

6/13/05

I was wondering what I look like to you two from where you see. I see myself aging, sagging south, losing hair, "fighting" the midriff bulge that appears at thirty - something, somehow trying to convince myself that if I start taking better care of myself I can slow the process down.

For perspective on when today is, tomorrow is your end-of-the-year performances at Rendits, your first one, graduation for South Pas is on Thursday, and Emma you've yet to decide what is best for Emma with regards to going to see the "girls". We continue to work through, working through Emma - trying to better prepare for your high stress moments and your stressed stress moments, and your stressed moments. It seems like there is always something, but I worry you will always be

too stressed to handle "it" with a level head.
Brandon, I worry you will always pretend
you are cooler and more in control, when
in fact you are so similar to Emma. You
two need to balance each other out.

Well, back to me. Brandon, I know you
notice me aging, and I hope I am not
disappointing you. I know you want me
to keep up in Karate, but is it because
you "expect more" as you say, or is it
that you are uncomfortable with me
not keeping up - too much a reminder
that I am aging? Em, I don't think
you even notice. You don't pay attention
to very much of my "stuff", and I hope
you don't wake up some day and realize
I am old, decrepit, and senile and you
don't remember me any other way, worse
would be you feeling that you missed
out. I hope that never happens.

Nevertheless
of you
in my
time you
every
you in
self fit
ten years
feel my
old thirty
me that
crept up
forty, as
a healthy
could live
me, but
as I will
while. I
everyday

nevertheless, I do wonder how the two of you see me now, and will see me in my winter. I hope you know, by the time you read these pages, that my every moment was lived and thought with you in mind. I am trying to keep myself fitter than say five or even ten years ago - but I am beginning to feel my age. I am young, but an old thirty-eight. It almost surprises me that I am my age - it somehow crept up on me. In two years I'll be forty, and I wish to celebrate with a healthy mind and body. I wish I could live far as long as you will need me, but I'll have to settle for as long as I will - and hope I can make that a long while. I pray for us every night and everyday - I'll pray for you forever.

I love you both - Mom.