

I see your true colors...

In October, Bob and I had a fun vacation to Illinois (visited Chicago) and Michigan (St. Joseph). The main purpose of our trip was to attend the wedding of young man that we have known since he was in kindergarten. He and his family have become dear friends and we didn't want to miss being with him on his wedding day. So off to the Midwest we went for a week of adventures.

This story revolves around traveling with Bob—he enjoys it and as I have said before, it is like “traveling for two”. I do all the planning; make all the arrangements for plane tickets, rental car, lodging, etc. He just goes along! Quite happily.

Have you traveled with a small inquisitive child? What are we doing today? Where are we going? How do you work the remote? Where will we get a car? How do you know how to get where we are going? Did you get us a ticket for our plane flight home? How will we know when to get on our plane? What gate should we go to? What are they asking us? Can I get something to drink? Why do I need to empty my pockets? Where are our suitcases? What's an Uber? How do I turn on the hot water? Do you know how to open our door? Do you know what floor our room is on? Is this the right way to go? Is this our street? Why did we come to Chicago? Is the menu in a foreign language? Would I like that to eat? Do you know how to get to our hotel? Will I need a jacket? Where are my gloves? Did we pack an umbrella? And on and on and on. Yes, I'm “traveling for two” or traveling with an 80-year-old who acts like a two-year old!

So here's my story...at the wedding reception, Bob reached for a small white heart that was part of the centerpiece. It was a piece of the decor and I tried to stop him from popping it in his mouth. No luck, he ignored my loud and strong warning that it wasn't candy and he just started chewing. And chewing. And chewing. I just silently watched and wondered

how long he would chew on this Styrofoam piece of decor. Finally he took out his handkerchief and spit it out, declaring that it wasn't candy! His mood went from good to bad and he sulked the rest of the evening. He had traveled over 2,000 miles to attend this wedding and he ended up in a funky mood over my "bossing him around"!

The point of my story—Bob will ask my advice and guidance and rely on me to take care of EVERYTHING all day long but when I do offer up a bit of advice (Don't eat that, it's not candy), I become a bossy person and he sulks and complains about being told what to do.

I am trying my hardest to let Bob talk nonsense, make up false stories, and do silly things but occasionally I feel I need to stop him. Most of the time I can ignore his new behavior but times I feel I need to stop him either when he is doing something goofy or saying something inappropriate. I constantly bounce between being a big nag and being a patient caregiver. I wake up every morning and pray that I can be a good wife, friend, and caregiver and not the queen of complaining and correcting. It usually only takes a few minutes or so until I'm presented with a challenge and I'm given the opportunity to show my true colors. And I'm praying those true colors are beautiful.

So I continue on singing the chorus...

*And I see your true colors
Shining through
I see your true colors
and that's why I love you*



Chris and Libby Morrison's Wedding October 6, 2018