

Sometimes I Just Need to Cry!

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I feel that I am a very fortunate woman. Outwardly that may not be the first comment others would tend to make about me. You see there has been quite a bit of pain in my life. When I was eight years old my father died by suicide and I was the one who found him. My first child was born with spina bifida. We were told he probably wouldn't survive, but as I write this I will tell you he is almost 32 years old. However, he has had to endure many corrective surgeries and gets around in a wheelchair. My mother was diagnosed with a brain tumor and we anxiously waited to hear the outcome of that surgery. My mother survived with the only adverse effect being her loss of smell. My marriage ended in divorce after 20 years. The marriage wasn't all bad, but I felt it slowly died during our last five years together. As a single mother of three I found life financially challenging even though I worked full time. Then in 1999 my youngest child died suddenly in an automobile accident. I grieved and cried after each painful experience. The intense pain I felt the first few years after my son's death has grown softer over the years. The pain is now part of the person I am today. The events that occurred prior to my son's death played a part in preparing me for what was to come. Perhaps those previous painful experiences allowed me to acquire an inner strength that even I did not know I possessed.

I have learned the importance of releasing the pressure that builds up inside when I experience something painful in my life. I didn't learn this overnight. Sometimes I did things wrong or in unhealthy ways before I learned to handle what life handed me in a more healthy way. I seem to be a student of the School of Hard Knocks. Crying and talking it out seem to work best for me. It allows me to periodically release the pressure I carry inside me. In 2003 I remarried. While I couldn't have asked for a more compassionate and understanding man, he is typical in his desire to fix whatever needs fixing. When I cry he so desperately wants to get me over the hump quickly. It's hard for him to see me hurting so badly. I have tried to help him understand the "**pressure cooker effect**" by explaining that if I don't periodically release the pressure I will explode. We both came from farm backgrounds and both our mothers canned to preserve fresh food for our families using pressure cookers. Steam was periodically released from the pressure cooker. If the pressure was not released periodically, the lid blew off. I'm just like that pressure cooker because I need to periodically release the pressure. A good cry releases that pent-up pressure. After a good cry I usually feel tired, but much better. Crying is a much needed release. It's too bad more people don't know about the pressure cooker effect. Maybe people would regard crying differently then. **Yes, sometimes I just need to cry!**