Married at Last

On this day in late fall when you turn thirty-eight I count it a blessing that God made you my mate. When I ponder the impact you've had on my life I know my life's purpose was to be your wife. When you first said hello through that monitor screen I had no idea what that hello would mean. After three years of typing and flying and writing We drove out toward Vegas - this gets more exciting! We dressed in our finest with smiles on our faces Boy, was I glad I no longer had braces! We both said "I do" and kissed full on the mouth <mark>I was happier'n snuff, for</mark> you w<mark>ere bou</mark>nd for the south! Six long months later you packed up your things 'Cause we were married, doggone it. We even had rings. You left your family, your home and your friends To make your wife happy, now my fun never ends. All joking aside, let me tell you once more You stepped into my soul and made your way to its core. If you give me the chance, say, a lifetime or two I will show you the bliss I've been given by you And so, my Boo-Baby, Happy Birthday, love too Each precious year has molded a gift for me - You.