

TWO AGAINST ONE

My husband is an engineer. I am not. This simple fact has had near tragic ramifications throughout our 23 years of marriage.

My son, Jacob, calls his father “quirky.” There are other words that come to my mind, but this is a family magazine, so we’ll stick with quirky.

Jay, of course, thinks he’s perfectly normal. I think he’s perfectly, well, *quirky*. Every morning when I’m making bagels he comes into the kitchen and pulls the toaster another inch out from under the overhead cupboards, “so the heat won’t damage the finish on the cabinets.” Riiiiight.

I have been instructed to place all the heavier condiment jars nearest the hinges inside the refrigerator door because the “load” is lower. We certainly don’t want the refrigerator door falling off and mayonnaise and mustard flying about, now do we?

Whenever I take a shower he comes into the bathroom and takes the towel from the hook just outside the shower door and places it carefully on the floor “to catch the over spray.” We have tile floors, so I’m not exactly sure what the point is, though I’m sure he’s told me more than once. I always feel vaguely guilty when I shower after he’s left for work and I fail to place the towel on the floor, which of course I never do, because it’s easier to reach *around* to where I hang it on the hook than to reach *down* to the floor and that makes all the sense I need it to.

I’ve got 23 years worth of these stories folks. Enough to fill a thousand magazines, but I’ve got a word limit and anyway, you get the idea.

This past winter as Jay was leaving for work he casually suggested I get a towel and go around the house wiping the condensation off all the windows. I lovingly looked at him as if he had three heads. Then I lovingly asked him what on earth for. Why, to keep the paint from bubbling up, of course. Riiiiight. Mind you, we’ve lived in this house for fifteen years now and the paint has yet to bubble up, but apparently it’s a constant threat.

Of course, since I’m a housewife and *not* an engineer, instead of imagining blistering paint, all I could see was a colossal waste of time and a wet towel I’d have to wash.

As he left the house I was lovingly thinking, “Gee, what a quirky guy. Lucky me!”

Unfortunately, in my quiet time that morning I had just been reading in my devotional about how every choice we make here reverberates in eternity.

As I was muttering over the breakfast dishes I heard the Lord ask, “Would you do it for Me?”

“Of course,” I shot back, “but You’re not quirky.”

“Then do for him as if you were doing it for Me,” I heard Him say.

“But it’s a stupid waste of time!” I wailed, “I could be *praying* or something!”

In my mind I saw God arch one eyebrow the way my mother always did as a warning when I whined or stomped my foot.

“You can pray while you’re doing it,” He answered.

Never argue with God. I can tell you right now, it’s a colossal waste of time.

So I grabbed the stupid towel, wiped the stupid condensation off the stupid windows and then washed the towel with a load of laundry.

And I prayed. Mostly about my stupid attitude, which is exactly where God and I will be picking up the lesson tomorrow.