

My Guy

By Suzy Hopkins

My second husband had a lovely habit: he would come home from work and immediately know what he could do to be helpful. Sometimes that meant putting the laundry in the dryer, cleaning up the dirty dishes in the kitchen sink, helping my son with his homework or taking him to soccer practice, raking the leaves out of the swimming pool or just sitting quietly listening to my telling the details of my day. He just loved to be helpful.

Over the years, after each of my many horse caused injuries, he took complete charge of the household – caring for me, getting my son back and forth to school, making meals and food shopping. He never said I should stop riding or working with horses. He knew how much it meant to me and that was what mattered.

His joy was helping me. I was thankful over the years for the many times that I could count on him being in my corner.