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## Like to have sex

As people age, they tend to have sex less, regardless of whether they are in marriages or not. Married couples between ages 18 and 29 have sexual relations an average of nearly 112 times per year. That rate steadily decreases as people age, so that married couples aged 70 and older have sex 16 times a year on average.But that fact shouldn't be misconstrued as meaning that older people are less satisfied with their sex life. An AARP survey released last year showed that most mid-life and older adults surveyed were either extremely satisfied or somewhat satisfied with their sex life, and felt it was an important quality-of-life factor. Renowned sex researcher John McKinley, Ph.D., director of the New England Research Institutes in Watertown, Mass., says as people age, particularly men, their expectations about sex aren't as high. "The worst thing that can happen to a relationship is that a sex life becomes routine and boredom sets in," Schoen says. But in today's fast-paced life, filled with dueling responsibilities, a sub-par or absent sex life is a common problem. When physical problems are not the root cause of a diminished sex life, many remedies exist to rekindle the flame of passion. Much of the fix is grounded in communication and reprioritizing one's life to make time for love and sex, says Jan Sinatra, a Manchester, Conn., psychotherapist and co-author of "Heart Sense for Women." Sinatra usually asks couples initially coming to her about their love life how they communicate. "It's a barometer of the relationship. Sometimes couples need to focus on addressing unresolved conflicts between them, while other spouses just need to remember to have fun when the weight of life's responsibilities drags them and their sex life down. Still others may just need to build time into their schedules to be together and let nature takes its course. Simply setting aside date nights can jump-start one's love life. Through communication—both verbal and non-verbal — and listening, couples come to understand what ignites that spark in the other partner. That might be cuddling, leaving love notes for your partner to find, meeting at a motel for a tryst, trying out new sex techniques, introducing a vibrator or dozens of other potential turn-ons. My husband and I took a recent vacation to the Eastern Sierras. While we stayed at Rock Creek Lake Resorts, let me assure you that while there was lots of "lakey" there was very little "resorty". Nestled high in the mountains surrounded by pine trees, aspen trees and hoards of mosquitoes (oh, the mosquitoes!), we rented a very modest two bedroom cabin. We brought our own food and our own fishing gear. There was no tv, no cell phone and no video games. It was as unmodern as unmodern gets. It was perfect. If you're anything like me, it's easy to live life at warp speed. Before you're even through with one event it's "Hurry out of the Spiderman jumper, kids! Yes, I know you're having the best time ever, but there's an Incredible Hulk one down the street at the next fiesta! Vamanos!" I'm proud to say that, like the bouncers my kids are so fond of, Rex and my sex life has started jumping again. But a quickie at the end of a compact day, while a lovely form of connection, is not exactly the slow and languid lovemaking of yesteryear. Enter our vacation. We were not rushed. We did not stres over the little things. From food to activities, we let the day inform us. We even cut my son some slack on his diet. "Ah, let the kid eat pizza tonight." It was very freeing. Along with a calmer schedule came a lot of outdoor exercise. Between the river wading, canoe riding, horse petting, fishing, hiking and snow ball fights (my son put some left over mountain snow in my butt crack... he's a chamer, that one), the Vitamin B did something akin to voo doo to our sunken city spirits. After a few days we were like balloons with sudden bursts of helium. "We're flying! We're excited! We're not even watching TV and yet, we live! Call the vatican! It's a miracle!" After putting the kids to bed on the sleeper sofa one night, Rex and I had the opportunity to sleep together for the first time in five days. It didn't take a mystery to figure out what happened. It was passionate, and bonding, and yet, so quiet. We had neighbors for Godsake. We kind of felt like school kids on the couch. Enraptured but scared to be found out at the same time. It had been a while since we lazily slid into lovemaking instead of sprinting toward it. Like Rock Creek, I hope it's a mountain we can climb again without waiting an entire year. This content is created and maintained by a third party, and imported onto this page to help users provide their email addresses. You may be able to find more information about this and similar content at piano.io As I alluded to in my last post my husband and I took communication classes last year. One of the first things I learned is that when you're in crisis mode, it doesn't help to cover it up with pleasant nothings. In fact, it's easier even when you're not in fight mode to implement this tip. It's called "Get Real." If getting real means picking your friends more closely, letting go of toxic relationships, or desperately clinging to your penchant for Princess Diana puffy shirts because that just makes you royally happy, then so be it. So, let's get real right now by starting with the title of the seminars Rex and I attended through our cheap-butt HMO. Communication classes? Sounds good. But you know what? You could call it "Marital Support" "Couples Counseling" or