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I was so depressed. I had suffered my third miscarriage and the doctors were still saying that it was just “bad luck” and that we should just keep trying. I was frustrated, broken hearted and felt so alone. I truly thought that this time would be different.

Well once again, we went through the disappointment, and the communication in our marriage shut down. I was depressed, hormonal, confused and blaming my body for not being perfect. My husband felt he had to put up a wall of bravery and strength to help support me. He never talked about it, and threw himself into his work to keep from feeling the sadness. I cried alone at night. No one knew how I felt. Or so I thought.

I decided to go back to the grief therapist I saw the years after my mother died. She gently suggested that I needed to tell my husband how I felt. What??!! Tell him??!! He lives with me and sleeps with me and sees me every day; why should I have to tell him how I’m feeling? Can’t he figure it out? And if he can’t is this the man I want to spend forever with? It took some convincing and many sessions for me to realize that even my darling husband can’t read my mind.

One evening, after a heart-wrenching and emotional session with my therapist, I got into the car and couldn’t stop crying. As I usually do, when I can see no way out of a situation and need spiritual guidance, I ask God and my mom for help. Driving home, our wedding song began to play on the radio. It’s one of those old songs – Share My Love by LTD – that you rarely hear on the radio. I cried even harder. As I parked the car “Forever” by the Ebonys came on the radio. By no coincidence this song was also played at our wedding and was recorded by my uncle - my mother’s brother! I knew it was my angels trying to tell me to open up. I needed to let my husband in.

Before I could get my key out, my husband opened the door and I fell sobbing into his arms. I poured my sadness, my loneliness, my hurt and my broken heart onto his shoulders and we talked for hours. To my surprise, he shared some of the similar feelings. It was the defining moment in our marriage to date. If I had held in my feelings and he had held onto his sadness without either of us sharing our emotions with the other, we would have quickly drifted apart.

We recommitted to each other that night. We vowed to make the time at least twice a month to turn off the television and share something sweet as well as our heart’s desires, disappointments and dreams with each other. And most of all to share our love.