

Thoughts on family

As a father, I've had many thoughts on my family and my responsibility to them. To me that thought is mind numbing. For the first 20 years of my being a parent, I had help. My girls had, in my opinion, the best mother on the planet. She gave everything to those girls. The last four years it has been just me. The youngest was 13, and the oldest 23 when their mother died. The oldest had been out of the house since she graduated High School. There was really no more parenting that needed to be done there. She was on her own. The next was a senior in High school and I had a sophomore and a 7th grader. These three still needed their mother, and I could not be her.

I struggle through with their help. Their mother did a good job at raising them, I just had to keep things flowing. Lucky me. The first year I had trouble keeping me flowing. The four of us at home kind of flowed with the stream for a while. Not our best moments by any standards, but we got through.

There were 2 high school graduations, 2 weddings, multiple boy friends in the past 4 years. I probably wasn't the best at handling all that. But again we made it through. I should emphasize that WE made it through.

Video tapes of my daughters in plays were put into a safe place. Birth Certificates were put in a safe place. Those safe places were lost. I found tv remotes in the freezer. Bought more cabbage when I couldn't find the head I just bought. Found the first head months (weeks maybe) later. By then it was a wonderful science experiment. There were a number of those experiments. But as a family WE made it through.

We all got together last January. My daughters, the extended families, grandkids and all went to the Zoo, went shopping, and just hung out. We made it through.

In the future, no matter how far apart we are, I know I can rely on my girls. We will make it through.

late night

When everyone is asleep, I feel the need to be awake. I really need to get more sleep, I do have to get to work early tomorrow. This has been my method of living for years and years. I tend to stay awake when I should be sleeping.

For the past four years, I've been blaming it on the fact that I am a widower. While I admit, that sleeping alone after 20 years of sleeping with someone takes getting used to, (not sure I'm used to it yet), I've had this problem most of my adult life. In fact, I would read well into the early morning with my dear wife sleeping next to me. I sure am glad she could sleep with my reading light on. Now I just live with this normal insomnia. I imagine I could get some sleep aids from my doctor, but I really don't like taking medication. I've read where not sleeping can cause all sorts of health problems, so maybe I should look into it.

For me the night is the time my mind is in full motion, I need to read, write and just think of things. The silence of the house seems to push my thoughts faster and faster. I may have to use this time to do something other than read fiction, and type out blogs. It would be nice to get more benefit than just getting a few more trivial pieces of information.

Under the weather

Not too hard to do on a day like today. It seems to be just wonderful out. I only know this by looking out the window, and seeing the sky for most of the day. The frogs are still in chorus so it can't be that cold. Me, I'm laid up with a headache, sore throat and slight fever. Mostly lost my voice this morning, but since I've had nobody to talk to today, I really don't know if it is back. I don't feel tempted to try it either. Since I was feeling OK yesterday, I am wondering how soon this stuff can pop up.

I've been feeling a bit sorry for myself today, because I have to take care of myself during illnesses. It has been that way for many a year now, but I miss the attention I used to get. Even when S. had a job, if I was sick she would always leave me a thermos of hot tea by the bed. I used to do little things like that for her when she let me know she wasn't feeling well (she hid it better than I did, I admit I'm a bit of a whiner when it comes to being sick) The children are good at leaving me alone when I don't feel up to my regular self. Not to say they won't get me things if I ask, but this is all about not having to ask.

I wonder how many married or coupled people see the little things that are part of their lives together. I will be the first to admit that I didn't see all of them when my wife was alive. I only started seeing them in the things that were missing after she was gone. Four years later, I still see the missing little things. Things that she did for me, and things I did for her. Things done just because of who we were alone and together. Making a cup of tea when sleep was hard to come by. Picking up a single rose for no reason. Letting her sleep in while I took care of the girls, or the other way around. That thermos of tea when I wasn't feeling well. That little hug (or big one) when I came home from work. The hand on my shoulder when I was making dinner. Little things in life that

can be very important to our lives.

In the future, and in the recent past, I've been noticing the little things in all my dealings with other people. Those little things put together make the big things in life happen.

Have a good day looking and giving the little things.

Days of wine and roses...

I feel like reminiscing about the past. I'm in my 49th year and will hit the big 50 next year. If I live to 100, I guess I will officially be middle age. So now is a good time to reflect on the past.

In April of 1983 I met my future bride. We didn't know it then, but we figured it out soon enough. After a whirl wind romance, we were married the following January. Together through the years we raised 4 daughters, had fun and most of all stayed very much in love. As I said earlier, she died in 2003, but I don't want to dwell on that. I want to remember the good times.

From the very first New Years Eve together, we shared a bottle of wine on every special occasion. Our first date, I bought her some sweet-heart roses. On days of nothing special, and for a surprise, I would get her one or more of these roses. Those are my days of wine and roses. Days that were special and days that were not. Good days, bad days, and even indifferent days. These days made my life worth living. These days gave me the strength to continue even after the very worst days. These days made me the man I am today, and the one I will be tomorrow. These days continue, they are my life.

During these days our family was most important. Other things, material things, took a back seat to all things family. But we had good times together. Our favorite thing to do was go to zoos. We planned whole vacations revolving around zoo visits. We would pack lunch and make day trips to many of the zoos in our area. These things made our life and our family.

When movies made their way to Video tape and then DVD's our family enjoyed watching and collecting various movies. This made for many wonderful days together.

Can life be any better than the good times we have with family and friends? I hope to continue my days of wine and roses at a later time.

1 a lonely number?

I am a widower. My wife died, from cancer, a little over four years ago. Since that time I've been 1 where I used to be part of 2. Yes, I still have my daughters in my life. 2 of the 4 are still living at home (well at least part of the time – teenager and young adult). For the most part, I really can't say I'm lonely. I do like to spend some of my time alone.

My hobbies tend to be solitary in nature. I am in a local theater group, and that is the one hobby I really can't do on my own. All the rest, you guessed it, can be done alone. Even blogging is a solitary activity.

Tonight I feel very much alone. My daughters are off to various locations, the dog is fed and relaxing behind the couch. I'm here typing thoughts popping up in my head. Not where I thought I'd be 5 years ago.

We've all been told to make a 5 year plan. I've never done that. My lovely wife did. Back in the spring of 2003, she started saving money for our 25th anniversary. When she died, I found an envelope with money in it. Not a lot, but by Jan 2009, it could have made a bit of an impact on our anniversary plans. I didn't even know it existed. There was just an envelope marked 25th. We just missed our 20th anniversary. 21 days shy.

Most of that money is gone now. Most, but not all. I held some back. \$25 dollars to be exact. One dollar for each of the years we would have had. That envelope was in a box on my dresser. I hadn't opened it until today. I knew I had money left over, but I didn't know how much. Odd that there would be exactly \$25 dollars in and envelope marked 25th. I'm going to start putting money back in that envelope. I'm not sure how much I can save by January, but I'll save something. I need to celebrate that special day in January. I've spent that day alone since 2004, in 2009 I plan to do something a bit different. Maybe I'll figure it out by then...

Well, this has been a somber post, maybe lighter the next time... Maybe not. Just missing S.