


11/10/98 12:30 P.

My darling children,

Aside from this little scribble as a monologue to you I shall, at this moment, put down some thoughts I myself to you. I find myself at a beginning once again in my life. I am about to begin my last semester as an undergraduate student.

Many things are about to change for me and for all of us. In some ways I am scared. What will happen, what will I be able to do, what will I do? I have not many wonders about school and the next step in our lives.

May is just around the corner in my lifetime, September is not that far away either. In the process I have exams to take classes to pass and you to love and care for. All of this often times makes me wonder whether I will be able to pull off what I started. 

Wonder whether I will be able to finish this talk and begin the next. I find myself saying, "Take it a moment at a time."

A moment at a time. Once in my life I would rush through everything, want it all done at once, now, that moment-instante. Now I realize the only way I will survive my trials is by handling them a moment at a time. I sometimes have things come my way which I tire from and wish I would not have (ie your father) and his ways is one of those things. Nevertheless, I must find a way to get through all that comes my way. You are my reason for pushing on, I can not fail you. I am whom you love at this time and who you look to for love and guidance. I am scared. Am I doing things right, what am I doing wrong?

Another preoccupation I miss is my personal life. I get lonely but I can not find, since my-

self with anyone. I have so many needs and at the same time I have none. I do not see any man being able to understand that about me, at least not at this moment. There certainly are not visible candidates. But needs as a unit are so many, my needs as an individual I do not yet understand. I do not even know where to begin to understand, where to look inside for questions to answer. I do not even know what questions to ask. I get lonely and there is no one around, if there is someone to find that single moment they quickly want to fill my life with them. I get tired, I am tired of being "the one" for people and I must having "the one" for me. I look around and feel sad inside, longing to be held by someone whose arms wrap around me just the right way, whose breast is just the perfect height for me to lay my head,

whose eyes I always meet
at the perfect time, someone
who will kiss me every morning
and every night and mean it,
someone who does not need to
ask what is wrong when some-
thing is and will simply say
I love you and make me feel
safe and warm inside. I often
sit and wonder about what all
this will become. I wonder.

Love as much as you can
expect no less in return
don't let the moment go untouched
and take it a moment at a time

Love
your mother,
friend, and
confident

1:03p.