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I used to keep a journal when I was in college. I thought it was stupid at first, like keeping a diary when you are a teenager, but found after a while, it was wonderful. Then after a few years, I just stopped. I don't know why. After all I've been through in my life, I wish now I had written every night. It would be a masterpiece story. A real tear-jerker. As a matter of a fact, I think if someone read my life story, they'd think it was made up.

At the moment, I don't feel like recounting all of those years of misery I lived though. I've written about it before and talked about it so many times, I'm tired of it. Perhaps later on, I may recount them, but for now, let me just say, it was complete darkness.

I never believed in fairytales and I didn't even think Romeo and Juliet was all that great, but I did believe in true love. I didn't know if I'd ever find it. Up til now, I hadn't. I've never liked to be alone, yet I've been alone, many times in the past few years. Although, I've always had my children. Through those years, I learned how to protect them from the ills of the world, mainly men. I'm afraid I haven't set a very good example for them in one respect, but on the other hand, perhaps my life experiences will warn them away from ever letting happen to them, what has happened to me.

You're probably wondering what the whole point of all this is. I really don't know. I needed to write down my feelings. You see, I met someone and for the first time in my life, I believed I found true love. My soul-mate. He said so. From the moment that we met, it was magic. It was like my dream come true.

We had so many little things in common. We shared the same birthday. We both loved pepper (and I mean love it). Names of our relatives match so incredibly. We both like sports and love to play games. We made a good team, not only in playing games, but in life. I could talk to him and I wasn't afraid.

I found, that again, it was another first in my life, that I could discuss with him my inner most dreams and feelings and he shared his with me. We wrote to each other every day and I told him that what I had always wanted in my life, was a partner to spend my life with, that I could trust with my heart and I could depend on. Someone that wanted to share my life, no matter what may come down the road. I wanted to be adored and adore him, like my parents adored each other for 40 years. He said he wanted these things too.

Week after week, month after month, we talked and saw each other whenever we could. He had already asked me to marry him and I, of course, accepted without hesitation. He was the man of my dreams. I had dreamt about him. I trusted him. He truly loved me. I must say, I admired him, 'cause I knew it took a special man to accept my children as his own and he did willingly. My daughter Megan told him one time many months ago, "For the first time, I know what a 'real' daddy is supposed to be like." It touched my heart. He was a wonderful man. He was a caring man. He treated me like a princess, always telling how wonderful I am and always making me feel special. To me, he was a king.

I met all of his family and they really liked me alot. All of his friends did too. They accepted me with open arms and many even have told me on different occasions that I'm the best thing that ever happened to him. I don't know about that, but I do know that no one can love him like I do. Perhaps that's what they meant. He had our initials hung in the window of his shop. It was so sweet. It really touched me. He was always doing such sweet things to show me how much he cared. I don't know if I told him enough how much it all meant to me, but I tried to, 'cause it really meant so much.

As you noticed, I haven't said that we "got" married. That is because he was in a "messy" divorce and though I had nothing to do with it, I was thrown in the middle of it, when I met him. It didn't matter to me. I didn't care if he ended up with anything. We could start over. He wanted more than anything, to gain custody of his son. I helped in every way that I could, writing letters and showing his son love as well as discipline.

Time went by and it got so expensive with the trips back and forth (we lived in different states) and we missed each other so much, that it seemed silly for me to stay where I was, since we were to be married soon anyway. He didn't like the stress I was under at my job and he wanted me to quit my job and move in with him. I thought about it and I truly didn't think twice. I guess I ought to mention that my family was not happy about any of this, especially since they had never ever met him and of course, with the tragedies I had lived with in past years (men) they didn't want to see me hurt again. But, he wasn't like "them". He was special. In my heart, he was already my husband, my partner. My children called him daddy, by their own choice.

I quit my job, which I had been at most of my life, and we packed up my things and moved us all to his home. I did ask him, prior to all of this, to make SURE that this is what he wanted. I was giving up my entire life and future for him. He said he was never so sure of anything in his life. That he didn't want to spend his life without me and didn't want to have to spend a day apart from me again.

We had discussed that it would be difficult with so many people living in such a tiny house, until the divorce was final, but agreed that together, we could make it work. I never once gave any of this a second thought. We had discussed it all. I trusted him. Of course, times were tough sometimes, 'cause the kids would fight (as kids do), but also, his son was not used to having siblings. More than that, his son was not used to constructive discipline, coming from a home with two parents that really didn't like each other and never showing love to each other. He was a tough case, but I loved this man and this was his child, so he was mine too and I knew I'd have to do whatever it took to help him adjust to normal behavior. It's not something that can happen overnight. It's something that takes time. Truly, it was an adjustment for all of us, the kids were trying to mark their 'space' and at times, it was very trying, but I was happy and felt truly loved and loved him, like I'd never loved anyone before. I knew that once the divorce was over and all of the financial problems were settled (lawsuits and such) that we could finally get down to just living our life and not have that stress anymore.

Then, about a month ago, one month before we were to be married, he 'cracked'. I don't know how else to put it. He started acting funny and knowing him as I do, I could tell there was something terribly wrong. But, he wouldn't talk to me. For the first time, he kept his feelings to himself. It had been so very stressful that week and my youngest was acting like a spoiled child and his son was acting well, like his normal self, and with that, along with everything else that is going on...divorce, lawsuit, bills, expenses, my employment, etc., I guess he just lost it. Who wouldn't? I know I was feeling pretty blue myself at that time, but the last thing I knew (as I said) it would blow over soon. We knew the divorce was happening soon and that was a major stress for us to be done with. But, for him, it was more than that.

