

4/20/05

The Babies);

I've been sick for the past few days, maybe a week and a few days now. It has been a while since I've been sick for such a period of time. I was ill on my birthday, but that only lasted a couple of days. Brandon, I think you've grown and matured as of late. You've been tugging me in or oppose to the other way around. I hate being sick and not being able to be strong for you both. It really struck me Brandon, when you asked me to prepare a letter for you. Maybe I need to make it, but it was almost as if you just wanted me to do something for you that a mother would do. I'm not sure like my mortality is the one thing that brings you around. You've tried being nice. You have certainly had a change in how you approach your school work. You wrote your paper on your own all alone. My friend! Now I can only get you to feel as confident in all areas of your life. I'm better, but the thought of me dying can't seem to find

to way out of my mind. The truth
is I am aging. I don't take care of
myself and I feel it. I'm 38 now,
and although my intentions are
good time has gotten away from me.
I want to live long enough to make
sure your two are strong and healthy
and well on your way. I guess I'll
have to keep my many wishes
to take better care of myself.

Your two are my universe.

Love, Mom.