

The Picnic

When we arrive at the spot, Jenn got out first and I popped the trunk. With the trunk door serving as a blind, I reached into my sunglasses case where the ring was inside of it in a forest green satchel (not the usual box). I quickly maneuvered the ring from the tied satchel as not to draw Jenn's attention to me. I slipped the satchel in my pocket and the ring in my back left pocket so that when we were facing each other she wouldn't see it in my front pocket.

We threw down the blanket at our spot overlooking Calgary as we had done years before and it could not have been a better day. We snacked on crackers and cream cheese, bruschetta, and I had the usual beef jerky to fulfill my carnivorous need.

I lay there the entire time on an uncomfortable angle, conveniently facing Jenn, since I was afraid that the ring might be altered under the pressure of my body weight. Occasionally I reached back to make sure that it had not fallen out and finally moved it to the top of my pocket. We had just packed up the remaining food and Jenn had stood up to face Calgary and had her back to me. This was it, the moment I was going to ask Jenn to marry me. She said something to the effect of "well we had better get going now" as she turned to face me. She turned to see me on one knee holding out the ring I had chosen for her. I said "perhaps you can wait just a moment before we go...". She replied "You aren't serious, Oh my God!!!" and began to cry and gave me a hug. I then asked her to reach her hand out so I could place the ring on her finger for the first time. There were many loving words shared that I cannot recount, but we were there for probably another 10 minutes discussing the love we had for each other and the future we dreamed of together.