

## Life's Little Annoyances

*by Liz Gibbons*

While my husband and I had a pretty good relationship, patience was not one of his virtues. It is said that things "just are." It is our reaction to them that colors our response. I stand accused that I reacted and never fully overcame my annoyance over his behavior. And I know there were things that I did that bugged him. So it was not all one-sided.

He had to watch the evening news every night, not just one network but all three networks. The first one aired at 6:00 p.m. Our kitchen had a spacious dining area that faced into the family room where there was a big screen TV. He would have loved to watch the news while we ate dinner, but I said I did not want mayhem with my meal. So we struck a bargain that I would try to have dinner prepared by 5:40. But occasionally it would be 5:45 or later and dinner was still not ready, so he would say he would eat at 7:30. There was no flexibility in his schedule which annoyed me since all three stations would be reporting the same news.

In the morning I usually arose before he did. He had a brilliant mind and often in the mornings he would have some insight he was eager to share. He said I was a good sounding board. But with his impatience he wanted me to stop my breakfast preparation or whatever activity I was involved in and sit down and listen to him. We pretty much solved it by giving me five to ten minutes to finish what I was doing.

The third situation occurred when we traveled on long car trips. He liked to drive for the first few hours in the morning. Then we changed drivers, and he dozed in the front passenger seat. He had blood sugar fluctuations and often when he awoke his blood sugar would be low, and he would be antsy until he ate some food. Often we would be thirty or more miles from the next town. We always had a cooler in the back seat with some food in it. If I suggested he get something from the cooler to tide him over, his reply would be, "That will spoil my appetite." He sat there tense and edgy until we got to a restaurant. At those times I almost wished that I could dump him at the side of the road.

Now that I live alone there are not many things that annoy me. The main annoyance is that Colorado has seemed to be in election mode ever since I moved here, and there are many candidate and issues calls. Another phone annoyance is solicitation calls for one cause or another. Even though I don't answer the phone if I do not recognize the name or number, the ringing of the phone takes my attention away from what I am doing. Pushy sales people are another annoyance. And although I no longer travel very often by plane, the pat downs by TSA security are a big annoyance.

I saw a quote that said, "You are only cured of being annoyed when you're dead." Not a great choice. I think I will opt for annoyances as there are still a few things I would still like to accomplish in this lifetime.