



# Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

## The Thoroughbreds

*Before*

Meeting your daughter's prospective in-laws can be a terrifying experience.

When it became apparent that our Robin was going to marry Jon Moore from Cleveland, Ohio, Jackie and I realized that sooner or later we were going to have to come face to face with Jon's parents. We put it off as long as we could, but we knew July would soon be here — and the day before the wedding is no time to check credentials.

I kept remembering something my daddy used to say. "Blood lines are important. You can tell a Thoroughbred horse by looking at his ankles. Thick ankles are an indication of mixed breeding."

There was more advice from the past — part of which I had passed along to Robin. "Remember, you're marrying an entire family." In this case, it was a family of six boys.

The Moores' pastor, sensing our

needs, provided a perfect solution. He invited me to come up and speak at a convocation at Christ the King Lutheran Church in North Olmsted, opening the door for Wade and Pattie Moore to invite us to stay with them.

Last week, in the middle of all that snow, we arrived at the Cleveland airport. An old friend met us and drove us around to the Moores'. Apologizing for his old car, my friend said, "Wade drives a brand new Lincoln Continental, though." I thought of our old rusted-out station wagon and realized I was shivering from more than cold.

My friend continued, "Wade took a week's vacation from his important job at Ford Motor Co. just to be home while you're there." He added, "I think the interior decorator has finished so everything should be ready when you arrive."

I glanced at Jackie. Her eyes were

as wide as saucers. Lincoln Continentals! Interior decorators!

It took two days before we finally got to know the Moores. And then it was with a great sigh of relief from both families. "We were so scared," Pattie stammered. "After all, an important writer . . ." Then she confessed, "We were afraid you wouldn't like our living room so we hired this interior decorator."

When we discovered Wade drove that big car only because it was furnished by the plant, and they liked to sit up late at night and munch on junk food, and spent more time at church than they did at home — well, it was like we'd known them all our lives.

It wasn't until we got back home I realized I hadn't looked at Wade's ankles. No need. They liked the same things we do. They are obviously Thoroughbreds.