even "Camp I Could Kill My Spouse", but underneath all the flowery linguistics are two words that describe perfectly what we went to for six weeks: GROUP THERAPY. I titled this blog "Group Sex" because it's a surefire way to get everyone's attention there was a lot of talk about sex. Some of the top complaints from men were that they didn't get enough sex. Some said their wives had let themselves go and they weren't attracted to them any longer. Some of them admitted to having porn addictions, or cheating, or never liking sex with their wives from Day 1. Now ladies, if you've read that and immediately thought, "Those men are pigs!" our fearless group leaders might have told you that's not totally fair. They most likely would have added that we tell our spouses that we want their opinions, but then we get mad at them for giving us answers we don't want to hear. Now should we allow our husbands to call us bad names? Of course not. But how are we ever going to know the truth and decide whether we want to fix it (or not) if we don't ask the question? And how are our spouses to ever feel that their opinions matter if they don't give them the opportunity to voice it? The key is to voice those opinions with grace - something that might be hard to do in the middle of wanting to throw your mate's laptop in the neighbor's pool. I mean, how dumb would that be anyway? Computers are so expensive to replace. And in our case, the neighbor's pool isn't filled, so there's little chance that even my mechanical guru hubby could glue all the shattered pieces together anyway. Most ladies in the class felt that they'd enjoy sex more if their husbands supported them more with their daily routines. One woman mentioned, "My husband never helps me during the day. Why should I help him at night?" When one poor soul asked about his wife's constant use of the term "sex" instead of "making love", she told him she'd have to feel love for him to say the word, let alone do it. There were also insecurities about their bodies post children, or due to aging, or just plain old weight gain. The most common thread was that they were just too tired from being poked and prodded all day long. They didn't want to be poked and prodded at night also. When the group leaders suggested that they work out a system of communication that states blatantly what each partner wants - almost like a contract - there was much tyranny. "I didn't sign up for marriage to have to beg for sex!" a man argued. But his wife argued right back, "I didn't sign up for marriage to be a maid either. The honeymoon is over, baby, now let's work on this!" They both agreed that week to help each other out on both fronts. As far as Rex and I go, we weren't there to complain about sex. Our biggest beef was that our ways of unwinding are pretty different. He likes quiet retreat. Nature. Scheduled activities. As for me, if I came home to a huge lit up ferris wheel on my front lawn, dancing girls in my garage, and my office painted pink with shabby chic chandeliers and Mothers Animal Cookies in vintage tins, I'd pretty much consider my life's longings fulfilled. We were desperate to stop butting heads. How could we find the peace and support in marriage that we so craved? And no, finding another spouse wasn't an option. We both learned so much from these classes that I can't possibly write it all down in one blog, so this will be one in a series of 3. NOTE: If you're bored now, stop reading for a week and come on back when the regular scheduled programming appears. But for now, let me tell you that Group Therapy was the best thing we ever did. First and foremost, it showed me how much my husband really does love me. He is reserved by nature, so for him to sit in a circle with 10 other couples was nothing short of a miracle. But really, it wasn't divine intervention. It was love. He did it just because he knew it was important to me. The old me would have overlooked these great intentions due to his body language. When he doesn't want to do something social, he gets this cross armed, big sighed resignation about him. I'd have screamed, "Why can't you be happy about it? After all, I do stuff for you all the time!" But the new me, after listening more than talking (that in itself a miracle) began to realize that love isn't only about getting what you want. It's about accepting it from your partner who is giving it to you the best way that they can. For Rex, the act of showing up for me was enormous. When I took the pressure off of him about how I wanted him to show up... when I just allowed him to attend in his own quiet way... enormous change took place. He started to laugh at himself. He started talking - a lot! He found that it wasn't so bad hearing from other couples. Whether the couples were BMW driving yuppies or blue collar plumbers, all had the same goal in mind: To reconnect with their spouse. We also learned that, after listening to what others were going through, our issues weren't so bad. We learned it the very first day, in fact, right after our fearless leaders suggested we come up with a plan for our marriage. It meant all of us had to break into small groups and decide together what needed the most work. For some, this took almost the whole class, and a lot of heated fighting and support from the leaders. For us, it took a few moments only. When it was our turn to announce to the group what we needed to do, Rex spoke up for us. "We need to spend time together just talking. Even if it's just an hour a week." A few people, after telling us about their drug addicted spouses, or their divides over pregnancy, or