Coppock Type

A Short Story

(Author Burnt Oast, a pseudonym)

I. Prologue

In late 2017, with the pending arrival of his wife's 69th birthday, I (Burnt) was commissioned by Doug Coppock to write this short story. The idea behind all this was to provide a vehicle to clear up some profound misconceptions about the Coppock "type". Any assertions appearing in this story are based on direct interviews with the man himself.

In late summer of 1988 having just recently been to see "Married to the Mob", when Coppock's wife, Lonnie, asked of him the question "who is your favorite movie actress?" he responded without too much thought: "Michelle Pfeiffer". A few weeks later for his birthday one of several presents he received from Lonnie was a framed picture of Michelle (no longer in his possession), with an indication that "Michelle might be his type", but that Lonnie was "all his"!



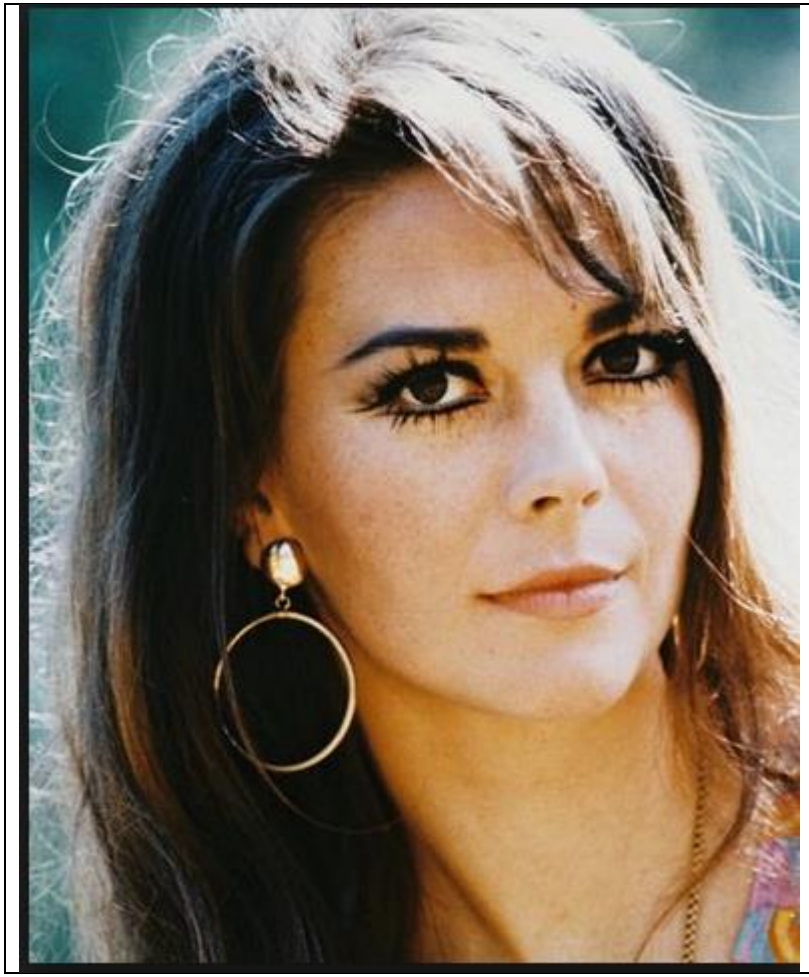
Over the years Lonnie has every now and then referred to Michelle as Coppock's type. This story attempts to clarify any misconceptions in this regard.

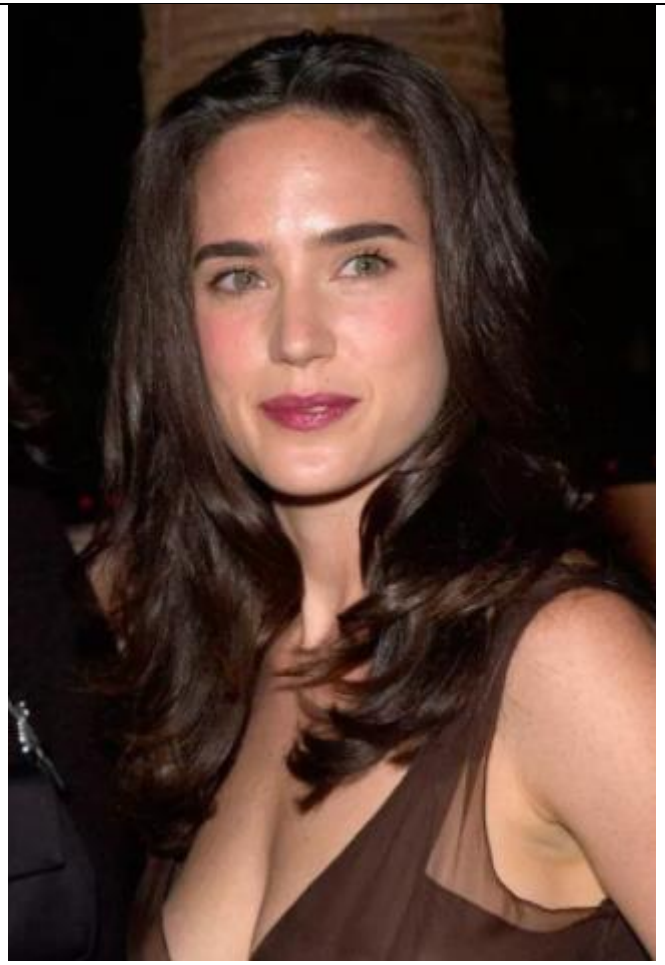
II. The Story – Coppock Type

Let's just say that over the years there has been a set of actresses that have indeed taken Coppock's breath away with the beauty they exhibited in a movie or a TV show. From the pictures below the reader might deduce a pattern, but the reader should be careful in doing so, especially in inferring an order.

