Welcome to the Widow Wonderland

Sometime between the ages of 40 and 50 women go through what is commonly called a "mid-life crisis" of one sort or another:
   all the children have grown and gone;
   they have never worked out a day in their life and their budget calls for at least $15,000 more per year;
   they are left completely alone with strange men whom they married 15 or more years ago;
   and of course the age old menopause!

Not me! I have, after 22 years and not by choice, joined the Wonderland of Widowhood. This is not to say anything against "Wonderlands" in general. I'm sure that Alice and Dorothy had far more problems mentally and emotionally than anyone might imagine. But let's be practical about the whole thing--they didn't have two very bright, imaginative and grown children hanging around the sidelines, alternating cheering and hissing for fetes either fully accomplished, or at best, just barely started by their middle-aged Mom. Nor did they have to start all over again, as I am doing, in finding a babysitter, after a full 10 years of freedom, for a nine-year-old who will bless me with his presence for, at the very least, another ten years. Alice and Dorothy, respectively, had only a rabbit and a dog to worry about. Neither, indeed, involved a dentist, a pediatrician, cuts and bruises with and without stitches; wanting new pets, guns, bows and arrows; quitting school in grade three.

My Wonderland, as I am slowly finding out, is wide, lonely, scary, fun, threatening, and ever challenging. I laugh at horror movies, cry during love stories, day dream about my own personal trip on board the Love Boat, make jokes about the lonelines,
and of course need just a touch or a hug of reassurance at least once a day if I am to survive. This is not asking much more than anyone else.

Friends tell me to make sure I keep some sort of guard up against getting hurt in my meanderings back into society. Well, for now, the best guard I have is PANIC! I'm sure that when the panic wears off something else will come and take its place. But at least I know this is My Wonderland, and I'll face all the reality I can each day as I so choose. And if I choose not to play today, I'll take my toys and go home 'til tomorrow.

---MCM

Those who hold on
To broken dreams
Often get cut
By their sharp edges.

---Marlene Kope