

My grandsons have been with their grandpa, my ex-husband, for the past three weeks. Tonight is my last 'quiet' evening alone, and as usual, I'm torn by how I'm feeling about it all. To my own surprise, I have managed much better than I thought I would. I was fully prepared for days of self-pity and depression bouts where I stayed in bed all day long. I managed to find different things to do, and there were days where I simply stayed home, just me and my best friend, Lucky. But I have been okay, thank God.

I spent a good bit of time mowing my yard and weed eating. I attacked a few bald spots in the back yard, by removing the old sod and mixing the ground dirt with soil and seed. After spreading a little hay over that and trying to keep the grass watered, I'm fairly happy with the results. I really need to water my grass today. We've had many scorching sunny days, so my grass is looking pretty thirsty.

I think I'm feeling more melancholy today than I have the entire time the boys have been gone. I suppose I've had a glimpse of what life will be like after they've finished school and eventually move out. I've learned that I will survive being by myself if that's what is meant to be.

A dear friend came to visit last weekend. She is recently widowed after being the caregiver to her ailing husband for over fifteen years. Understandingly, she has no interest in even thinking about marrying again. She's a young widow, so that may change for her. When she asked me why I am interested in finding a mate again, the simple fact is because I believe I'm meant to be married. I want to be married. But it will have to be right. I won't settle.

With my three kids being adults now, with their own lives, I find myself a little displaced. With my parents and siblings all gone at very young ages, I feel very alone, having no family. The plain truth is I don't want to die alone. I've had a good bit of time to prove to myself that I can survive on my own if needed, but it isn't my ideal situation.

I've tried to put myself out there, in regard to church functions, and group meet-ups, but the truth is those things just aren't what I want. No matter what I've tried, I feel a sadness knowing I am heading home to no one but a loveable little dog that loves me unconditionally. I wish that were enough for me, but this lady could use a proper hug now and then, you know?

My confident self is absolutely sure that God has full control, and she is willing to wait as long as it takes for whatever God has planned. She's even okay if God decides there will be no mate in the future. The hurt and scared little girl, little Lisa Jo, still feels completely unworthy to have her hopes and dreams come true. Everything in her life seems to have come at such a great cost, so it's just easier to give in to believing this is as good as it will ever be. And she will always be alone.

So as I write today, I dread the noise to follow when the boys are back home. The video game noise and arguments will resume, and with school starting even earlier this year, we'll be shopping for supplies, clothes, and whatever else is needed. Even with that, I love these two like they are my own, and I have missed them.

But it has also been nice to get in touch with who I am, as someone other than 'Mom,' 'Grandma,' an employee, a cook, a chauffeur. Just Lisa. I've been working more on my plans for retirement and trying to get to know my neighbors better. I still haven't given up the idea of simply disappearing once I retire. Perhaps a different city, state, or country? As I say all too often, it's in God's hands.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo