

The Landscape of My Week
April 26, 2014

As I look back on the events of this week
I examine the landscape –
The contours of the experiences,
The visuals of the memories
The shapes of decisions made
The textures of emotions felt
The tumultuous patterns
And the shifting of life's sands

I find myself feeling a variety of things –
Weary and tired,
Proud and ashamed,
Strong and weak,
Drained and challenged
Sorrowful and hopeful.
All of these things in the span of
Hours and days, minutes and hours.

The landscape of this week was scarred with pain:
I looked into my daughter's eyes and saw
Something a father should never have to see.
I saw the fear of the future
The embarrassment of the present
The shame of the past
Welling up in her eyes
Crying out for help and hope
Longing to experience something new,
Something different
Something safe.

The landscape was cut away with
The howling of life's winds blowing harsh upon the heart.
The cutting sting of abandonment
The painful words of attack
The hurtful resentment of bitterness
The harsh expressions of anger
The alienating sentiments of addiction.
With each wind that blew our direction,
Emotions were felt, tears were shed
And decisions were faced.

My daughter (after prayer, reflection and counsel)
Decided to ask her husband to leave
In less than their two years of marriage

They had gone from honeymoon to departure
From hope to despair
From joy to pain
From joining to agonizing separation.

When love is lost on two people
As it was between these two
And between so many before them
It leaves scars on the landscape of the soul
And leaves marks on the mind
And sometimes, yes sometimes
Bruises on the heart.

In striving to be strong for my daughter
I felt the winds assault my own mind –
A lost relationship with the son I've always wanted
A broken fellowship with the couple I cherished.
An empathy for the daughter I had raised
A fear for their future
A sadness for that which was which is no more.

I believe that the right thing was done this week.
And though no one wanted to be where we were
It was absolutely necessary to endure
To preserve and protect
To guard and care
To ensure the future and secure the present.
It was the best of the bad options
But one that left the landscape changed as a result.