

Emma Bedroom Talk, Thinking of my sister in heaven,

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By : blushing beauty 6519

My thoughts changed from Mystery Man and hubby's lack of physical touch for me to my siter who died last year. She was special in her make up since she was born Intellectually Disabled (formally MR).

Published on  
**Booksie**

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Dear Ladies,

3/28/13

If any of you have read my column from the beginning, you may/may not be surprised to hear I have a big heart. Well, that is what my friends (all girls) who have known me for at least 20 years have told me. My quirky personality has frightened off many would be friends over the years. At first some (girls) think I am shy and then once my true self shows they think I am strange and I never hear from them again. That is why I only have a few close people I share private thoughts with. The problem is I build friendships up faster in my mind than they actually could ever be.

Mystery Man is no exception to this rule. He definitely knows way more about women, men, sex, and life than I do. His mind is very fun to pick online and the fact that I have never seen his picture makes him sexy to me. I envision his features as Tom Cruise, Keanu Reeves, Matthew McConaghey, or perhaps Michael Douglas. I had these images of Mystery Man pushed out of my mind today as I got into the shower and Pink Floyds song Comfortably Numb began to play. My thoughts shifted to my sister Jennie who was Intellectually Disabled (MR) and lived in a home until she passed away from cancer at age 60.

Although I visited her throughout her lifetime I barely knew her at all. She was a short girl with brown hair, dark brown eyes. Her facial features are the same as all of us girls which we inherited from my mom. She did not speak any words in her lifetime, and her friends were the girls who lived in the home with her. Her true family was the staff who made all of the girls a part of their family. She celebrated her final birthday one month in a dirty gymnasium with her girlfriends who sat at the table eating ice cream and drinking punch. My siblings and I took turns taking pictures with her on a pink bean bag chair which she laid on upside down like always.

Everyone including the girls and staff were dressed in pink to acknowledge the cancer that ate away her small body. The doctors said God must be really kind to her since her back was riddled with cancer and she should not have been able to lean back on her spine that way. I believe my sister is trying to tell me she is in peace. I think she wants me to find myself to and stop being so dependent on men. I am uncertain where my journey on the path of life is leading. I am a believer in God and know my sister is healed and happy in heaven.

I also, pray every night for the people I care for including my family, Mystery Man and now my new advisor. Who by the way is like Dr. Phil in the way we speak to each other. However, I have seen my new advisor in person and he is very handsome. Sorry Dr. Phil, you just do nothing for me. Hubby is also, doing nothing for me sexually, physically, or even mental affection. Hubby has taken on this new way of speaking to me like I am a little child and it drives me bonkers. He turns on this high pitched voice when he says "I love you." Really, I am not 5 years old. In bed he jokes around from Big Bang Theory, I have begged him for years to whisper dirty talk to me. (he used to but he quit after we married). Finally, he said: really loud: YOU ARE DIRTY, FILTHY AND DISGUSTING (Leonard BBT). Then hubby got mad at me for not laughing. I have given him a blow job almost every day this month and he has yet to get off. Hubby has not once in this past month done anything more than kiss me.

I have confided all of my thoughts into my thoughts over the past few weeks into my best friend of over thirty years. She said she does not want to be the cause for us getting a divorce but, she wants me to start weighing my options with hubby. The D word is something I never imagined would enter my married life. Nor, do I really want to leave hubby. I am quite insecure and cannot imagine how I could cope on my own. This is a subject I can no longer approach with Mystery Man for two reasons. The first is he called me complex, which

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hurt my feelings. The second of course is he is not responding to my messages. Oh well, I am obviously not as weak as I present myself or I would be addicted to drugs or on the suicide watch list. I am just a girl who likes attention from men and I am not being satisfied by hubby.

In conclusion, I believe I thought of my sister today as a light showing me that I am stronger than I think, loved by God, and destined to accomplish things I never thought possible. Perhaps this is how many people feel as they face the second half of their future fast approaching. Yes, the BIG 50 is under 3 years away.

Heartfelt Sincerity, Emma

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