



Here's What Slim People Eat for Breakfast



4 Things You Didn't Know You Could Blend
Good Housekeeping + Panasonic



How Much Turkey Do I Need for Thanksgiving?



10 Things in Your House That Are Making You Tired



4 Haircuts That Make You Look Years Younger

© AUG 29, 2015 @ 12:16 PM

LIFE RELATIONSHIPS

My Husband Walked Out on Me While I Was Making Lunch

I was focused on a starting a family. He was focused on another woman.



By Darcie Mueller

themix

166 SHARES

f SHARE

TWEET

PIN

E-MAIL



Gallery Stock

I was making lunch for my two-year-old daughter and thinking about my grocery list, when my husband of eight years walked into the kitchen and announced he was leaving. I asked him where he was going, and could he please take the grocery list with him?

He said, "No, I'm leaving you." I started laughing and said he had to wait until after he finished mowing because some friends were coming for dinner the next day, and I wanted to grill out in the backyard. He looked at me and said, "I won't be here tomorrow. I've packed and am moving in with my girlfriend."

Kaboom.

Flashback one year, to life before the bomb fell. Our baby girl was three months old when my husband found out he would be losing his job. After being unemployed a few months, he was eventually offered a new position, but it was three hours south of where we lived. Not sure if, or when, another position would come along, we decided to relocate. I quit my job and we put our house on the market, trying to stay positive and see the move as an amazing adventure.

MORE FROM GOOD HOUSEKEEPING



5 GUYS GET REAL ABOUT HOW THEIR RELATIONSHIPS CHAN...

9 WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHERS REVEAL THE MOST MEMORABLE...

THANKS TO FACEBOOK, WIDOW IS REUNITED WITH HER LOS...

9 WAYS GUYS ARE ACTUALLY SUPER ROMANTIC

The move and transition, which lasted about a year, were rough. We lived in a one bedroom apartment, juggling a mortgage and rent. We had to acclimate to new jobs, new childcare, and a new community. But, things settled down with the sale of our house and we started making new friends. We even began enjoying the benefits of smaller-town living. We could finally breathe again and settled into a new three-bedroom home in a neighborhood full of families. We did it!

Or did we? Six months later, my husband dropped his bomb and moved out, with no warning and no discussion.

In hindsight, were there signs that my husband was cheating on me? Maybe. He was spending a lot of time on the computer, but he was a programmer, so that wasn't exactly a smoking gun. Our sex life had ebbed and flowed the prior year too, but with the move and a baby to care for, whose wouldn't? If there were signs, they were subtle and I was too busy to notice. In time, it was clear that he had been having his affair the entire time our family was in transition. What type of husband relocates his family only to leave them a few months later? His betrayal felt so deep that I knew in my gut there would be no going back.

So, seemingly overnight, I became a single mother with a mortgage that I couldn't afford in a new community with no close friends or family. The initial fear felt overwhelming, so the first few weeks I simply focused on my daughter. I got up each morning and promised her that I would do my best. I went to work, cared for her, made meals, did laundry, and focused on mundane tasks. Did I cry myself to sleep at night? Was I mad as hell at times? Sure. But giving myself permission to just do my best was key, and it gave me time to process what had happened.

I began making peace with my new reality and knew I had to start telling other people the truth. I found my voice and began sharing – out loud – that my husband had left me and that I was getting divorced.

Each time I heard myself say those words out loud to other people they had less power. I also realized how amazing people are, and that I wasn't alone. A sister of one of my neighbors was a local real estate agent and helped me sell the house. Others helped babysit while I packed and looked for a new place to live, one I could afford on my own. Settling into a new condo and a new life took months of juggling utilities, bank accounts and other tasks, but I did it.

The divorce was finalized less than a year after the bomb fell, and by then, my daughter and I were thriving in our new life. It's hard to believe that bomb was dropped almost 15 years ago now. I have been happily remarried for a decade, and still cherish the folks who became lifelong friends during what felt like my own personal wartime. My daughter is now 17. She is a scholar athlete beginning her senior year in high school, and I couldn't be prouder. She started out as my rock, and has become my light. I guess the move to our new home turned out to be an amazing adventure after all.



SEE THE CONVERSATION!

MARKETPLACE

01. BRING YOUR EX BACK

04. ZODIAC SIGN COMPATIBILITY

07. LEGAL SEPARATION LAWYERS

02. CHEATING HUSBANDS

05. INFIDELITY IN MARRIAGE

08. ASK A LAWYER ONLINE

03. UNCONTESTED DIVORCE FORMS

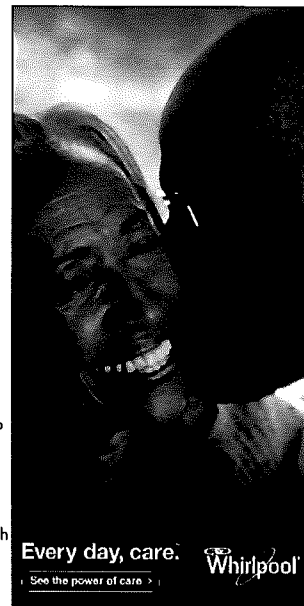
06. HOW TO FIX A MARRIAGE

09. LEGAL GUARDIANSHIP FORMS

ABOUT GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

MORE FROM

LIFE



redbook beauty body life love #realwomenstyleawards

subscribe follow



So The Nanny Gavin Rossdale May Have Had An...



