

## The End

It was 2001, Labor Day week end to be exact. My husband of 13 years walked into the kitchen after work and looked me in the eye and said, "My Uncle Gerald died today." I looked at him and my heart went out to this man because I knew how much he loved and admired his Uncle. "I am so sorry, what happened?" I asked.

"He had a heart attack, he was sitting in his chair and he slumped over and that was it - he died - right there in his living room." He said.

I walked over to him and put my arms around him "I am so sorry."

He looked me in the eye as he slowly removed my arms from his body. Then he started walking upstairs. I followed him. He walked into our bedroom and went to the closet and took out an overnight bag and laid it on the bed. Next he opened his underwear drawer and started putting underwear and socks into the overnight bag. I looked at him and said "What are you doing?"

He said "I'm leaving" as he opened the next drawer. He took out 3 pairs of shorts and put them on top of the underwear.

My heart was racing. I kept twisting my wedding ring back and forth as waves of heat seemed to roll down my body. I said "you are leaving? Like for the night? Where are you going?"

I fell on to the bed next to his overnight bag desperately trying to understand what was going on. I will never forget he looked me straight in the eye and said "I hope you can find someone who can make you happy."

I felt like my heart stopped beating. I couldn't swallow. I couldn't talk. I didn't know what he meant about me finding someone who could make me happy. He made me happy.

I said "what are you talking about? Please please stop packing your bag and talk to me. We can work this out."

He didn't say one word. He just picked up his overnight bag and walked into the bathroom and started filling the bag with deodorant, a razor, shaving lotion, after shave. He just kept putting things into his bag. I stood in the hallway crying, begging him to stop. Finally when his bag was full he zipped it up turned around and walked down the hall heading for the door.

I knew I had to do something to stop him, but what? I ran to him and grabbed his hand and searched his face and said "Why are you doing this? Whatever problems we are having we can work them out."

He very gently removed my hand from his, tears were streaming down his face. He looked me in the eye and shook his head back and forth but didn't say anything as he kept walking. I followed him down the stairs and then in a moment of sheer desperation I ran in front of him and stood in front of the door. I looked at him and said "Please do not do this, I am begging you."

He spoke not a word. He stood there crying as he reached around me and opened the door and walked out into the night. I was hysterical. I didn't know what to do. I followed him to this car and I kept repeating over and over "please don't leave." He got into his car and left me standing there in the driveway. He never looked back.

God I never knew night could be so dark. I turned around and very slowly walked back into the house. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know where to go. I fell onto the living room floor and sobbed. Big, loud heaving sobs. I cried for everything I had ever said to the man that would cause him to do this. I cried in fear of what the future held. I cried and cried clenching my fists and beating the floor until there was nothing left inside of me. The well had run dry. I no longer knew what time it was or what I should do. I was empty. I was alone. I was scared. I didn't know what tomorrow would bring. I picked myself up and put one foot in front of the other until I made it back to the bedroom and crawled into a big empty bed. He never came back.