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if (document.addEventListener) { document.addEventListener("DOMContentLoaded",
window.print(), false); } // for Internet Explorer (using conditional comments) /*@cc_on @*/
/*@if (@_win32) document.write(""); var script = document.getElementById("__ie_onload");
script.onreadystatechange = function() { if (this.readyState == "complete") { window.print();
// call the onload handler } }; /*@end @*/
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GUEST BLOG: From Mark L. in Florida

Posted by: kstewart in *Untagged* on Feb 19, 2010

I knew she had a boyfriend. Things just didn't seem right. I moved out and tried everything I could to save it.

The week of the divorce seems emblazoned in my mind. I knew I would NEVER forget the date. It was just a couple of weeks past my 30th birthday. My daughter was 11. The boys were 8 and 7. We got married at 18 – we knew it all.

To say I was bitter is an understatement. Just months before I found out that my wife's attorney was a guy I played ball with. A teammate! I didn't even get an attorney. I said, "take what you want and get it over with".

Fast forward 24 years. It is April 2008. My daughter is 35 and about to be married. I live in Florida and my ex is still in Ohio. The wedding is in Florida . . . as my daughter eventually moved to be closer to me (but really for the weather!). Somehow along the way all of the pain went away. The anger subsided. My ex married the guy she left me for. Then divorced him. Then remarried again and had another child – who was now 20 and in the wedding.

I had remarried, too. At least twice. My daughter was in my wedding the year before as my new wife's maid of honor. During the photo shoot before the wedding my ex and I spent a great deal of time with my daughter. After all, we were the "real" mom and dad.

As I looked at my ex all I thought about was good times. She still looked great to me – even though we were approaching our 54th birthdays. My wife of just a year, the love of my life and the woman I wished I would have met when I was 18, and my ex get along wonderfully. In fact,

my wife drove to the airport to pick up my ex mother-in-law

The wedding was perfect. I sang to my daughter and my new son-in-law. She asked me to sing "The Wedding Song" . . . the one that was popular when her mom and I got married. When the minister pronounced them man and wife I squeezed my wife's hand. Then I reached over and squeezed my ex wife's hand. All three of us had tears of joy.

The boys were now in their 30's. The youngest was about to get engaged. The oldest, already through a divorce and with a couple of kids. The wedding was awesome. The reception even better.

In 1984 there wasn't anything like Fairway Divorce. Too bad. When children are involved couples who are divorcing have to remember there will, eventually, be the day like the one I just described. It might take awhile . . . but whatever you do during the time you are going through your divorce WILL affect the kids.

This isn't a popularity contest with the kids. Remember that. The kids will love you each for different reasons. And, they will come to love your future spouses or mates, should you decide you want one again. (Hint: You probably will . . . regardless of how you feel today)

There can be clean breaks – although when you are going through it you think the light at the end of the tunnel MUST be a train! Again, I wish the Fairway would have been around back then.

By the way, I forgot the date of the divorce. I couldn't tell you for a million dollars. That's ok though. Just ask my wife, Mary Kay. Life couldn't be better!