

## Fear

By Lori Postlethwait

January has long been my least favorite month, now more than ever. My father died a year ago today, and yesterday was my mother's viewing. Since I have no children, I have no future. Now I have no past.

There wasn't time to mourn my father's passing as I had to fly back to Boise to look for a new home for my mother. She needed more care than I could provide by myself, and my house is not handicapped accessible. Within two weeks of dad's passing, I moved mom to Boise.

For the past year, every day was spent taking care of her, helping her adjust to her loss. Her room was a shrine to my father. She wanted his things around her, not her own. When cleaning out her room, I feel the loss of both of them.

All my life I've suffered from anxiety when having to face new situations: a new school year, new job, new neighborhood, new anything. When having to go someplace new, I'd go the day before, a dry run so the day of would have fewer surprises. Change is hard and can bring on anxiety, but I always had my anchors: my parents.

My biggest fear is facing the future. All the new first without them: the big ones, first Mother's Day, first Thanksgiving, first birthday, and first Christmas. And the little ones: first time driving by where she lived and first time going to places we visited. Now I have no choice but to face the fear.