


7/13/96

1:45 am.

My Son,

I looked into your eyes today after raising my voice to you and my heart broke. I love you so much. I crush when ever you are sad. You are such a loving gentle person. Although sometimes you can be a real shit, but you're only seven and even you need to vent. I am tough on you because I want you to be prepared for life. You are a boy and soon a man, men do not get taught how to be real, simply how to be men. I want you to be both.

I always know how to treat a lady. Especially if she has earned it. 

Occasionally you may have to sock your sister in the arm and set her straight on the facts of life. Remind her to love herself, remind her that it's O.K. to be human. She is allowed to cry, be angry, be happy and be scared.

Never raise your voice to another person, even if they merit it. Never lie, or cheat or steal. The only person you truly end up doing it to is yourself.

I am not the perfect mother, I am human. The day I become perfect I must be dead and in the kingdom of this highest power we call God. Only there can any one be perfect.

I want so much for you. You are a wonderful human being. Never let any one take that away

from you. Never let anyone
tell you're wrong. Never
stop asking questions.

Never stop looking for
answers. The puzzles
you try to put together
are of another kind.

Keep trying - if the pieces
do not fit, make new
pieces.

Life is too, too short son.

Love
Mom.