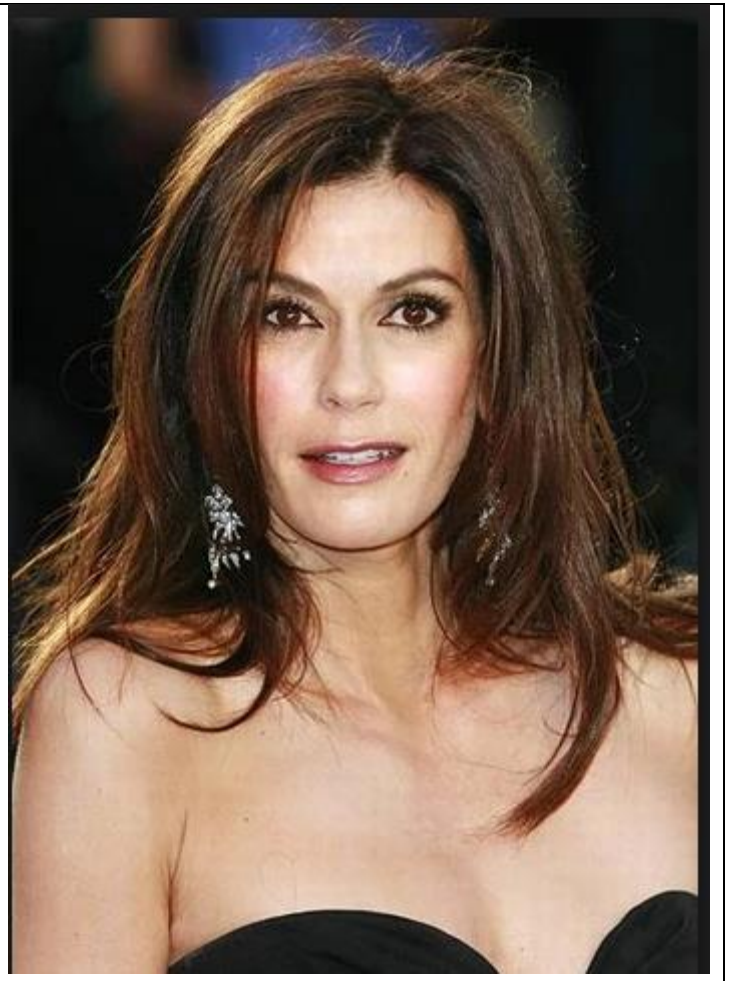












All very beautiful. Right?!

But the fact is there is only one woman with just the right mix of beauty, personality, charm, sexiness, and yes, foibles and idiosyncrasies who literally has taken Coppock's breath away. There is only one who has taken him to a fever pitch, with heart racing at a level bordering on dangerous. Look no further than the next two pictures to ascertain the true Coppock "type".





A couple poems written by Coppock long ago to reflect the above:

Daisy Mae Stupefied

When she suddenly appears wearing intentionally frayed Daisy Mae jeans
Regardless of how she stands or how she leans
Add the sight of her shapely legs, sparkling blue eyes, and beautiful hair
Simply put: I am left stupid, staggered, and gasping for air.

Remembering 1979

Memories of nineteen seventy nine:
"Glad to have you back in the neighborhood".
Incessant dreams of how to make you mine.
If I do it right, then maybe I could?!

Oh please God, do not let her slip away,
A woman so dear to my heart's desire.
Perhaps "Pride 'O Port" my fears can allay?
No circumstance drowns this burning hot fire.

Sensuous visions, beauty, consumes me.
Emotions rise to a feverish pitch.
Yearning quenched surely by proximity?
All I can think is how "life is a bitch".

A desperate love letter does what's billed.
Undying love professed, our lives fulfilled!

Having interviewed Coppock personally, this author can confirm that indeed Coppock considers himself way beyond lucky to have latched onto this wonderful woman.

During the course of our interview I asked Coppock for some specifics regarding the foibles, idiosyncrasies, and/or personality traits that endear his wife to him. The following are direct quotes so are not included in quotation marks.

ON PROCRASTINATION

Here is the scenario. It is 11:00PM at night, Lonnie is in bed drifting into dreamland and suddenly realizes she has not made an appointment with her chiropractor for tomorrow. She leaps out of bed and calls the chiropractor's office, knowing for sure that no one is there, and leaves a voice mail requesting an appointment tomorrow along with a responding confirmation. That would be as opposed to waiting until the morn and calling the office when someone is actually there to talk to. This is why I call her Lonnie "do-it-now" Coppock. This behavior is exhibited in all aspects of her life, and sometimes she attempts to project that behavior onto me (with some success).

Of course if it was me, I might get around to calling eventually (or not). In this regard we are COMPLETE OPPOSITES.

ON EATING OUT

I can confirm that during out 35+ years of marriage it has never been the case that Lonnie has ordered a meal directly as it exists on the menu! There are at a minimum subtle changes. Like, can you replace the chicken with avocado? Or major change like, I am a vegetarian. Can you have the chef prepare a vegetarian dish with whatever vegetables he has available—pile them on?

Does this bother me? Of course not. Remember we are discussing personality traits that endear her to me. But of course, in this regard, we are COMPLETE OPPOSITES.

ON EATING IN

There is no doubt that Lonnie wants me to eat as healthily as possible. Since I have zero will power that can be a challenge at times. But this is great. Lonnie comes home from the grocery store with some bags of cheese twists or similar. Instead of allowing me the freedom to eat directly out of the cheese twist bag, she instead separates the content into separate little plastic bags containing one serving size. That way I do not have to exercise any will power, I simply grab a plastic bag and devour its content. Of course there is nothing to prevent me from taking two (or three) bags at a time, but I never do.

