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January-February 2010

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By Tanna Guthrie

Kiss it and make it better

Oooh,” he moaned, shivering beneath his blanket. “I need my juicy.” Wait. Did I hear correctly? My 48-year-old manly husband asked for some “juicy?” Yes, although, now that he’s no longer feverish, he denies it. Admittedly, he was sick. Both he and our 15-year-old son came down with the swine flu in the same week. It was like having twins ... 8-year-old twins.

My friend Cheryl mothered a sick friend. She brought him hot tea, spoon-fed him broth and laid her cool hands on his forehead, for which he was pathetically grateful. Before she arrived, he said everything smelled like moldy hay, but when she swept in, the air became as fresh as a salty sea breeze, and he miraculously recovered, giving her the credit. All she brought him was some liquids and Tylenol but, in his fantasy, she became a sexy Florence Nightingale.

My sister-in-law, Lucinda, was nursing her sick husband who rattles the ice in his glass to let her know that he

needs a refill. There’s nothing wrong with his legs, but there’s comfort in being waited on.

Men spend their lives being the strong ones, while women are the nurturers, the caregivers. Maybe we want to feel needed, much like men need, at times, to be babied. My 74-year-old father is the exception. He refuses to be ill. Even with a twisted gut from radiation treatments for prostate cancer, he never complained. He always changed the subject when I asked how he felt. “Fine honey, what’s going on in your life?”

My husband, who after 17 years of marriage is still the coolest guy I know, confessed that he likes to be coddled when he’s ill. To paraphrase Jackson Browne, “He’s got to be somebody’s baby.” I’m glad that he’s mine.

Tanna can be heard weekday afternoons from 2-7 on 98.1 KUDL. She’s also a charity fundraising auctioneer and co-heads the Auction Properties Division of Prudential Kansas City Realty. She can be reached at 913-568-4888. If you’re sick, just take two aspirin and call her in the morning.

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