

It's wonderful being married to a nurse ?

A husband's point of view by Harold G. Lewis

We have all heard of nurses' "tender, loving care". Loved I am, certain I am, care I undoubtedly get, but "tender"—phooey. I wake with a stomach ache at a ghastly hour every morning continuously for six weeks and when I complain I am told by my wife in a firm, disinterested voice: "It's only nerves. If you'd stop worrying it would go away". I suffer from cramp in the neck and while my head is being almost screwed off, am given authoritative instructions to "relax".

It is well known that men in general and husbands in particular like to be coddled and fussed when they are not well. When I am ill I appear to be regarded as a malingerer.

At times I become aware that my wife has known for a couple of weeks the cause of some ailment which has been worrying me during that time. But has she bothered to tell me? No, not a word has she uttered. But when taxed with it, she states the facts with an air of surprise, that I have not found them all out for myself long ago. However, when she herself is ill, she is indignant and perturbed about it to a much greater extent than any lay person could possibly be.

Medical Samples

Fortunately there are no youngsters in our house so there is little danger from the large number of medical samples we accumulate. Bedside and other cupboards are positively bursting with bottles and phials, and packets of medicaments. I do not think we have bought any supplies of one particular brand of antacid powder for the past few years, and the morning post brings all sorts of leaflets depicting a variety of intestinal and other conditions in lurid colours.

Since, some years ago, my wife moved up into the administrative

levels of nursing life, existence has become most complex. Besides the amount of work she tackles at home, because callers and telephones allow her insufficient time to deal with them during the day, she has all sorts of evening commitments, as I do myself. In fact, it has become routine to consult our respective diaries last thing on Sunday evenings to discover on which, if any, of the succeeding six nights we shall both be at home. I do most of the family shopping and I am quite inured to my wife's "detained at the office" gambit which precedes another unexpected evening meeting.

Interesting Moments

The fact that some neighbours know my wife's profession brings many interesting moments. When, shortly after we were married, my wife came to live in the house I had already occupied for some years, we had to act very firmly to disabuse people of the idea that she was a ready-made layer-out of corpses. There is also another side. I remember one evening we were at dinner when a hurried message took her across the road where a mother had been caught so unawares that her baby had practically arrived at the dinner table coincident with the second course. She was delivered and made comfortable long before midwife or doctor got there and now my wife refers to the infant as "her" baby. A strapping lad he is, too.

Here is Something !! TELL YOUR HUSBANDS

Husbands of nurses (who are members of the TNAI) are invited to write on the subject "It's wonderful being married to a Nurse" (even otherwise) from their own experience.

Encourage your husbands to contribute. *Ed.*

It is interesting that, in these supposedly sophisticated days, many people still come to my wife for medical advice which they could readily obtain from their general practitioner. As they are mostly females it may be that they prefer to talk to a woman. But we had one hypochondriac woman neighbour who drove her doctor almost to distraction by her frequent calls on him, she should then visit my wife at home to discuss the whole thing with her. It was one of the few occasions when I had to tell a visitor she was unwanted.

My wife does a lot of health teaching, so my existence is enlivened now and then by collections of demonstration material spread all over the drawing room floor, by demands to help in preparing outlines and formulating announcements, and by my being asked for my layman's opinion on a variety of topics.

I do get one bonus though. My wife is very practical and when I give film shows in connection with my own professional interest she does all the cine projection impeccably and I receive all the credit for the excellence of the show. Being married to a nurse has its compensations.

(Courtesy : Nursing Mirror)

If you are sending news ?

Branch news, obituaries, reports on capping ceremonies, photographs and other materials for publication must reach the Editor immediately and in no case later than 30 days after the event.

The deadline for any issue of the Journal is 15th of the preceeding month.

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Articles, photographs etc. if not used, will not be returned unless self-addressed stamped envelopes are enclosed.