

7/13/96

1:12 am

Emma,

My darling, beautiful daughter. How much I do love you. I look at you and wish you would let yourself be four years old. You are in such a hurry to grow up. Your baby pictures make me wish, yearn for that little girl that is inside and does not want to be.

I get desperate just thinking about how much I wish you were my little baby. I did not play with you often enough. I did not hold you often enough, or long enough. So much time has passed and so many things have happened - yet so few things have happened. I have been so busy fighting with you that I have not

enjoyed the Emma you are.
Soon you will be away
and I will not have had
you at all. I understand
that fiery young girl
inside of you. I can see
how your fear hides
behind your anger. I
wish I could take that
all away, but I can not.
I try to help you guide it,
mold it, control it and
not let it control you.

You make that so difficult.


You fight me every step.

I keep hoping that once
you start kindergarten
you will find a way to
construct your venting.

That is my hope. That
which you find and
my love and understanding
will help you find the
way - your way.

You are such a
wonderful person. You
are incredible. You are

so full of fire and spirit - alive and impatient with the walls that bind you. But you put up your own walls. Your inability to let yourself be human is always your undoing. I hope that by the time you get to read this you have overcome and conquered that fear. I do not know what the future holds for me. However, I try to make the best of what we have. I try to make the right choices. I have tried to find some one to fit into our life that will offer more stability but I have not been successful. I wish to either quit entirely or some day succeed. Not entirely for our benefits but also for mine. Once you and Brandon

have left my side. This person is all I will have left. So far that person has not happened. Apa has come the closest. In love and soul he touches me deep, where I have not been touched by any other. Yes, not even by your father. Apa feels about many things the way I do. He understands me, and most of all he understands, loves, and respects you. Not as a child, but as a human being. People like Apa you will not find very easily in this world. Perhaps by the time you need someone in your life an individual such as he has been cultivated for you. One can only hope that man kind is working today. 

To better the generation
of tomorrow. You are
that generation, you and
your brother.

Work together, work
well, each other is all
you have that has
been a life time.

and don't forget to
let yourself be human,
and to love - universally.

Love
Mame.