

11/9/05

My children

It's really 11/10/05, because it's 1:02 in the evening. I decided to finally go to bed so I go make my rounds. Emma, I check to see that you are covered. Brandon, I walk upstairs to make sure you're okay. I find you with the S.U.M. and on the computer. Earlier I had to get on your case about not following through on the diving member.

That am I suppose to do? I figure I let you slide on too much just because I am usually taken up w/ Emma's NEEDS. I warned you that if you not handling your stuffs your not to ask me about the guys.

Everytime I reprimand one of you my stomach turns. I had got for help and guidance.

I hope for strength in every exercise. You both need structure and clear expectations. I thought I was giving you both those things, but by really you both

have too much. You want, I give. I'll need to set some time aside tomorrow/ today to list what is expected. If you both continue to not "get it" you'll get a real feel of what it was like for me as a child.

You have more than I could ever dream of having at your age. Brandon, by your age I was married and my husband, Emma, I was barely getting my own room at yours.

I need to set some limits I need to pull back, I need to provide the learning I feel you both lack. You need to learn discipline in all aspects of your life.

Love - Momma