

evening time 12/30/99

You are at the Phantom with your father and Barbara. It was Christmas a few days back. And what a wonderful Christmas it was. I keep telling myself and others that I have restored my children's faith in Santa Claus. And then I think about it and wonder whether you continue to be kind to me and are willing to let me believe you now. I believe in Santa Claus. You see or Christmas Eve you were home, it was your turn with me for Christmas. I was at first upset with your father but as usual found a way to not live my moment disturbed. I must do something to make your Christmas wonderful here as much as it would be with your father's early Christmas day. I devised a plan. I arranged with George to have dinner with all

I was together. I spoke with your Uncle Coas and explained the present layout. I put your motor on everything, where it should go, how, in what order. He agreed to come and set everything up while we were having dinner. And then, the big moment. Santa came and was jolting up a storm. He rang bells, he ho! ho! ho! loud and merry and you, Brandon were so excited. You jumped up on George's couch and said "Oh my God, he's here, he came, Santa's here!" Emma my darling you were scared. You climbed on the chair and held your blanket and your thumb close to your mouth and said, "Mummy, I'm scared." I picked you up and held you and asked you why, said it was just Santa. You said you were scared and Brandon, you came to me and held my hand. I told you all we'd

letter go home and see what was going on and Emma you held on to me so tight. Eager to see, just scared. We walked outside and we could still hear Santa shouting "Merry Christmas!". We looked at the apt. door and the bells were on the floor and the door was open and there were presents everywhere. "Wow" you said, "Santa came!" As we sat on the floor opening presents, unwrapping gifts you kept repeating, he came, he really came. You both went to your stockings and were sad that there was nothing in mine. But I said, "No look, he left me my present over here" it was too big for the stocking. "You were both so relieved. As you sat back down and continued to open a present you said "Wow, he really came, and all these years I thought it was you."

I was floored, shocked, I laughed. I asked you if all this time you thought it was me, how come you never said anything. You looked at each other and then at me and replied "because we thought you enjoyed doing it". I could not believe you, I laughed as deep inside. I laugh deeper everytime I remember that moment.

Shortly after Davinda Kennedy walked in. She was in heaven to see the joy in your faces. She smiled all the way inside her heart. Just then, Brandon, you got up and say to me, "hey mom. Don't we share an experience. Remember, "I was not sure of what you were saying. You said, remember, when you were a little girl you saw a girl, (pinkies) remember, and met me, I heard him. We share an experience." I remembered so fondly, so warmly, so purely, how

could I not. My mama, you
were just so happy Santa
brought you your Barbie
mustang, Barbie dolls, so
much glitter in your eyes.
You gave me the best hugs.
After all the excitement it was
time for you to enjoy Christmas
at dadas, and so, so, you left.
Enemy, you became and, I asked
if you wanted to take a toy. You
gritted, snugly come to the car and
the Barbie and meekly pointed to
it. I want to put you inside of
me sometimes and protect you
from the pain that haunts you.
Take away your fears. Help you
build your self esteem, to heights
of love and wisdom and cherished
compassion that no one will ever
take away or hinder. I want to
hold you in my arms during
those times you feel afraid
and tears out from within all
that makes you feel that way.
You are my mama.
Lord, how I love you both.

My life would come to an end
without you. I would just
vanish from within, as if to
exist. My love, my heart, my
essence is nothing without you.
I would never allow myself
to hurt you. I would hurt
anyone who ever harmed you
in any way.

In every heart there is a seed
from which need grows a life
powerful, strong, vibrant. The
nurturing it enjoys it vital.
Without it it would dry up and
cease to grow. So much I its
and the same will occur.

I love you both
Eternally
Mom