

For men only:
Women may read this
only if they put an extra dollar in the church collection next Sunday.

You've just arrived at your favorite watering hole. Laughter thickens the air. As you ease down to sip from that steaming cup, your cell phone rings. It's your wife. She has alarming news. A news flash stated that the breakfast cereal you ate was laced with poison. "Get to the hospital quickly," your wife pleads.

You don't lallygag over a lurid fish story. You exit the café in a flash, press trembling toes to your pickup's gas pedal, and sweat till the hospital staff pumps your favorite cavern. You relax only when they assure you that you'll be all right.

Your chances of eating tainted breakfast cereal are less than winning the lotto. On the other hand, did you leave your house in a huff today? Slam the door? Kick the dog? If so, you had just as well breakfasted on arsenic. Consider this if you left your home firing poisonous thoughts at your wife. The venom you aimed at her infects in you instead.

Did you storm out this morning? Don't linger at the café. Turn your vehicle homeward. Press the pedal to maximum legal speed. Rush to your door, hug your wife, and repeat the second most important phrase in the English language, "Honey, I'm sorry."

She'll probably respond with the most important phrase in the English language, "I love you." Studies show that husbands who kiss their wives in the morning live longer. You'll probably even laugh easier at your buddies' lousy stories. This advice comes from humanity's owners' manual, the *Bible*, in a section entitled, *I Corinthians 13*. Attention wives: If you've read this far, remember to put that extra dollar in the plate next Sunday.

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