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“Happy Father’s Day”

by

Tom Holbrook

A couple days prior to this past Father’s Day Judy asked me what I had scheduled for the next couple of days because she wanted to do something with me. I told her my calendar was full but nothing was as important as being with her and penciled her in for 10 a.m. the following Thursday.

The day arrived and after climbing into the car I asked her where she was taking me... “Somewhere special to get you a Father’s Day gift,” she said. I replied that I hadn’t gotten her a Mother’s Day gift and she said, “I know, but I love you.” Ouch, that hurt.

Anyway she said head towards the new Walmart on 466, which I did, thinking, “Well, it’s not the new laptop I thought it was going to be.” Prior to reaching Walmart she had me turn into a little strip center with a variety of shops, Ice Cream, Bakery, Nails and Spa, Big City Grill... nothing here that interests me. We parked and began walking toward the bakery and then took a sharp right directly toward the Nails and Spa.

“Okay,” I said, “what’s the deal?” She grinned and said, “I’m getting you a pedicure for Father’s Day,” and proceeded to open the door to let me go in first. A kindly, grinning man of oriental persuasion approached us and Judy said, “He wants a pedicure but he’s afraid to ask for it.” The man smiled and said, “No problem... we take care of it.” Judy said again, “He’s never had one and he’s not real sure he’ll like it.” To which the man smiled and answered, “No problem... we take care of it.” Judy... “He’s very nervous.” Man smiling... “No problem... we take care of it. Please sign name.”

We signed and sat there for a few minutes until one of the ladies approached, motioning that I should follow her. No problem except for the fact she had a mask over her face. What goes, I wondered. Then the nice lady said to Judy, “You may come and sit beside him if you wish.” It took me back to the time my mother got my first haircut.

We followed the lady to the rear of the shop, passing a bevy of females along the way... and she pointed to a chair at the end of a long row of similar chairs that had a good size foot tub at the front. I sat and placed my feet into the bluish water and found it to be comfortably hot with a light in it that kept changing colors... red... yellow... green...

blue... red... etc.. I asked her, “Are these lights significant of something or are they just there for effect?” She giggled and said nothing but then pushed a switch on the chair and said, “You sit back and enjoy massage.” Which I did and it was one of those up and down the spine things that made me want to go to sleep.

After 5 or 6 minutes of spine rolling, foot warming/sterilizing, a very pretty, young, Asian girl pulled up a stool in front of the chair and lifted one of my feet onto a towel covered footrest in front of her and began to cut my toenails. Guys, are you as bad as I am about someone other than your wife handling your big old misshapen feet as I am? Felt strange. Oh well, sit back and enjoy.

I then pulled out my trusty pen and ever-present notebook and began asking questions, saying, “I might as well get an article out of this.” The young girl’s name is “Jenny” but really Yen Nguyen from Viet Nam by way of Iowa. She has been doing this for 5 years and her sister owns the shop. She loves her job and sees many men come in the shop, only not as regularly as women who come in about every 2-3 weeks.

I found that a pedicure is more than cutting one’s toenails. It’s also sanding (my term) the soles of your feet to get off the dried skin and calluses; then spreading some sandy green gunk (Aloe Scrub Gel w/ ground pumice) on your feet and legs up to the knee and massaging them; rinsing them off with warm water; applying some blue gunk (Ice Cooling Gel) to the same area; rinsing off and then wrapping the legs in hot steamy towels. She then asked Judy, as if she was my mother, “Should I color his toenails with clear polish?” Emphatically no!!!

The entire procedure took a little over 45 minutes and I found it very soothing, almost sensual, and not at all what I had expected. Jenny said I had very smooth feet on the bottom... not like most men and asked if I would come back. I said, “We’ll see.”

After Judy paid the tab, I thanked her for a wonderful Father’s Day gift and said I felt like a liberated man because of it. Ladies you might want to check it out for your hubby... especially if their feet aren’t as smooth as mine on the bottom.

By the way... Happy Birthday today Judy. I love you.

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