**The “Last Wives Club”**

Prologue:

Wheeling her husband to the common area in the nursing home, Marvel stopped to chat with some of the residents who were lingering in their doorways or slowly making their way down the hallway. Sharing her bright smile and ready with a corny joke she enjoyed bringing a smile to their day.

Al, became impatient so they continued on to their destination.

Activities abound, it seemed there was always something for anyone to join in. Al wasn’t in the mood but that didn’t stop Marvel from wheeling him over to a table.

“Hello, Kitty, Harley, Marge and Jim! How are you all doing today?”

Kitty and Marge were also attending to their husbands in wheelchairs, helping them play a game of Crazy Eights.

“Sit down and join us” gestured Kitty as she leaned over to help Harley discard.

Marvel wheeled Al closer to the table and grabbed a chair, watching this hand and waiting to be included in the next one.

The afternoon was muggy and rain threatened so all were content to play cards and visit. Laughter filled the room as the women tried to keep up with the ever changing rules their husbands created for the card game. Well, when one can’t remember make things up, why not?

Many months ago the families had learned to go with the flow and not correct the men folk as their memories evaded them. At first it was very difficult not to explain to them that what they were saying was incorrect but love and life lead way to becoming expert at pretending and little white lies. These were proud men and of a generation that gave so much to the world or everyone, why not ease their burdens?

Their fourth wheel, Rita, came and sat down at the table. Her husband, Howie, had decided on a nap. Rita, being the youngest of the group of friends, saw it as her duty to keep them informed on the latest news and trends. Today she was wearing a pink and purple jogging suit that she had meticulously bedazzled herself. She explained how the “gadget”, she called it, worked and made sure they all saw the special design she had made. Tomorrow she would bring her gadget with her and they could all bedazzle together!

Four o’clock and Al along with Harley and Jim desired their happy hour indulgence. Marvel flagged down an aid and asked for Al’s bourbon. Raising their family Al always had a martini, with vodka not gin, when he arrived home from a days’ work but now he usually had bourbon and water or a Bloody Mary – extra spicy! His wife knew exactly how to make his perfect.

The wives shared stories of family, trips they had gone on, the state of the Government, and local news with ease. They had become their own support group. As they were discussing books read and movies watched Rita told them that the last movie she had seen in a theater was The First Wives Club . She explains the story; it’s about several women whose husbands left them for young “trophy” wives. These same women then ban together as singlehood was rediscovered.

“People are so quick to run out on their marriages these days” commented Kitty. “Harley and I had some interesting episodes in our life together, in fact I never knew what mad really was until Harley and I had a knockdown drag out fight once!”

The ladies all smiled with understanding.

Marvel had a thought. “Gals, the way I see it, we are the first wives and the last wives our husbands will have. I believe that we could be called “The Last Wives Club”!

Laughter ensued, and so their club was created.

Over the years the Last Wives Club will share tears and support as they eventually say their final good-byes to their husbands. The women vow to continued their friendship and meet socially as often as they could. These were not women to sit at home and feel sorry for themselves.