

# It's Just Life

I just spent the past two weeks visiting with my son. It's nice to have both my surviving kids with me whenever I can—but I hurt because I can't stop thinking of it in that way: "*my surviving kids.*"

I love how much my daughter loves her brother, even though he's 20 years older than she is. She tries hard to not cry when he leaves. I admit to quite a lump in my throat every time he drives off.

I'm also happy that she got along great with his girlfriend, even though she was *certain* she wasn't going to like her—and I'm glad I really like her, too.

My son has hinted that they might be thinking about moving here. That would be great, and my daughter would be thrilled, but I'm not going to get my hopes up too much.

But, he's gone again for at least 6 months or so. I feel that familiar emptiness. Other things haven't really helped me feel better about life.

The household finances just took another hit. Funny how it always seems to go in that direction, never the other way, while expenses always go up and never down. That's just how it goes, I suppose.

Yet, my daughter is happy. My son is happy and enjoys his job. We are generally healthy. We have a roof over our heads and food to eat. I am trying to teach myself another skill (which my daughter says I will never need to use in real life—like every other skill I have, apparently). My mom is still thrilled about the Little Free Library I built for her to put in her yard. There's good and bad and life goes on.

I hope you are having more good than bad. And I hope you know that I appreciate you.