

Romance Stew

The Way to a Woman's Heart

Excerpt

Becky Ruff

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Chapter Four

Reality and Agreements: Suturing the Heart

"If the new clan fails to 'see' you, do you *really* cease to exist?"

--*Metaphysical Quandary*

"No one can change the path that you must go. The time will come around when you know that it's yours. Maybe there's a chance to go back... home... now that I have some directions."

--"The Wiz"

In 2007 I converted virtual reality into Real Time Manifestation. Once more I walked down the aisle and pledged marital vows.

As my family and friends stood on the sidelines witnessing my Whirlwind Romance, they had every right to be astonished.

At age 55, already a grandmother and at the point in life when people start to hang out the Resignation shingle, had dear sweet Becky Ruff gone off the deep end?

Yes, I had.

I threw myself into this new relationship as if I was love-and-sex-and-marriage starved. I was.

But: how could I be *falling in love* again?

Or: why? How could anyone except me understand that I was determined to prove to myself once and for all that it was possible to have a lasting lawful *romantic* relationship?

I viewed this marriage as perhaps the last chance for some lust before the door slammed shut or any option at all dried up. I was free at last (I thought) to create that sacred bondage of fantasies with nothing and no one to stand in the way.

Maybe the real reason for landing this Fresh Catch was simply because I had something more to learn. I am a firm believer in the Law of Attraction. As Einstein says, it's all about Frequency (frequency of sex, love, marriage, etc.).

I'm glad I followed my hormones. What I finally came to understand was that not only did I have the power to create whatever I liked, but also that *with the mere blink of an eye, my choices could alter my realities.*

Bottom line: We design our life experiences in order to allow us to choose our outcomes. The greatest highs and lows are derived from those impetuous stirrings of the soul that are often referred to as "personal development."

That, dear reader, is wisdom either hatched from maturity or too many failed relationships.

Let it Begin!

As if I'd conjured my Gentleman from a wish list sent into the ethers--POOF! He appeared... and like the overseer in a Shakespearean play, I declared, "Let it begin!"

There I was, center stage in a typical TV drama top-loaded with crises, only mine were real and not resolved after 90 minutes as a "happily ever after" with ample time out for commercials.

I'd always had a fear of heights and now suddenly I found myself falling headlong into a field of dream-dust with a man I hardly knew yet who I was convinced filled every one of my desires.

Some formulas are made in heaven and others for reasons that remain unrevealed until activated. One of these is the Disaster Formula. Start with two extended families with different belief systems and the normal amount of dysfunction (translate "plentiful with potential for more" when adding a new spouse to the mix).

In my case, from the male side, add a bipolar spouse with a bipolar step-son and demanding mother-in-law in a wheelchair with Attention Deficit Disorder.

From the female side, add my two lovely daughters, one of whom is a single mom experiencing post-partum depression, and two adorable grandbaby boys.

Then there's me, or the me I thought I was: age 55 and determined to squeeze my robust middle-aging mind-body into a Hollywood cross between Doris Day and Mary Poppins. Before this marriage started, I could confidently describe myself as smart, spunky and well-educated, with lots of sunshine and common sense.

My Man

Let me pause here to brag about "*My Man*," delivered with the same emphasis as in the musical, *Porgy and Bess*. He is not only intelligent, charming and witty; he is also handsome and virile. Montana stock--strong in many ways, a jack of all trades, and kind. I go weak in the knees when he flashes his open smile, his ocean blue eyes shining with warmth and awareness—and a hint of a storm brewing.

Picture My Man in jeans and tee shirt with tussled hair when he removes his outside-work baseball cap. Not only is he smart; he also has integrity and compassion for others. And he's a good listener—for me, that's important. He lets me talk without turning me off.

I guess you'd say I'm a solid kind of gal, the type who's always willing to grab a hammer to help my male counterpart tackle household chores, work on vehicles and put up fencing.

To my great relief, photos of my man's past relationships and wives produced no competition whatsoever. In fact, they more-or-less resembled a photocopy of me: normal Wal-Mart shoppers or the invisible woman checking out your groceries, taking movie tickets, offering bakery samples at the supermarket, etc.

"Dreamy" is one typo away from "dreary." We started with the "m" version as we launched into that ideal courtship that I'd always craved. I felt valued, loved, even cherished, and didn't hesitate to reciprocate with my own contribution of joy and abundance. Both engines were running on hi-octane.

Unlike My Man's extended family, I had very little left; my parents had already passed away. They were living in the Southeast when my dad died and my mom, who died a couple years ago, chose to remain in that area to be near my brother, his family and her extended family.

My mom was born on a farm and had joined the Marines during WWII. My dad was a corporate executive, also from the South. As his wife, my mom was the quintessential corporate wife—articulate, charming and gracious.

Both were cultured, educated people who embraced the spiritual, holistic way of life. My father loved the English language and relished the power of both written and spoken word. My mother was a pianist who took syntax and mind expansion to the next level, applying its abstractions to her musical renditions; they were a good match.

Through the years as the obligations of their corporate lifestyle increased, they started to medicate their stress with alcohol. When my brother and I were in our teens, they decided to enter AA.

My parents' alcoholism must have demonstrated to me what I did not want in my life. I steered clear of substances, including all drugs with the exception of a few prescriptions.

The Sex Thing

My dad threw himself into his work and, to my mother's great disappointment, the passion that was left over was delivered not to her but to his love for learning. My mother, like I, believed that an active sex life was the cornerstone of a happy marriage.

My mother never gave herself a chance to find the Holy Grail and now she's gone. That meant it was up to me to find it for both of us.

With my new Man, I seemed to be on The Trail at last. From the first day our friendship advanced to an intimacy and we started to explore the pleasure of each other, the sex was good. I was more than willing to overlook the rest... whatever that was going to look like.