

## Journey of a Wounded Healer

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### 29. Labor Day Weekend

31 August 2014

On Labor Day weekend I went to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Hamden, New York. Anthony drove me there. Afterwards, a friend drove me to Delhi for breakfast, and another friend drove me home after picking up my tab. It was clear everyone was glad to see me and they were impressed with my progress, despite my awkward gait and difficulty getting in and out of their cars.

Anthony and I went to a couple of garage sales in the afternoon though neither of us was looking for anything in particular. We picked up some small, unique items for very little, including a pocket sundial. I bought a pair of stainless steel candle holders with star designs cut into their metal shades for five bucks. We talked to neighbors and had a friend over for supper. I made the salad and did most of the dishes and pans. Anthony did all the rest. I felt I was slowly, haltingly getting back into the swing of things after a long hiatus.

I was very stiff on Sunday after the previous day's walks and other activities. I was discouraged, thinking that perhaps I had been released from the hospital too soon. While Anthony was at church, I had a brief, but very intense, sobbing cry for myself. It lasted about two minutes and then I got on with my morning. I prepared coffee and breakfast for Anthony's return: English muffins and a store-bought but unbaked quiche Lorraine.

I worry about what it will be like when Anthony goes back to New York on Tuesday and I will be completely alone for the first time in nearly two months. While I am looking forward to the solitude, I always feel sad when Anthony leaves. I am concerned about the many challenges facing me. But I have God, my friends, angels, no doubt, and my many teachers watching over me in shifts. I feel unsure of myself, but protected. I hope it is so.