

JUST SITTING AND THINKING

It has been twelve months ago today that I lost Sr., twelve long months.

Six years since I lost Jr. Six years of sorrow, tears and loneliness. Two people I really loved. They both had such terrible deaths. Why? I just wonder why such a thing could happen to me.

Tonight, Thanksgiving Eve, I am really alone, just sitting and thinking of the past. The house Jr. built for me is peaceful and quiet, too quiet. I am thinking of not so long ago, when we were all together. Then the days and nights were too short; now they seem like years. I have everything I need to be comfortable, more than I need.

I can't seem to get over the shock. I am in a daze, wonder if its just a bad dream.

Yes, I am thankful for everything. No, I am not bitter, just selfish. I want them back. Yet I know that they would not come back if they could. Sr. said before he died, Marie, I will be waiting-- don't make it too long. I know Jr. thinks I am never coming, it's been so long.

My Lord has a part for me to play. I hope I play it well, because I don't want anything to stop me from joining my little family when the time comes for me to bow out of the picture.

Yes, this Thanksgiving I am thankful for a lot of things. Thankful for all of the past happy years I have had, and who knows, perhaps I am not alone. Somehow I feel like they are always around.

Sometimes when I think of what has happened to me, and I feel like running; screaming and wringing my hands, something stops me and seems to say, "Please don't. We are all right."