Angelina Jolie Confirms That Filming a Sex Scene...



25 Pumpkin Seed Recipes We Can't Stop Munching On



Jason Priestley Suffered From a Concussion After...



The Man Who Played Charlie Brown Just Plead...

sep 2, 2015 @ 8:21 pm

love

My Husband Walked Out on Me While I Was Making Lunch

I was focused on a starting a family. He was focused on another woman.



By Darcie Mueller

themix

377 Shares

f SHARE

TWEET

PIN

E-MAIL

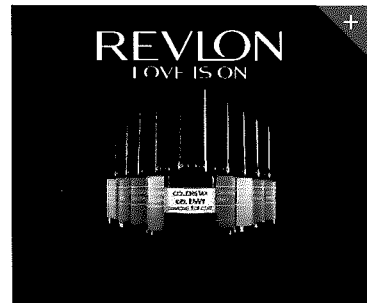


I was making lunch for my two-year-old daughter and thinking about my grocery list, when my husband of eight years walked into the kitchen and announced he was leaving. I asked him where he was going, and could he please take the grocery list with him?

He said, "No, I'm leaving you." I started laughing and said he had to wait until after he finished mowing because some friends were coming for dinner the next day, and I wanted to grill out in the backyard. He looked at me and said, "I won't be here tomorrow. I've packed and am moving in with my girlfriend."

Kaboom.

Flashback one year, to life before the bomb fell. Our baby girl was three months old when my husband found out he would be losing his job. After being unemployed a few months, he was eventually offered a new position, but it was three hours south of where we lived. Not sure if, or when, another position would come along, we decided to relocate. I quit my job and we put our house on the market, trying to stay positive and see the move as an amazing adventure.



MORE FROM REDBOOK



ANGELINA JOLIE
CONFIRMS THAT FILMING
A SEX SCENE W...



MARY-LOUISE PARKER
OPENS UP ABOUT BILLY
CRUDUP LEA...



GWEN AND BLAKE HAD
THEIR FIRST LIVE
APPEARANCE ON ...



THERE IS NO SUCH
THING AS A PERFECT
HUSBAND

The move and transition, which lasted about a year, were rough. We lived in a one bedroom apartment, juggling a mortgage and rent. We had to acclimate to new jobs, new childcare, and a new community. But, things settled down with the sale of our house and we started making new friends. We even began enjoying the benefits of smaller-town living. We could finally breathe again and settled into a new three-bedroom home in a neighborhood full of families. We did it!

Or did we? Six months later, my husband dropped his bomb and moved out, with no warning and no discussion.

In hindsight, were there signs that my husband was cheating on me? Maybe. He was spending a lot of time on the computer, but he was a programmer, so that wasn't exactly a smoking gun. Our sex life had ebbed and flowed the prior year too, but with the move and a baby to care for, whose wouldn't? If there were signs, they were subtle and I was too busy to notice. In time, it was clear that he had been having his affair the entire time our family was in transition. What type of husband relocates his family only to leave them a few months later? His betrayal felt so deep that I knew in my gut there would be no going back.

So, seemingly overnight, I became a single mother with a mortgage that I couldn't afford in a new community with no close friends or family. The initial fear felt overwhelming, so the first few weeks I simply focused on my daughter. I got up each morning and promised her that I would do my best. I went to work, cared for her, made meals, did laundry, and focused on mundane tasks. Did I cry myself to sleep at night? Was I mad as hell at times? Sure. But giving myself permission to just do my best was key, and it gave me time to process what had happened.

I began making peace with my new reality and knew I had to start telling other people the truth. I found my voice and began sharing — out loud — that my husband had left me and that I was getting divorced.

Each time I heard myself say those words out loud to other people they had less power. I also realized how amazing people are, and that I wasn't alone. A sister of one of my neighbors was a local real estate agent and helped me sell the house. Others helped babysit while I packed and looked for a new place to live, one I could afford on my own. Settling into a new condo and a new life took months of juggling utilities, bank accounts and other tasks, but I did it.

The divorce was finalized less than a year after the bomb fell, and by then, my daughter and I were thriving in our new life. It's hard to believe that bomb was dropped almost 15 years ago now. I have been happily remarried for a decade, and still cherish the folks who became lifelong friends during what felt like my own personal wartime. My daughter is now 17. She is a scholar athlete beginning her senior year in high school, and I couldn't be prouder. She started out as my rock, and has become my light. I guess the move to our new home turned out to be an amazing adventure after all.



See the Conversation!

ADVERTISEMENT - CONTINUE READING BELOW

RECOMMENDED

