

Fancy Restaurant

For Tracy's eighth or ninth birthday she had a requested present. She wanted to dress up and go out to a fancy restaurant. I knew just the place and called ahead to inform my waiter, Pierre, of the importance of a successful dinner experience.

She wore a pretty dress and patent leather shoes, and I wore a suit for the occasion. Pierre addressed her as Miss Lynch, and suggested an alcohol-free bottle of sparkling cider, which she agreed to.

The waiter brought the bottle, presented it to her, and as coached, she swirled the cider in the glass, checked the aroma, tasted, and nodded her approval to Pierre. He poured for each of us, placed the bottle in the free-standing ice bucket to Tracy's right, and left to retrieve our appetizers.

Then disaster struck! As she rose to visit the ladies' room, Tracy knocked over ice bucket and ice slid across the marble floors with incredible speed and distance. The evening was doomed as her face was filled with shock and disappointment, and tears welled in her eyes.

Pierre to the rescue! He appeared out of nowhere and began profusely apologizing to Tracy. "I am so sorry Miss Lynch, he said, "I have placed the ice bucket on the wrong side of you and caused this catastrophe." Can you ever forgive me," he asked?

"That's all right," Tracy said, "We all make mistakes. Don't worry a bit," and she bounced off to the ladies' room. As Pierre worked on retrieving the ice from about 500 square feet of marble floor area, without making eye contact, he softly said to me, "I am sure this will reflected in my tip."

And it was. My favorite date night ever.