I jokingly ask her if she would be willing to count the number of cheese twists she puts in each bag so that the serving size is more than just an estimate. She says NO, I WILL NOT DO THAT! But I'll bet she might have thought about it.

This is just one example of me being spoiled rotten! OK, I confess, I did take two bags once! Lonnie also puts my daily pills in a little dish so I will not forget to take them every morning. She keeps containers on the counter top next to the coffee maker filled with Splenda and Creamers (I do not have to go hunting when making my coffee). She makes me a salad or vegetable plate every night for dinner. When I run out of "kool aid", I just leave the empty glass container by the sink, and magically the next day a brand new container has appeared in the refrigerator.

When I hear myself repeat these things, it drives home the fact that I am one SPOILED ROTTEN husband.

ON WATCHING MOVIES

Mostly we watch (and re-watch) “Lonnie” movies, you know, those sappy romantic comedies that are frequently pretty good (like ‘Four Weddings and a Funeral’, ‘As Good as it Gets’, ‘Definitely, Maybe’, ‘Music and Lyrics’, etc.). For every 20 Lonnie movies there corresponds the watching of one “Doug” movie, like (‘The Accountant’, ‘Brave Heart’, and ‘L.A. Confidential’). Of course there are some Doug movies that Lonnie will not watch. When we first started going out I took her to movies like ‘The Shining’, ‘Dressed to Kill’, and more. Reflecting back, the fact that she went to those movies proved how much she wanted to be with me.

Watching movies at home is interesting. Lonnie can sit still for about 5 minutes (ok, maybe 10), before she has to get up and do something. This includes rolling around on the floor, using a stretch band, bending her body in all directions. Me, I am not moving. I am concentrating on the movie. That is why Lonnie has a body like she does and I have the one I am apparently stuck with. In this regard we are COMPLETE OPPOSITES.

ON GOLF

Back in the early 1990s I made a conscious decision to take every effort to become the best golfer I could become. In a period of 2 years I went from an OK 1-4 handicap to +1-0-1. I knew I had arrived when I defeated the 7 times in a row club champion in the 36 hole final by 9 and 8, shooting a then course record 68 from the back tees on the first 18. I went on to win another match play club championship, two stroke play championships, and two two-man better ball championships. I was medalist at a Northern CA qualifier at San Juan Oaks, beating 90 of the better golfers in Northern CA. I achieved all this by developing a fantastic short game and learning to play under pressure. Through all of that Lonnie took the time to listen patiently as I frequently gave a blow-by-blow description of every shot after returning from successful rounds even though she had no idea what I was really talking about.

Now the worm has turned. Lonnie is the addicted-to-the-game golfer of the family. My skills have left me. Hers are on the rise. I smile inwardly when she gets home from a game and describes where things went well and also not so well. I think I gave her some good tips on how to learn to play under pressure. She no longer gets nervous when playing with the “big” girls. By a lot of women players she is considered a “big” girl (by that is meant lower handicap—good player). The following poem illustrates the situation:

GOLFER'S LAMENT

Husbands and wives, hobbies do sometimes share.
He's a scratch; she wonders "What is a par?"
Beginning this game, should I care to dare?
Hubby insists: Golf our friendship won't mar!

For her, for years, nine holes is the limit.
Until addiction kicks in; pars abound!
Drives long and straight, what a powerful hit!
Putts go kerplunk, such a wonderful sound.

On a parallel path--downward spiral.
Yips and blades; club champ's game is in shambles.
Drives are so short, pessimism is viral!
He cannot break eighty and no longer gambles.

Some husbands might think "I've made a mistake"
But losing to Lonnie? Easy to take!


