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THE LOSS OF MY HUSBAND

By Sara Morgan

It was wintertime, in 2010. The love of my life needed to travel from Oklahoma to Brian College Station, Texas. It was snowing, very, very cold, and the power poles were dripping with icicles.

It was midmorning, when the phone rang. I didn't want to get out of bed because it was cold, but my 7 year old daughter jump up to get it. She answered the phone; and we all knew it was "Daddy" who was calling us. She didn't talk too much on the phone; when she got back to room with the phone, wasn't more in line. So, we didn't know what happened in that moment, I told my babies he will call back later. But that moment never happened.

Approximately an hour later, our friend Diana, from Texas called me, to let me know that my husband was on the way to a hospital in an ambulance. I knew something was wrong. I only was hoping that GOD was helping him to be ok and get back home with us soon. But no. That did not happen.

After we had been waiting for more than one hour, the phone rang again. It was Diana crying and she just said, "Baby, he didn't make it to the hospital."

"Please, don't tell me that," I said. I started to cry and hugged my babies.

In that shocking moment, my life came crashing down. I didn't see a picture without him. I wasn't able to think of anything. The only name that came to my mind was Mrs. Joyce, a lady who was like a mother to me. My mind was completely blind. I was really in shock. Then our friend from Texas called me again.

"What are you want me to do?" she asked. "How can I help you? Do you want me can call his son?"

"Yes" I said.

"Who else?" she asked me. "I don't know," I said, and then I thought of Aunt Minnie, his brother, his friends and I don't know who else.

So, I called Mrs. Joyce and I told her about what happened to Joedy. At that moment, she came to help me. She made the calls for me. Also, our preacher from church came to our home. I remember he was asking me about Joedy, but I don't have any idea what he was asking me or why he needed all the information.

Anyway, after all the questions and calls, I had an appointment at the funeral home and had everything ready for him. The appointment was ready for Monday. Mrs. Joyce was in charge, to help me in everything. On Monday morning, she called me. At that moment when the phone rang, I thought for a second on the possibility that my husband was alive, and he was calling to tell me "I am ok, I will be home soon," and "I love you."

But it was not him.

It was Mrs. Joyce who wanted to know if I was ready to go to the funeral office to sign the papers.

I heard myself answer "yes", but really nobody is ready. It's something that humans need to do. It's just a requirement of life.

With the love and support of the people from church, we keep going on. Yes, between our sadness, loneliness, and heartaches.

"Why do I have to make this decision and do what it takes?" I asked myself at the moment. For me and my three little ones and my loved ones; in memory of my husband. Because I know, he loved us with all his life, and for sure he never wanted to see us crying and never give up. Life needs to keep going on for good reasons. He had many, many plans and dreams with us. But without him our lives gave a dramatic change in us, emotionally and physically.

The personalities and character of me and my daughter Elizabeth, changed a lot. The loss of my husband made us feel the fear of the opportunity to be unable to say good bye, to hug or to kiss him after almost two weeks without seeing him. Every event that showed brings joy, only through sorrow, because he wasn't there to share it with us. We found ourselves in immense pain.

The first few months after his death, I was in shock, confused. I was even smiling at friends when inside I was crushed. The weight of grief was devastating. I felt an important part of me ripped away, leaving me desolate and empty and some days without hope. Not just for myself, but our beautiful little girls. They were going miss him forever.

Being frustrated sometimes flows over into anger.

The time will come when the major issues of the loss are solved; freeing energies to be reinvested in new relationships and new ways of living. Because when the door of happiness closes, another opens. But often we look so long at the closed one, we don't see what is open for us.

The pain and emotions you go through move back and forth. We must take time alone to cry, reflect, and be in touch with other feelings; writing out our thoughts and feeling as we do.

Finally, we must believe we will heal. It will take place in our lifetime, healing the pain for a "best friend." We can get peace to be happy again.

We can't go on well in life until we let go of our past failures and heartaches. To be able to identify with all the emotions we feel it will take time.