It took months of swooning and kissing up, but I finally moved my way out of second place when it came to my relationship with Jason Patterson.
We began dating almost six years ago when I was introduced to his first love.
We pulled up to his house, and I was excited to watch some football and get to know the man who would later become my husband and father of my children.
And there she was, sitting in the front yard.
In my opinion, she wasn't much to look at. I've seen better, put it that way.
But I knew it was gonna be a tough battle to win Jason's affection because his eyes immediately lit up when he saw her sitting there.
She had an average body. She could have used work in some areas, if you catch my drift.
But, either way, she was there. And she wasn't going anywhere.
Jason flashed her a grin before we made our way up the front porch steps. I debated on kicking her before we went into the house.
But I gave her the infamous "look." The war had begun. I was taking no prisoners. I had seen my prize, and I was ready to fight for it. That is when the mission started.
I had to find a way to get rid of that white Camaro Z28.
The car wasn't that bad in all honesty. She sat in Jason's front yard, and he had talked and talked about the day when he would restore her to her former glory.
I can't count the number of times I had to answer a knock on the door with an eager man wanting to know more about her.
"Is he interested in selling that Camaro?"
"How much would he take for it? I'll double it."
"When he's ready to sell it, call me first."
Jason turned down every offer. He wouldn't even hear about any trade ins, double or nothing offers, and so on. It seemed to aggravate him more each time someone asked.
There was no question about it. He would never sell that car.
Many a nights riding gravel roads would be spent with stories of her heyday. Apparently, he was known throughout Yazoo as "the guy with that Camaro" because someone mentioned it just about every time we came to Yazoo.
He honestly loved that car.
And then one day, pigs must have started flying somewhere.
"I think I'm gonna sell the Camaro," he said, one night over supper.
I almost choked on my snap beans. I couldn't believe it. At first, I wondered if he had a hidden gambling problem because that would be the only reason he would have considered selling his

baby.
But he was serious. A few weeks later, the Camaro was put on a trailer and pulled away from her home.
I left Jason alone that day. I knew he really didn't want to sell her, but for whatever reason, he did.
It later dawned on me why he sold his beloved car. The reason was placed on my finger the night he proposed to me. He sold the Camaro to buy my wedding ring.
I admit, I felt kind of bad in the middle of all my excitement. He had to sell his first love to begin a life with his true one.
I still hear about the Camaro. Jason continues to tell tales about the white beauty. And I hear them from others as well.
"He came screeching in with that white car."
"Where's the Camaro?"
"You remember that race we did in the Camaro."
"Man, that car was fun."
The memory is still alive and well in the Patterson home. There are pictures of her like she is a family member. Jason still keeps in contact with the guy who bought her.
And she is still a sensitive subject between a husband and a wife.
When I ask him about her, I get a concerned look as if I have touched a nerve.
And when I told him I was writing a column about her:
"You're writing about my car? It may get edited is all I can say."