

# A New Normal

I wanted my life to return to normal.  
Then I realized what I wanted  
was for my life to return to what it  
once was.

A year ago I found hope one night  
when I heard my wife and my  
youngest son laughing in our  
bedroom.

I thought my life was returning to  
normal.

I played cards with our youngest son  
after supper,  
with much fun and laughter.  
After a few cartoons,  
he and my wife were off to bed.  
It was then that I realized  
my life was not returning  
to the normal that it was  
when Greg was alive,  
but changing to a new normal.

I cannot return to what I once was,  
because all of the parts are  
no longer there.

I have the choice, consciously,  
and subconsciously  
to carry on with my life,  
thus creating a new normal.

Hope lies in accepting what  
you now have –  
looking with joy, not sorrow,  
looking ahead with optimism  
not pessimism.

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