

Are Geologists "different"? Spouses have stories....

From: McGill Alumni Newsletter, August 1994

Dear Anne Landers:

This letter, my first ever to a columnist, was sparked by your column about the geologist's wife who asked "Are all geologists the very embodiment of all the virtues and qualities that are universally admired in humankind? Have they, alone, of all the professions, achieved a state of grace far beyond that ever speculated by history's most hopeful philosophers and theologians?" The answer is "ABSOLUTELY!"

My father was a geologist. My three brothers and four uncles are geologists. Geologists ARE a different breed. They are wise, often strikingly handsome, kind to small children and animals, sensitive to the subtleties of everything around them, and when it comes to relationships, well, Mom, my three sisters-in-law, and my four aunts seemed to always have a serene, deeply satisfied look of complete contentment. If only I could have hitched up with one too.

A Jealous and Bitterly Resentful Wife of an Engineer.

Dear Jealous:

I've been swamped with letters from lucky wives, daughters, husbands, mothers and sisters of geologists. They've given me a real education, and made me feel a little jealous too. Read on:

Portland: Geologists ARE different. And I say "Vive la Difference!" I thought maybe I was the luckiest woman ever to have been born, but I have found other geologist's wives have similar experiences. My geologist husband has more sensitivity and consideration than ten "normal" men. He's absolutely wonderful with children. After he puts his usual twelve-hour day at the office, he rushes home to be with the kids so I can spend a few hours of quiet time alone. During this time, he teaches the children cheerful songs while he prepares a delicious meal, balances the check-book, and catches up on his letters to a group of shut-ins he has "adopted". After dinner and the dishes, he helps the kids with their homework. Once the kids are in bed, he hurries to a downtown rec centre, where he coaches an inner-city youth basketball team. He gets back about 2:00 a.m., treats me like a young bride on her honeymoon (if you catch my drift), and after four hours of sleep, starts his day again, selflessly making life safe, loving and meaningful for others. I am so lucky to have this man in my life!

Denver: Ann, the best piece of advice you could pass onto your readers is this: If you can't be one yourself, do whatever it takes to associate with as many geologists as you can. My life has been so rich, so meaningful, since I divorced the egghead engineer I was married to for twelve years. If I weren't so ecstatic in all my waking hours, I would be in despair over all the wasted time. But in retrospect, I would have traded my fifty years with "Mr Pocket-Protector" for just a few weeks of the blissful existence I have with my big loveable rockhound. He has shown me all the richness that life holds. I spend hours just basking in the warmth of his vast knowledge of life, the universe, and everything. He has so much beauty and understanding. And he's always ready to share that gift. He's able to explain the most incredibly complex concepts in a way that helps you to understand, and makes you feel just plain good all over. And how can anyone be so perfect, yet so warm and sensitive to the needs of others? Think of the world we would have if everyone were a geologist!