



IT'S JUST US.

Twenty-years...When I think of our 20-Year Anniversary and what it has meant to be married to Scott for all those years, one theme keeps coming to mind. Maybe that's why I used it for the first part of our McMichael Team slogan which is, ITS JUST US. HELPING JUST YOU. This is how I feel about the last 20-years being married to Scott, IT'S JUST US. Some couples choose to celebrate milestones in large ways, but these days I just want to hold my little family tight and reflect on how IT'S JUST US.

When I think about where Scott and I began and where we are now, I have to take a deep breath to really take it all in. At first thought, I wish I could tell the young me what I now know about myself, but that would have made for a pretty boring life, and if you know me, I'm anything but boring.

When I started dating Scott, he was a Kansas State Trooper and I was a First Grade Teacher. How we both ended up in the same town, well, I'm even more convinced that was a God thing. I really liked Scott, but I was a bit unsure about his feelings for me. I'm not going to tell you our whole story beginning to end, but I am going to start here because this was the first times I knew he was going to be with me for a long time.

Life as a Trooper had Scott frequently working weekends, which made it hard to date. I was trying to figure out what to do with my time on weekends when he had to work. I'll never forget when Scott suggested I take myself out on a date...I thought he was joking. Then the realization set in that maybe he was about to break up with me. I must tell you, he

was pretty hot in his Trooper uniform and this “date yourself” seemed like a “get lost” type of statement to me.

I remember the night exactly, what restaurant I went to and especially how I felt sitting alone. I had taken a tablet of paper, so I could at least look like I was doing something and I remember making lists which do comfort me. As my luck would have it, I got the cute waiter who finally inquired what I was doing alone on a Friday night. When I told him about the “take myself on a date” thing I could tell he thought I was about to be dumped too. It was a long, lonely and embarrassing night.

I called Scott on his Trooper shift to let him know my date was over and this is when I knew he was here to stay. We were talking about my miserable date when I came right out and asked him if he wanted to break up. Scott knew I had been in a bad relationship and was treated poorly, and this is what he said, “When you learn to take yourself out, you will learn your own self-worth. When you know that, you will never let anyone treat you badly again”. Twenty-years later and I still tear up telling that story, remember it just like it was yesterday and absolutely love taking myself on dates.

My young self has always reminded me of the Julia Robert’s movie where she doesn’t know how she likes her eggs. With each new boyfriend, she would order her eggs just like them; I was that type of girl. I have always been drawn to these bigger-than-life personalities that have all the right words, at just the right time. Scott doesn’t have a lot of flashy words because he’s just not that type of guy.





Words have always been important to me, and if I could sum up our biggest relationship problem of 20-years it has been “words”. A tender spot in our relationship had always been when I would ask Scott why he loved me. My younger self needed to know exactly how much he loved me, why he loved me and all in very descriptive words. He could never do this adequately without pausing, looking perplexed and just getting all flustered.

Here is the funny part and why I am telling this, Scott can tell me without a doubt why he loves me now and with complete conviction. Now, I do not need any of those words because I am different, I have grown and I just know.

Scott knows himself well and has a confidence, which is rarely shaken. Since he is confident, he has brought out the very best in me by letting me just be me. I know he is always there through the good times, which are easy, but he is also there during the bad times and that’s where we’ve grown.

When we had our son Gavin, he was such a gift to both of us. His huge blue eyes were the eyes of my Granny’s and everything just seemed right. Gavin makes me smile with pride, even though I am the hardest on him because he is the oldest.



Our daughter Payten turned into a special gift for me. At 7-years old, she is a mini-me and Scott often says how fun it must be to see myself as a little girl. It’s a lot of responsibility raising myself! It’s funny because Scott tells everyone how he has two Kristina’s at different ages.

Gavin and Payten. They are all that really matters and the proudest accomplishment from our 20-year marriage. Complete opposites, Scott and I often envision Payten in the middle of a field, painting, with chickens around her, sun glistening through her blonde hair and the wind blowing her flower patterned sundress. Payten is just Payten, a free spirit.

Last Christmas, I needed to quickly grab a gift while I had Payten with me. I told her we were in a hurry and absolutely begged her not to talk to anyone in the store, because she always has to talk to everyone. She promised me, before we got out of the car that she would not talk to anyone.

I will never forget entering Old Navy that day, as we passed each person she complimented them and then turned around to me and smiled with a look of, "See!". I was getting so mad as she said, "What a beautiful scarf you have on" all the way to "I like your purse". Each person thought she was so cute and stopped to talk to her.

After complimenting several people, I grabbed her arm and told her to quit it, I was getting pretty mad at her. She told me she would not quit, because everyone in that store needed to feel good about themselves...What do you do with that? Payten is a special, angelic soul that just brightens our lives and reminds us of what is really important, even when we think we don't have time. She's my peace.

Gavin has been our Science guy all the way. He is now 15 but he has been picking up rocks and putting together legos since he was a toddler. As a Freshmen, this last year he barely had to study for Science tests. Gavin looks at me with a blank look and doesn't understand why I'm frustrated when his final grade in Physical Science was a B+. He just tells me he'll study more when science classes get harder. If he didn't finish his Freshman year at Helias with a 3.8 I would be flipping out...I did some already!

Gavin tells us about global warming and reminds me how in 3rd grade he begged me to invest in Bitcoin. He has gotten so many wonderful qualities from Scott. He is so mature, slow to anger, tells me he loves me daily and doesn't need much approval from anyone. He's my boy...we are tight.

These two are our greatest accomplishment of our 20-year marriage. I tell Gavin, Payten will be the glue that will keep the two of them together. She will be the one calling to plan the vacations and keeping everyone close. I also warn him to be there for her when she makes mistakes, because she is going to make more than he will, and that's okay. I tell Payten that Gavin will be her strength. He will be there for her and will be the one she can always rely on. He will be her balance when everyone else doesn't understand, because Gavin is smart like that.

I wanted to write this article to reflect on the past 20 years and share it with all of you. I didn't want to write about a perfect relationship, but I wanted to write about how I have been allowed to grow in this perfect relationship. It really is, JUST US. Oh, and I definitely know how I like my eggs...Sunny-side up!

Happy Anniversary
to my little family!

