

## A Glamour Girl's Greatest Real Life Story

The idea of narrowing life down to one particularly great moment intrigued me enough to sit down and try. How does one who has lived so thoroughly and always pursued her heart, limit herself to *the* experience remarkable enough to share with Glamour and all its fascinating readers?

I started by mentally sorting through my life highlights clip...

Do I talk about one of my first bests? (I was six, my new dad had just adopted me, and the judge let me hammer his gavel to make it official.) Or maybe the better choice would be the climax that for so long ruled my top moments: the honor and satisfaction of becoming a radio broadcaster in my own big city hometown of Detroit—because isn't making a name in one's motherland a universal fantasy? More than that public acknowledgement, I have closets full of memories of interviewing, dining/cocktailing/smoking and harmonizing with top stars of music and entertainment.

Although, in my time and travels, I've realized that coming to peace with unfolding drama that doesn't make sense is an intense power to which many people connect. For me, surviving spinal meningitis as a teen while at the same time living through numerous loved ones' deaths in a short period—that's a saga worthy of a Hollywood screen script.

Then a defining, life-changing event flashed high on my list. Who doesn't relate to fulfilling a long-time, seemingly unfeasible dream? In my case, driving to California and never leaving turns into an empowering account of crossing the U.S. with a couple hundred dollars, no job prospects, and an unknown apartment complete with new and outrageous rent waiting, spiced with stories like that of locking my cat in the hot car at a remote Idaho gas station on a sluggish Sunday dusk. Thank God for that clean-cut teenager with a slim jim. In a city or suburb, you'd never get away with paying only \$15 for a locksmith's services, especially on a weekend.

Of course I had to consider talking to that instantaneous flash when I realized my voice could command a room and affect people to the core. As a young child, that discovery lent lucidity to my life's path (write, form a band, and climb the peaks and valleys that are an artist's life) and led to so many other adventures.

However, this line of thinking led me to hesitate and thoroughly reflect on the most popular, sought-after, mysterious emotion of them all: love. Even if it has been overanalyzed and overused, the truth is, love *does* place everything else into a prosaic perspective that floats outside the colorful halo of elusive, unconditional passion.

The first, most powerful love I recalled was the bliss of welcoming a sibling into the world. Being an oldest child by a number of years, I actually remember impatiently tracking the minute hand on my red Mickey Mouse watch while timing my Mom's pregnancy test. I needed to know if I'd be getting a baby brother or sister, a peer, someone to team up with—I just wouldn't be complete until I had my own.

Oh but maybe meeting my beloved soul mate via the Internet (which wasn't a place either of us frequented), the immediate clarity, and our ensuing rock and roll wedding is a good tale? I couldn't help but replay that collage of creative energy that flourished from the community of two artists merging lives: the surprise skits depicting both our first meeting and my groom's first pre-teen band, a wedding party cazooing their version of "All You Need Is Love" at the

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conclusion of our nuptials, and an abundance of high-quality musician friends keeping the night's music flowing just like the wine, giant prawns, and tears of joy.

And geesh, there's the time I glanced across the stage in the middle of a high-profile performance, and there is my gorgeous new groom, wailing on his guitar, vigorously matching my notes and grinning back at me as the crowd is going wild. Ah, what a warm feeling.

Then it came to me: *reveal your heart—that split second you'll remember as you're walking towards the light, that sentiment that makes your stomach flip flop just thinking about it. And not just because you want to win a writing contest, but because it's worth putting down on paper, for a good giggle in advanced rocking chair years, for posterity's sake.* I concluded that life's greatest moment comes down to that feeling we all want to take with us: that absolute love that inspires sentimentality—that no-matter-what love that is primal, endless, fearless, constant.

For me, that greatest moment came shortly before my 30th birthday. The aforementioned husband is my new boyfriend. We've been dating a few weeks, sharing a whirlwind romance, and just awoke after a landmark night together at my place. Envisioning a leisurely weekend morning of making out, he reads my mind by saying, "ooh, it's warm down there." I tee hee hee, wink, and respond with, "yes, it is!" To my dismay, he says with a very serious look on his face, "no I'm serious, it's really warm down there," and lifts the blankets to get a better look at the foot of the bed. There we find my housemate's cat. She apparently crawled in at some point in the night and became very ill (very quietly) and let loose a butt bomb. Poor Dave is covered in (we found out later) milk induced diarrhea. Ever the gentleman, he hops out of bed on his one good (clean) foot, declares he is going to get cleaned up, and jumps to the bathroom.

After his long, probably very hot, shower, Dave returns to our soiled love nest and says—as though this disgusting experience was just another of life's little annoyances—"I'm so happy to see you again."

When Dave tells the story nowadays, he supplies the additional fact that since getting to know me better, he appreciates my strength under that duress. He can't believe Felicia's feces didn't make me gag, as he now knows I only have to think about something gross and I'm nauseous. Obviously, I really wanted to impress him.

Me: I love to think of that moment when his eyes shined golden as he shared his heart: "I'm so happy to see you again." That's my moment. I realized so much in that nasty, but perfect moment. That's the tear in the fabric of the heavens that I'll see when my time comes. Sick, but true.

However, I have to add a P.S. to this essay. Even though I think this moment stands on its own, recently Dave and I discovered that we're going to greet our own little baby blessing into the world. While this means we'll definitely be dealing with more poop, it's all a continuation of that great real life story.