

12/29/04

A thousand of the exact of America
went across smother as for a Africa
to the east and Malaysia to the west,
across Sri Lanka and Indonesia,
India, Thailand, Myanmar.

Estimated 2 100,000 dead haunt the grave.
The images of the devastated people
grip my heart as I think of my own
Emma, we are struggling. You are a
strong willed child, and I find nothing
wrong with that spirit. What I find
destructive is your seeming selfishness
and volatile behaviour and reault.

I read the headlines and see the
broken faces and wonder if you will
ever get it.

Brandon, my fears for you are that
life is so much more than you set
it to be. You set around too much.
There is much that you want, but
you don't do anything to get it. E.g.
have you finished SCUBA? ... No!
I give you too much space. Give
both if you too many choices and
too much room to make mistakes.
I have noticed that space for room
to spread your wings. It has instead

given you room to lose your balance -
as you reach to hold onto the wall
it is too far from your reach.
I need to bring those walls back in.
I need to keep you focused. I need
to remind you I still call the
shots. I will never take away your
senses of individuality and freedom,
but something is not right and I
need to fix whatever that is.

For beginners:

Brandon, you will write a musical
piece for the current events in
Asia.

Emma, you will write the lyrics.

Love, Momma.

12/29 am

Brandon- You're at Trevers.

Emma- You're w/ dad.

You're in bed thinking of
you both.