

The honey “please” do list

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When I married my husband more than 11 years ago, I was confident I was getting the person who would have and hold me till death. The one who would love me in sickness and health, for richer or poorer. Although at the time that last line was recited we were thinking “you mean poorer than this?” Even though it wasn’t mentioned in our vows I just assumed our betrothal also meant I was getting the person I could count on to fix things and put stuff together. My assumption was waaaaaay off.



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I know we have the horsepower to get all of my little “to-do’s” done around the house. There are shiny new tools, gadgets and big powerful saws perfectly organized in shiny red tool drawers

just waiting to be used. But if I can come up with a thousand good reasons we should hang a picture he can come up with a thousand and one why it's not good to put a hole in the wall.

It started when we bought our first house. He hung a simple valance in our kitchen. We argued the whole time.

“It's crooked”

“No it's not. You're just looking at it wrong.”

“OK. Now my eyes are open and it is still crooked!”

“If it's so easy, you do it!”

I did and from that point on he has refused to help hang pictures, curtains or anything girly.

Recently I purchased some new drapes for the kitchen.. We were having a few people over for dinner and naturally I wanted to show them off to my guests. In order to do that, I needed to hang a curtain rod. Of course I wanted this little “to-do” done at the last minute. It was just three hours before everyone was scheduled to arrive. Before I left for a last minute grocery run I asked my husband to complete this task. When I arrived home the curtain rod was still sitting on the floor.

“What have you been doing? I asked you to hang that. I have to cook!”

“I'm not going to do it.” He said snidely “If I do it they may look crooked.”

The first couple arrived on the tail end of this conversation. The wife could sense my frustration and offered to do whatever with the help of her husband. He said no problem but looked a little surprised when I handed him a drill and stool to get started.

A few minutes later my husband walked in and said, “Seriously, what are they doing? Is that my new drill?”

Proudly looking at my new drapes hanging at just the right length I responded, “I finally figured out how to get stuff done around here. Have a dinner party.”

“This is genius. Maybe next time you can complain about how my shop needs to be painted.”

I probably should have reworked our vows to avoid all this by adding, “Early in our marriage you will find it difficult to get the last word in during a disagreement. With time, though, you will learn how to always get the last two words in every discussion. Just make sure the words are “Yes dear.”

You can reach Becky Andrews at