

A Husband's Lament

- by John Neorr

Thursday night – time to turn up the volume on CSI. Chris (my enthusiastic gardening wife) will soon be back from Marianne Binetti's "Gardening 101" class and I need to put shields up. This only works for a while though, because eventually the ads come on and I will get to hear about yet another dozen different ways to rearrange my carefully ordered world. Not that all of these ideas are bad, mind you. It's just that I'm mentally seeing my "to-do" list grow as pocket gardens are planned and replanned for the back yard.

Next morning while reading yet another article about Rex Grossman (no, he's not Cisco's assistant, he's the quarterback for Da Bears), I am picking something up about ordering dirt for the backyard. Images of dump trucks lined up in the street creep into my brain; my back is already starting to ache. Marianne, please STOP THE INSANITY.

It's not that I'm being totally selfish in my desire to have Marianne back off. I'm trying to be considerate to Chris as well. On Tuesdays (my golf day) Chris can now mow the yard in a jiff. With a pocket garden and other Binetti-inspired projects, I'm afraid she will be faced with carefully mowing around obstacles, as well as feeding, weeding, and otherwise nurturing plants whose names I cannot pronounce. When will she find time to fix supper? So Marianne, think about my wife!

I understand that Marianne will be at the Hellebore Tea again this year. The Hellebore tea - you know, that strange event where females get together, exchange secret hand shakes and wear ridiculous hats. Nothing personal, but anyone south and east of Bellevue knows that there is only one kind of hat and the only variation is whether you wear the bill in front or in back. Anyway, Marianne, if you are there, please know that I really don't dislike you. Sure, I suffered some mental anguish, and Chris may have pulled a muscle of two, but in the end you really did make our home a better place – thanks.