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August 2008





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The next time you read this, I'll be a married woman. Jennifer Martin. Which sounds funny to me. If I were any more of a feminist, I wouldn't do it. The name change thing, not the marriage. But as someone who types in people's names via data entry as job, I can tell you – women who don't take men's last names usually don't get their reports together or anything. And then they complain about it, because they're feminists and they expect me to magically know that they are married to someone despite them not having the same last name. Anyway, that's not on topic.

July was the most stressful month I have ever had in my life. If you recall last month's article, I was pretty stressed out, but nothing like this. I thought, at first, this whole "wedding" thing was way easier than people let on. Not stressful at all. Then came June and July! Things I had been putting off or things I didn't think mattered quite yet came to fruition. I've been hurt by people who have decided not to attend without a really good reason (maybe I take things too personally) and by the fact that no one really seems to understand just how stressful this wedding stuff really is.

But in one week and five days (but who's counting?) I'll be married, and all the things that have stressed me out won't matter. The friends and family who matter will be there, and August 8<sup>th</sup> will certainly be a night to remember for several reasons. I'm truly marrying the man of my dreams.

I have figured I hadn't really let my readers know very much about my fiancé. First things first, he's attractive. Nothing but the best for me. Oh, and a little more importantly, he's a devout Christian with a firm walk in God's path. He attended Walker Valley High School, Bradley Junior/Ocoee Middle (he was there for the transition!) and North Lee Elementary, in descending order. He is quiet, shy, and soft-spoken, like Teddy Roosevelt tells us to be. (I haven't quite managed this "speak softly" nonsense yet) He is the youngest of his siblings; I'm the oldest. It is very obvious in the way we deal with arguments.

In high school he acted in school plays, and played both the trumpet and the French horn in band. He enjoys playing some silly game called Magic: the Gathering, but is luckily not addicted to it like other college students are to similar games, like World of Warcraft. He isn't much for politics – or wasn't until he met me, at least. I told him I wouldn't be involved with someone who didn't vote or have good solid political beliefs. He's a bit more conservative than me, I think, whereas I tend to think more Libertarian-esque. But it's fine, we usually end up voting for the same people.

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He's intelligent. We have the same ACT score (28) and have the same IQ (127) which is freaky at the very least. He prefers science and math and trivia, whereas I prefer literature and history and philosophy. But he's not pretentious like so many intelligent people are, you know, telling us how cool it is to be a socialist and what art really is.

Overall, he's a really sweet, patient, loving guy. Exactly what this hard-headed, impatient, quick-tempered woman needs. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with him.