

Home Delivery

I hate delivering my own purchases. I'm not talking about groceries here although I do hate unloading all those bags. I'm talking about those major purchases that usually take two or three burly men and a hand cart to pull off. Hubby doesn't mind it. He's all for saving a few dollars and bringing home the purchase in the back of the big red Ford truck he drives.

I'm less enthusiastic because I see the pitfalls to this sort of thing and something always happens when we do this. When the professionals



deliver and scratch it, they bring you a new one. When you deliver it yourself and scratch it, oh well, I guess you're just out of luck. So we tend to disagree over this type of thing whenever we make a major household purchase. Until recently anyway when I learned my lesson.

Hubby owns several guns, rifles and shotguns, and loves to hunt. He'd been hinting, very strongly, about how much he'd love to have a gun cabinet in The Man Cave to keep and display his guns. I decided his birthday would be the perfect time to get him one. I'd picked out a lovely oak cabinet at the local furniture store and made arrangements to have it delivered one Saturday morning.

I waited all morning for the delivery truck and finally it arrived. As I said, we planned to put it in The Man Cave, which is in the basement. To enter The Man Cave you must first go down three steps, take a sharp 90 degree left turn at the landing and go down eight more steps. I wanted the delivery drivers to see where the cabinet was going before they pulled it off the truck. Especially since these two boys didn't look old enough to drive let alone savvy enough to figure out how to get this thing down to the basement.

First they noted, with outward disdain the narrow doorways, and then groaned when they saw short stairwell and the sharp turn. These boys were obviously not up to a challenge on this particular morning.

For forty-five minutes they mulled over their options while the gun cabinet sat in the middle of the living room. While they stood scratching their heads, I suggested we just move out the refrigerator in the kitchen, allowing the extra space to finesse the cabinet down the stairs and sort of "bypass" the landing. One of the drivers nixed that idea immediately when he saw the copper pipe leading to the frig for our icemaker. He suggested the cabinet looked terrific in the living room and we should consider leaving it

there. Then he told me they had another delivery and couldn't waste any more time hanging around there. The two boys jumped in the truck and drove off.

A few minutes later hubby arrived back to the house and although it was not the installed surprise I'd hoped for, I did manage an enthusiastic "Surprise!" when he walked in. He was very happy. I was very happy he was happy. But we still had to get the monstrous thing down into The Man Cave. As much as I support his hobby, I didn't really want the cabinet in the middle of the living room. He didn't either.

So he stood pondering the for a while. After he mulled over the situation I made the same suggestion to him I'd made to the delivery drivers. Unlike the drivers who were unwilling to try it, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Let's give it a shot." So out went the refrigerator, and with one of us on either end we lifted, slid and maneuvered this huge, terrifically expensive, gun cabinet through the narrow doorway, down the short stairwell, bypassed the landing and into the basement. And we managed to do it without scratching it or marring it in any way!

With it sitting proudly across from his Lazy-B-Boy recliner hubby began loading it full of some of most prized possessions. As he was grinning from ear to ear I went back upstairs to call the furniture store. I asked if it would be possible to speak to one of the delivery drivers. When he came to the phone I identified myself as the lady with the gun cabinet. I got the impression he was not thrilled to hear from me. I went on to explain that we had actually gotten the cabinet down the stairs and in place without a scratch on it. I must say, he seemed genuinely uninterested.

I cannot explain why it was important to me that this kid knows I was able to get the delivery accomplished and that it worked the way I thought it would. Perhaps because of our other disastrous delivery horror stories, don't even ask me about the washer/dryer incident of 2008, I just wanted someone to know and it needed to be this kid.

To hubby's credit he's never mentioned it again. You know, in that "told you so..." way. We still deliver our own major purchases but I'm not nearly as uptight about it as I used to be. I still don't like unloading groceries though.