

Working from home has been such a blessing, especially because I am readily available to my grandsons. Yesterday was my day to go into the office to check the mail and be available for any needs that may arise. I hopped on the shuttle to take me up the hill to my office, and I glanced over at one of the other state buildings just blocks away. I said to myself, "That's where Susie (my sister) worked when she died."

Pondering that thought, I realized that one small detail will be known only to me. So many stories from my growing years and young adulthood, as well as those about my first family, will never be known to anyone except me. Of course, I have shared with my kids and grandsons some stories and experiences from my life, but being the last one living, I realized all those memories will disappear when I do.

I know as the youngest in my family, it makes complete sense that I would be the last one living. The only catch is at sixty-two years old, I have outlived both of my parents, who died at forty-seven and fifty-seven. I have outlived my two brothers and my sister, who was the first sibling to pass at fifty-seven. I was eighteen years old when my dad passed away. He was the first to die, and so very young.

I came across a social media post that penetrated my soul:

"If you have multiple siblings, one will never get to see the others go, and one will have to bury them all, and be the one to go alone."

I've been divorced for five and a half years now, so I am faced with the fact that it's very possible I will never marry again. I have shared before how the loneliness can seem unbearable at times, but somehow, I keep waking up to a new day, by God's grace.

As life continues, I confess that despite the loneliness I feel, I'm not sure I want to fully invest my heart in another person full-time. I find tremendous freedom in not having to meet the needs of yet another individual. But on the flip side, it would be nice to have someone ask me if I need anything. I haven't had that in a really long time. At this point, I think I would be happy to have someone that I can go to dinner with or see a movie. Or maybe just have someone who I can tell my family stories to.

Perhaps my kids don't ask me questions because I have written a few books about my life. Not every kid can say their parents have done that. I would find comfort in this, except that I know none of them have read my books. That hurts my heart a little, because honestly, they were written to help guide them into making better choices than I did. I also wrote them so they would know my story and be able to share it with their kids. I find their disinterest to be ironic.

So, these are my thoughts for the moment. Not feeling sorry for myself, at least not today. Just pondering these truths that surely come with growing older. I'm absolutely sure that I'm not the first to realize this. I'm just trying to embrace these bits of wisdom that have come to light. I know my life is in God's hands, and he will continue to equip me for today, and prepare me for what is to come for his purposes.

There is a song called "Better" by Jeremy Camp that really hits home. Take a look at the words in the chorus:

If I never understand
Or ever see the promised land
If You don't answer my questions
On this side of Heaven,
I'm gonna trust the way You work
When You don't rush to heal the hurt
My heart's still Yours forever
Even if it never gets better

Blessings,
Lisa Jo