

fill till school is out. Mass begins at 8:30, and I see it as an opportunity to fill another 45 minutes.

Long after the church is empty, I sit alone in my usual trance retracing it all, screaming silently to God to give me some answers. Father Bob sees me sitting alone crying and stops for a moment on his way to the rectory. "Why?" I ask him. "Do you know why?" He shakes his head. "No." One simple question, and a man of God does not know the answer. There is no help for my affliction, my despair. There are no answers in this world for me. I'm all alone fighting to find the way.

In the school library, my first thoughts are of Alex, of our last trip to this library together two weeks ago. The other librarians know, but no one speaks of Alex, his death. There is no concentration and I realize it even in simple tasks like matching cards to book pockets, which I eventually give up in frustration.

Heading for the shopping mall, I know that there I can kill the rest of the afternoon. There is a purpose in my life now. It is to redecorate our bedroom, and as quickly as possible. The family is in total agreement. Alexander died in that bedroom and something must be done with it. I want to change it dramatically, to make it so different that we won't remember the horror, won't see death in every corner.

The stop at the wallpaper store is unfruitful. I expect to be able to think clearly; to make a wise choice from the hundreds of samples. But again I've forgotten that my mind is crippled. I cannot concentrate on the sample books, remember possible choices, or trust my judgment. After an hour of searching, I must go — too nervous to remain sitting in one place.

I walk the shopping mall, numb in body and mind, moving so slowly it's no wonder that people seem to stare. Store after store, not remembering from one store to the next what I'm looking for or why I might have stopped here. Checking my watch constantly, there is no awareness of the passage of time. Five minutes or two hours, I cannot tell, for there is no inner sense to keep me in tune with life's natural rhythms. After picking up the children, I can go home and collapse in bed till my husband comes home for the evening. The exhaustion of grief is more than I think I can survive, and I'm physically ill from it.

The next morning brings with it the same panic; panic that will be with me each day till I learn to be home alone. I'm frantic to collect myself and be ready to leave for the day as soon as



KASLER
AT HOME

Furnishings For The Home

3755 E. 82nd St.
845-8855



AFAS

PLAYING HURT HURTS YOUR PLAY

The skilled podiatrists of the Academy of Foot and Ankle Specialists are experts in biomechanics. That means they know how feet and ankles are supposed to work. No matter what your age. No matter what your game. AFAS can put you on the right track to better foot and ankle health. Call today for an examination and evaluation.

Academy of Foot and Ankle Specialists

Indianapolis: 927-3885
Statewide: 1-800-228-AFAS

Affiliated with the American Surgery Centers of Indianapolis