

My Marital Bed Is Broken

“An endless dripping on a rainy day and a nagging wife are alike” (Prov. 27:15, HCSB).

I began our marital relationship with a broken marriage bed. Let me explain. When we got married, we were given a decent amount of money as a gift. So, we decided to use it to purchase a new mattress. After looking at several different types, we decided on the Sleep Number mattress. We had a bit of a problem, though. It cost \$2,500, and we were a bit short. We agreed to wait so we could save some more money. Six months later, I announced to Ron that we now had enough funds, and I would go ahead and get us our new Sleep Number bed.

This is where things got messy. I went online and stumbled upon a similar type of bed that looked like it had everything the Sleep Number bed advertised. It was called the “Sleep Mumber” bed and it really looked exactly the same! The best part was that the Sleep Mumber bed only cost \$1,200, not \$2,500. I thought, *What a steal!*

So, without letting Ron in on the change of plans, I called up the company and spoke to Luanne in customer service and ordered our new bed. It was scheduled to be delivered the next day. The next day, two huge guys knocked on the door of my second-floor apartment. No mattress—just two guys.

When they saw my stairs, they must have decided to give me the excuse that the mattresses wouldn’t fit through my door. Explaining this, one of the guys said, “Sign here!” and told me to come out to their truck. So, I soon found myself standing in the back of an unlabeled truck (which looked like it had just come from some back alley) wondering how in the world I was going to get this giant mattress up my stairs all by myself!

I told the delivery men that I would help but that they were

not leaving until I got my bed. They didn't agree, so after two phone calls to their manager, they brought the boxes up the stairs and into my apartment. Then I said to them, "OK, get started!" They both looked at me as if I was insane. "Uh, ma'am, we're just the delivery company. We don't install them." Then they bolted out my door.

Here I was, stuck with these huge boxes in my bedroom and no bed. I thought to myself, "I can do this!" I got out a kitchen knife and started cutting away at the boxes. It contained a bunch of tubes, plastic bubbles and things that scared me. How was this mess going to provide me with "hours of heavenly sleep" like Luanne promised? I spent the next two hours trying to make heads or tails of the whole thing. I don't read directions, so I just tried to make it up as I went along.

That evening, Ron came home to a whimpering wife surrounded by hundreds of bed parts. I knew I had to sweet talk my way out of this situation, so I yelled, "Surprise, honey! Our Sleep Number bed is here!" He wasn't buying it, though, because he knew good and well they would have assembled it. "Kerrrrrrrrrrriiiii!" he exclaimed. "What have you done?"

Cue the waterworks as I go into my sob story of trying to do something nice for my husband by surprising him with a cost-efficient alternative to the pricey Sleep Number bed. I told him all about the "Sleep Mumber" and its high customer rating. (OK, I made that part up!) I was hoping we'd giggle together and order some pizza, but he knew I had gotten some knock-off blow-up, ghetto version of the real thing. And he soon learned that there was no return policy!

We finally got the bed put together, but Ron's side of the bed started to sag. It was slow at first, with it leaking a little bit of air in the middle of the night. So night after night, he would have to pump up his side of the bed to the extra-firm setting, only to awaken the next morning with splinters from

the wooden bed slats in his back.

He got crankier and crankier each day he had to do this. I, of course, told him he had two clear options: 1) fix the thing or 2) sleep on the couch. (I think I was secretly voting for option two because I'd get a few snore-free nights.)

Leave it to a bit of ingenuity—Ron saved the day! Well, actually, duct tape saved the day. Ron climbed under the bed and taped the hole in the mattress' air hose, and it worked like a charm. We had no more leaks! So, whoever says duct tape can't save a marriage obviously hasn't tried hard enough.

That was almost nine years ago, and our Sleep Number bed is still hanging in there! And so is my marriage. It can be hard sometimes, but I am so thankful that I have an understanding and loving husband. I'm sure he wanted to kill me that night, but instead of working against me, he worked with me. Marriage can be like that. Often we make decisions that can be hard on a marriage, but if you have Christ in the center of your marriage, you can learn to forgive and forget. In my case, we might end up buying stock in a chiropractor's office, but love still abides.

Take a moment to think about this:

1. Have you ever bought something that caused a riff in your marriage? How did you work it out?
2. How has Christ's love and forgiveness for you taught you how to forgive others?

Prayer: Lord, thank You for an understanding and loving spouse. Please help me to be more Christlike and understanding to him and to others. Thank You for loving me with all of my faults and helping me to be a better wife and mother. Amen.

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