

The height of fashion at my very feet



Searching back through this blog, or if you've been a long-time reader, you will find I make derogatory comments about my fashion sense. I mean, in general, I make lots of derogatory comments about myself. It's up to you to decide which are satirical and which are revelatory. In this case, though, I believe the height of fashion is at my very feet.

Fashion is relative

Actually, I think I do okay, fashion-wise. Not so much in trendy, of which I have not nor will ever be. No, I mean simply in good color sense and adventurous clothing decisions.

Even when I was working for Corporate America, I pushed the envelope as much as I could with colorful shirts and goofy ties. This despite the company owner's preference for male associates to wear white shirts. I was such a rebel. It helps to be on the island that is financial analysis, where no one cares to visit.

The height of choice at my fingertips



Check these shirts out!

And then, suddenly I was retired (fired). While this suggested dire things for my future, it did at least free me up to dress however I wanted. Most importantly, goofy or not, the ties could be retired, too. Forever, but for weddings and funerals.

While this didn't bring me to the height of fashion, it did allow me to fully engage in my quest for louder and louder

shirts. I even wrote about it on this blog. Really I did. Click on this picture. See?

And even those shirts are tame compared to what I've purchased recently (including my first Hawaiian shirt ever). Very cool. But what to do about the fashion at my very feet?

The nadir of fashion at my very feet

Well, things change in lifestyles. Several years ago, I stopped playing tennis. My buddies had moved to courts pretty far south and my area isn't conducive to pick-up games.

What that means to fashion is that I had a couple of pairs of tennis sneakers no longer being used. So, they became my daily shoe choice. Fashionable choice for the courts, not so much during general usage.

While I won't say they were unfashionable, it certainly didn't bring any cachet at my very feet.

The height of passion at my very feet



Deja shoe!

And then, the Gator shoes were born.

A close friend of mine contacted me about a fantastic sale on these fantastic Florida Gators shoes. I mean *fantastic* sale. I can't remember the end price but it was well below 50% off.

And, of course, I love my Gators. Truly. Not fanatical, mind you, but, well, read this blog to get the idea.

The height of fashion at my very feet

Now I wear these shoes all the time when I go out. Well, okay, not on those rare dress-up days (verrry rare). But every other time. They are way cool.

Except, my elder nieceling likes to point out that they "don't go with that shirt" on those days when I wear, let's say, a green shirt.

Of course, I point out to her that Gator shoes go with anything (hmm, maybe I will try them on the next dress-up day). She rolls her eyes and possibly mumbles "Crazy Uncle Jeff". In all fairness, sometimes she doesn't just mumble it..

And yet, as far as I'm concerned, my beloved Florida Gators sneakers provide me the height of fashion at my very feet.