

You want the best, you got the best
Eric Kay 2018

In 1979, I was in the 6th grade, and the hottest ticket in town was Kiss. All of the cool kids had found Kiss by then and all the talk was about the concert. I could dream, right? Now, I've pieced this story together over the years, and here it goes.

Mom and dad were having trouble and within a year they would be divorced. They stopped being husband and wife, but they have always continued to be my parents. Somehow, through a friend on the inside, Dad scored two tickets to the concert. They were pretty far up, but they were inside and I had them! The problem was, I don't think Dad was stoked to go see Kiss, so he pawned it off on Mom.

Now, my parents have always been pretty cool, but looking back now over all these years, and having since become a parent myself, I realize they both had a lot going on that they tried to shelter me from. So the following dialogue is basically made up, but based on what I've come to believe was a real conversation...

My mom was a security guard in an inner city middle school. She really didn't want to take me to the concert, and was probably angry with dad for getting my hopes up then backing out. So, one afternoon in the teachers' lounge, mom unloaded on her buddies about having to take me to this loud rock concert that she just didn't get.

One of her friends was a very pretty woman in her late 20's who looked like she walked off the cover of a magazine. The fact that mom even had these tickets was not lost on Jodi who understood their rarity.

"Seriously, your husband scored two tickets to see Kiss?!" Jody exclaimed.

Mom replied, "Yeah, and now I have to take Rick. If I don't, he'll be really disappointed. I wish there was somebody else who could take him."

"I'd love to go!" replied Jodi.

And so, Mom came home from school that day and told me she was really sorry that she couldn't go because she just found out that she had a last minute meeting to attend that was really important, and if it would be okay if her drop-dead gorgeous coworker took me. I pretended a bit of disappointment, for Mom's sake, and stated that I understood and it would be okay if Jodi took me.

Jodi picked me up after dinner, and we headed downtown. The place was packed, pushing its 17,000 seat capacity, and there were lines at every door. I was the coolest 6th

grader in the crowd. My feet were about a foot off the ground. An up-and-coming British band named Judas Priest was playing lead-in and we were there plenty early to see both acts.

Suddenly, in the depths of the surging crowd, Jodi turned to me and said, "Rick, this crowd is huge and I'm afraid that if we get separated I'll never find you again. Would it be okay if I held your hand?"

With a seriousness that I did not feel, I looked up at Jodi's large brown eyes and said, "That's fine Jodi, but I don't kiss on the first date!"

It took a second for my words to register from the crowd noise. And suddenly we both busted up laughing! The show was loud, but I couldn't have asked for a more perfect first rock concert!