

Fragments....

Ev always loved a good coffee mug, me too...there is an extra bit of peace in your morning drinking coffee out of a great mug....one that has a moment attached to it....

I save a few....moments.....

One of my new mugs, a nifty blue and white pottery number I picked up when I was in Spain has developed a tiny crack in the handle. As I lifted it to sip my coffee one morning this week I heard the tiny sound of the fracture....the grating of two almost perfect bits rubbing ever so slightly together....

I've started sitting on the front porch again....just this month, every morning I enjoy the warm sun, the newspaper and a coffee.....on the space that I made to be enjoyed with Ev.....

It's not fair that I can't rejoice in a memory like that. I consider myself a very happy person....but I have so many brutally sad moments.....I can't get away from them and I'm not sure I want to....yet....there really is likely no escape but I am trying....

I'm currently really really really trying to get my head around not waiting for Ev....I'm trying to spend a bit more time alone.....well....as alone as a guy with 4 kids can be....their little friends about....

But I mean alone....without a piece of someone else there to touch....to feel with.....

The medium told me that I should.....and that Ev said I should drink less too (she said she rolled her eyes in regards to that)....well I asked for it, and I got it....

Drinking less isn't a problem....most days....it sure does make for some alone time as much of my social life...my friends...all enjoy a cold beer...and since it seems it will never rain again there is always a reason to have one....

But I am trying to ease it off a bit....just a bit...

I've been working on the basement...trying to keep the house a bit tidier....I haven't been to the gym ina week....sadly...but there is just so much going on here....soon....the kids will be back to school and I will have to build a new life schedule. I'm hoping to do the gym at the exact same time every day....I must get that part of my life back, it's healthy for my mind and body....

I have also had to close up things for the shop, stuff tied to Ev....us....so many little things that need to be sorted out....

fragments.....

the bits and pieces of my life....some of them seem like they aren't mine....like tiny cracks that make a noise....making me notice that they still exist....reminding me that something is wrong.....

I'll fix the mug....just a drop of crazy glue will make it as good as new....for some time....

The rest of it....me....I'm trying.....I'm a bunch of pieces....and I'm trying to get them all put back together the right way....but sometimes I just don't know what to do....

The Quote of The Day

Death is nothing at all.

It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.

I am I, and you are you,

and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.

Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.

Put no difference into your tone.

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,

somewhere very near,

just round the corner.

All is well.

Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

By Henry Scott-Holland

I saw this in the newspaper this week....I tore it out and stuck it to the fridge....

I do not want to feel this way anymore.....it hurts and I want it to stop....I hate the man blog....I hate that I share my thoughts and feelings....I hate that I sit here crying and feeling sorry for myself.....

My 6 year old asked me today if Mommy signed her up for soccer last year....sitting in the driveway playing chalk with 2 little friends.....and I said no she didn't babe.....who did Daddy, why didn't mommy do it....she falls silent.....mommy was already gone last summer.....

It hurts....and she is hurt.....we all are.....fragments.....

Babe.....I miss you too much.....

XO