

Webb Weekly 6-26-19

So you have heard about my parents, my kids, and a few other family members, but the only thing you know about my husband is how much he loves hot sauce. That doesn't say too much about a man now does it?

My husband and I are high-school sweethearts. We have been together for twenty years, and married fourteen of those years this fall. I was nineteen when we got married. I met him in math class in ninth grade. In fact, I switched math classes three times that first month of high school until they got me in the correct class. That third class was the ticket. There he sat at his desk in Mrs. Buck's class, eating his Ritz cheese crackers and wearing that navy blue Nike shirt he loved so much. His eyes were so brown and he had a smile to kill for. And them muscles! Sweet Lord above, I could write a whole column on how much I love them bad boys! There I sat, my back turned to him at my new desk and he comes up to me and says, "Uh, excuse me. Your bag is leaking." I turned around confused as ever, look down, and there was my backpack completely having a water fountain blowing out of the bottom as it was hanging off the back of my chair. I closed my eyes and prayed, God, please take me now. I no longer want to be in this math class either. I want to be in heaven with you, where there is no water spewing out of my bag and people aren't punished in embarrassment for their awful choice in water bottles for in their lunches.

"Oh shoot," I said. "My water bottle lid must of opened! Thank you for telling me." The floor was soaked, and I think my upper lip began to sweat. But there he was, Chris McElroy, my hero saving my books and

homework from what little could be saved. A short few months later,
after having plenty of erasers thrown at us for talking too much by one
of our favorite teachers, Mrs. Buck, we started dating.

I got to meet his amazing momma, Marlene McElroy Rook, who did one
heck of a job raising her boys along with her husband, John McElroy, who
passed in 2006. The first time meeting her I walked into her house and
she was jammin out to Missy Elliot. I was like "Holy moly, we are going
to get along just fine!" This woman is unlike any other 70 something
(I'll leave it at that) year old I've ever known. I have an amazing
husband because she raised an incredible son and has a heart of gold!!
Chris then finally got to meet my parents on our first official date
that didn't consist of school. He was a bit scared of meeting my dad.
The biker guy who looked tough, but was soft on the inside. He brought
his dirt bike over to my house and we got to ride our bikes together. It
was the perfect first date! I got to show off my dirt bike riding
skills, and there is nothing like watching a man on a motorcycle. Later
that night he was hungry, so my momma invited him in for our Sunday
tradition of nachos and cheese, ice cream, and America's Funniest Home
Videos. We never ate in front of the tv, dinner was family

time around
the table, but Sunday nights were a different kind of special.
This was
something we did since I was little, and now we do the same
tradition on
Sunday night with our kids! Those nachos and cheese completely
sealed
the deal he said. Of course, I'll include the one of a kind
recipe for
you! I could write column after column of stories about him
and I, but
the story of how we met is my favorite. I'm sure you will hear
more in
the months to come, but this man is my best friend. I don't
know what
I'd ever do without him. He loves my cooking, and has so many
favorites,
but here the nachos sealed the deal and this chicken casserole
he raves
over. Picture don't even do it justice. You will have to try
it to
believe me! And oh, remember, don't buy cheap water bottles,
unless you
want to meet the love of your life!