

Looking back over the last 12 years of my life I can honestly say I have been through many transitions within myself. As you know it all started after D day. In reality there were many D days throughout the first year after D day. Some more cutting than others. It was hard to make decisions through the fog of being traumatized. Not many people knew exactly what was going on, some knew there was a betrayal but the word “addiction” wasn’t known.

Before D day I would pray for God to show me what I needed to help me through whatever it was I looked for to stop feeling so unstuck within myself. My prayers were answered with a Bam! I have been blessed throughout these years to meet many wonderful people, from therapists, fellow 12 steppers, reverends, ministers and brief strangers. The light I so longed for was found within the cracks of my soul.

Some people have remained close friends, some have passed and some have slipped through time for now. Goodbyes are always hard, but there are different goodbyes. Saying goodbye to my parents was the hardest. But I know they’re together now with the rest of their family in a beautiful place. I feel their energy around me at times and am finally able to smile with a warm glow inside of me instead of crying. I have learned how to forgive them for what they didn’t know. Death is part of life; death changes everything in many different ways. Grieving takes time, it comes and goes like the waves in the ocean.

Then there was saying goodbye to my marriage. What it was and what I thought it was. I also feel I said goodbye to who I thought my husband was. It felt like a death. It took time to say hello to the person he is today. We’ve both worked hard to keep our marriage together, it is a completely different relationship. Don’t get me wrong, we still have our ups and downs, as long as the up outweighs the downs we’ll be ok, I hope 😊

The one goodbye I had and still struggle with is saying goodbye to my daughter and granddaughter when they visit. As I’ve mentioned before they live in another country, it was extremely difficult for me when they moved to live near his parents. It caused a lot of anger and bitterness inside of me. I had to work hard to let go of the resentment towards her and her husband of ruining “my dream” of what I thought our relationship would be at this point in my life. Learning boundaries, tools and keeping my heart open, without fear, helps me accept what is.

The ability to be grateful allows me to move along my journey of my life in a loving peaceful way. Though we say goodbye to this class hopefully we will say

hello to another class together. Your stories have touched my heart and even though we were on zooms I felt the love that we were able to share. As the old saying goes, when one door closes another open. This writing class has been a tremendous gift, I am so grateful for all your stories and to Sue for putting us together and I look forward to whatever we do next.