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Drawing Love

Last year I bought a new Michael Kors purse as a Christmas gift to myself. I was thrilled because I had wanted one of those purses for a long time, but I hesitated buying it because Michael Kors purses are more expensive than other brands that compare. They were double the prices of a Coach a Guess purse. I am the type of girl who gets excited when getting something that has a brand name on it, and I could not wait to come home from the Lenwood Outlet Mall in California. On my way from the outlet to my house, all I could think of was changing my old worn-out purse for my new one.

It took me about thirty minutes to get home. As soon as I got home, I went straight to my dining table and dumped everything out of my old purse onto the table. I had so many unwanted things: old recipes, notes with things written on them, lotions, and make-up new and used. Unfortunately, I also had used tissues and granola bar wrappers like my mom's purse. I started to go through the extra pockets of my old purse to figure out what I did and did not want. As I was going through the last pocket inside the purse, one I rarely open to put anything in, I found a napkin folded neatly into fourths. It did not seem like I had used it, so I unfolded it to see what it was. Sometimes I write names, numbers, or even addresses on napkins when I cannot find a piece of paper. And there it was—a little stick figure drawing that my husband drew on a piece of napkin at my work three and a half years ago. It was a drawing of two stick figures inside of a big heart with our names on top: Jaime and Pahani. Right next to each stick figure it said "I 

you and I  you too.” Under the stick figure with his name, it said “Army” on it because he is in the military. He drew it like a three-year-old because the male stick figure looked like a snowman with spiked hair and the female stick figure had long hair and her dress was a triangle, which I thought it was adorable.

When I saw that napkin, I could not believe that I kept it for so long. I started smiling and getting emotional at the same time. I sat in one of the dining chairs looking at the napkin. All the memories started following back to me: the first time we met, our wedding day, good times that we had with each other. I started to remember the night that he gave me the napkin. Jaime surprised me at my job by coming into pick me up from Fort Irwin, California to Barstow, California. It is about a forty-five-minute drive. I was really happy because I had not seen him for a week. He was wearing his black leather jacket with a hoody underneath. I guess it was raining because I remember wiping rain drops off of his jacket while I was giving him a hug. It was thirty minutes before closing, so he decided to wait inside the restaurant. He went and sat down in the corner where no one could see him until I got off from work. I called my mom to let her know not to come pick me up because Jaime was there. Since it was a dull day and business was slow, I was able to clean up the restaurant pretty quickly. I cleaned up the dishes, swept, and mopped all the while eager to spend some time with him. While I was cleaning up the restaurant, he came up to the counter and asked me for a pen. I asked him if he needed paper, but he said no and went back to the seat.

Ten minutes after eight I was all done and really to go. I called him by his name, “Jaime, let’s go. I’m done.” He walked up to me and handed me the pen with a piece of napkin and said, “Here you go,” with a smirk on his face. I asked him what it was, and he said to wait until I got in the car. I was curious to see what he wrote on the napkin and was also nervous. So many

things were coming to mind. While we were walking to the car, I was wondering what if he was trying to break up with me or something. As soon as we got in the car, I unfolded the napkin to see what it was. It was the stick figure drawing that he made for me. My eyes started to water with tears of joy. I had a big smile in face and really big relief from the “what if” questions that were going through my mind. I looked at him with a smile and he said, “I love you, Babe” and I could not help but to say I love you too. I mean, it was not our first “I love you,” but what mattered to me was Jaime taking his time to draw this simple picture for me.

Now Jaime and I have been married for two wonderful years. It has been the best time of my life. He is my best friend, my protector, and a hero to me for serving for this country. Our love has grown so much and still continues to grow. He has made me a better person and taught me many things to survive in this world like the army has taught him. He has been a great influence on me. In addition, one of the reasons that I am in college right now is because of his motivation. He showed me that I have the potential to pursue my dreams and goals of becoming a nurse. If I had not met him, I would still be working at a restaurant as a waitress and running tables with no future ahead. I am lucky to have him because he showed me the right path to success.

I carry this napkin in my purse all the time. I know that it is just a napkin, but to me it is something more. The napkin does not only represent the symbol of our love, it also tells me about the person who gave it to me. It is hard to be a soldier’s wife. Last year, I went through tough times while my husband was deployed, but every time I felt sad or lonely I looked at the drawing to remind me of the good times we had together when he was home. Even though there is another deployment around the corner, I know that our love for each other will keep us

together, strong, and connected, and I always have this napkin with its simple drawing to take me back in time to him.