

Lost at Home
by Julie Labuszewski

Your husband is lost. It's Saturday morning. You're walking downstairs and see him standing in the living room, staring out the front window into the empty cul-de-sac.

The youngest child will be leaving for college in a month. The other two have left home and are on their own.

How can you help?

There are no early morning baseball games to wake up for any more, no teams to cheer for, no reason to keep score, no hikes to lead, no cookouts or campouts, no pick-ups at friends, no recitals to attend, no sitting-by-the-front-door wait for kids coming home late, no schedules to ask about, no calculus problems to figure out.

"Wanna go see a movie?" you ask.

"Nothing worth seeing is showing," he says.

You make a few suggestions, but you're certain you'll never find a movie as good as the one that stars his three boys.