

# THE BIG QUESTION “ARE YOU MARRIED?”

## A widow’s journey

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

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### Self care articles for the bereaved

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### Our marriage didn’t end

When asked the question as to whether I’m married, I say, “I am married.”

Just because Neville died, our wedding and marriage did not end. At least that is how I feel.

I once was in a store looking at a fit watch, and a man about my age was looking as well. We were discussing which watch was best. Then I went to find a salesperson who could let me try on one. The salesperson thought we were together and asked me if I knew where my husband was.

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**I said, “Yes, he is in Heaven.”**

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I felt really bad for this man as he kept apologizing.

When I fill out doctor forms, I never check the widow box. I hate that word. I always check the married box. I did not choose to be a widow, so I don’t claim it. Besides, why do they need to know this? The insurance card is in my name.

Prior to his death, Neville told me which items he wanted his kids to inherit. He then asked me,

“Who are you giving my wedding ring to?”

I said, “No one. I am keeping it.”

He said that made him happy.

He died in October and the first Christmas without him was in 2013. My wedding ring was a band of diamonds, and Neville’s had scroll work on it. I took both to a jeweler to put together and then added three diamonds to the top of Neville’s ring. I had been given these diamonds over the years and wasn’t using them. My jeweler asked if I wanted to see them after he finished. I said no. I had him wrap the ring in a package for me to open on Christmas Eve, the day when Neville and I would have exchanged presents.

