WHEN A CITY GIRL goes country

By Annette Bridges

The Pause Before What's Next

There's something about a sunset that makes me stop. Not just glance up, but really stop. Take a deep breath. And linger there a moment longer than I meant to. I've taken more photos of sunsets than I could ever count—on our ranch, on the road, by the water, and even across an ocean. But it isn't really about the picture. It's about the pause. Somehow, at the end of a long day—whether it's been full of hard work, quiet moments, or something in between—the sky seems to say... "You made it through today."

And I feel it. A quiet sense of satisfaction. A soft exhale. A letting go of whatever the day held. But right alongside that, there's something else. A gentle anticipation. Because as the sun slips away, I'm reminded that another day is already on its way.

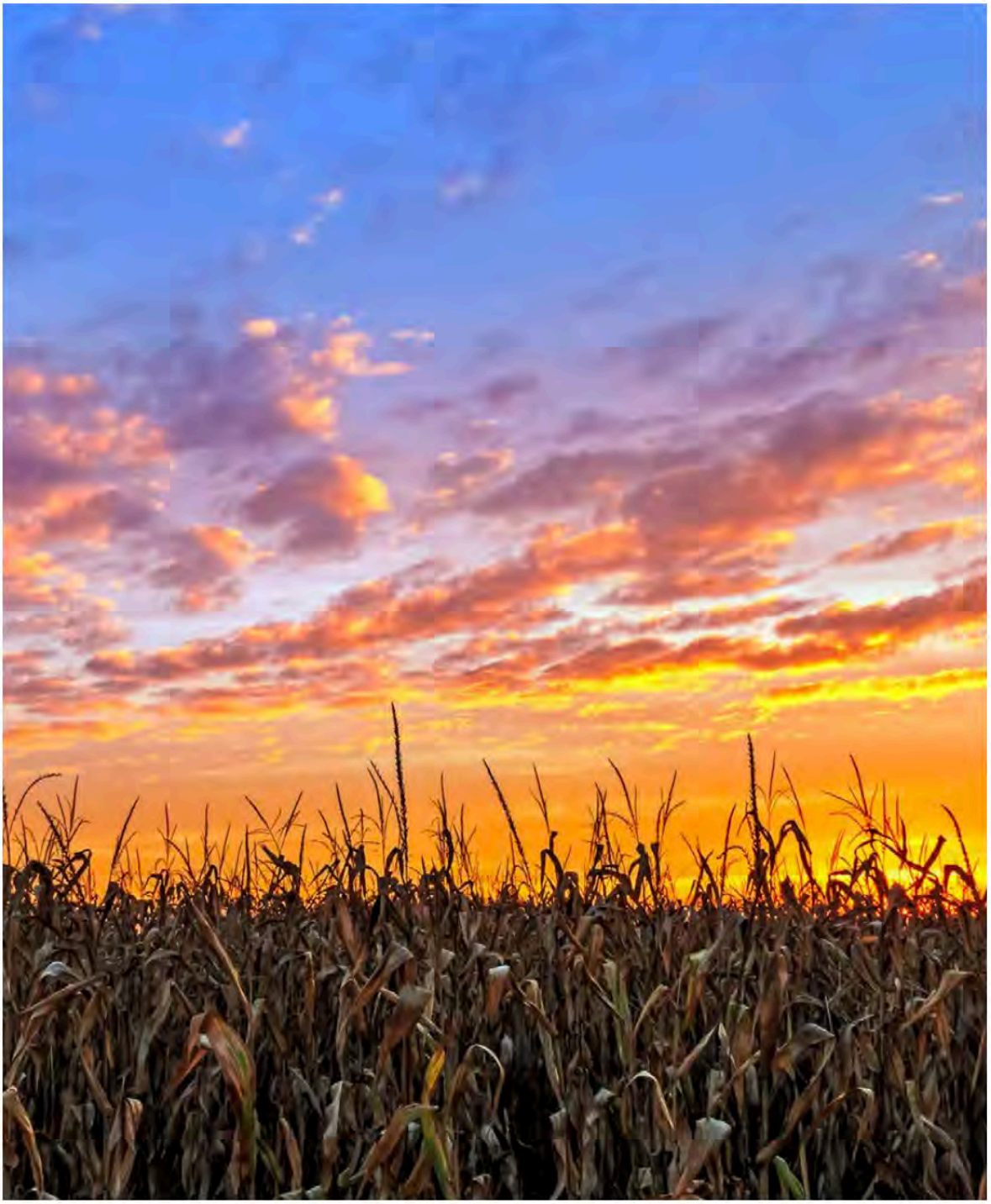
Another sunrise.

Another chance.

Another story waiting to unfold.

And lately, that feeling has been settling a little deeper. My husband and I both know we're nearing the end of a long chapter. The ranch that has been his life since he was a boy. The land his parents began. The rhythm of days shaped by cattle, seasons, and responsibility.

I know it's hard for him to imagine closing that chapter. For me, I feel the pull of what's ahead. More time at our lakehouse. Quiet, slow-moving mornings, open skies, and space to create. Painting. Music. Time



There's something about a sunset that makes a person stop. (Courtesy photos)

to sit, to breathe, to simply be. For my hubby, it feels different. There's a weight to stepping away from something that has given your days their purpose for so long. A wondering of what comes next. And what it looks like to fill the space that once felt so full.

And somewhere in between his uncertainty and my anticipation, we find ourselves here. In the pause. Maybe that's what a sunset has been trying to teach me all along. That there is a sacred space between what has been and what will be. A moment where we don't have to have all the answers. A moment to breathe deeply. To honor what was. To trust what's coming. Because the sun doesn't rush its setting. And it never forgets to rise again.

So for now, we pause. Together. And wait for the next light to come.

Maybe the sunset has been trying to teach us that there is sacred space between what has been and what will be.