

## You Will Find Your Solution Where You Least Expect It

*By Molly Hegman*

Living in a big house on two acres on a hill when my husband died became a big problem for me. To make it more difficult all of my family and friends said not to make any big decisions for at least two years. So I waited ... not patiently ... but just to please my family and friends.

The first summer after Ben's death, a friend showed up each week with her high powered mower and cut my grass. Being on a hill and not having a high powered mower, Ben had worn out two pairs of golf shoes cutting that grass. By the end of the summer I found a yard service that had just opened. I was lucky to find them. For thirty-five dollars they cut that hilly two acres, bagged the grass and trimmed everything. In the fall they offered to rake all of the leaves and dispose of them for the same price. Someone was watching out for me!

With the help of a friend whose husband had also died I began to develop some social life ... not much but some. We went to support groups and to a singles group. I was tired of people bugging me about rejoining the world. When asked, I usually replied that I was fine and exaggerated the activities and the fun the groups brought to my lonely life.

When the two years were up I happily sold my house and moved into a townhouse. I threw everything in my place and took off for California where I took a train trip up the coast to Seattle. On the train I met two gentleman while we were standing at the bar in the club car having a drink. There were only three of us and the bartender so we all began conversing. It was a good adventure to start my new life.

My return to the classroom helped with the loneliness I felt in my apartment. I didn't know what to do about the loneliness but everyone wanted to tell me how to fix it.

I continued to struggle not only with loneliness but with the incessant advice I received. Then out of the blue, a four year old set me straight. I had to laugh and I felt better. Timothy noticed that I looked sad and asked why. I spontaneously told him that I was lonely. He asked if I had children.

"I have three but they all live in other cities."

"Oh." He said ... and then asked "Well, do you have a husband?"

I responded that I did have one.

"What happened to him?"

"He died."

"Why did he die?"

"His plane crashed."

"Oh ... so you miss him."

I nodded, almost in tears.

Timothy's freckled face lit up with a big smile and he asked with childlike innocence, "Why don't you get another one?"

That beautiful smile woke something up in me and I began to look forward to each new day.