

It all started when I was rereading the Bragg book, searching for The Healthy Answer to My Beloved's less-than-desirable bowel condition (Don't gross out ; I never talked about these things in my 20s and 30s. But for some reason, this subject has become a more common topic between My Beloved and me.). According to the Braggs (doctors of nutrition; health food experts) (whose health advice I came to believe in, actually, or you would not be reading this and I certainly would not be bragging about!), a simple and effective remedy for such a condition is to **boil flaxseed and water for just 15 minutes**. Also according to them, the consistency of the mixture would then become "jel-like."

What they didn't mention is, *it looks like snot!*

At first it was OK. It looked rather like dark brown cream of wheat or something. But the more it cooled, the more snot-like it became. After avoiding it as long as I could while actually doing some work (housework and writing), I picked up the pan. I knew I had to put it in the refrigerator, for it would be a few hours before My Beloved was home.

I got a spatula and told myself, "Okay, Tonja, you can do this. God promised to be with you in every situation!" I shuddered only slightly as I picked up the pan and carefully started peeling the substance/concoction out of the pan. When it finally all let go of the pan and fell into a morpheous blob in the jar--still moving after at least 60 seconds, as it settled in, I suppose-- I imagined marketing it for teen boys and tricksters to use as faux brains and other morbid anomalies.

I love my husband. I really do. And, because I'm a woman of my word, and a woman of THE Word, I did this for him, for I had told him I would.

But as I looked at the stuff, slowly sliding down the sides and finally settling into the bottom of the jar like some dying science experiment, I wish I hadn't (neither

prepared nor looked at it, that is!).

I held my breath for a few seconds, asking in my heart, LORD, is it OK for me to give this to My Beloved? Or is there a better way? I could just imagine God dispatching an angel to come down and, while smashing his shining sword against the glass, exclaiming, “Thou shalt *not* feed snot to thine husband!”

“But it’s not....” I’d reply in defense, albeit wearily.

(A poem comes to mind, sort of--

Snot

It’s not!

but I’m being redundant. Or at least the angel should think so. I hear they take everything literally.)

“I would never feed snot to My Beloved!” I’d try again, to convince the angel, who would have, mission accomplished, disappeared during my poetic distraction.

Angels can’t read minds. For that, I am grateful. However, Daddy God can, and HE would surely take up for me. He’s good about that with us, His precious, if sometimes strange, children. Daddy knew I was truly trying to do the Proverbs 31 woman-thing and “do my husband good and not evil all the days of his life.”

And of course, to be practical, I wouldn’t need an angel to guide me anyway. I have the Holy Spirit for that.

But He wasn’t saying anything.....

Our pastor had stated more than once that, if we’re doing all we know to adhere to

the Bible and please God in every part of our lives, if He doesn't say "NO," then what we have in our heart to do is OK.

I looked again at the creepy concoction and held it up to the light. Revolting was too trite a word, but then, I decided, it's not what it appears to be. And I was thankful that the LORD had not called me to be a nurse.

(Then, amidst the angst, another stanza surfaced:

Snot
it's not--
It'd be worse
Were I a nurse

OK, I didn't say these were GOOD stanzas, I just said they surfaced under duress (WORD/rhymes with stress.... Many weird things can happen under stress, or duress. But I digress, I guess..... Now, moving on....!)

Next, I grabbed a lid and covered the jar and put it in the refrigerator. I checked it again after a half hour. It still looked like laboratory material.

But sometimes good 'help' comes in small containers (or is that 'good things come in containers?' Nevertheless (finally! the chance to use that word!), it came in a container and it was a **thing**, all right!

I wondered what My Beloved would think when he saw it.....

I quickly shut the fridge, then, with quite a burden for My Beloved, I had to write a note:

“Darling Man” (he knows who --and whose!--he is),
Don’t look at this. Just ingest it.”

Love,
YOUR Tonja

I used “ingest” instead of eat cause I thought it sounded more like what a medical professional would say. “

Hmmm. Maybe I wouldn’t make such a bad nurse after all.

+++

Postnote: Beloved did, indeed, ingest it. He even thanked me for it.

That was two years ago, and he is doing fine.

As far as I know...

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