

"Sometimes my husband must hate me..."

"THE NIGHT I invited company for dinner and forgot to tell him.
The day I fooled him with bakery biscuits and let him know.
The week I dented the car . . . twice.
The month I paid the light bill . . . twice.
The year he forgot my birthday, and I remembered his.

But there are other times . . .
When he got back from service.
When I fell down the attic stairs.
When he came to the hospital for me and the baby.
And not just special times.
Year in, year out, he watches pennies.
He saves in order to buy life insurance.
You buy life insurance only because you love somebody.
It means two so very positive things.
That he hopes to retire happily with me.
Or, at least, leave us well provided for.
I love him so."

* * * *

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