

GENDER GAPS (2)

All Souls Radio

St. John Lutheran and St. Peter Lutheran jointly sponsor several shows on All Saints Radio. Gender Gaps seems to appeal to a large audience, and the parishes feel it's worth continued support. Here is the script from last week's show.

Bob: Good morning, all you people out there in the good old USA. We are coming to you live from our studio here in beautiful Jack Valley. You are in for a treat. Our station manager says that since we have been so overwhelmed with calls, he's giving us an hour show today. At the mike for this edition of *Gender Gaps*, the personal help show for struggling individuals or couples, is yours truly, Bob Wilson. My charming co-host is, of course, Msssssss. Linda Morgan.

Linda: Thank you, Bob. There you go with the charming bit again.

Bob: Linda, I have always considered you charming, in a charming sort of way.

Linda: From you, Bob, I'll take that as a compliment.

Bob: Here at All Souls Radio, we do whatever we can to help you with your personal problems. Sometimes we give what we call the God perspective in our advice, and sometimes my partner just weaves brutal feminist machinations to confuse you.

Linda: That's right, Bob, and we do our best to cover things from all angles. It's a known fact that in the human brain, the left side and the right side handle problems differently. Since the left side is predominantly male oriented, Bob will always give you the view from the left. Of course, that means I will always be ... right.

Bob: Sometimes I just don't understand how that line wears so well, Linda.

Linda: The truth sets us free, dear Bob.

Bob: Okay, our first caller is Debbie from Bates Falls. How can we help you, Debbie?

Debbie: I have a question for Linda.

Linda: Go right ahead, Debbie.

Debbie: My husband and I are expecting our first child next month and I ...

Linda: Congratulations, Debbie. Do you know what it's going to be?

Bob: Human, we hope.

Linda: Don't pay attention to him, Debbie. I'm sorry, go ahead.

Debbie: We've taken classes and read several books on raising children. My husband and I seem to disagree on how to address the difference in behavior of little girls and little boys. He doesn't think there's any difference in behavior of little boys and little girls. We don't know what we're going to have. I was wondering if you had an opinion.

Linda: The best example I can give you is what my sister experienced. Their first child was a little girl, and their second child two years later was a little boy. She often told me if they had had the little boy first, they may not have had any other children, but that's just an aside.

Bob: A desperate attempt at rationalization.

Linda: On their daughter's third birthday, they gave her a little red toy wagon. The little girl

promptly took the wagon into her room and neatly filled it with her dolls and stuffed friends. She soon brought it back out and showed it off to them. On their son's third birthday, they also gave him a little red toy wagon, because they knew how much their daughter had loved and taken care of her toy. When he got the wagon, he promptly took it into his room. After a long period of time, they began wondering what their son was doing in his room. When they went inside to look, they found that the little boy had turned the wagon over and was trying to take the wheels off.

Debbie: Thank you, Linda. I'll tell my husband what you said.

Linda: You don't have anything to say, Bob?

Bob: No, it brings out too many emotional scars from the little red wagon that I had as a child.

Linda: Our next caller is Don from Applegate. How can we help you, Don?

Don: My question is for Bob. Bob, I forgot my wife's birthday last week, and she hasn't spoken to me since. What can I say to her that will help rectify the situation?

Bob: First, let me ask you a question. Have you enjoyed the silence?

Don: Well, sort of, but I've lost five pounds.

Bob: She's got the upper hand, Don. You've got to apologize, take her out to dinner, buy her flowers, buy her a diamond, etc. In other words, you've got to go for the 'works'. No pussyfooting around. In your apology, be sure to say, "How do you expect me to remember your birthday when you never look any older?". Above all, learn from it, buddy. Strategize for next year. Here's a little trick that I've learned, besides the obvious one of writing it down someplace that you look at on a daily basis. Buy a spare gift. Have it wrapped, but don't put a card on it. Hide it somewhere in your closet and make up a bunch of cards—one for birthday, one for anniversary, one for Valentine's Day, etc. Then if you find yourself in a bind again, just go to the closet, find a card for the occasion, attach it to the gift, and give it to her. Of course, it's got to be a universal type of gift, and it's got to be something romantically personal. Don't do chocolate like I did one year—by the time I used the gift, they were like concrete. By the way, I don't think that strategy violates any Biblical commandments.

Don: That's a great idea, Bob. I'll do it.

Bob: You don't have anything to say, Linda?

Linda: Actually, Bob, I didn't think you were that creative. I'm impressed.

Bob: One more thing, Don. Once you've got your plan established, just forget about such a minor mistake. There's no use in both you and your wife remembering the same thing.

