



Parallel Lives



Every year, when summer rolls around, I become a golf widow. For weeks on end, six days a week, my husband Scott leaves before dawn for the course. How does he get away with this when other husbands are commuting to the office for another day under the fluorescent lights? He is a golf course superintendent.

Fresh air, sunshine, peaceful surroundings, a dream job I think! Our lives seem so different we can hardly relate. What exactly is he doing all day? And why have I been unable to telepathically send him a complete understanding of what's going on here at home? Okay, I'll admit it. His job is difficult and all-consuming. It is also something he loves to do. How can I argue? I respect his dedication to the golf course. I know there are plenty of people who have no idea how much blood and sweat really goes into the job. Speaking of blood and sweat (not to mention tears), my job is all-consuming too. I'm a stay-at-home Mom (that's with a capital "M"). I love it!

Staying home, setting my own hours, bonding with the children, a dream job! Each morning Scott leaves a house full of rosy-cheeked angels sleeping in their beds. Each morning I'm treated to a toddler prying my left eye open and trying to peer into my brain to find out what's for breakfast. I know Scott has no idea how my days are filled. It's easy to get mad if he doesn't know the kids' teachers' and coaches' names. I guess I don't know a lot of the names of the guys involved in the Midwest Association. Come to think of it, maybe our daily jobs are actually more similar than we realize.

Scott is making sure fairways, tees and bunkers are mowed. My job involves driveways, mowing the yard and weed-pulling.

He's out building bunkers. I'm filling our sandbox for building sandcastles.

He's spraying dollar spot. I'm cleaning carpet spots, furniture spots . . .

He's treating algae in the ponds. I have algae in the kids' pool, and lord-knows what on the kids' hands after playing at McDonald's play land.

He's always watering the golf course. I'm watering the lawn, watering the dishes, watering the clothes, watering the kids . . .

He's coding piles of invoices. I'm paying piles of bills at home. Ah!

He's taking apart and fixing mowers and sprayers. I'm helping my son Alec assemble his "Power Ranger Turbo Megazord."

He's keeping a close eye on his 40 greens and 40 employees. I'm keeping a close eye on our kids plus about 20 neighborhood kids, too. (Does that make me a Kool-Aid Mom?)

He's driving around in his golf cart all day. I'm driving (and living) in the van.

He's experimenting with new fertilizers, chemicals and grasses. I'm experimenting with the latest ideas from "Trading Spaces," home designs and paint!

To wind down from a long day, he listens to talk radio. Hey, Oprah is good for me.

Okay, enough of the comparing. As I write this article, the kids are

wrestling and throwing pillows. We just finished lunch, where two good pieces of fruit were wasted. Sure enough, they will beg for a treat any minute. Alec hasn't washed his hair since swimming in a river, so he smells like a wet dog. Kori hates her tangles brushed out, and just spilled on the carpet. The kids are exhausted from swimming and wet swim suits are in the kitchen. They can have quiet time and watch *Peter Pan*, which they've seen 23 times already. As much as I want to be excited and contribute something worthwhile to this magazine, I'm a bit preoccupied. There's laundry all over the house and two meals' worth of dishes not done. The carpeting needs vacuuming and there's scum in the bathroom. We're out of milk and cereal, a sin in itself. An old friend is in town and wants to go to Chicago. Another friend needs her kids watched. My parents arrive in town soon and I'm supposed to plan a family reunion. Kori has a birthday party coming up and I haven't bought a gift. The van was just cleaned out, because Scott thought it smelled like dirty hair. Alec hurt his hand by just standing there. The phone is ringing. Yes, this is definitely my dream job. Ohhhhhhh, by the way, I wonder what Scott is doing right now?!

