

On Romance...

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I notice it more now than ever, because we are trapped in the busyness of life. With two careers, two children, three pets, three sisters, two brothers, one mother-in-law and one father in law, there doesn't seem to be enough time or energy to devote to our relationship. Since the vision of ships passing in the night insinuates romance, I would say we are more minivans stuck

beside each other in the car pool lane.

I always fantasize about the day I'm standing by the stove cooking and Jay comes up behind me whisks me around and says, "Let's take a trip just you and I. How does Paris sound?" Probably the same way he fantasizes about me standing by the stove cooking something besides Hamburger Helper.

It became abundantly clear how unromantic he is when I was invited to a gold party. This is an event where guests bring all their old gold jewelry, have it weighed, and walk away with a handy amount of cash. I really had no desire to go but since it was a close friend throwing the party and she was serving cake, I had no choice.

The conversation revolved around gold and how each attendee got theirs. One talked about how she traded in the tennis bracelet she got for her 3rd anniversary and the gold chain she got for her birthday. When one of them asked me how much I made from my gold, I began running down the list of gifts my husband had picked up for birthdays and anniversaries. There was the "Cyclone" vacuum for our first anniversary, the new blender for the second and the pièce de résistance; the Kitchen Aid stand mixer for my 30th birthday.

Don't get me wrong, I love all of these items and use them frequently. I thought about it and realized that it was me who asked for these gifts. In fact, my sister reminded me that I'm also the one who says jewelry isn't practical for me.

A few days later, I came home from a LONG day at work. It was a day where you just want to crawl under the covers, turn on the TV and eat raw cookie dough right out of the package. Since my husband picked the kids up at school, I was in no mood to look at the state of my house. When I walked in the door my children were finishing homework, the house was clean and my husband was standing at the stove cooking. He asked me how my day was and I thought, "Who needs Casanova and jewels? I've got romance right here cooking dinner."

Becky Andrews can be contacted at