

## **Oops!**

There we were - having a nice dinner OUT. And I casually remarked to my spouse, "Tonight we have to decide which nightgowns we are wearing next week?" "Shhsss," hissed spouse. Oops! said moi. Forget where we were and who could hear and what would they think?

This is not the first time this has happened. Out shopping and I casually mention, "You might like this dress!" Oops! Forgot where we were and who could hear - oh, you know.

This is one of our (SOs) nightmares. We are going to be OUT somewhere and forget that the world does NOT know our little secret and would be wondering to say the least what was going on if they did hear what we were saying.

It is hard. You can be out in a restaurant with another couple in DRAB, forget and mention, "Oh, Matilda, what are you going to have?" Oops! It's not Matilda tonight, dearie, it's Matthew.

You forget when you call to ask for Hubert, not Jennie Anne. "There's no Jennie Anne here. You must have the wrong phone number." Oops!

You are with your parents and you mention how much Henrietta and I have enjoyed our visit. Oops! That's Henry, stupid. Where is your head?

As we get older and the dread A disease seems to rear its ugly head, we really wonder just how are we going to keep our pronouns, fem names, and male names straight. Is it only a matter of time until we spill the beans, accidentally of course. Are we ready for the consequences?

Calling someone by the wrong name is not just an age-related matter. As a teacher, I am expected to memorize the names of thirty or more new students every few months. That takes some time, but thankfully I can still do it. But what happens when I run into a former student a year later. Can I remember her name? I think not. But perhaps inadvertently I try. "Hi, Mary Ann. How are things going?" Oops! It's not Mary Ann, it's Marian. Or worse it's Cynthia.

Even in college, I can remember an incident with a guy after dating him for almost a year. We were in one of our passionate moments - in those days, nothing more than heavy necking when I called him by the WRONG NAME! Oops! That put a damper on his mood. And just who was the guy with the wrong name - no one! I have absolutely no clue now nor then as to why I blurted out the wrong name. Perhaps I was subconsciously trying to avoid a situation leading down a path I did not want to go. Do I remember this guy's name? Yes. No oops here. And that feels good - after all it's been 35 years!

Now if I could just remember where I put the car keys?