He came home one morning around lunch time, after he found out that he couldn't get the money (as a loan) from his dad's estate, and told me pretty much that he wasn't happy. He felt trapped and didn't realize the responsibility he had taken on. He told me that he wished I had never left my job. He told me he didn't think he could handle this. I was stunned. This all went on for an hour. I begged and pleaded with him, not to "give up on us" like this. But, he just said he couldn't take it and left.

I felt as if I had died. The man I adored, my husband, wanted us to leave.

Then, a few hours later, he called me and said, "he had acted irrationally". That no matter 'what', he and I would work it out together. That he wanted to spend his life with me and that it was just the stress of "everything" that flipped him out. I understood that. I truly did. I admit, my heart hurt a lot, 'cause the man I trusted with my life, my heart...the man who told me I was his "everything", for one brief moment in time, didn't want me here anymore. But like I said, I loved him. I would do anything for him, if he asked (or so I thought).

Days passed and turned into weeks and things seemed pretty normal again. The same old fussing and fighting went on, but it didn't bother me. They're kids. In the mean time, I got a temporary job, while looking for permanent employment. It wasn't much, but it was something to help out. I knew it was just a matter of time that I'd find a well paying job and once the divorce was over and his problems were settled, we'd finally be on our way to a sense of 'normalcy'. Like I said, I was happy.

Then, four days ago, he walked up to me (as he always does) and held me in his arms and told me he adored me. He had a very bad day (and I mean a bad one) yet, he was able to talk to me about it and it made me feel good. I had a bad day too, but that's okay. Every day can't be perfect.

The following day, when I got home from work, he started acting funny. We went to dinner and that seemed okay, but when we got home, he pretty much wanted to be by himself. I had a funny feeling in my stomach and like I always do, I just tried to stay out of his way. The next morning, he took his son for his mother's visit with him and went to

work. It was Saturday and he had to open in the morning and was going to play raquetball after. The raquetball fell through, so he came home and took a nap, again, being very quiet. He spent most of the afternoon watching t.v. or sleeping and went to bed pretty early that night.

The next morning, he told me he was playing raquetball at 9 and left. A couple hours later he called and told me that he hadn't played yet and asked if the guy he was supposed to play with had called. He hadn't. I was bewildered, because I didn't understand why he hadn't just called him from home to confirm they were playing instead of driving all the way to the shop and just staying there. After all, it was "our" day. And his son wasn't with us and the girls were pretty much occupying themselves. He came home and again took a nap and said he wanted to go to the movies later. I point blank asked him what was wrong and he just said he was tired. We went to the movies and then came home and played some games together. Then he went to bed.

This morning again, he left at 9 to play raquetball. This time, he actually did and then went to pick up his son and then came home. Right when he got here, he came into the bedroom and said we 'needed to talk'. I felt my heart skip a beat. It was the other shoe falling. I didn't want to 'hear the words he promised he'd never say again'. But he said them anyway and I had to listen.

He told me he felt as if the walls were closing in. He didn't ask me to leave, but this time he asked me if there was anyway I could send my children away to California, 'for a while'. As I said before, I would do anything for this man, anything at all. Anything but that.

We talked and talked and I could write for an hour telling you all that went on. It would be pointless. I will say, that once again, he said he'd "try", but I'm not sure what that means. Try what? To decide if he wants me in his life or not?? He's told me a dozen times that I *am* his wife, that the piece of paper didn't matter. I never had a reason to doubt that, 'cause I felt the very same way. I didn't fall in love with him for money, or prestige or even security, I fell in love, pure and simple. The purest love I've ever known. The truest love I've ever known

It's 1:30 a.m. and I'm still sitting here writing this now, 'cause my head is swimming and I can't sleep. I tried to go to bed with him, but all I could do was lay there and cry. So I write. Trying to reason this all out.

You see, I don't blame him. I blame myself. I've been told so very many times to protect my heart. That I care too much and give too much of myself. That I'm too open and honest and way too trusting. So I did guard myself very well, until I met him. He didn't lie to me. He seemed to truly love me and my kids. He opened his life to us and wanted to spend his life with me. To grow old with me. I believed it.

He does tell me that he loves me and actually still adores me, but he's not sure he can handle this 'lifestyle'. I'm not sure what kind of level of love that is. I know it's not what I

expected. He knows I offer him complete love and companionship. He knows that I'm faithful and would never have to doubt me. He knows that, with the exception of giving up my kids, I'd do whatever he asked of me. But, he's not sure that's enough for him. What else could there be? I'm at a loss to know.

The alternative, is for him to live alone with his son. He can date and spend a few years alone, living the bachelor life, as he did before he met me. And maybe someday, he'd finally find someone like me again. Then again, maybe not. Maybe it wouldn't matter. Maybe he's found that spending his life alone makes him happy. Again, I don't know. I can't see inside of his head and he won't tell me.

I refuse to believe that all that we've been through together was just lies. I can't seem to accept that he'd give up on 'us' so easily. All of the promises made and the words said, can't be just that, 'words'. He told me he knew it would be hard at first and I know that it's hard, but he's strong and I guess I just figured that he had me to lean on for emotional support. Why can't he?

I keep doing silly things like thinking about his touch, his smell. The way he kisses and holds me...how I feel so wonderful when we make love. The way his body feels next to mine. His smile, his voice, his laugh.... I think it's okay to cry. I love him. I love everything about him and I'd miss him so much....not ever being ever to have these things anymore, makes me want to cry...I can't help it. I live to be near him. I didn't think I'd ever have to be without him...and now I don't know if I will be..

So what do I do? As the motto goes, 'one day at a time'. We were to be married in two weeks and now I'm not even sure if I'll be here in two weeks or even two days. I gave up my life for someone that I adored, someone I had no reason to ever doubt. I once again trusted a man with my life, my kid's lives....

...I had finally believed in fairytales...he's my prince charming...

Do fairy tales always have to be sad? Can they have a happy ending?