

Today has been one of those days that I would like to hang on to for a while. Nothing extraordinary took place, but it was the type of day when all seems right with the world. I had my loved ones around me, and we enjoyed family fellowship over warm taco soup and chocolate chip cookies for dessert.

This was the first time I had everyone over since the boys and I moved into our new home. I'm unpacked completely, leaving only the task of hanging a few photos and placing curtains on the windows. I hadn't really seen my grown kids since Christmas, so it was long overdue for me.

I have mentioned my loveless relationship with the month of January. Now I am aware that there is an actual name for this, ironically called SAD, or Seasonal Affective Disorder. Perhaps it is caused by the shorter days, lots of rain and gray skies that bring on these feelings. Thankfully, today came on the heels of heavy snow from Friday, but the sun was shining brightly against the snow that remains, and it was quite beautiful.

My move was a blur after the holidays, simply out of necessity, to get out of our old place and get us moved into the new house. I'm sure my emotions were running high as they often do. Even during the packing and moving, I could feel myself trying to mentally prepare for January. Not only did I likely speak negativity into my life, but it made me extra-sensitive to what I thought my grown kids 'should be' doing to help me.

If I have learned one thing in this past year, it's that I can no longer expect others to react to situations in the same way I would. I think this is one area where I'm sure I made mistakes in my marriage. Often, when I felt like a certain reaction was logical, I would get angry with my husband because he didn't react as I thought he should have. What I perceived as his being insensitive, I often felt slighted or misunderstood, and would brood in my frustration. I was projecting my expectations onto him, and that simply wasn't/isn't fair.

I believe I have done the same thing with my grown kids recently. I found myself upset often, thinking they must not really care about me, or they would do or say certain things to make me feel better. A very selfish way to behave, I admit. To give myself grace, I know I'm trying to relearn how to live my life as a single woman, but also raising two pubescent boys. In my conversations with God, I have asked him to help me find the truth in things, even if it hurts. He has been faithful.

So with these new revelations in mind, I felt I needed to apologize to my kids for how I have been expecting them to know how I think and feel. I invited them to the house for lunch. I took my little dog out for a walk before they got here. It was beautiful outside, and it felt so nice to soak in the sun as it shone down from the strikingly blue sky.

Before they arrived, I turned on the British Invasion station on Pandora and got everything ready for our lunch. It was a joy to cook in my new kitchen, to where even my grandsons were shouting about how good the house smelled from what was on the stove. When all were here, we sat at the table together and enjoyed good food and conversation. I was able to apologize, then shared my thoughts with them and told them how much I want them in my life.

After they left, I started a load of laundry and did the dishes. I felt so warm inside thinking over the time we spent together, remembering how beautiful it had been outside, and the awesome music playing in the background. It was a good day, and I felt at peace. It's hard to let go of that feeling once you have it.

I decided to take a short nap in my bed, my little dog at my side. I just woke up a little while ago. As insignificant as this might sound to others, I will cherish this day, and the feelings I have in my heart. I bet you can guess what I'll be eating for supper tonight. Yep, taco soup.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo