

Marriage: Kate Morris

Kate Morris

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My husband worries. He can potentially worry about almost anything — from the global recession to whether his shoes clash with his jacket.

Every time he loses his keys (about three times a week) he worries that he's left them in the door, which leads to catastrophic thinking — the house being burgled or being murdered in our beds. There follows an habitual discussion about whether to telephone an emergency locksmith and change the lock. Inevitably someone finds the wretched keys next to his wallet. I wish he would take some chill pills.

We are having our house painted. We had to decide quickly about colours but we were sure about our choice. When nice Dave the decorator had completed two days of work my husband began to fret, suggesting that the hall, a rather stylish light green colour, looked like the entrance to a mental hospital and that the off-white that we'd picked for the sitting room was déclassé and would devalue the house by £50,000. I try to let his concerns wash over me, but do begin to wonder about my taste, as I think it looks great (the shade of white is almost the same as the one that we had before).

We are trying to watch Nicole Kidman in *Rabbit Hole* but he goes on about the green bearing a striking similarity to a mental home and the house crashing in value because of the off-white. I have nothing to say. He stops the DVD and forces me to listen. I suggest we should scrap the two days of work Dave has done and start again. He telephones nice Dave to talk through the problem but whatever nice Dave says does not placate him.

When Dave arrives the next morning he splashes the white destined for the woodwork and the brighter white for the ceiling side by side on the wall. My husband has to agree that the wall one isn't the bright naff white that he'd thought and is warmer than the ceiling shade. He says he can live with the mental-home green temporarily.

I know that for the past 18 months I have written about my husband's odd little quirks and failings. I have also discussed my own — I am certainly not the perfect wife.

This is my final column and I will miss writing it. I can't claim that our marriage works in the way that top divorce lawyer Sir Nicholas Mostyn QC said it should — plenty of sex, a tidy house and no arguments about money. But I love my husband. He's small, dark and handsome. He's talented and funny and the best father I know.

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