

Being there

25May2021

Seems to me, one of the greatest privileges of life is being allowed into someone else's life to the extent that you become a necessary part of that life. (Okay, awkward sentence, run-on even, but you get the idea so, moving on...)

Mary had surgery on her rotator cuff late last week and I've been cast in the role of caretaker, a role we've each played for the other many times in thirty-four years of marriage. Mary's a good patient but this has been a painful recovery and one that required her to keep her dominant arm immobile for much of the past week. So, as you can imagine, I spent a lot of time performing small tasks that were easier for me or simply to avoid her having to get up and walk across the room or reach across herself with the good arm, etc. You know the drill.

We've been together long enough, Mary and me, that I can't imagine not providing this sort of service for each other. It's nothing remarkable, not really. Just a natural function of a long-established modus vivendi.

I wish everyone had a Mary to depend on them and vice versa. It's one of the great, understated joys of life.