

## AN ARGUMENT A DAY

Thirty-four years! That is a long time. When I look back to July 26, 1981, I see a lovely couple, in love, getting married, and expecting a baby in November. They were surrounded by friends and family. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and after the ceremony, a great duo, sax and guitar, were playing. The next few years were almost idyllic, but then, it seemed to go downhill. Arguments, disagreements. The bright spot, and the glue that held the lovely couple together, was their son David.

But then David grew up, and went away to college, and the lovely couple got older and more argumentative. And then it was found that she had lung cancer. You don't argue when someone has cancer. Treatment—surgery, chemo, radiation--followed by semi-annual checkups, and almost miraculously, year after year, the medical team found her cancer-free. But the treatment had taken its toll. Hearing loss, energy loss, difficulty walking, breathing, sleeping,

And the arguments, which had diminished, renewed. Complaints, demands, bickering and anger. No matter what he did, it was not good enough. When he went shopping, he always bought the wrong thing, or he bought too much or too little. True, he looks for bargains, but so does she.

When they planned a trip, whatever he proposed was wrong. True, he did not want to spend as much time (and money) as she, and it usually ended up that he would go along, and it was fine. Large purchases were always a bone of contention. But all the above were occasional. And this is about an argument a day.

These days, not a day goes by without some disagreement. And they are always generated by her. He knows not to complain, because if he does, it escalates.

Lights, fruit flies, temperature, garbage, mail, appointments, newspaper,

Punctuality, car scrapes, meals, misplaced items, comment re coming to bed late.  
Comment re stuff on tables, in corners, in study