

Putting It Out There

Written by
Sunday, 23 April 2006 16:00



Last night we decided that if we put some pillows at the foot of the bed to prevent me from stretching out, I would try sleeping in our bed instead of my makeshift one on two thirds of the couch. Emotionally I feel so beat up right now, nothing could be better than cuddling with my husband. Unfortunately, the familiar territory was too comfortable and I recall waking up at some point through the night with a searing pain in my side. I immediately pulled my legs up from their stretched out position (over on Rick's side) and when I got up this morning I saw where my incision had come apart and bled from my stretching last night. So it's back alone on the couch for me for a while yet.

Yesterday Rick and I were discussing my emotions about losing my mother, my last remaining parent and why I am having such a tough time of it. It's like this: all my life, all 51 years, I have always had a parent, (two until 2001 when Dad died) and for the first time in my life I feel "orphaned". It's like I always had this cozy cave I could return to anytime I needed it but now the cave is gone and I feel lost, out of place, missing and it's a foreign feeling to me. When Jim died, I had my parents to fall back on; when Dad died I had my mom to fall back on and now she's gone there is no other parent to fall back on. I know I have my kids, my wonderful husband and my sister and my friends but it just isn't the same. Thank God I had my parents until I was well into my adulthood so my heart really goes out to those folks who were orphaned from a young age. They missed out on that "security" of having their loving parents to turn to in times of need.

If I wasn't so vulnerable physically, perhaps I'd stop being a big "baby" emotionally but either way, I'll get through this. I want to take this opportunity to thank the many folks who have taken the time to write to me personally with your kind thoughts. I want you to know how much your thoughtfulness has helped me and how very much I appreciate you for taking the time to write. Here is a portrait my sister had taken of my parents a few years ago when they were both in good health. Even though I put it on the Blog this morning, it is how I like to remember them and seeing their picture in two places is the very least that they deserve.