

I sat at the opposite end of the table of Catherine and her father. My hands were folded in my lap as I quietly listened to their conversation. When my husband told Catherine we were just trying to help her make a good decision I couldn't stop myself from thinking

*"Making a good decision, when I married you was I making a good decision Tom."*

Hearing Catherine stand up for herself made me cheer for her but her father was stubborn and he was determined that he knew what was best. My ears perked at hearing that Catherine had found someone she loved, I wondered who it could be and why she never mentioned him to us. Hearing what my husband said about true love not being practical made me flinch for Catherine, no one likes hearing that the person they love isn't suited to be their husband.

As the front door slammed I calmly stood up and spoke "that went well Tom".

Leaving the room I followed my daughter out of the house and found her walking along the driveway towards the street. Catching up to her I shocked her at what I said "I don't think you should marry James"

Catherine stopped and turned to me "I thought you agreed with dad and had it all set up?"

"James reminds me too much of your father, and god help anyone who marries him"

Chuckling I patted her back and gently hugged her. I stayed where I was at and let Catherine continue her walk knowing she needed some time to calm down. Turning to the house I watched my husband's shadow in the window. Marrying him was practical, i

knew it was, but I wish I wasn't practical, I wish I had followed my heart and married my true love.