

STILL SEARCHING

I'm listening to my iPod (1st generation!) and of course it's loaded with all of my favorite music from years ago. I love the music. I have such a wide spectrum of musicians, bands and genres. But the songs bring forth many memories from the last 20 years. Good times and bad. Memories of love lost, over and over again. It is a parade into my soul, my hopes and dreams, my laughter and my tears.

My heart breaks repeatedly as I remember past loves. I see me dancing in slow motion in my mind, laughing and loving. And I can't help but ask what happened? What's wrong with me? Why was there so much turmoil and interference in my life that no one was willing to work through it with me? Why have I been on this life journey alone for so long?

The love I experienced along the way for the most part was amazing and fun and musical and adventurous. I guess not many women can say that. So why couldn't I hold onto it? Am I too strong, too independent? Is that my curse?

Maybe I can't accept a man for who he is. Or do I accept him initially but when he doesn't meet my expectations I get angry. Am I so cruel and heartless? I'd like to think not. But then again, I have been described as "quite a force." Am I "so much" that I inadvertently crush any love? I wonder.

I love life and I am full of passion. My passion can be a seductive slow boil or it can burst forth in an explosion of laughter, love and light or erupt into anger, white hot and dangerous. There's not a lot of in between with me when I'm in love.

I want to maintain my independence and strength when I'm in love. I need to have alone time to do the things I like to do—writing, cooking, gardening, reading, listening to music. If I don't get this time to renew and maintain who I am, I feel suffocated and anxious and like I'm losing "me." I still want to be able to make some of my own decisions and see my children and grandchildren. But yet I want and need to be wholly loved, pampered and sometimes taken care of. I'm complicated, I know.

I want my lover to be a big part of my life and to enjoy many of the things I enjoy. But I'd also want him to think for himself, be optimistic, have a couple of his own hobbies and to love and enjoy life as much as I do. I can't stand a regular dose of negativity. I want to be his first thought in the morning and his last thought at night, just as he is mine.

Maybe I live in a fantasy world. Maybe I read too many romance novels as a young woman, but I can't help but think this is how true love is supposed to be. What's the point otherwise? I can date. I can go out with different guys and spend a couple of hours, but I don't want that temporary "fix." I'm looking for something lasting. Is that so weird?

But in this world as it is, I think there is so much hurt and despair that real love is being lost. So many have been abused, abandoned and hurt so deeply that it's becoming harder and harder to love, whether you're a man or a woman. No one wants to hold out for a deep, meaningful relationship. They would rather take what they can get, but unfortunately it often just repeats the process of hurt.

So where can someone like me find love? Is there anyone out there still willing to love? It's often said there is someone for everyone. But what if there isn't?

I guess what's wrong with me is that I want to believe in true love. I want to believe I just keep missing it because I've been busy elsewhere. But it can still happen, right? The books and movies tell me it can happen regardless of age and of course, if Hollywood tells me this, it must be true!

Well, maybe there's still a chance for little independent, passionate me. All I have left is hope. I guess we'll see what happens. After all, isn't love just another kind of adventure?

Ember