

A Weekend With The DINKs

Dual Income No Kids...this is the advertising world's classification of young married couples before the child rearing stage of life hits. Few commitments, fewer responsibilities, and enough income to pay the bills and make some choices above and beyond. From what I'm told, these are the people targeted on Super Bowl Sunday.

Actually, I remember that portion of our life quite fondly. We moved to Austin because it was closer to the Hill Country than where we were in San Antonio. We worked in a large clinic of doctors and had none of the commitments that your own kids and dental office bring. Life is great now, but it was certainly simpler then.

Last weekend, we were visited by my favorite cousin who also happens to be a dentist in Dallas. She and her husband, a budding actor, are the typical DINK couple. They are newlyweds who just bought their first townhouse and are exploring couplehood. No commitments, no worries, and, we learned, no sense of direction.

Somehow, they managed to turn a four hour drive from Dallas into a six hour jaunt around the Hill Country. We got a phone call in hour five that they'd missed Llano and were almost to Fredericksburg. Fortunately, teeth are much easier to navigate than the Texas highway system.

They arrived safely and we began our evening with the kids...a foreign concept to these newlyweds. Our night consisted mostly of the usual sporadic, never finished conversations that we parents of toddlers mostly have. These attempted conversations were sprinkled with Nerf guns, hair braiding, dogs attacking goats, a s'mores campfire, a little red wine, and even a roping lesson at the barn. It was truly the blind leading the blind as me and my three and five year old taught a "city boy" actor how to rope a bale of hay. It was a funny mess, with video to prove it. After one night of fun and an early morning pre-k basketball game, they'd had enough and headed down to S.A.

That's not even the funny part.

Two days later, we met back up and found out that our special DINKs had stumbled upon a pair of San Antonio Rodeo tickets the night after their visit to Llano. I happened to overhear my cousin-in-law relating their travels to my Dad.

"Yes, sir. We were watching the rodeo and I taught our whole row and all the people around us how to lasso [rope] a cow [steer]."

Maybe I didn't teach him as well as I'd thought.

Family is fun. We are blessed.

Until next week, keep smiling.

-Please send comments to Drs. Parrish at www.ParrishDental.com