

My First Date by Jayme Goolsbay

He came to pick me up at my house and I ran out to greet him. I was excited and a little nervous at the same time, for this was my first date. When I saw him, I think that my heart skipped a beat. He was tall and handsome, and had gentle green eyes, a loving smile, and a face that said, "I care about what you think." He walked up to me and my mom; he leaned close to me, and whispered, "Are you ready to go?" I nodded my head "yes" that I was ready. He lifted me up onto his brand new motorcycle, helped me to strap the helmet onto my head. Then he climbed on in front of me and started the engine.

As we pulled out of the driveway, I looked over my shoulder at my mom and waved a quick good-bye. She said to him, "Be careful with my baby." He nodded in acknowledgement.

We drove to a restaurant that was fairly close to my house. We pulled into the parking lot and he parked the shiny, black motorcycle that he was so proud of. I felt like it was an honor to be riding on something so special to him. He lifted me off of his motorcycle with his strong arms and gently set me on the sidewalk. He held my hand and said, "Let's go eat." We walked hand-in-hand into the restaurant and were seated.

After we had ordered the food, he told me that he wanted to talk to me. I wasn't sure what about and it kind of made me nervous, but I reassured him that I was listening. He told me that many, many guys would ask me out in the future, but that he wanted to be the first on my list of dates. He asked me to be his "princess" and told me that he wanted to be my "prince". I pondered that carefully and let it sink in. He told me that he loved me with all that he had. He said that he would lay down his life in a heartbeat. Our food was served and we ate. I thought that it was a wonderful meal.

He paid the waitress, left a generous tip, and then we left. Once again, he lifted me onto his motorcycle. I was amazed at his strength. He carefully placed the helmet on my head, making sure that I felt safe and comfortable.

As we drove home, I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and held on tight. We drove around for a little bit, and I sat there, wishing. I was wishing that this moment would never end. I looked at my watch and was amazed at how fast time had flown. We rode to my house in almost complete silence. The beautiful spring weather just added to the peaceful, wonderful feeling. The birds were singing their cheery song and the flowers were letting off their sweet fragrance.

When we pulled into my driveway, he turned off the engine. He removed my helmet for me and looked into my eyes with a loving gaze. He lifted me into his arms and held me like I weighed nothing, and then carried me into my house. He brought me into my room and laid me on my bed. He gave me a kiss on the cheek and told me that he loved me more than anything in the world. He said that words could never express his love for me and that nothing that could ever happen would change that, ever. I looked up into his handsome, jade green eyes and replied, "*I love you too, Daddy.*"

Thanks, Daddy, for taking me out on that date when I was three. Thanks for showing me the rules and boundaries for when a guy asks me out, because now that I am getting older and starting to use those rules, I am realizing just how blessed I am to have a daddy that cares for his daughter like you do me. I love you more than you know, and always will.