# Pinterest Saved My Marriage

I was a bad husband. After ten years of marriage I became a sloth. It didn’t happen overnight but slowly, when I wasn’t watching. Instead of sharing the responsibility of the relationship, I sat in the passenger seat, then the back seat, stretched out on a quest to watch the entire series of *LOST.*

We were both busy; me with a start-up idea that turned into a five-person company, and her return to school to pursue a lifelong dream of becoming a chef. We talked about having kids but after watching many friends divorce *after* having them, decided to take the path less traveled; let someone else contribute to supporting our social security by the time we retire (if it’s still there.)

Our Sunday mornings were spent traversing Chicago for the best brunch-on-a-budget. And even when our bank account saw a dramatic increase, we continued to dine-on-a-dollar; a little reminder of where we came from.

But then one Sunday, a buddy had tickets to a Bears football game and I missed our outing. My wife totally understood and cheered for our home team from the couch while eating kale and potato hash with baked eggs and cheddar—a recipe she found on Pinterest.

The following Sunday another buddy had an emergency. He got tickets to a Bulls basketball game. Once again, my understanding wife watched from the home front with loaded sweet potatoes and beer-candied bacon. Another recipe from Pinterest. And she was so cute about it, wrapping up my uneaten food and putting a smiley face on the outside of the aluminum foil.

She was always making me things and not just food: little photo albums of brunch-selfies; a documented history of my company; a necktie she completed while taking a class at a fabric store. I kissed her big for that one but, even though I got a few compliments from drunken friends at a holiday party, I eventually shoved that tie deep into the recesses of the closet.

I didn’t even realize my wife was missing from our bed. I found her in the spare bedroom, cocooned in a white duvet, her arms wrapped around those fluffy pillows that never seemed to lose their ability to comfort.

“I’m very unhappy,” she said.

“About what?”

“Do you realize I’ve been sleeping in here for the last two nights?”

I just stared at her in the dim light from the bedside lamp.

“You didn’t know, did you?” she asked.

“Look I’ve been busy, you know, the company.”

“Yes, you’ve been very *supportive* financially, but I want what we used to have. I want you to *work* to be with me.”

Not that again. Work to be with her? Absurd. It was 2 a.m. and I was being told I need to “work” to be in a relationship with my wife.

“You’re talking crazy. Marriage should not be so much damn work.”

I noticed her face turned pink and her eyes got watery.

“You don’t understand marriage at all,” she said, and flicked off the bedside lamp, rolling over slowly before burying her head in that cloud of a pillow.

I thought about turning that light right back on and demanding to know when she became the “expert” on marriage, but her sniffling made me stop. I’d been tired before we’d started that conversation but now I was riding an angry high. I decided to do more work at the computer.

Screw her and her *unhappy*. She wasn’t *unhappy* when I paid for her to go to the Fleetwood Mac reunion concert with her friend (I hate that group) or when I bought her that spa day. She mentioned hearing great things about “couple’s massage” and wondered if we should try. I’m not into that stuff, having some guy rub my knots, so I declined.

“Tom and Laura did it,” she said with a big smile.

“Tom’s gay,” I said and walked away.