

Emotionally Surviving

Written by

Saturday, 22 April 2006 16:00



Yesterday, as you can imagine, was a pretty all-over-the-road-day, emotionally, for me. Between the news of my Mom's death earlier in the morning and my recent surgery, it was pretty hard to keep my emotions on an even keel. Yesterday I had a doctor's appointment and I held myself together for most of it. He removed a few more sutures and assured me that everything was healing up nicely. All I see is a mass of sutures and an ugly oozing mess, but evidently that interprets to "nicely". He is one of the best plastic surgeons in California so I trust that he knows more than me. The best news I received though was that I could have a bonafide "doctor-approved" shower, which for me was amazing news and something I was looking forward to.

I had a decent night's sleep and woke up feeling fairly well rested (last night I cut back on my meds and only took a couple of painkillers) so I woke up without a drug hangover. Rick busied himself with cleaning and getting the bathroom ready for my big event. I felt so good I even suggested that we go for a drive later just for a change of scenery. (That was before the shower.) I lowered the shower head, assembled everything within reach (we have a bench in the shower so I could sit) and away I went. Standing to shower is by far more efficient as I learned but, at this stage of my recovery, out of the question. Almost a half hour later I was exhausted, feeling like I'd just run a marathon and I was an emotional wreck. By the time, with Rick's help, we redressed the wounds, I got dressed and ready for my day, I was completely exhausted and it was apparent that the idea of going for a drive was a pretty lofty ambition that just wasn't going to happen.

Even though I've known for months that Mom's death was pending at anytime and she and I had a less-than-perfect relationship, I am missing her terribly. I am really knowing she isn't there anymore; I can't just jump on a plane and go see her; no more arguing over nothing, no more soft touches, no more "I love you's". I just didn't think it would be so hard to keep it together and I am sure my physical state isn't contributing at all!!! Basically, right now I am a wreck but I am trying really hard to keep it together. Having lost a husband, a father and now a mother in just 12 and a half years, I know how time really does heal everything and that though they are all gone in body, the three of them are here in spirit. I will survive!

I thought I better put a picture on here. I took this one from the back of the motorcycle when we

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went to Vegas a couple of weeks ago.