

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

I Feel Guilty

by Tina Blower

I feel guilty, God knows, about all sorts of things, but not about going on holiday on my own. My husband had been waiting for when the business was less hectic so that he could take some time off. Being busy was his way of dealing with it. It got to a point where I was begging him to take time off so that I could have a holiday, which was my way of dealing with it. I also think that he needed me to be at home for him when he came back. But I wasn't busy during the day. I had nothing to do now. Nothing to do but think about what I would have been doing if our beautiful baby daughter was still alive. She had been born with a rare brain disease.

The doctors had given her a pretty poor prognosis but we took each day at a time. Each day, we won our daughter and each milestone was like winning the lottery. Neither of us thought about her death. We lived for the present and watched her thrive. A couple of months ago, she caught a cold. A common cold. This cold took hold and turned into pneumonia and weakened her already fragile immune system.

So I waited for my busy husband to come home so that I could be a consolation for him. It wasn't long before I went out of my mind. My parents came round a lot but friends suddenly became scarce. They had no idea how to console someone who had lost a child and as most of them had children themselves, they did not want to think about it. So when my husband came up with excuse after excuse, I went online and booked a two week retreat in Bali. I didn't tell him. A week ago, just after my husband left for work, I packed a suitcase and took a train to the airport. I have been here for a week now. I get up, shower in a natural waterfall, do yoga, eat a nutritious meal and sit in nature for the rest of the day.

I watch the surrounding countryside teeming with life and, although the pain is still searing me, I am somehow bathed with something like a mothers hug. I am surrounded by people who I can choose to speak to or not. Just sitting with them, people who didn't know my daughter, was soothing as well. My husband phoned me just before I got on the plane, just as I expected. I told him what I was doing. I listened to the silence and then he put the phone down. I know that it will be ok when I get back. I think he just got so caught up in his own grief that he forgot about mine. So I don't feel guilty about this.