

SEVEN LOVE LETTERS



Letter No. 5

A Letter to Himself. Our Friday nights.

My dearest husband,

I love our Friday nights. All through the years Friday has been "our night" and in each of the seasons of family life we've managed to keep it so. Don't you think this has been one of the secrets of staying best friends?

Remember the early days, getting to know each other, falling in love, we couldn't wait for the weekend when we'd see each other after a busy week - both working full time, plus studying at night in different towns. Friday was the prize to look forward to at the end of the week.

There was always so much to catch up on! We'd talk non-stop for hours as we walked or had a meal or ate fish and chips out of a paper parcel after the cinema. We stored up all the weekend times together for they had to last all week!

Then we got married, life took us abroad and into many adventures of faith. The children came along, we were at full stretch with work and a growing family and all kinds of challenges. But all along we tried to keep Friday night free as once again we needed an oasis of quiet in the busyness to catch up with each other.

When they were little it was easy! Tuck them in bed with prayers and a story, then our evening would begin. Mostly it was dinner at home, just a bit more trouble taken with the food, setting the table with candles and flowers, you choosing the music, me changing into something nice to wear. Often we'd eat quietly at first, relaxing and letting the cares of the day fall away. And then we'd talk about all kinds of things. How have we kept up so many words after all these years? If we were to count them whatever would the total be?

I remember a few special evenings out, like the time you surprised me by organising a babysitter - quite an achievement as we'd just moved to a new area and didn't have many contacts. But you were determined to give me a break after all the hassle of moving house, and organised it all. What we did that evening I can't remember, but I'll never forget that you saw my need and took care of it.

Then we had teenagers and it was difficult to set Fridays apart - so many demands with their various activities, it would have been easy to give up trying and let the kids needs take over. Somehow we managed not to do that, and Friday stayed our night... long walks on summer evenings, an occasional

meal out, having a romantic night in when the children went to friends, or later to youth group, it always stayed a priority.

I am so grateful we did that. It has been a strength in our marriage, the way we've been able to build friendship and closeness and understand each other's dreams and hopes and ups and downs over the years. So many of our friends have not made it! They were as committed as we were in the beginning, yet somewhere they lost sight of each other and drifted apart. They were as in love as we were too, but romance and good sex isn't enough if emotional closeness isn't being nurtured as well.

Now we're in a new stage, our children are grown up with families of their own. It would be easy now not to make the effort, to take each other for granted, to sit and eat in front of the TV instead of face to face across the table, sharing food and thoughts and feelings. I love our Friday nights and what they have given our marriage, and I love you more than ever!

From Herself.

Trish