

I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH HE DID

A widow's journey

Mary Lee's 73-year-old husband Neville died from small cell lung cancer in 2013

BY MARY LEE CLAFLIN, adapted from the book,
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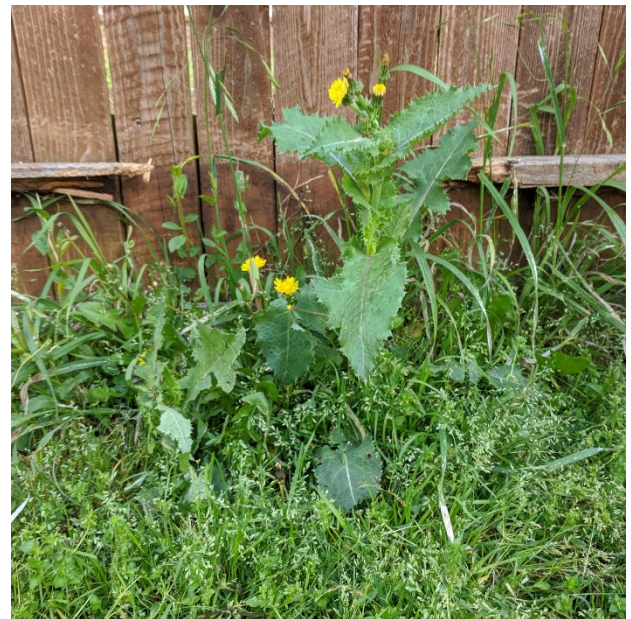
Maintenance is the hardest of all for me

Every time I get on the stepladder to change the filter for the air conditioner and heater, I start my cussing. This should not be all that difficult, but I get frustrated that Neville is not here to do it.

Before he died, he had me get the stepladder out and learn to change the filter. He gave me hints as to what would make it easier for me. Now every time I get on that ladder, I see him sitting there telling me how to do it.

I no longer do the lawn since we did it together. I have gone through so many yardmen. They start off doing a good job then get sloppy, show up sometimes and not others.

I cut the grass and Neville would edge and weed it. We had fun working in the yard together. Since he died, I've let the flowerbeds grow weeds, haven't replaced flowers that died, and don't care about leaves in the yard. Most of my neighbors have theirs raked but truthfully, I like the leaves. We had no trees for so long.



My dryer went out and I had to shop for a new one. Neville was one to investigate and shop around and see what consumer reports said. I just went to Lowe's and bought one that wasn't too expensive. Who looks in the utility room to see your washer and dryer? My disposal has been out for about three months. I don't cook and put very little in it, so see no reason to fix it at the present.

Things I thought were little jobs Neville did around the house were actually big things. I never realized how much he did.