

Sunday, December 8, 1996

#12

It's late and I'm lying here just thinking, thoughts crossing my mind - some of the things we tried to talk about, some of the things we have talked about like last night. Some how your grandmother keeps entering my mind. I keep thinking about your relationship with her and how you feel guilty about her death. It seems like such a similar path with my situation. Both of us feel as though we were powerless and that we should have been able to do more. Were we unable to demonstrate how much love we had for them? Did we fail to show them everyday how much we loved them? Now we are forced to face each new day without them. It does create such a lovely feeling. And now you have shared those songs with me. Why? To express your feelings and thoughts... words we struggle to express to each other even though we try to so desperately. I can't help but listen to them over and over again. I can't get them out of my mind.

And then the words seem to symbolize more than just the past... they give me such meaning for our relationship which grows by leaps and bounds everyday, every week. You are so INCREIBLE! BEAUTIFUL! TOTALLY AWESOME! I feel closer and closer to you everyday. But as the words say in the song I catch myself watching you and wonder if you will ever doubt how I feel about you in my heart... and if tomorrow never comes will you know how much I love you... and if you must face the world without me... is the love I'm giving you now... will it be enough to last if tomorrow never comes... We've both lost loved ones - mine → well, I don't think they really know how much I love them... and as much as I try, it's like I don't and won't get a second chance... will the love I gave them be enough?? Apparently not... I miss them so much... I get a big lump in my heart when I think about it. And I can't help but have tears fill my eyes... I would have only known [redacted]... if you only could know how much you mean to me [redacted]... all I have to do is think about you or call to memory your face and that lump begins to go away. I share more with you than I have ever shared with anyone!

Sometimes I feel bad because you are only 15 - how much can you endure without my problems affecting you in a negative way?? And you are always there - saying all the right things at all the right times... you are too good to be true. I can't believe how much we have in common, too... [redacted] the easy-going approach to things, yet ready to be wild and crazy... you are always in my mind - WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT??

And now I am beginning to hear your voice - you whispering so softly, so gently with so much meaning "You're awesome." I can't believe you - why? Because I trust you so much. How can that be... you're only 15 and have so much to experience, yet I look towards you for answers, for advice... Oh, God... I love you so much... I catch myself wondering why do you have to be 15.

I'm scared - frightened that I will choke you and not give you the freedom to be the person you want to be... trying to promote your [redacted], your person (suggesting how and what choices you should make for yourself - you know those "teenage" decisions we talked about) You are your own person - who am I to suggest what direction you should choose to go?? Maybe that's where I went wrong with my wife and kids - trying too hard to set the standards - morals - expectations. Everybody says my expectations are too high.

You're probably finding this letter so depressing... I don't mean to bum you out, I just want to help... but I help in all the wrong ways... maybe I'm just living in the wrong time, in the wrong place...