

# Welcome 2018

## Thoughts On Year Two, the art of letting go ...

Oh, I am “letting go.” I really am. One would be surprised at how much! Really. But thoughts and memories are intrusive. They challenge the letting-go process often throughout a day. Like today. I’m bundled against the cold within my house, all scarve-ed and sweater-ed, gripping hot coffee nuked to scalding. The sun streams in the windows despite a wind chill of -18.

This is New Year’s day, 2018. I had plans for today, dismantling plans. Plans like those Bob and I would enact to clear the deck of drooping poinsettias, crispy greens, baubles and bows that were festive a month ago and now scream “over-kill.” This is the day we work in wordless synchronicity. We know our tasks. Like our years-long marriage, they are a part of the team we established as very young married people. We are an industrious duo. Carols playing are a necessary accompaniment to our work, albeit in competition with the vacuum. Here and there we meet in the kitchen. He fixes toasted cheese sandwiches. We swill cups of coffee, fortify ourselves for more rolled-up-sleeved labor. We’ll watch a football game periodically. There is dearness in our routine, and a sense of accomplishment. The house gleams. We order pizza for dinner.

Now today I am letting go my plans for clean-up. My good friend Adrian has the flu. He’d be climbing a ladder if need be. (I have a broken foot and am wearing a boot and am not

moving at optimum speed.) I have the New Year's Day carols playing. My good team player is in heaven. Part of the letting-go process is the letting go of what we did in the easy, wordless rhythms of all those years. Part of the letting go is changing the routine. It is accepting that the "plan" I had for today is on hold for when Hayden can come by to take the little tree out to the fire pit, and reach up with his tall self to where bows and baubles are too high for me to reach. Part of the letting go process is to reflect on what we had, yes, but also to be flexible and mature enough to claim my present reality. The one without Bobby C., my favorite person of all time who is now with Jesus. 🌿