

11/13/06

As I was dozing while you guys each worked on something for school I could hear the two of you in the background. Brandon, you on the cello, and Emma, you on my computer - typing a journal entry for your drama class. You are both tired and frustrated, but of course, for different reasons. Brandon, the month will be long, filling out college applications and practicing more on your cello. Emma, you are, and will continue to be recovering from your accident. Your frustrations are valid. I hate to see the two of you struggle. I wish I could simply solve all of the woes that come your way and make everything right all the time. But life is not like that. And I have to keep telling myself that sometimes I just have to let you "do." I don't always like it - It is difficult - for me. Let it be difficult for me now, and not for you later. I love you with all my blood and soul
Mom.