Choices. Choices. Choices.

I've come to the realization that as a widow, my choices are endless. I can plan my day ahead or just wing it on the fly. No one to consult or convince or cajole into doing what I want to do. My choice is my choice.

Well, doesn't that sound selfish? It sounds like all I think about is myself. I can, and I often do. I started out last Saturday with a plan to go to the writers' workshop at the local library and then come home and work in my yard to try to fine tune it a bit for the lovely spring weather. But while showering, I started thinking about other possibilities. Go to a friend's moving sale, go run a few errands and get greeting cards for upcoming birthdays and anniversaries, watch the Padre Spring Training game on TV, settle in on the couch and read a bit? All these tentative plans were bouncing around in my head, and I wasn't sure where the day would lead me. But the decision would be mine and mine alone and I didn't have to decide at that moment. I could see how the day played out. Maybe even a few new ideas would pop up.

If Bob were alive and well, I would be consulting him and finding out what he would want to do. And I would love that! Maybe he would prefer a zoo visit or a walk at Lindo Lake. We'd talk it out, weigh out our options and make a plan. I would give anything to have this be the case but as you know I am now a widow. No consultation from anyone is needed. No one to consult.

I guess this is the case for divorcees, single people, and widowers as well. I never ever considered how much time and effort and compromise it takes to be considerate of another person and include them in your day-to-day plans. For me, it just was part of our marriage. I was independent and made lots of decisions on my own but for day-to-day activities I aways willingly included Bob in my decisions. Would he like

to go along to the grocery store, did he want to go to Saturday night or Sunday morning church, would he want to swim or do yardwork, where would he like to have dinner, should we have friends over, should we pay Uno or Scrabble? The decisions we made as a couple were never ending and a part of our life. They happened naturally. The two of us were always considering each other and mutually making plans. Now it seems so long ago and so-so very time consuming.

I've become a one-person show. It seems almost surreal that I can just make my own plans and do what only Susan prefers. It frees up so much time and the thought process is so simple. If I decide that I want to go to the market and head that way in my car, I can take a detour to the thrift shop without consulting anyone. If I never make it to the market, there's no one that needs an explanation. I'll take myself out to lunch. Simple to be on my own when it comes to how I spend my day. If I spend a whole day reading a book, there's no one wondering what happened to our plan to get yardwork done.

How does this work for a person who can't make an independent decision? I wouldn't know as I am 100% capable of making decisions for my life (with much prayer when needed). I wonder if this is one big reason that some single people, widows, and widowers are lonely or miss their spouses terribly. For those folks that can't make a solo decision, could it be that they just don't like making decisions on their own or need someone to approve of their choices. Fortunately, that's NOT me—I miss Bob for a million other reasons but not because I need him to help me make a choice on how to spend my time.

Could divorcees be even happier to be making their own decisions as a solo act? Do they celebrate the daily freedom of doing just what they want without asking anyone? I'm sure as a widow; I don't celebrate the solo decision-making process in the same way as a divorcee would! But I do find it to be a silver lining in my cloud.

So, what did I end up doing that Saturday?

Some of those things and some others as well. And it was a lovely day!