

backtalk



By Tanna Guthrie

Chivalry: it's alive and kicking

While driving home, my brother-in-law, Kevin, slammed on the brakes when a woman ran into the street, flagging him down. It was a cold night, and she needed a ride. Turns out, she had a different kind of ride on her mind. She tried playing a game of show and tell, but he sat that one out. Remember the movie *Pretty Woman*? She wasn't. Besides, Kevin's not that kind of guy. When the "working girl" realized she couldn't close the sale, she demanded he drive her home. Remember, it was cold. Thus, Kevin's dilemma.

It's in a man's nature to protect the fairer sex; however, there are exceptions. O.J. comes to mind.

My husband never fails to open a door for me, and he actually has done that for every woman he was with. He learned, early on, that one of those doors could lead to the bedroom.

Some men are afraid to be chivalrous and understandably so. There are women who scornfully spurn the door opener, shoving him aside, proving she can do it herself. She doesn't need a man.

But what's wrong with allowing a man to be a gentle one? I don't expect him to throw his coat over a puddle, allowing me to step across without muddying my Manolo Blahniks. (I actually don't own a pair, but I liked the alliteration.) However, I enjoy the courtesy of a manly man opening the door and waving me through ahead of him, protecting me from the elements, even if it's just sunshine.

As for my brother-in-law and his not-so-pretty woman? He drove her home. He even opened the door for her, but she was left to warm herself. Who said chivalry was dead?!

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