



Cherie Gruenfeld:

Asking me to write a story about my wife is like asking one of Donald Trump's assistants to write about him: It's bound to come off as fawning, sycophantic and blitheringly mawkish. Given that Cherie Gruenfeld is also my editor, there's considerable personal liability attendant to the assignment as well. Instructions provided to professional bomb defusers come to mind: "Do your job, then step smartly away from the blast zone."

Nevertheless, I soldier on, because it's a story worth telling, not so much in the chronology of the evolution of a champion age-grouper but because of the opportunity to ponder the nature of seemingly contradictory tendencies in a single person.

I'll explain.