

“From the back of my sock drawer, I pulled out a little leather box and nervously carried it over and sat beside her on the bed. ‘You mean, like this one?’ I opened the box, and inside was exactly what she had described. An antique engagement ring from the 1920s made of platinum, with little blue sapphires on the sides and an oval-shaped diamond sparkling on the top. Joey’s eyes lit up. ‘It’s not what you think,’ I said. ‘I bought it for another girl a couple of years ago. I gave it to her. A few times... I was trying to make something terrible work. It ended up being thrown across the floor of an Alan Jackson concert. And I just never figured out what to do with it. I need to take it somewhere and sell it.’”

Joey wasn’t angry that her future fiancée, husband, and father of her children had given another woman a ring. She actually tried the ring on, and to both of their surprise, it fit perfectly, like it was made just for her.

“Joey slowly slid it on her finger... and it fit. Perfectly. ‘Don’t get rid of it,’ she said. ‘I’ll wear it if you ever decide that you want to ask me.’”

What? I thought. What is she talking about? She should be mad at me right now. Upset that I still even have such a thing or that I would show it to her. Instead, Joey treated me as though I had done something good by buying that ring and hanging on to it... as if I had just given it to the wrong person. She made me feel like all the ring needed was time... to find the right left hand. God, I loved her.”