Don: I appreciate the advice.

Bob: We've got Harley from Bellview on the line. Let her rip, Harley.

Harley: My wife had to have some surgery, which went well by the way, but I ran into a little difficulty when the doctor came into the hospital room the next day. He checked her out, said the incision looked good, and asked if we had any questions. My wife didn't seem to have any, so I inquired as to when he thought she might be able to do housework again. Bob, I didn't know cups of ice could be such dangerous projectiles. What did I do wrong?

Bob: Harley, Harley, Harley. You never ask a question like that first off. You save that for much later,

preferably when your pastor is there visiting. Things are less likely to fly at that time. And you try to frame it to where it sounds like you only have her welfare in mind. You say something like you're thinking about arranging for a maid to come in so your wife can properly recuperate and then maybe sneak in about how long you think you should engage that service to see if the doctor will make a comment.

Harley: Oh, okay, Bob.

Bob: Before we get to our next guest, we have to pay a few bills. Our sponsors for this show are St. John Lutheran Church in Cedar Crossing and St. Peter Lutheran here in Jack Valley. Both Pastor Arnie Schmidt of St. John and Pastor Fred Anderson of St. Peter are friends of this show and if you have a question that we didn't cover today, feel free to seek their guidance. Ask for Janice and she'll get you their phone numbers. Okay ... let's see, line 4 is Meredith from here in Jack Valley. Go ahead, Meredith.

Meredith: My husband doesn't like to cook. How can I get him interested in helping out with that chore?

Linda: How you sell it is the key, Meredith. Most men don't like to cook; however, they will cook if they think it involves danger. Sometimes you can broach the subject by kind of playing dumb. When you're pulling meat out of the refrigerator, ask him a question like, 'Honey, is it true that the early brave man hunted for his meat, and carved it with a big, long knife and used a roaring big fire to cook it?' You get the idea, just kind of play it up. They usually fall for it.

Meredith: Thanks, Linda. I'll try it.

Linda: Sherry from Bakerston is on line 3. You're on the air, Sherry.

Sherry: Linda, I'm having some problems with my teenage son. Right now, he wants to get his ears pierced. He says his girlfriend thinks it looks cool. Sometimes I don't understand him. What should I do?

Linda: Well, Sherry, I don't have a teenager, but I will say that I've had a lot of experience being around immature males. It can be a delicate balance to keep the communication lines open and yet not damage their sensitive psyches. Assuming that he's well-grounded in areas like drugs, sex, etc., then

you could probably cut him a little slack on the pierced ears. I don't know that the Bible says anything about the issue. Sometimes the big picture takes precedence, but that's something that only you and your husband can see. Besides, pierced ears are a good preparation for marriage.

Bob: Wait a minute. How are pierced ears a good preparation for marriage?

Linda: The young man will have experienced pain and will have had to buy jewelry afterwards.

Sherry: Thanks, Linda. I know Bob would probably have never given such a balanced answer.

Bob: This is Bob 'unbalanced' Wilson, we've got Judd on line 2. Go ahead, Judd.

Judd: Bob, how do I know I'm in love?

Bob: Judd, is your wallet lighter?

Judd: Yeah.

Bob: That's just the first sign that I know. But what is love? It reminds me of a conversation that Fozzie Bear and Kermit the Frog had on the subject. Fozzie asks Kermit, "What about love?" Kermit says, "What about love?" Fozzie says, "I don't know. I was hoping you knew." Kermit says, "I date a pig,

remember?” Fozzie says, “Oh, yeah. Never mind.” It’s possible that it’s all a conspiracy organized by the florists of the world to get us to buy more flowers. And that’s about all I know about love. Linda, did you have anything you want to add from the right side of the brain?

Linda: How could I possibly reach the poor man after that? Judd, have your girlfriend call in and ask for me.

Bob: I thought of one more thing that Josh Billings said about love, “Marrying for love may be a bit risky, but it is so honest that God can’t help but smile on it.”

Linda: Why can’t you say that right off, instead of ‘Is your wallet lighter?’

Bob: I eventually got to it.

Judd: Will do. Thanks, Linda and ... uh, thank you, Kermit ... I mean, Bob.

Bob: I think we have time for one more call. Kathy from Overton is on line 1. Go ahead, Kathy.

Kathy: Linda, where is a good place to meet a man?

Linda: The ideal place is in church. Any unmarried male beyond the teenage years who’s still going to

church usually has his priorities straighter than most.

Bob: My wife would agree with that, Kathy. Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for listening today. May your dreams stay big, and your worries stay small.

Linda: And may God hold you in the palm of his hand.