PINNACLE PEAK
COUNTRY CLUB
Ladies 18 - WGA Club Championship
Championship Flight
Low Gross Champion
LONNIE COPPOCK
2014

ON CONTROL

One of the secrets of a successful marriage is for the husband to learn early on that the illusion of him being in control of what is happening is just that, an illusion. On the part of the wife it is important to subtly convey that illusion. At this Lonnie is brilliant. We had a tiny 1/2 bathroom downstairs in our home in North Scottsdale. Lonnie wanted to spend thousands of dollars to remodel this dinky little room. I mean one person could barely fit into it. My stance was no way we were doing that. Over the course of several months through comments here and there, gentle prodding and pushing, I finally acquiesced. We did the remodel. What I found out later was that she had already ordered and paid for all the parts and fixtures associated with the remodel BEFORE she even started talking to me about it, along with having gotten an estimate from our contractor. The whole thing was a foregone conclusion, with my approval to have it happen a mere formality.

At our current home Lonnie wants to spend even more thousands of dollars to get a pavilion erected in our backyard. We will be able to sit out there, watch television, and perhaps have friends over for a barbecue. I am not sure I want to spend all that money on a project that will maybe only get limited use, so I am prepared to fight tooth and nail to prevent it from happening. However, I have mentally already deducted the expense from our checkbook.

Now you tell me, who's in charge? On this topic Lonnie and I are (perhaps subconsciously) IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT.

ON JUST BEING NICE

Lonnie is as thoughtful as a person can possibly be. She remembers every one's birthday, anniversary, etc. She sends thank you notes for everything. She sends congratulatory emails to friends who have achieved an accomplishment that deserves recognition (like perhaps making a hole-in-one, or winning a tournament, or having a baby).

This is an old story. When Lonnie and I were sort of in the process of getting together (as teachers at the same school), I found a birthday card in my school mailbox from her. I thought, wow, she must really like me. A couple days later I found out the janitor got one too. So, I was no longer so sure. But, it turns out I was right.

ON CREATIVITY

Lonnie is frequently working on projects that require her to rely on her innate creativity. We have belonged to 3 different golf/country clubs over the years. It takes her about one minute to start getting involved in committees to organize a season "kick-off" party, an end-of-year party, or parties in between. And guess what, she is usually the one coming up with ideas on how to decorate, make the party fun, and more. Literally the best party I have ever been to was New Year's Eve 2000 at Almaden Country Club. She brought in a band from Las Vegas, gambling stations, horse racing on TV, and video games the size of pin ball machines.

Her latest effort at Alta Mesa Golf Course women's golf "kick off" party had a theme of football tail-gating party. She even borrowed a pickup truck from a member, decorated it with all kinds of football memorabilia/paraphernalia. My understanding is the party was a huge success.

In this regard we are COMPLETE OPPOSITES.

ON SWIM COACH AND CHILDREN

Lonnie is without a doubt an absolutely fantastic swim coach/instructor. All you have to do is talk to parents of children she has taught or adults who were once petrified swimmers who under Lonnie's patient tutelage are now proficient. She has a passion for it. She also is an expert at behavior management. She sometimes uses those skills on me (but, I am a tough case).

If I see a young child come into a room, I know for sure that Lonnie will migrate to that child, get down on that child's level (by kneeling down), introduce herself and start talking with the child. Most of the time within a few minutes Lonnie has the child signing his or her name. In this regard Lonnie is consistent. It always happens, and I am never surprised to see it happen.

ON "IN THE BEDROOM"

Without going into too much detail, let's just say that I can hold Lonnie whenever I want to and she can hold me whenever she wants to. In this regard we are HIGHLY COMPATIBLE. Isn't that great?!

III. Epilogue

A few comments from the author (Burnt Oast).

The videos generated by the cameras I illegally embedded in all the rooms of the Coppock household reveal what I came to expect from my interviews with Coppock. They have got to be the happiest couple I have ever heard about. They just get along, allowing each other to be the best of what they can be. There is no arguing, fighting, or tension. Not only do they get along but also joke with each other, enjoy each other's company, and life itself.

Of course I have not watched any of the videos generated from the bedroom cam. Yet!

