

Letting Go To Hold On



That was something Martin had said to me awhile ago, "if you want to hold on, you have to let go." Of course I wanted to tell him to shut it, among other things like STFU! AND who knew a husband could be right? I hate when that happens!

That saying can apply to so many things in life. Like if I want to hold on to my son, I need to let go of him at the same time. Let go of what was, to allow what is, which could be even better if I allow it. There in lies the dilemma, that damn mama gene just LOVES what was! I believe I have blogged about this one before. I'm STILL working on fully letting go of that one mind you. I mean it's getting easier to as I have more interactions with Andrew now, but there are still those damn mama gene moments that sucker punch me and take my breath away.

Now there is yet another new chapter in which I have to let go to hold on. Like letting go my life in Florida, my daughter and three granddaughters. But I know I gave it my all the last 2 years while Martin has been gone dealing with cancer treatment in his own country, because we don't offer the same kind of stellar care here in the US. I did everything I could to keep our life going here, but it is not meant to be, for now.

I realized after nearly 2 years and not getting any further ahead no matter what I did, it was time to rethink what I was holding on to. I have to admit, the presidential election was the final straw and knew it was time for me to let go of what I have here if I wanted to hold on to the life I needed. I knew Martin just wouldn't be able to live in the US again

because of needing access to health care when he needs it, and we couldn't afford it in the US. NO ONE can when you have been dealing with cancer, health insurance or not. There's deductibles, co-pays, and still having to pay 20% of the medical bill. Why deal with the stress of that if we don't have to?

While Martin has been gone, I have had to work fulltime at a job that kicks my ass physically and mentally, which leaves me very little time with my girls anyway. I am so tired from work, I spend my 2 days off playing catch up on things I couldn't get done while I worked. And licking my wounds, ok not literally because I can't get my feet up that far, but you get the point. Jogging was out of the question now because my feet were so sore. Real self care was out the window too. My blood pressure was way to high due to the stress of trying to keep all the plates spinning at once. My pool guy let me down so that was on my list of things to do as well.

So what the hell am I really giving up then, right?

Well, my daughter and being a fulltime grandmother like I always wanted to be. My home of 17 years, the longest I've lived anywhere and where my son spent half his life. It's where my co-dependent wiener dog Merlin is buried. The home that I wanted my grand daughters to grow up in as well. Having a pool that I thoroughly enjoyed last summer. I mean I was in that thing way into the night. My rescue chiweenies, Dobby and Mama, my Lexus that I adore. Not to mention, while I hate the summers in Sarasota, I do love where I live. But now I had to let it all go.

My daughter did not take it well when I told her I was moving. I told her by letting go, that things could work out even better than we think, even though we don't see that right now. I reminded her that because I had to work fulltime I was little use to her and couldn't spend the time with them like I wanted. I told her that just because this wasn't our plan A,

it doesn't mean an even better way won't happen anyway, we just need to trust and get out of the way.



So what do I get for letting go? Yes, a very angry daughter, but I do get my husband back! BUT I also get to quit working at a muggle job that doesn't feed my soul. I get to focus on my third book that goes with my One Woman Show, GOOD GRIEF! that I am currently working on. I will have the time to work on my Visionary Art. I get to work with my boys again! We have a 2 bedroom flat in town, which is walking distance to everything. I get to finally cool

off. I get to visit my girls for the holidays where I can devote ALL of my time to them. AND in the Fall we get to meet the kids in Copenhagen for a little vacation together. We will now have the freedom to take vacations with the kids.

When I stop and think about it, I am letting go of loneliness and stress and gaining a new stress free life with my husband where we both have healthcare! We can travel around Europe for weekend get-aways. As a friend reminded me with a card, "It's Your Time! It's Your Turn!" Yes it is! When I look at it that way, I have nothing to whine about and need to stop being a whiny lil bitch! AND remember..

IT'S ALL GOOD!