Up, Up and Away

I tried to build a new life as close as possible to the life I lost. Which brings me to today.

August 1, 2016 By Jay Squires

My therapist Paula tells me I must fledge. I must stretch my wings and fly. She says this because one interpretation of my last 4.5 years is that I've done a lot of laying around. I can't disagree but this point begs the question of the value of such a life.

At the start laying around was all I did. Movement consisted of crawls to the toilet and the couch. I regained my ability to walk and then to walk well. That's when the questions started, not then from Paula but from everywhere.

"Hey Jay. You look great. What's next for you?" I heard this in variations without differences. Everybody was pushing me out the door.

I pushed harder than anyone. I obsessed over my future. I tried to build a new life as close as possible to the life I lost. The stress of a doomed job search damaged me. My life in New York, my dream, was made less by 2 a.m. renovations to my resume. The never ending, never satisfied wait for a response demoralized me. All this set me back physically as my counts moved forward and back for years never reaching the goal. Mentally I was a mess. Major depression waxed and waned, at its worst bringing me dark thoughts that terrified me. My foolish quest for a return to "normal" nearly killed me.

What did I gain by this pain? Was I able to start all over from where I jumped from life's path? Nothing and no.

In January last year miracles began to happen. I made the late decision to free my 88-year-old father from what I called the "Elder Industrial Complex."

With one call to my long-term Realtor I found the perfect house for Dad, Angelo and me. 9304 is two stories with a great open design and major new renovations. And it is around the corner from the family home where I grew up. Dad was coming home.

Dad thrived for six months then died in August. I was his heir and I inherited the house and a fair amount of money. I was set. I was secure. I could breathe.

In February that year I was granted a disability award. After three years I had income again and not a bad one either. Angelo and I, with seas crossed and fires quenched, fell into a pleasant

routine. I found value in marriage.

This brings me to today as I contemplate my failure to launch. Today I am solvent and I want to perfect frugality. I spend my time relaxing, enjoying the variety of my home entertainment setup and most of all thinking. I think a lot.

I think about my perennial passion, politics. I watch the frightening display and try to figure it out. When I do I'll share my revelations.

LOL

I think about the part of my family that acknowledges me. I think about my spouse and my kids, the three most beautiful and lovey cats ever. I think about the earth, my part of it and its beauty so close to my door.

I think a great deal about God. Our relationship is maturing. I am coming to understand a small part of His majesty. I have written here of four miracles, gifts to Angelo and me from Christ. In my half-assed clumsy way I have found God, a leader and a friend.

I am blessed and to me I have validated the road that brought me here. What appeared to be an indolent life in fact was one of striving that succeeded. I am happy. I love Angelo and I love my life.

The next time I'm asked about my plans for the future I will reply that I will watch for the future and catch hold of it when it arrives. I will ride the future. I will make the future mine.

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