The two story house was sitting all alone with only street lights surrounding it on that rainy night sometime in early spring. It was beautiful. It had an old style long country porch.

I drove by the house very slowly. It called out to me. I am the one. And I said, “Father, can I have it with tears in my eyes. I had been driving up and down this newly developed community who only had two residences lived in. However, there was a community of empty, built homes just sitting there waiting to be purchased.

White picket fences were built in front of all the properties on the street except the house I desired.

My heart was broken and I wanted to be alone, away from all the stress, family and problems that the brought. So on a rainy night, I jump into my car and set out to a far away neighborhood and found the next house that I thought could take me away.

“I will even take this one, Lord if you allow me to get it. I just want to be free” I said with tears in my eyes and a broken heart. The rain continued to fall as I continued to drive and beg.

Thirty days later, I was signing the closing documents. After a long month and lots of back and forth with my husband, he finally agreed and we were moving in again together. The house was mine. We lived in it for eight years. We renovated it gave it an elegant look, inside and out.

Friends came from afar, to see the changes that we made to the house. The grown children moved in once or twice before going back out and making lives for themselves and we grew older together.

My husband married me on May 17, 2007. I was his second marriage and he was my second marriage. I had three sons from my marriage and he had two daughters and six sons from our previous relationships.

I loved him even until today. But we grew apart somewhere into our relationship and found it desperately hard to get much of the love back.

In later years, he was gracious enough to move around the corner, to allow me to be alone with the house. He dropped by twice a week to make sure that I had everything I needed to survive. He was a kind and generous man, who was an only child. And I was grateful that he had an open mind to give me my freedom. I loved my husband but I could no longer live with him. He loved me, but he was glad to have been set free from the obligations of living under the same roof.

We were best friends for awhile. My dreams were his and his were mine. But with all dreams, we woke up and what we saw was that we had grown apart.

His priorities changed, while mine remained the same. So bitterness set in and I began to hate all that he had become. And in time, he too joined in and the hate became mutual. Our solution was to move nearby but to have our own households. Each was given the authority to follow their own dreams and passions. Both of us agreed that we would be supportive when or if the other needed to find companionship. And we parted.

He took everything that he wanted from the accumulated items from past purchase and I kept the rest. I arranged the home as I choose and I lived comfortably in it.

Everyone has gone. The children have their own places. My husband is comfortable in his well designed apartment and my mother, whom I loved dearly, has passed away.

I have started back writing again. After everyone left. I turned the garage into my own efficiency apartment and have written in it for months. I do some of my best work in the garage.

My two cars, a Mercedes and an inherited Lexus both sit outside in the driveway. The golf cart that we purchased years ago, now sits on the golf pad in the back yard.

Our dog, Rusty, a mini Doberman pincher was the center of our lives for a couple of years. He was my husband’s animal best friend. They went everywhere together. They knew each other’s ways to communicate and the dog brought peace and harmony into the house. When my husband and I started changing in the way we felt for each other, Rusty also started becoming ill. His illness increased as our fights and struggles increased. Eventually, he gave up and slept away. Losing him was the straw that broke the camels back for my husband and he no longer wanted to remain in the house. So we set out to get him in a respectable neighborhood that would help him change his environment. We succeeded and all is well.

Our current relationship allows us to platonically love care for and protect each other from a distance. That is our blessing. I respect him even more now. He is a good man…