-Today is a special day in the Patterson home as Jason and I celebrate our fifth wedding anniversary.
I know five years may not seem very long, but it has been an eventful ride for us.
I can remember how the first year of marriage was filled with excitement, uncertainty, love and anticipation.
Like most young couples, we rented our first place. It was a house on Washington Street right behind Ricks Memorial Library and the Triangle Cultural Center.
The small house was everything we wanted. It had a lot of room for us. And it had a lot of character with its historic charm.
We quickly moved our second-hand furniture in and began our journey as a married couple.
That first place still holds many memories in my heart.
Its kitchen was filled with smoke many times as I learned to cook different dishes. Every night was a new test at the supper table as we tried a variety of new recipes. I knew Jason really liked something when he got up for seconds.
“It’s good but I wouldn’t want it all the time” meant the recipe was a failure, and he was just too nice to say it.
The small spare room was also the place we took our newborn James on that first day home from the hospital.
Decorated with Winnie the Pooh, the room adjacent to ours became his little world.
Its halls shook all hours of the night as little James cried into the darkness those first few weeks.

Its living room was the place where James took his first rocky steps.
Its dining room was filled with laughter at James’ first birthday party.
Its front porch swing was where we spent many cool fall evenings. With a baby in my lap, I sat under Jason’s arm and watched Yazoo pass us by.
Its front door was where we welcomed our first trick-or-treaters.
Its front bay windows were where our first Christmas tree lights could be seen from the street.
Its back porch was where we celebrated our first Fourth of July with sparklers and hot dogs.
Its back yard was where James splashed in his first little swimming pool.
It was a bittersweet moment for us when we bought our first house and had to leave our rented piece of heaven. We smile and share memories to this day every time we pass that little house in town.
It seems your first place as newlyweds holds that special place in your heart. It was where you

learned to be husband and wife. It was where you learned your housekeeping skills and repair tricks. It was where you learned how to be parents.
But most importantly, it was where you learned to love and live.
Our new home has taken on those same memories. My kitchen still fills with smoke at times. We welcomed our daughter Elsie into a new room. First steps were taken again. And birthday parties have been held within its walls.
Backyards have been transformed into campgrounds and swimming parks. And front porches have been stocked with rocking chairs as children play on its steps.
It has become a home.
We will celebrate our five year anniversary today surrounded by our two unpredictable kids, our mutt on the front porch and a hot meal on the table.
Like our first year of marriage, we'll be excited about what's to come. We will continue to build our life within our home. We will be uncertain of what challenges may come our way.
And we'll love every minute of it.