

Confession: I Married a Warlock

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Special to the Jewish Exponent.

For many years into our marriage, I had no idea that my husband, Bob, was (or ever would be) a warlock. No motorcycles, no tattoos. None of the telltale signs. And I was just as happy about that.

However, just this past year, the signs changed — in spite of the fact that the man himself did not significantly alter his demeanor. And, no, he has not bought a Harley-Davidson. He has, however, recently been tattooed, though there are no hearts with my name in the center or (heaven forbid) someone else's.

His tattoos are tiny blue marks on either side of his hips — not apparent to anyone on the street or anyone else but me when he takes off his clothes or, more importantly, to the technicians who administer his radiation treatments for prostate cancer.

These little blue tattoos mark the location of where the machine should be aimed for maximum efficacy.

We try to make jokes about his being a "warlock," but it in no way fully masks our concern. It just makes it a little easier to talk about it.

Everyone (meaning his official treatment doctors: the urologist and the radiologist, and our friends the docs who are in the same "business") has been extremely supportive and optimistic that he is going to be "just fine" after the eight-week course of daily (except weekends) treatments, which take only a few minutes and leave him a bit washed out.

In the grand scheme of things — meaning life or its alternative — this treatment is a breeze. The tattoos will remain as a reminder of the experience.

Now let's hope he doesn't go the extra mile and get the Harley. I'm too old to look good on the back seat. ■