

Charles D'Amico



## Chapter 1

### *The Day We All Dream of*

Amarillo, TX is a town that seems like it's in the middle of nowhere, but it feels like you're in the middle of everywhere. It just depends on the perspective, if you grew up in one of the small neighboring towns of less than two-thousand or a little bigger, even twenty-thousand then when you end up in Amarillo it feels like the big city in the Panhandle of West Texas. Some will tell you that its Lubbock, but that's a debate for a different day.

But today is about being the greatest day of my life, filled with butterflies and joy all at the same time. To think that in my mid-twenties I've been lucky enough to find the woman of my dreams. You might be asking yourself, why would I be taking out time to share a bit about myself on my wedding day, it's because what better time to take a moment to reflect on how I got here. The last ten years has been crazy from starting high school with my twin sister, going to college together (well

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partially) and the last three years especially have been life altering. Let me introduce myself to you, my name is Travis Golden, twenty-seven years old born with a twin sister 12 minutes older than me (she reminds me regularly).

We are not your typical twins; though we did many things together we did not always do everything together. Because my twin is a sister and not a brother, we had a different relationship as twins growing up. We were extremely close, but we led different lives, often times as you grow up as a twin, you are so close that no one can understand your bond, it's hard to socialize with anyone other than your twin, but in our situation and with our upbringing we had a different view of the world around us. For starters we were both great at sports from an early age but when we were ten years old my sister suffered a freak accident playing softball when she stepped in a hole in the outfield breaking her ankle and leg in multiple places.

The rehab and healing process took almost a year, and it took a toll on her that she never wanted to push it again in any sport. She was always timid, afraid to be aggressive, and by the time we were in high school, she gave up all competitive sports all together. She would only do yoga and running for fitness, but nothing competitive. Me, on the other hand, I continue to carry the competitive torch from that day forward and she was my number one fan, pushing me, coaching me and giving me details and feedback that no one had the nerve to, she would

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find that one thing that would drive me nuts and keep pushing it.

As I'm getting ready, fighting back the urge to vomit from a night with my friends as well as nerves on this day I see my mother making her way over to me.

"Mom, I know what you are thinking, but I don't want to hear it right now. If you..." Before I could finish my sentence, my mom cut me off and gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek and whispered.

"I'm so proud of you Travis, you have picked the most amazing bride, she is as beautiful inside as she is outside. Your grandmother is looking down on you with a big smile, you know that don't you?"

"Mom, if you keep this up, I'm going to start crying. I'm already going to be struggling most of the day, but this is going to push me over the edge."

My mom always knows how to pull at my heartstrings, well let's be honest every mom knows how to do that. Even the worst moms out there have a way of pulling at us. My mother had my sister and I when she was very young, she had us four months after she graduated high school, luckily, she never showed while in high school and was able to still go to local community college with very supportive parents. That means with a mother who is only 18 years older than you it is a different relationship you have with your mother as well as

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your grandmother. When my mother's mom passed away, I was only twenty-two and my mother was only forty. That was young for both of us to lose someone so influential in both of our lives. My grandmother passed away from Alzheimer's, at only sixty-four years old and started around her sixtieth birthday. She was doing ok, but after that brutal accident she was never the same and just took a turn for the worst.

"Travis, you look amazing in your tuxedo and I love the haircut too. It's about time you finally got your haircut. I know you enjoyed growing your hair out and looking like a surfer for the past year and a half but I'm so happy to have my clean-cut boy back."

"Mom stop it. I'm glad I could make you and my bride happy with a simple haircut. Do you remember the first time I wanted to grow my hair out and it had to convince you and dad to let me do it?"

"Oh my God, I almost forgot, you were so cute. It was the end of your eight-grade year and you were going into high school and wanted to change your look, so you'd have a better chance with the girls." My mom started laughing, along with some of my groomsmen.

Right then my best man and best friend since college Chris looks up with a huge ass grin on his face. Which coincidentally was the same look he gave me the night I met my bride to be, we were working as bartenders at a local bar in Amarillo, TX on paramount when she walked in with her

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group of friends? We laughed because often when a group of friends would walk in, girls, it would be three to four max, but this group was seven. I remember we couldn't figure out if it was one group or a few different ones as they came in and sat at the bar. We kept giving them a hard time, like two single male bartenders should when a large group of cute girls walks in.

I remember her specifically not just because I ended up marrying her, but because of how we met. As I walked up and asked her friend what she would like to drink she started to yell at me (she had pre-gamed a bit before coming to the bar). I remember it like it was yesterday.

“Hey bar, dude, hey you, sir, bro, come on man. I just want a drink.” Don't get me wrong she was cute, but damn is this girl drunk, she's already stumbling all over, she's got to know, all She's getting out of me is a coffee or a water.

I started to make my way to her. “Miss, you need to slow down, right now...” That's when it happened; she leaned over and just started throwing up all over the bar, and all over me. Everything that she had gotten into that small frame of hers, made its way out the same way it went in.

I mean, it's a great way to make a first impression. In case I hadn't mentioned it, I worked at Hoots pub, a great local bar for concerts and local country talent that comes through west Texas. And tonight, was no exception, we had a sold-out

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show, so I had to run home, change and get back to work. Though I didn't see her the rest of the night, for obvious reasons, a week later a cute girl that looked just like her, dressed to kill, tight torn jeans, high heels, a cute red top and short jean jacket and walked up to me with that big west Texas hair, snapping her gum.

"Hey, I need to talk to you, hey...hey!" I was a little busy now and was pretty sure that she was the girl that threw up all over me the previous week. I wasn't about to head back over for a second helping of tequila chum.

"I'll be over there in one moment as soon as I'm done over here. Give me a minute." I know I snapped at her but come on, she threw up on me.

"Hey Buddy; I got all dressed up for you, to come apologize for throwing up all over you last week. The least you can do is get your ass over here and give me your full attention. I think I deserve that much. Mainly because I know I look damn good right now." And I'll tell you what she did. Knowing now she isn't a cocky person; she isn't stuck up. I can tell you she was just trying to build herself up for the conversation we were about to have.

I will come back to that story more at another time, but the moment she threw up on me; Chris shot me a look of, dude that hot chick just threw up on you. And the same look he just shot me now when my mom dropped that nugget on the room.

"Wait, what is this story? I need to hear this shit immediately,

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and we have plenty of time to kill.”

Right then, my mom started in on the story of how I came to her and sat her down about how it was time I could decide how my hair looked and the clothes I wore. I wanted to look good for girls and my friends and my mother shouldn't be making my fashion choices anymore. I can only imagine what it was like for a mother to have her little boy finally come to her all grown up, but still so young telling her he is ready to make his own decisions. Little did my friends know, that was the least important part of the story, as usual my mom's about to do some teaching.