

# Let Me Tell You About The Time...

I'm trying my hardest to live in the moment. One day at a time. I've been so consumed lately by Bob's lack of so many memories of our 41+ years together. We've had a really wonderful life together filled with amazing travel, vacations to fun places, unique job experiences, fabulous family gatherings, holidays filled with family and friends, and precious moments with our parents, siblings, children, grandchildren, and even great grandchildren. We've been blessed beyond measure and those sweet memories are so important to me.

We were spending an evening last week with our friends from my days in the restaurant business. Oh my, how we can laugh. We reminisced over a vacation to Puerto Vallarta in 1988 where we had a houseboy who made us margaritas by the pitcher full, did aqua-ballet performances in the pool, and made fools of ourselves playing Charades. We all just laughed and laughed at the fun we had in our younger years—and those memories are vivid! Sadly, even though Bob was on that same vacation, he doesn't remember any of it. NOT ONE THING. I'm so very glad I still have those wonderful friends in my life to reminisce with.

Not many people know (or remember) but I was married when I was young to my high school sweetheart. It was a short marriage but my big regret over its demise was that I no longer had that person to share my high school and college memories with. I regretted not having the continuity of shared memories. I remember how sad that situation made me feel at that time as I was losing that person that I had shared so many special moments with. Now I can multiply that feeling by 1,000. I am losing the person who I have shared most of my life with. Yes, even though Bob's still here, it's a huge

feeling of loss. HUGE.

In sharing this with a friend, I was told not to dwell on the past and not to worry about the future and just focus on today. That's how I try to live but I challenge anyone to spend time with a family member, friend, or spouse without saying "remember when we did such and such" or "remember our friends that we went with on vacation" or "remember when we went to that amazing party", or a million other things. It's extremely hard not to talk about one's past especially when the memories are worth talking about!

There are so many things that I can't reminisce about with a friend because they are just things that happened between Bob and me. They seem to fade away and become less vivid as they are never discussed. I try to keep them alive in my head and heart and not let them slip away from me like they have from Bob. We don't share the joy of those memories anymore and it's really heartbreaking.

**"Shared joy is a double joy; shared sorrow is half sorrow."**

Swedish Proverb

So thanks for letting me share my sorrow with you. My load seems lighter already.





Puerto Vallarta, Mexico 1988