

I tried to cooperate—really I did. But, his system—actually, the lack thereof—was just wrong. So, I had to take over.

We were moving into our new home: unloading furniture from a rented truck, unpacking boxes, putting dishes in cupboards and clothes in closets. Of course, the boxes were all consistent in their content and labeled precisely. I had made sure of that before we left our apartment.

When the U-Haul was finally empty and the boxes containing essentials were unloaded, we opened the box labeled CDs. Without a strategy or a plan or an organizing principle, my husband began placing CDs on the shelves: Thelonious Monk next to the Dixie Chicks, Lucinda Williams sharing space with Yoyo Ma and Itzhak Perlman. A complete and utter disaster—something I simply couldn't tolerate. There was no logic, no system—only chaos.

And, that's when the fight began. The discussion didn't last long before I told him that his way was asinine and he informed me that mine was rigid. He stormed away to unpack a different box in a different room while I took all the CDs off the shelves and began sorting by musical genre. After hours of sorting and alphabetizing, I carefully placed the CDs in neat rows in their proper place.

Only then did I take the Proclaimers off the shelf and out of their case and ask my husband to dance with me.