

IF LOVE IS BLIND,
DOES THAT MEAN, IF YOU SEE
ALL THE FAULTS OF THE ONE YOU LOVE,
YOU DON'T LOVE HER?

We have been married for 34 years. I would estimate that for the last quarter century, all the faults I have seen, and have had to live with, have been driving me crazy. If I did not see them, if I was oblivious to them, if I was able to smile and say, "That's Fran, ha ha," it would indicate that I loved her despite the faults. Seeing the faults and letting them drive me crazy must mean something.

Besides "love is blind," another expression is "love conquers all." What is love? It is a feeling one person has for another. Were we in love when we married? Or did we marry because Fran was pregnant? What bothered me about Fran when we first met and during our first years together? Nothing of any consequence that I can remember. She may have been late, may have stayed up late, may have gotten up late, but I don't remember that bothering me the way it does now. She may have overbought, may have squirreled stuff away, may have filled up the shelves and freezer with food, but I don't remember that bothering me either. I certainly felt that we were in love.

What bothered me first, was her complaining about our first real home: 40 Evans Road. If we were in love, I suspect I should have been blind to her complaining (or more accurately, deaf.) She complained about the wallpaper in the dining room, about the kitchen, about the living room, about the basement, about the back yard, and about the garage. True, it was more house than we needed, but I felt very comfortable in it, and did not object to the wallpaper in the dining room, the kitchen, the living room, the basement, the back yard, though I had concerns about the garage. Fran found an architect to redo the kitchen. Unfortunately, it turned out that the cost was prohibitive, so rather than accommodate to the kitchen, Fran's solution was to move. We moved—from Evans Road to Greenough Street.

It was on Greenough Street that the "freezer phenomenon" got me. We had a freezer compartment in the refrigerator in the kitchen and a large freezer in the basement. Within a few months, both were filled to capacity. How explain this phenomenon? The "depression mentality?" Fear of going hungry? Overbuy, and freeze whatever it is that you don't need right away. I have only one or two items that I put in the freezer: ice cream, and on occasion, bagels. I can not find room for them.

In 2004, we moved to the Brook House. We have a large three bedroom apartment. Fran has her office; I have mine. There is a glass dining room table in the dining room. There is my old teak dining room table in our bedroom. Fran's office is crammed with papers, clothing and books, and it is almost unusable. Both tables are now covered with papers and books, and they are almost unusable. I am also a hoarder, a collector, an accumulator of papers and books, but I am an amateur compared to Fran.