

## WHAT A MAN WON'T DO FOR. . .

**WARNING:** *If you are my parent or my child or a family member of any kind, this is fair and serious warning to NOT read the following entry. If you choose to ignore this admonishment then I WILL NOT be responsible for your disturbing nightmares or any therapy bills you may incur. Don't say I didn't warn you.*

I started knitting again after a several-year break. And, because I find myself incapable of reading knitting patterns and instructions (seriously, do you know what K2tog, SST, MK1 and continue round means????), I had to enlist the help of a friend. So, one snowy afternoon when she was not seeing patients, I sat in the living room of my friend and veteran knitter Erstwhile Earthmother Kim. With her guidance, I learned how to cast on and knit using four double-pointed needles.

These are NOT big long needles but more of a delicate thin metal needle about 5" long requiring nimble dexterity and strong cheater glasses. But, I did it.

84I went home and in the course of a week knitted two pairs of mittens and a hat and was starting on a pair of socks, but that isn't really what this story is about.

You see, during the beginning stages of the socks, I realized I had to stop and let the dog out before heading to an appointment when the phone rang. And that final event, the phone ringing threw my normally controlled mind into overload.

Several hours later I returned to the knitting only to realize that my fourth needle was missing. I looked under the yarn pile, I looked under the ottoman, under the cushions, on the floor, under the rug. No needle. It had simply vanished which confounded me because I had all four needles when I set the project down. I was perplexed and knew it was time to pull out the big guns.

When Moondoggy walked in the door that evening I told him about the missing needle and made him the queen of all offers. You know what I'm talking about ladies. If he could find the needle, I would bestow upon him what every husband desires and generally no longer receives from hardworking wives. He smirked and went off to change clothes. I figured he didn't believe me but in short order, I heard cushions being thrown off furniture, the couch being dragged into the middle of his room and when I went in to see what the ruckus was, I found him stuffing his arms DOWN into the bowels of the couch and chair in search of the missing knitting needle. I gasped and startled Moondoggy to attention. Breathing

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hard, he looked pointedly at me and declared, "I AM going to find that needle."

I left Moondoggy to his search already knowing that he wasn't going to find it there but allowing him to believe the possibility existed because hey - guys can dream too, right? If he thought there was a chance of THE reward, he was happy.

After dinner, I sympathetically suggested that perhaps he may find it somewhere else, made it sound almost like I was *begging* to give him said reward. He continued the search in every other part of the house and, quite frankly, I was wondering where in the world that needle could have gone to myself. I decided to pop some popcorn and give up for the night.

As I chomped on my version of nirvana (low fat popcorn sprayed with butter flavored Pam), I dropped a kernel that landed squarely in my cleavage. I pulled the neckline out to fish out the corn when what do you think I found tucked between the girls? Yes, that double pointed needle somehow must have found it's way down the front of my top and into my bra earlier in the day and, somehow worked it's way into a position where I could not feel it! Well, I just burst out laughing all over

when I found it and then slowly pulled it out to show Moondoggy whose lower lip puffed out in the most pathetic yet carefully crafted boo boo lip I have ever seen. "NO!" said I firmly-- after all he didn't find it, I did.

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Last night Moondoggy came home from work and kissed me, placing his hands squarely on the girls. I stepped back and asked him, "What are you doing?" "Just checking for knitting needles."