

5/30/05

Today was a holiday. We all stayed home. Brandon, you slept until 6:00. Emma, you watched J.V. all day. I, tried to catch up on paper work. It's 11:ish and you are fucked away. I hope Brandon you are not awake waiting for me to knock out so you can "wake-up" and play video games or watch J.V. or go online. Taskless days make me uncomfortable. I need to be doing something. That is probably how you feel Emma, always needing to be "on-the-move" - engaged in some task. You still need to learn to clean up after yourself. I worry about not reaching you guys, about not teaching you all the lessons you need to learn. I worry about losing time, being out of control. There is something I feel we're missing about today. And I don't know if it's just the break in routine. I don't know - something is not right. I hope it's

nothing. I worry so much sometimes. I worry that fate will twist on us and something will go terribly wrong. I worry that I won't be able to keep us together. I worry that I'll get sick on you guys and not be able to care for you.

My list goes on and on. I pray and I pray, Dear Lord protect me and my children as we sleep at night. Dear Lord protect my children as they are away from me. There are so many prayers. I hope He hears them all.

Brandon, my disappointment with you as of late has been your staying up late, not doing your work and lying about it. I don't know why and I don't know what to do.

Emma, I worry you won't keep house when you get older. Sounds small I know, but it isn't. Something is bothering me in the back of my mind and I can't figure it out right now.

Good Night My Loves & Loves.  
Momma.