

even part-time, you too can work away from home during those hours. If your situation requires you to earn money at home, explore your skills and turn them into capital. Knit dresses, address envelopes, bake pies, upholster furniture, type manuscripts, refinish antiques, or shampoo hair. The money earned will not only help pay your medical bills; it will also give you a new sense of carrying your weight in the world. You, according to psychologists, will be among the few fortunate women who achieve that sense of personal worth necessary to complete happiness.

Earning money is also the best way I know of learning to compute the price of *things* in terms of their real value. You instinctively know which acquisitions are worth giving your life for, which are not.

All this can be learned before a coronary strikes your home. If it should happen to you, however, don't protect your husband to death. Many times during his convalescence you will want to wrap him in cotton batting. You will instinctively cry out against his carrying the groceries or transplanting a shrub. You will do

it and so do I, but I rehearse two facts each morning. One, my well-intentioned warnings sound to my husband like nagging. They insult his intelligence and raise his dander a little—both hard on the arteries. Two, nobody knows for sure the relation between physical exertion and coronary accident. Stress produced by nagging is, on the other hand, a known offender. Keeping still then will do him more good than crying out.

Follow your doctor's instructions. Make your own reasonable rules based on getting the most enjoyment from life. You can drain the tone of doom from the words "heart attack." You will know, by results measured in the laboratory, that you are not hexed by a mysterious, invincible killer; but are scoring real points against the likelihood of his return visit.

Return to normal is the goal for "cardiacs," and an impressive number achieve that. Your husband's coronary can, however, prod you into redesigning your pattern of life into something far better than your old normal. It can push you into living life to the hilt.

WALTER KAUFMANN

THE TEMPTATION

HE, too, like Moses and Elijah, dwelt
for forty days in desert solitude;
yet God did not appear to him: he felt
the presence of the devil's voice that said,
"Behold these stones: speak and they shall be bread!"
replied, "Man does not live by bread alone"—
but soon turned water into wine.

He saw himself stand on a pinnacle:
"Cast yourself down," the devil seemed to prod,
"angels will save you." To the voice from hell
Jesus replied, "You shall not tempt your God"—
but soon vied with Elisha's feats and awed
a crowd by raising Jairus' dead daughter,
withered a tree, and walked on water.

The devil promised Jesus world-wide fame
and glory that no pharaoh or king
or prophet ever equaled: yea, his name
would be like God's and men would worship him,
if he would bow to Satan's stratagem.
He answered, "Worship none except the Lord"—
but Satan's promise was fulfilled.