

Living Alone Was Never In My Plan

Living alone is not uncommon in our time, regardless of age, and there are many different reasons why people do so. I ended up living alone because I went through a devastating divorce and my two children are now grown and out on their own. I have not found another man in 20+ years with whom I wish to share a home. I came close a couple of times, but alas, it didn't work out.

But could I actually share my home, my life, with someone else after so many years? Do I really want to push my clothes over in the closet to make room for another's? Do I want to mingle my books, take down some of my pictures or my Native American drum so he can put something on the walls he likes? Change out the furniture? It makes me shudder!

I've learned that living alone is neither good nor bad. It just is. It has its perks. I don't have to share a thing! Not the TV remote, the bathroom, my car, my home or my money. I can do what I want when I want, spend my money the way I choose, eat the food I like, talk on the phone as long as I wish, visit my children as often as I can and go on vacation where I choose. I can hog all the blankets in bed and keep the house as hot or as cold as I deem comfortable. It is an "I" world.

On the flip side, I often eat my meals alone in front of the TV and I talk out loud to my fur babies about my day. There is no one else to check out the weird noise I hear in the house at night or to take out the garbage. The day begins in silence and ends in silence as there is no one else to say good morning to or kiss good night. If I fall and hurt myself, no one may know for a day or two. And there is only one income toward expenses.

Several years ago I had a couple of good friends and we used to talk about sharing a big house. We all had children at the time so we were talking about when the kids were grown. We would share the expenses and the work around the house. We wanted the house big enough and on a bit of land so we could all have a little space to call our own. It would be nice to be able to share the burdens of owning a home and have someone around for those times when you might feel lonely. We all had common interests enough to be able to get along, I think. Unfortunately, one member of our group decided to fall in love and move away. It only left the two of us and we never revisited the idea.

Most days I don't give it a thought about living alone. I love my home and I have a sense of pride of being able to take care of my house and myself. But on other days, I have a hard time listening to the silence or become frustrated when I have to deal with things around the house that are difficult for me. Sometimes I wish I didn't have to keep working and wish there was someone else willing to support me so I could actually follow my dreams to create and do something different to make a living other than office work.

Living alone was never in my plan for life. I thought I would have a husband and children and once the children were gone, my husband and I would grow old together. Unfortunately, life didn't happen that way. So here I am. Killin' it living alone.

I'm a little nervous about growing old alone and what life will bring, but hey, I've made it this far. I'm sure I'll be alright. And quite frankly, I would rather live alone than live with someone who makes my life miserable or I have to support financially and doesn't contribute to the household.

My home is my sanctuary and I love being able to be me. I wonder if I would know how to still be me if I had to share myself and my home after being single for so long. I do know one thing...if I found someone that I thought I could share my life with after all these years, I might have to go back to Kindergarten to learn how to share again!

Ember