

My name is Tiffeny, and my fiancé and I are applying for your “Love of Mustangs contest. I’d say we have a nice story to tell.

It all started for me when I was 3 years old. My Daddy and Granddaddy gave me a little matchbox toy of a red ’65 convertible. I was instantly hooked. They proceeded to teach me about the cars, and I started falling in love. I know it’s hard to imagine a 5 year old having a ‘dream car’, but when the 1990 7UP came out, I knew I had to have one. lol. The obsession progressed through the years... models, toys, t-shirts, since I couldn’t drive yet, I had to settle. Daddy had bought himself a nice Wimbledon white ’66 fastback, and we drove that thing everywhere. Finally, my junior year in high school, I earned the right to drive, and my wonderful parents presented me with a Rio red ’94 convertible. She was only a v6, but we were the best in town! The next year, I graduated and to send me off to college, I earned my gorgeous Redfire ’04 v8. YES! My old convertible now would serve to chauffeur my little brother through high school, but she’ll be mine again when I graduate college.

On to college! Little did I know my life was about to change forever. Band camp. My freshman year. It was my turn to drive my roommate and I to practice, so my little mustang was parked in the gravel lot in front of our practice field. I was putting my piccolo together, and my roommate Kelle, was putting her saxophone together back by the trunk. We see this cloud of dust heading towards us, and she knocks on the back window... “Look at that!” I look up just in time to see a white ’02 power sliding into the spot next to me. I hear the ‘tink-tink’ noise of pebbles hitting my car. “Oh my God, he just didn’t.” I jump out of my car about to bust some tail, and he looks at me, winks and says, “How you doin’?” grabs his trumpet, and walks to the field. I’m standing there in shock. I couldn’t say anything... he was too gorgeous. *giggle* I do however let him know later that his little stunt dented my precious Mustang. I’m pissed, but I let it go because something tells me not to bother this guy too much. Two years pass, and we end up in the same concert band. My decision to not bust his butt is about to pay off. He comes up to me one afternoon after practice.. “Hey, you’re the redhead with the Redfire GT eh?” Uh... yeah... why? “Well, I love your car, and you should come out to the meet sometime!” We start talking, and he invites me to come out to the local Mustang club meets on Thursday nights. We quickly found our shared interest in the Mustang culture, and a few months later we started dating in May 2006.

A few years of working on the cars together and many miles later, Brad asked me to marry him. Now we have a comfortable collection of 5 Mustangs between us. Not counting the 50th Anniversary we’re saving up for. lol.

- ’66 fastback
- ’90 7UP LX
- ’94 v6 convertible
- ’03 Sonic Blue Cobra
- ’04 GT

Yeah, that's right, I finally own one of my dream cars. The summer after we got engaged, Brad found a 7UP for sale from one of his friends, and presented it as a wedding gift to ourselves. I now own the car I've wanted since I was 5 years old! And how perfect could this be.... We're restoring her together now, and will leave our wedding with the top down and tires burning in our gorgeous little 7UP.

I count myself so lucky to have found someone to share my life with that also shares my intense passion for Mustangs. Let me tell you, several boyfriends did leave in the past because I'm so obsessed with the cars. Brad won't though, thank God; he loves them just as much as I do. We're even looking for a new house that has enough space to stable all of our ponies too. We (when the time comes) plan to raise our children to have an awareness of the cars as well. Why break the circle now?

One can never have too many Mustangs!