how their explosive tempers were collapsing their marriage, looked at us with disbelief. "That's it?" one of them said. Rex and I looked at each other incredulously. "Umm... yeah." Of course there were more issues, but the truth hit us like a ton of bricks: Most of our complaints could be solved with a little acceptance of each others' different personalities and time together - at least once a week without the kids. In a million years we didn't think Group Therapy with dinner afterwards would be the perfect date night, but I never thought I'd be writing a blog about sex. What's that quote? "If you want to hear God laugh, tell him your plans?" I'm pretty sure He's got a belly ache after dealing with me. And thanks to group therapy, Rex and I are laughing a lot more these days, too, thanks to our weekly dinners. In fact, gotta finish this post because tonight's the night we dine with wine - not whine. Our kiddess date! It's not group therapy. We're perfect and don't need it anymore. We're having a great run and are keeping our issues more private. Except for this blog. Which sometimes talks about our privates. And broadcasts to the world. And has been syndicated on Yahoo recently. Keeping it quiet except for the whole world wide web thingy. This content is created and maintained by a third party, and imported onto this page to help users provide their email addresses. You may be able to find more information about this and similar content at piano.io Skip navigation!Sex In The Water: The Complete Guide I am irresistible. Think blonde (thanks to chemicals), 5 foot 9 (in 4-inch heels) with a perfect body (for hauling groceries and bearing young). I may not be a supermodel, but I know that I am irresistible—literally—because in almost a decade of being together, my husband has never once refused sex. He can be preoccupied, pissed off, filthy, fighting a 104-degree fever or all of the above and it matters not. If I initiate sex, clothes are coming off. The poor guy, on the other hand, gets denied more often than a stolen credit card. My reasons for passing on passion with the love of my life are many and varied. To name a few, I'm tired. I feel fat. I had a bad day. I'm hungry. I'm full. I haven't showered. I feel fat. He didn't fold the laundry. The dog needs a bath. I'd rather read. I didn't shave. I feel fat. Part of my problem is that making the segue from doing whatever I was doing before—writing, parenting, scraping melted candle wax off the coffee table—to feeling like a vixen isn't an easy thing to do. You can tuck the kids into bed and leave your briefcase in the car, but where do you put all your worries and obligations at the end of the day? Having no idea how to be all things to all people, particularly your partner, whom you usually don't see until the evening, when you're tired, is a big problem for women, says Ava Cadell, Ph.D., a sex counselor in Los Angeles. "Men can get an erection at the sight of a nude mannequin, but we're just not wired like that. We have to let go of all of the negative thoughts and things that happened during the day before we're ready to get intimate," she says. "Indeed, women who have kids and jobs fantasize about sleep, not sex," maintains my friend Nancy, 37, a writer and a mom of one. Jen is even more disinclined: "There's just always something more productive that needs to be done," the 34-year-old business owner in Athens, Georgia, claims. "The best way I can be coaxed is by the promise of a major back rub or relief of household chores. I wish I could find a way of letting go that doesn't involve 'scheduling it in.'"We can blame at least part of what seems like an epidemic lack of lust on biology. "From an evolutionary perspective, women have always been responsible for many things at once," explains Laura Berman, Ph.D., director of the Berman Center in Chicago. "The men had one job: to draw the bison into the ravine. To do it they had to be very focused and goal-oriented. A woman's ability to multitask is an advantage in most areas, but sexually it's a curse. Most of us just aren't able to tune everything else out on command."Of course, when you do manage to get in the zone and have sex, you probably wonder why you don't do it more often. Here's incentive, beyond the fact that it's fun: Women who have a thriving sex life are healthier physically, mentally and emotionally and tend to be happier overall. In fact, one study of 16,000 people reported in The Scandinavian Journal of Economics found an inarguable link between frequency of sex and self-reported levels of happiness. The study author estimates that bumping up the monthly nookie session to a weekly one would provide the same bliss boost as a \$50,000 raise. The basics of good sex are nothing new: Keep it interesting by trying novel things, and send the kids to your in-laws for the weekend so you and your partner can have the run of the house. The tips on these pages, however, will give you the extra help you need to flip your desire switch back to the on position—something that ought to make everyone happy. Find your segue. Let's talk irony for a sec. In nearly every conceivable situation (at the office, in school, with our kids, in line at the godforsaken post office) we're expected to maintain a respectable level of composure. Then, out of the blue our partner gives us the nod and we're supposed to fling ourselves at his feet and surrender to an all-consuming passion. In reality, for most of us that's simply not gonna happen—at least not without a bath, bikini wax or stiff drink first.

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