

On Sickness and Selfishness

Dear husband is sick.

Again.

I warned him, kindly, that this would happen. I *reminded him, gently*, that going to sleep after midnight and waking up at 5 am to exercise will wear down even the brightest, most hopeful enthusiast.

And while I applaud his attempts at good health, I like to *argue point out* that **sleep and restful moments without an electronic device connected to one's face** may also play a part in "good health."

To no avail.

Last weekend he occupied the sofa with a non-specific malaise. He didn't feel "right" and I could tell. So we did our best to keep quiet, hushing our noisy lives and letting daddy rest.

Monday morning bellowed loudly, yanking him out of bed for a meeting. Then Thursday followed Wednesday followed Tuesday. **And I could see the beautiful tapestry of my husband wearing thin.**

So, here we are: weekend #2.

Daddy: sick again. Worse this time. Not eating...and other unmentionables.

And here I am: pouting like an entitled child that my helper is not around to help. That my partner is not partnering. I am thinking only of myself and imagine that if I were filling out a rubric, many boxes would remain unchecked --- and I might even scrawl a complaint in the "comments" section.

I mentally tally my chores and note that they were done alone on a Saturday morning when we would normally work side-by-side. I field questions from the kids, play games, bake cookies, and make a fantastic dinner *that two people eat*. I assist in their violin practice and read several chapters from *My Side of the Mountain*.

And I bite my tongue that husband will exit January having spent 50% of its weekends on the couch.

But God catches me by the arm and spins me around; reminds me of all the wives who care for

terminally ill husbands. Who love disabled Vets with unwavering devotion. Who sacrifice endlessly for a groom now wheelchair bound.

I realize how utterly ridiculous my feelings are, how deeply lacking in grace.

Our Lord tenderly whispers Philippians 2:3-4:

³ Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit. Rather, in humility value others above yourselves, ⁴ not looking to your own interests but each of you to the interests of the others.

I am silenced.

Our vows swirl and echo "...in sickness..." and I am left with nothing to say.

Today was a sorry exhibition of discontentment and selfishness. **I totally blew it.** In my moment of honoring him and honoring Him, **I whined.**

Instead of praise, I chose self-pity.

Instead of contentment, I chose to be contrary.

I am thankful that Jesus does not deal with me so harshly; that he gathers me up and restores me to the Path. That he corrects my heart because he loves me.

As I am to love my husband.