

# Rough Justice by Vanessa Jane

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Rough Justice. This is a phrase I heard the other night, and I thought it fit my life situation fairly accurately. I have to honestly say that this divorce is the worst thing I have ever been through, and I have been through some sad, crazy things, including my father's suicide two years ago. The reason the divorce is the worst is that I've lost so much. As a friend of mine put it, I lost two best friends at once. I've had to learn to stop loving two people who once meant the world to me. And not only did I lose them, but I was betrayed by them both.

Rough Justice. What does this mean? One can look at it from a variety of angles. Some would say that I am being dealt rough justice for some past sins. After all, I must have done something to bring on this type of Karma. I agree with this to some degree. I'm willing to take my share of the blame for the dissolution of my marriage. I was not a perfect wife. I could have done so many things differently. I wasn't always the most affectionate, loving woman. I often times was too tired or stressed to give my ex the things he must have felt he needed. So he left me for someone he thought could and would provide him with these unknown things. Unfortunately he failed to tell me what those things were before he made the decision to leave. I was never given the opportunity to change or make my marriage better.

One could also look at this rough justice as the Karma that my ex will surely begin noticing. After all, I have to believe that when a man leaves his wife and children and takes up residence with the best friend of the wife, then Karma must be lying in wait. One simply cannot be allowed to cause so much pain and devastation and walk away unscathed. After all, out of Chaos comes Order. The only appropriate Order that can come of this is through the rough justice that my ex will be dealt.

What will this rough justice look like? I like to believe that Karma hits us where it hurts us the most. For me it was security; I was stripped of my sense of security. I no longer had someone who would help me through the tough times — financially or emotionally. I've been left to simply flounder, given the option to either sink or swim. No one has thrown me a safety float. I've had to learn very quickly how to become a strong swimmer. So far I feel as if I've mastered the doggy paddle, but I'm getting tired and winded.

Being left to find my way out of this financial mess is bad enough, but my sense of emotional security has been stripped of me as well. I no longer have anyone to talk to about those every day events in life that can break one down. My ex and I were best friends, so much so that when I see him, I have to remind myself that this person betrayed me in the worst possible way. I find myself thinking throughout the day how he might enjoy a story or might possibly want to go to an event that is coming to town. My rough justice is coming full circle - I'm being made to realize what I have so completely lost. My best friend.

If this rough justice is dealing me a blow to my sense of security, then it must be dealing the ex a different kind of blow. I'm hoping it too hits him where he is most vulnerable—in the pocket book. Divorce is expensive. He keeps paying a lawyer to try to find ways out of paying me. I am not yet completely self sufficient. I honestly wish this were not the case, but the fact is that he left me after I gave up a very successful teaching career to become a stay at home mom. These things take a while to reestablish. It may be a few years before I find a permanent teaching position. Until then, he is going to have to keep paying, and paying, and paying. Life will not be lucrative for him, nor should it be. If he will not pay emotionally, as I have done, then he should be made to pay financially.

Divorce is a terrible, sad, devastating affair. I know what it is to lose someone suddenly and unexpectedly, by his own hand. I can speak from experience when I say that divorce is not that far from this type of death. Someone else chose to end my life as I knew it—I was betrayed by people who claimed to love me. And the ironic thing is that now those very people are blaming me for the loss of the very thing they took from me—my marriage. The demise of my marriage is my fault. I, apparently, am getting exactly everything I deserve.

If that is the case, then I say so be it. Who am I to fight Karma? I'll take each hit with the same dignity I've taken every other humiliating hit. But soon, Karma will stop dealing me rough justice, and will instead raise her head and find a new target to focus on. And when that happens, God help the ex and his live in. I've been the one on the receiving end of the constant pain they have been responsible for dealing me. This type of devastation must be

accounted for - a balance must be struck. One cannot keep wreaking havoc and pain without there being some sort of payback. The universe simply does not work that way.

So I'll bide my time. I shall patiently wait for Karma to come full circle. I'll find my release in writing, while I wait for that rough justice to be dealt out. The anger will dissipate, and in its place apathy will take up residence. Only when this happens can the world become a balanced place once again. So I'll wait&hellip;.

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