

# Dating Daisy Fields™

*First Series*

BY KATHRYN KAUFMANN

Dating Daisy Fields™  
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## DEDICATED TO:

All the women and men in the world!

If you date, you can relate.





## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Dating Daisy Fields* was supposed to have been released in the fall of 2015, but I was blindsided by events beyond my control.

Then my beautiful and beloved mother, who was one of Daisy's biggest fans, was rushed to the hospital on April 15th and died five weeks later on May 20th, 2016. So it is with sadness that she is not here to see the release of a project that I could not have even started without her support, and it is with much joy that her suffering on earth is over, and I know she is now guiding and guarding me through the beautiful windows of heaven!

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# CHAPTER ONE

I've spent years waiting, hoping, and believing the man my parents said would come along and sweep me off my feet would magically appear one day and life from that point forward would be happily ever after.

And then it begins to happen – to everyone but me. I couldn't possibly have the time to meet Mr. Right due to all the showers and weddings that demand my presence, not to mention presents. *When is it going to happen to me?* I repeatedly ask. Like an incurable case of indigestion, people approach with the same question: “When are you going to get married?”

When are you going to die? I want to fire back. Of course, I wouldn't dare offend them. But asking singletons why they're not married carries an equal intensity of rudeness. Instead of embarrassing myself by using sarcasm, I smile politely, but cringe inside. Then I make a quiet and meek suggestion such as “I just haven't met the right one yet,” before I walk away.

My morning, noon or night will be ruined depending on the time of day this annoyance occurs. I've just been reminded that perhaps nobody wants me. I'm totally undesirable and all the Feng Shui, self-help guides and extreme makeovers in the world aren't



going to buy the love I've so long awaited. I've just been counted as the final or next to last spinster. Nothing – I repeat, NOTHING – could be worse. Or could it?

Dating can be worse than a bad divorce or make celibacy seem like the best thing that could ever happen. And if I've heard it one time, I've heard it spoken one million: “Well, Daisy, you have to kiss a lot of toads before you meet the handsome prince.” I wish I could turn a bullfrog loose on people who repeat that worn out phrase. After numerous dating nightmares, I've coined a new expression for myself: *All roads lead to toads and, hence, a dead-end to find the handsome prince.* I didn't want to believe that, but it seemed true.

When Jake Neeman, my last boyfriend, got married a few months after we stopped dating, I wanted to place an ad for “hope” in the lost and found Classifieds of our local paper. I didn't even subscribe to the newspaper. But one weekend, *The Rosemont Morning Sun* gave out a free edition to non-subscribers as a way to solicit business.

I'll never forget that Sunday morning. My usual ritual was to pour a cup of coffee, mosey into my breakfast room, turn on my laptop, and peruse the morning headlines on MSN. On that day, I was scanning my complimentary copy of *The Rosemont Morning Sun*. When I flipped to the “Beaus and Brides” section and saw Jake Neeman's name under “Wedding Announcements” along with a photo of his newlywed wife, my heart left my chest.

Worse than that, I had been seeing Jake at church and never



was he in the company of a female. In fact, one month prior to my discovery, he'd called and asked me over to his house. I figured he was missing me. He said his BMW was in the shop so I offered to pick him up and go to Benton's, a popular bistro where we used to eat, but he downplayed my suggestion. Curious, I asked Jake if he was dating anyone. He replied, "Well, sort of." After that, he didn't call me anymore. But I did think about Jake and wished I were the woman he was dating.

Our relationship was good while it lasted. Jake was romantic, affectionate, and compassionate, but he had a hectic schedule, and I didn't get to see him as often as I wanted to. The relationship sort of faded like a summer tan. There was never an official good-bye; therefore, I always felt the door was still cracked open.

But when I later learned that Jake's fiancé lived out of state until they married, my curiosity about his numerous out-of-town business trips all made sense. I thanked God for an early rescue from an already established adulterer and for preventing me from making a fool of myself at church that night. Had it not been for the wedding announcement in the newspaper, I had already planned to approach Jake after the 6:00 p.m. Mass, strike up a conversation and suggest we go to dinner. I cannot begin to imagine the totality of embarrassment I would have suffered had I gathered the courage to ask *him* out, only to discover he was married. Thank God for the wedding announcement in the newspaper.

I've heard the phrases – "*Date to Eliminate*" and "*Date to Mate.*" I was doing both and trying to remain optimistic during the process of elimination.

When my good-looking new neighbor, Dan, moved in, we'd say hello and make small talk on the elevator. Since I never saw him with a female, I assumed he was single and hoped he'd ask me out. Eventually, he did. When dining at an upscale restaurant, Dan asked if I dated anyone steady. Excited that he might be interested in a monogamous relationship with me, I answered, "No one in particular." But I found it odd that he would ask me out and then ask me if I was dating anyone steadily.

Curious, I asked the same. "How about you?" I literally almost choked on crab claws when Dan informed me his wife would be joining him the following day to talk about reconciling their marriage. I thought he was kidding. But the next afternoon, I just happened to overhear a child in the hallway yelling, "Daddy, Daddy, open the door." So I got up to look through the peephole and, sure enough, there was a short, skinny brunette woman standing outside the door holding the hand of what looked to be a five-year-old girl.

How was I to know my neighbor, who appeared to be a bachelor, actually had a wife and a daughter?

With so many dating disappointments and failed relationships, I had to ask, "What am I to these men? How do they perceive me?" And the biggest question of all...how is it that some women have men jump at their every command and beg for their hands in marriage when I feel like it would be easier for me to swim the English Channel with no limbs than to find a permanent mate?