

Hi, Honey ... It's Me

BY SHEILA DANIEL



I GLANCED AT MY PHONE FOR THE TENTH TIME IN THE past two hours. Still no response. My heart sank. He must really be upset with me this time. When you send an I-love-and-miss-you-text to your husband and hours pass with no response, it can cause concern. I try to reassure myself. Surely, everything will be okay. My thoughts shift to our wedding day. I recall the commitment made by those two young people so long ago. The promise to always work things out, to not give up, to never quit. Yet, when there's tension between us, it messes with me. I allow my mind to visit places it should not go. To consider the possibility of him falling out of love for me, or at least no longer liking me. My own heart whirls hurtful accusations my way. "You are no fun. Why would he still want to be with you? You seldom make him smile. He'd rather be with a group of friends than alone with you." I push away these negative thoughts. They push back. I cover my ears tightly, but their message rings loud and clear. They are persistent. Unrelenting. And finally, victorious. Consuming my thoughts. Wreaking havoc on my emotions. Oh, how I wish he would text me back. I'm fully aware that I could pick up the phone and call him. But the timid, maybe even prideful, side of me shrinks back and refuses to do so. I want him to make the first move. I want to know he longs to talk to me, too. I need him to pursue me. To send me an I-love-you-text. To call me for no reason. To ask me to go with him - for ice cream or coffee or for nothing at all - just as long as we're together. But I don't share these longings with him. Instead, I drop an occasional hint, hoping he'll figure things

out on his own. All the while, keeping from him the deepest needs of my heart. How unfair I've been to him and to our marriage. I consider how special I feel when our grand baby unashamedly says to me, "I need you, Mim." Yet, I don't allow these words to take voice and flow from my heart to my husband's. And I should. Because I really do need him. He is my closest person. Closer than even the dearest of friends. And through the years, he has loved me long and deep and well, in both small and big ways. Like the little bag of peanut M&M's he brought home for me last night. The bag was small because he knows I'm cutting back on sugar. The bag contained peanut M&M's because he knows they're my favorite. Like encouraging me to spend an entire day – breakfast, lunch and dinner - with my best friend because he knew I needed some girl time. Like not fussing when he has to dry off with a hand towel after his shower – for the third time - because there are no clean towels. Or, wearing a pair of somewhat dirty jeans to work because I forgot to wash or dry his work clothes. Again. Like never complaining when I decide not to make dinner, or when dinner consists of turkey & cheese sandwiches, or biscuits and peanut butter, or twice-eaten leftovers. Like going to work and wearing himself out physically, only to come home, pull out the computer, and work until he's worn out mentally – all so I can stay at home and school our kids. I'm not sure about anyone else, but to me these things spell love with a capital L. Yet, I'm guilty of forgetting. Of taking these wonderful attributes of his for granted. Of taking him and his love for granted. Lord, please forgive me. My husband needs to be reminded of how much his wife adores him. How thankful she is for him. How much she loves and appreciates him. Even when he forgets to respond to her text. Or fails to notice her subtle hints. Or has no idea why such crazy notions fill her head. He needs to know these things. But, perhaps most of all, he simply needs to know he is needed. Please excuse me while I call my husband. "Hi, honey It's me."

