

Waiting for Tomorrow

As with all of the other disagreements and confrontations we have had lately, I have allowed my thoughts to wander, to explore the possibility of making a new life for myself. Knowing this is so very selfish and self-serving, I try and push the thoughts aside, trying to focus on the good things. I know our family has been blessed with good health and no serious financial struggles. There has not yet been any great tragedy that has befallen our family, aside from the current trial we are going through with our grown daughter. We have plenty of food to eat, decent clothes to wear, and a lovely place to call home. But I am disillusioned and unhappy. The realization that our marriage may not be strong enough to weather this storm has become a reality.

I have been married to my husband for twenty-seven years, but it has been more and more difficult for me to reconcile in my heart why we are still together. As a Christian, I want to remain true to my wedding vows, to honor God by remaining faithful and having respect for my husband. There is no other man in the picture, and if I'm totally honest, I am really not seeking new companionship. I simply feel lost and broken. There is no one to talk to about something like this. The scriptures are clear regarding divorce, and how does one justify walking out on a marriage simply because I may have grown 'out of love'? I'm not sure if I was ever really in love from the start.

It was a few years ago when I noticed a problem within my own heart. So much so, that I had a bit of an emotional breakdown. My family life growing up had left its scars, and I had fooled myself into thinking I had overcome them. I even wondered if my 'issues' were the cause of the disconnect in my marriage. Many things that had long been suppressed found their way to the surface, so I sought help from a psychologist. Many different discoveries have been made as to why I acted and reacted to certain situations. The therapy sessions helped tremendously, but it was also as if the real me emerged, long buried beneath the frightened little girl, the mother, the businesswoman, and the wife.

Lately it seems my husband and I share very little in common, in the way of interests and dreams. I am even finding myself irritated at his little habits that I used to find endearing. I'm fully aware that I'm not perfect, and I am probably just as annoying to him. At least, this thought makes me feel less guilty for my lack of interest.

We have talked about things and we have decided not to make any rash decisions. We know we love and care about each other, even if the romance has fizzled. We have our first appointment next week, to begin marriage counseling. I'm not sure how I feel about this. I am hopeful that we can discover what drew us together in the first place. I'm frightened that we won't be able to. I have researched the statistics on long term marriages ending, and it seems to be a trend. We're living longer, and roles in the home have changed. After children are raised and gone, there are two people left who realize they have changed, or they don't know how to find each other again. I find it interesting that the decision to divorce is initiated by women 2/3 of the time.

A fresh start is on the horizon. I don't know what my future holds. We have been in this valley for quite some time and I'm desperately ready for a new beginning, no matter what.

I know this platform is probably not meant for this type of proclamation however the writing prompt immediately led me to these thoughts and feelings. As a writer, I wear my heart on my sleeve, so I ask for your forgiveness for bearing my soul here. Knowing most of you are fellow believers, I would appreciate your prayers and I pray for God's richest blessings on all of you during this new year.

