.

One day, after the support offices from the old junior high school building had all moved in

to the just closed elementary school where I worked, I was changing a light tube in the ceiling just a few feet from the film-cleaning machine, which was where (M) was working. Then, while standing on a six foot ladder, and balancing in one hand the burnt out tube laying in the plastic light cover, gravity prevailed against the strength of my hand, tipping the light cover ever so slightly, and off slid the glass fluorescent tube, crashing onto the floor just behind where (M) was sitting.

We both flinched, her from being startled, and me from realizing the stupidity of handling the light in such a haphazard fashion, thereby putting her in, at least a little, danger.

I said I was sorry. After that I asked her for a date. We dated for a while, and married in the spring of the next year. The rest, as they say, is history.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus