

Friday, Saturday and Sunday

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Which day of the week or weekend is your person? Let's start with Friday, the last day of the work-week. The last day of stress and issues you just want to end. The last day of being somebody you don't like because there are so many other things you would rather be doing. You have your dreams, but this is not even close to the dream you imagined. You're young and doing the best you can, but you're frustrated. However, it's Friday and you know it's time to loosen up. It's time for a drink.

You go to a bar with some friends. Happy the week is over but still hung over from what the work-week offered. You look in the mirror and think you look good, and you start to think you need something more than a drink. And then she walks in.

She's pretty. She is dressed in a way that can be considered provocative but not overly suggestive. She likes to talk with her friends. She likes who she is, and she is not afraid to have a drink at the bar. And you can't stop looking at her. Her hair is not messy, but you can see it's a little overdone. But she doesn't care what you think because she knows that you're looking at her. And then you make eye contact.

What stress? What excruciating week at work? What a great pair of eyes that just looked at me like she wanted me. Wait, the seat next to her just opened up. Should I go talk to her? She just looked at me again. Wait, she's walking toward me. I can't believe it, but here she comes.

Darn she's confident. Darn that's attractive. What am I going to say to her?

She says hello and tells me I should be drinking something other than my overpriced martini (that my friends from work and I think is cool because this is what our overpaid manager usually orders). She tells the bar tender, "Two IPA beers... the strongest in the house." I make a joke telling her how sophisticated she is to order IPA beers and she says there's nothing sophisticated about beer so let's enjoy our time. I pay for the beers and off we go.

Our conversation is light. It's flirty. It's complimentary. And after another beer, we both look at each other and know we want to be with one another. She really makes me feel good to be around her, like I'm the only guy on her mind. I'm sure there have been others, but I don't care. Actually, I kind of do. But it's Friday, and it's been a long week, so I go with it.

We go back to her place. A small apartment with pictures of herself on the walls along with dogs and cats and some college rock band where I'm sure she knew one of the guys from the

band, but why would I ask if she did? She starts lowering the lights. I tell her she has been the best part of my week, and she tells me to be quiet, and we start to fool around.

As the artist Prince once sang, “I could tell by the way she kissed me, she knew how to give a kiss.” I still didn’t even know her name, and I doubt she knew mine, but I didn’t care. I wanted her, and she was letting me want her. How far should I try to take this? She told me not to go that far, and I respected her wishes. We just kept it to where she wanted it to go and it was more than enough for me. I got so lost in the moment. It felt great to be with her, getting away from it all.

When we were done, she asked me if I wanted to sleep over. She said she had to leave early in the morning, and if I didn’t mind waking up with her, she was okay with me staying the night. Her skin felt great. Her lingerie was sexy. Her bed was small, but I wanted to stay. And I did.

We woke up the next morning to minimal conversation. But we both liked what we were looking at, and we knew we had a night that we both wanted and needed. She told me to leave my number for her because she wanted to see me again. And when I asked her what her name was, she started to laugh because she said she was about to ask me the same question. We had our fun little connection outside of our attraction for each other, and we walked out of her apartment with smiles on our faces, knowing we had a great Friday night and the possibility of having another one soon.

Then there’s Saturday, my girlfriend day. I tell my girlfriend as I’m leaving our apartment to go play whatever sport I play with my friends that I was looking forward to seeing her later and going out on our date. We would be meeting another couple for dinner to celebrate her new business venture. Though I would not consider us to be a “power couple,” we were a potent couple because our path to success, happiness, and love for each other was perfectly aligned.

As we walked out together, my girlfriend said she would see me after I returned because she had some work to do. I’m proud of her independence and that it’s not a big deal for her to be without me for a little bit on a Saturday. I love watching her walk out the door ahead of me. Her hair, her jeans, her smile. I am so lucky to have her. Not only for her goals and dreams that stimulate my intellect, but I just love knowing that I get to be with the one I love later that day. And off she goes.

I compete with my friends. I want to win. I sweat. I’m fair. I have fun. We all have fun. It’s good to be with the boys. But it’s getting late, and I have to get ready to be with my girlfriend. My friends know how happy I am to be dating and living with her. And though they stay a little longer to finish the game, I head back to the apartment.

I jump in the shower and start thinking about the evening. I'll wear a suit but no tie. I kind of like the scruff on my face, and my girlfriend likes it at times, but I'll wait to see whether she wants me to keep it. Then I hear the door to the shower open, and my girlfriend says, "Shhhh, it's just me." I turn around, and her gorgeous smile makes me melt. She's beautiful. I can't help myself. We make love. Amazing love. We wash each other's backs. We laugh. We're in love.

She wants me to shave. She wants a clean face for tonight. Whatever you want I say.

We drive to the restaurant, and I'm wearing exactly what I said I was going to wear. She is wearing a long black dress with high heels and the perfect amount of jewelry. She has nothing to prove. She could be wearing a burlap sack and still look good as far as I was concerned. But I think the high heels were a little extra to show her confidence. She had great news for us, and she was proud of who she is.

We sit at the table, and the conversation with our friends is free and easy. The wine tastes great. I love when my girlfriend puts her fingers on my face to maybe smear off some of her lipstick or maybe a little food or drink that I may have missed. She loves having me there with her. Then she tells us how excited she is to start her own business where she can work the hours she wants and make money that she jokingly said she would maybe share with me. I could not be more proud of her. You can see the pride she has for herself. We all rejoice. She belongs on that pedestal. And she's my girlfriend.

We say goodbye to our friends. We drive home. We hold hands along the ride. We're both happy to be living in our thoughts of how great the day, the night, and our lives are.

We get home and go to our bedroom. I watch her undress and put on her night garments. She watches me undress, and I love when she smiles at me, making me think she's attracted to me. Almost like she is blushing. We get under the covers, and she places her head on my shoulder. She questions her decision to start a new business venture. I give her the confidence she needs to hear. I know she's on the right path. She's beautiful. We kiss. Other nights we would probably make love, but not tonight. I look deep into her eyes and say, "I love you." She kisses me again and tells me she loves me as well, and we go to sleep.

And now it's Sunday, my wife day, and Sunday is pretty much my wife's favorite day. I always let her wake up a little later than me. She loves to wear her jeans and a tee shirt (or her college sweatshirt). She loves her first cup of coffee in the morning. She loves knowing that we're going to the farmer's market to get whatever food and drink that will make her happy. She loves to know that friends or family are coming over later in the day, and we'll have a little dinner for all to enjoy. And she loves knowing that no matter what she wants to do, I'm not going to get in her

way because the joy I find knowing that she's doing what makes her happy makes me happy as well.

But what I also love about being with my wife on Sunday is that I feel we're both looking for acceptance from each other more than any other day of the week. Is it because she's questioning if our Saturday night was fun? Am I questioning what the upcoming week will bring and if we can handle the impending stress? Is she questioning if her parents are going to approve the dinner that we have planned for later? Am I worried about how the kids are going to behave in school? I don't know why, but I feel like we're always doing the best we can to stay connected in our own way to get some sort of acceptance from each other. And because of that, in our unspoken way, we let each other be the person they want to be on this last lazy day before the week begins.

And when we don't get in each other's way, and we feel free to enjoy the day the way we want to, that is when, ironically speaking, we feel most embraced by each other. Sunday is kind of strange as far as our relationship is concerned. But sometimes the act of doing nothing and just being there is all it takes for the ones who both want and need it the most. And that's why Sunday is the day that makes us feel most connected to each other as partners who truly understand what each other wants for the rest of our lives. And looking back on these three days – Friday, Saturday, and Sunday – I realize I'm the luckiest person on the planet because I married the love of my life, and we experience all three days, every day, for the rest of our lives.

“Betsy”

Betsy, this one is for you because just like me, you're married with kids, yet you have a zest for life that I think should make both your husband and family realize how lucky they are. I'm sure you can relate to the chapter I just wrote and it's hard not to be inspired by both our conversations and your future which I know has great possibilities. Keep being the best that you are to the ones you love and thank you for our relationship. Cheers to you, Betsy!!