

GREEN - HEART

“There were only two more bands of the promise left for me to move through—green and violet.

Violet didn't scare me as much as green. Battling the area of my heart wasn't going to be such an easy task. The scars left there were deep. To heal years of jabs to an organ more powerful than the mind was going to take a lot of commitment. Even after all the healing work I'd done, healing matters of my heart may not happen this lifetime. There were too many more moments left to break it.

Before Eli went to bed that night, he looked at me. “You need someone take care of you,” he said. “You're not dating because of us, Mom.”

Talk about a jab to the heart. I'd been dating and it was awful. It felt like the best place for my heart to be was in love with me.

I kissed his forehead, “No, buddy, I don't need anyone and your assumption isn't true,” I said. “Also, it's not your business.” The perception I needed someone to take care of me was a loaded thought. It triggered a memory.

The first bankruptcy attorney I'd met with said to me, “Honey, the only way out of this mess is for you to find yourself a man.”

I left that meeting wanting to punch him below the belt and tell him I was in this mess because of a man. Instead, I took one bite of the apple waiting for me in my car, chomping each bite to the core until it was gone. Then I threw that trash on his office lawn and hired the man in the alligator-skinned boots. No more apples shoved in my mouth after years of being silenced by men who'd promised they'd take care of me. I learned I was better off taking care of myself.

I didn't have the heart to tell Eli how much heartache I was still moving through on account of his father. He didn't need to know. I didn't have the heart to tell him that I was different and it was going to take time to find someone. The truth was, I was strong and independent, in need of someone to care *for* me, not take care *of* me. Those were two totally different concepts. My faith in finding a counterpart who'd care for my sensitive heart rested in the sand at the bottom of the ocean.

I went to bed with Eli's concern on my heart that night. Beneath my sheets, I looked up at the wooden bear Terry had given me. I'd hung it in the center of my headboard on the wall when I got home from Hawaii. I found comfort in the bear

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watching me sleep every night. Of course, being alone was something I could be, it just felt unnatural to live a life without sharing the bed with someone to love. I came home from my trip empowered but, now, really missing Dean. Before I'd left, he was always there. Now, he was countries away and we hadn't spoken in weeks.

His silence bothered me. He was the one who told me he couldn't wait to spend time together when he got back from his trip. I was the one who knew that wasn't going to happen. The only time my intuition never really worked was when it came to matters of my heart. I always ignored what my gut told me, but that was starting to improve.

I could've waited to see if Dean reached out, but I was tired of waiting for truth. I'd spent thirty-six years hiding behind everyone else's truth, including my own. If he couldn't handle the heat, it was time for him to get out of the kitchen. I stewed about it for a minute, then wrote a message, clear and to the point: "This isn't gonna work for me. While I understand and respect your journey, remember I'm the one at home with your letter and jacket you handed me before you left."

I didn't care if he didn't want to talk anymore, but he should be clear about his intentions. Why in the world is it so hard to tell the truth and be direct? I didn't give those items to myself. He knew exactly what he was doing by leaving them behind. It was insurance. I wasn't going to be put into a holding pattern until he figured himself out. That's bullshit and now on my radar for my next book. © Sapphire Rain