

My Blue Angel in the Sky

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It was a cold December night shortly after dusk, a likely setting for an event that would prove to be life altering. As fate would have it, this would be the night that I lost the material possession that truly meant the most to me. I would lose the one thing that gave me much pride and joy and excitement. I often think back and liken us to a newlywed couple, for we had only been together for 18 months and were still very much honeymooning. It was a night, a moment, that even now scoffs and mocks me as I travel thither and yonder with her replacement. But she can never be truly replaced and to call my current fix a replacement seems like a sort of blasphemy.

I called her my Blue Angel. That's right! She was a brand new 1999 Atlantic blue Ford Mustang fully equipped with white racing stripes on each side, dark window tint, a rear spoiler, and a post-factory sound system that I installed personally just to complete the "dream ride" effect. We met on April 24, 1999, when my parents introduced us and told me she was all mine as a reward for graduating high school as valedictorian. And what a reward she turned out to be. We went everywhere together. I took her out to eat. When I'd go play ball somewhere, she went with me. Every day from April 24, 1999, to December 22, 2000, we were together. We were bonding in a way a young man can bond with no other, and there truly was no other for me. Other guys had bigger trucks and faster cars, but where my Blue Angel was lacking in size and power, she more than made up for in pure, unadulterated, raw emotion. She never let me down; she was always looking her best and never longing for attention from me or any of the other

countless admirers and fans she won over for that matter. Some ignorant ones called me foolish for feeling so close to my car, but it was impossible for anyone else to know how she made me feel. Being with her gave me a sense of pride and confidence when I needed it most. We would go places just to spend time together and just to be seen together. Oh how I long to hear her sweet voice humming at me with that low rumble from within that I came to know and love. She represented everything I had worked for, everything I wanted to keep working for, and everything I so longed to feel at that point in my life – mainly power, independence, confidence, and even sex appeal. I was such a stud!

I am thankful for the time we spent together, although short-lived. Due to a head-on collision, we are no longer together. I was not wearing my seatbelt but thanks to her airbags and crumple zones I walked out with scrapes and bruises. She, on the other hand, was not so lucky. She was injured beyond repair and passed on to glory right there on the bank of the ramp to 1-12. She gave her life that I may live - Oh, what love! She's gone but certainly not forgotten. She will live on forever as my Blue Angel in the sky.

As is the case with people in these types of situations, there came a point when it was necessary to move on. I didn't want to, but after riding with friends and walking places, I felt that she would understand and perhaps wish for me to move on rather hastily. So as soon as possible, I got back into the "game" and settled for a metallic silver Ford F-150. We are still together. As stated earlier, there is simply no comparison. I almost feel guilty spending time with him because we both know that I am not yet over my Blue Angel and that I'd give anything to be back with her. He definitely understands and comforts me when I feel guilty for using him the way I do. Don't get me wrong; I appreciate what he does for me and he treats me well, but I cannot pretend that it is at all the same. Unlike my Blue Angel and I who were living on love, my new friend

and I are nothing more than meager acquaintances. His windows are not tinted, he does not have a backseat, and he lacks a decent stereo system, not to mention the whole appearance issue that made my previous relationship so special. He's not as fast or comfortable. He doesn't hug the road well at all. He's harder to handle and maneuver. He does have more cargo space and a wider wheel balance but what does that really mean? Really?

I am fairly confident that one day I will meet another very similar to my beloved Blue Angel; but at this point in my life she could never mean the same. That level of thinking has passed. Things of importance are much different now than they were back then, but that hardly changes what she meant to me. She was special and will always hold a special place in my heart- I miss her dearly.

Martial Bonvillain is a Biology major. Carole Bedwell was his instructor.