

Sometimes a little squeeze means so much more...

Posted this earlier today on FB. --Mike

Being there for your spouse/partner/BFF. None of us gets out alive, even the healthiest person who's never been sick a day in their life. Eventually we pass on. And what will be remembered of those we loved when that time comes?

I've been thinking about this a lot lately. I'm embracing the role of taking care of my wife as she continues her journey with Cancer, and she's always telling me thank you for things like making sure her cup of water is topped up, rubbing her back, that sort of thing. But I'm not going to be remembering her frequent thank-yous if she moves on before me. What I'm going to remember is when she lightly squeezes my hand, pats me on the thigh. That's what I'm going to remember and miss.

Geez I'm a mess. I'm having trouble holding it together as I type this. And "thank you" would probably be just fine if not for all my trips to France where "sil vous plait" (thank you) is a mandatory addition to nearly every transaction; the words must be said, while in other areas (I'm in the US), tone of voice can tell someone you're appreciative and we believe more meaningfully than the words alone.