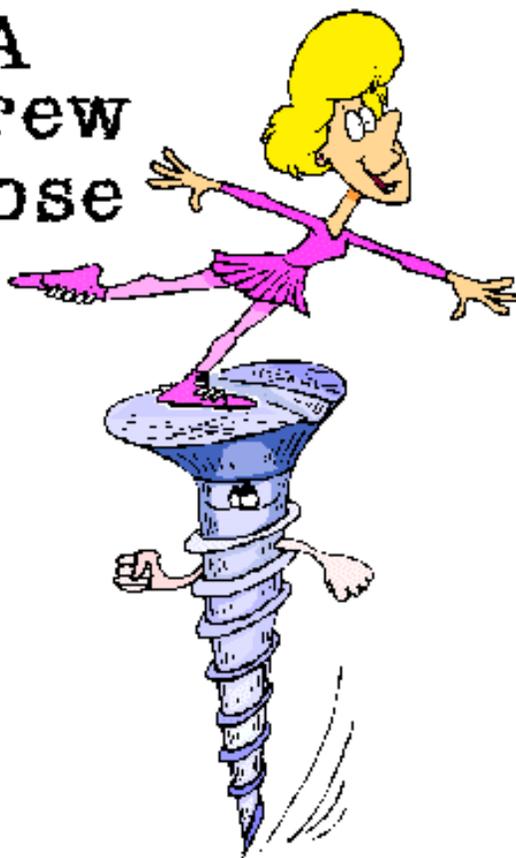


A Screw Loose



by Liz Holzemer

Saturday Night Live

I'll be the first to confess that after eleven years of marriage and parents of two children four and under, it isn't easy always making time for making, well, love. Monday thru Friday mornings are out of the question when it's a marathon race just to have the kids dressed, fed and out the door while I'm still somewhat semi-comatose. No way. If the sun hasn't peaked through the shutters it's sacred, highly coveted shut eye time. After work? Forget about it—I'm just as tired and relish going to bed with the early news. That means 9 p.m. and I'm usually out before the sports highlights.

My poor husband. I really can't blame him, because it's never a good time. He says I've mastered the skill of deflecting his advances and evaded more passes than the NFL quarterback of the week. I know I should count

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my blessings he still desires me after all these years, but I just can't bring myself to a quickie followed by ESPN commentary that lasts longer than the actual act. My husband says he's being considerate of my time because he knows a full night of sleep will restock my energy reserves for the kids the next day. We should all be so lucky to have thoughtful spouses, but I want passion. I want romance and rooms illuminated by flickering candles and luxurious rose petaled-infused bubble baths. I want Sade belting out her soul in the background while we enjoy a mellow merlot or a smooth Shiraz. I want to trade in my mismatched sweats for a sheer ruffled baby doll negligee with the Victoria's Secret come-hither look to boot.

Is this too much for an exasperated desperate housewife to ask?

But the reality is we've all been there; some of us still are. We fall into routines; offer up goodbye have-a-great-day-at-work or hi-hun-dinner's-in-the-frig air pecks. It's inevitable that when harried couples settle into their busy lives, the first thing to fall by the wayside is their waistlines and not their Calvin Klein boxers or lacy thongs. So we have to compromise. Not long ago I suggested to my husband that we have a weekly date night. "I don't want to have to make a date to date my wife" was his response. Yes, scheduling sex doesn't sound as romantic when it's penciled in on the ever-burgeoning-at-the-seams calendar. Think of it as planned spontaneity I tried to reason.

He wasn't quite sold on it, but in the name of ending our dry spell, he conceded. So Saturday night it was. The kids were in bed early. But wouldn't you know it; the first game of the World Series was on. I slipped into my most comfortable, albeit matching sweats. We shared Dairy Queen Blizzards and cuddled up on the couch. By the last recorded out I'd fallen asleep oblivious to the pool of German Chocolate Cake Blizzard drooling down my chin. All very exciting foreplay. I was nudged awake by Catherine Zeta Jones's sexy and sultry voice opening the Saturday Night Live monologue in the background. It was as if she were in the room, which wasn't hard to imagine as she looked just as radiant as ever on our big screen HDTV.

Forgive me for laughing, but I can't help myself. Even in the dimly lit living room, I couldn't help but notice the haphazardly strewn stuffed animals, Lego's, trucks, toys, you name it. A purple caterpillar on wheels was

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*Don't Get Me Started



jostled awake and began reciting the ABC's. "I feel like I'm trying to make love in the middle of Toy's R'Us!" Trying to keep my composure, I closed my eyes and concentrated on interlocking lips and passionate kisses. Moments later after rolling over our yellow lab's rawhide bone, it was my husband's turn to break the mood. "And I feel like I'm making love in the middle of Petsmart!"

Call it Comedy Central but at last we finally broke our dry spell on Saturday Night Live.

Liz Holzemer is the founder of Meningioma Mommas www.meningiomamommas.org. She is a freelance writer and has written for a variety of newspapers and magazines. Liz lives in Colorado with her husband, Mark and their two miracle children. She continues to raise Meningioma awareness and funding for research. Liz also maintains her sense of humor on a daily basis and keeps her roots blonde every 6-8 weeks when at all possible. And she DOES have a brain!



You can reach Liz at lizholzemer@comcast.net. Just go easy on the blonde jokes...

This website is intended for entertainment purposes only. All advice and opinions expressed within should be taken with a grain of salt...preferably licked from the edge of a margarita glass!

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