**Quiet Valentine**

**No nagging for a whole week**

**What to get Morris for Valentine's Day? *Chocolates!* I thought. No. *Too fattening.* I had a hard enough time keeping my husband away from the butter. Maybe I could tget him a new pair of goggles for the pool. I was always reminding him that swimming was good for his arthritis. (I often left health newsletters on his desk too.) "When do I have time to swim?" he'd growl. "Don't bug me." In fact, the more I nagged my husband the less likely he was to do the things I thought he should do. Was that bad?**

**That's when the idea struck me: *Well, shut my mouth.* I'd promise not to nag him for a whole week! "You're my Valentine," I wrote on my homemade card. "I pledge to not comment on what you do or how you feel. My helpful hints are disappearing this week."**

**Morris read the card at breakfast. "Thanks, Honey," he said, giving me a smooch. "This is the perfect present." He promptly reached for the butter.**

**"No!" I almost shouted. *You promised*, I reminded myself. But this was going to be harder than I thought. *God, I can't keep my mouth shut without your help.***

**No more nutrition newsletters left on Morris's desk. No hints about exercise and diet. I wouldn't even tell him in the car. "Slow down. You're going too fast."**

**Something got into Morris that week. He went to the pool. He ate a big serving of peas and carrots along with his fries. He slowed down behind the wheel without my saying a word. God helped me help my husband by helping him less.**

**At the end of the week I asked, "Morris, what if I extend that Valentine for a little while longer?"**

**"Fine by me," he said, smiling and giving me a hug. "Have you seen that newsletter on nutrition? I was in the middle of a good article."**

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***(Written by Christina Friberg, in the February, 2006 issue of Guideposts magazine, on page 14)***