

Let me set the scene:

It is Halloween 2006 at about 5:30pm. It is getting dark outside.

I am sitting on my boyfriend's patio in his backyard.

My hands are sweating. My heart rate is up. I feel like I am going to pass out or vomit.

There are some things a girl is not supposed to do.

How did I get at this point? Let me go back a few weeks:

My boyfriend, Roger, had been threatening to propose to me for a few months.

I had been putting him off. I kept giving silly excuses as to why not yet.

The time was just not right yet.

I had huge commitment-phobia issues. I was being the guy.

In an online conversation, Roger said maybe I should propose. I laughed at his suggestion. Girls do not propose to boys.

My good friend, Siobhan, and I were discussing this conversation at work the following day and she says to me "Oh, you should totally propose to him."

"Really, you sure?"

"Oh, yeah!"

So over the next two weeks we prepared.

Halloween was Roger's favorite holiday so that would be the day.

Siobhan helped me find a nice wedding band to serve as the ring and had it delivered to my office.

I spoke to Roger's sister to make sure she thought Roger would really like the idea and would not be upset.

She was excited. She thought it was an excellent idea and Roger would love it.

She also told me how it was similar to their dad's wedding band.

The proposal itself would be a sort of scavenger hunt with me being the ultimate prize.

I made these owls here and each one held a note in its feet.

They told Roger why I thought he was an amazing man, what I loved about us, and a clue to the next owl.

The last owl would lead Roger outside to me on the patio. I would hold the last note.

So Halloween came.

I placed the four owls in their positions, lit a candle next to each one, and turned out the lights.

I slipped out to the patio to wait for Roger to arrive home from work to find me and the owls.

Wow! In all this preparation, I had not considered how nervous I would actually be.

This is why girls do not propose.

Roger arrived home. Even though the blinds were closed to the window, I could see Roger's shadow crossing the house back and forth, from room to room, reading each note.

My heart was racing. I could not take a deep breath. It felt like time was standing still.

Roger finally appeared on the patio.

He gave me a funny look.

He asked me, "What are you doing? Are you proposing?"

I could not even speak.

I handed him the last note asking him to be my husband. Thank God I actually wrote it all down.

He started to cry. He was so happy, so surprised, and completely stunned.

And being Roger and a typical guy, his answer was "sure."

I asked him to say the actual word "yes."

In February 23, 2008, we became husband and wife. It was a glorious day.

The wedding was amazing. It was what I dreamed of.

On August 28, 2008, Roger passed away after we were in a car accident.

I will never regret proposing to an amazing guy.

But there are some things girls are not suppose to do.