

February 2024

To my kids...

After so much time with no communication with either of you, it's a bit difficult to know what to say, but I have to try. My only hope here, I guess, is to plant a seed of understanding between us, and hope that even the tiniest of green sprouts emerges from it. I don't think either of you would argue with the fact that neither of you have a truly clear and accurate understanding of what I've been through and where my heart is — nor do I have, of course, that same understanding of both of *you*.

The Most Important Thing I have to say is that I love you both dearly and always have and always will, and I miss having a connection -- of any kind -- with you both. If we never speak again, god forbid, at least I know (if you read this) that I left you with that message. What you do with it is of course up to you. *But do not doubt it*. I've let some time go by, mostly in hopes that I'd hear from either of you, but don't let that make you think that I have or will ever give up on having a relationship with either of you.

The 'understanding' I mentioned earlier only comes, of course, from communication. For now, I'd certainly settle simply occasional communication with you both simply to hear what's going on in your lives. You both though, thus far, seem to have no desire to engage in that or to take any positive steps toward even a basic reconnection. I guess I'm wondering if that is truly the case. I've probably said it before (well, I *know* I have)—it's beyond my comprehension to think of a reason, or reasons, why either of you would completely cast aside your relationship with me. From my perspective, I know I was far from a perfect parent. But based in that same perspective, I also know that I am far from deserving to be written completely out of your lives, never to be spoken to again.

That being said (and I'm sure I've said this before, too), you of course both have your own perspectives. And our perspectives are our realities. I dearly wish we could communicate our perspectives and come to some understanding of them. Hell, I'd absolutely settle simply for any kind of communication—whatever it is you feel you want or have to say, *please say it*. But don't close the door. I suppose that's one aspect of all this that really eats at me: younger generations, in particular, in recent years have endlessly preached the need for more *tolerance*, more *respect*, more *understanding*, more *grace*, more *acceptance* and more *compassion* in our society. Yet I am just at a loss to understand why I am, apparently, not deserving of a speck of that from my adult kids. You both are deserving of all that, certainly, from me (which does not mean that we will always see eye-to-eye and agree on everything; you both know that's an unrealistic expectation among human beings).

Well I'm approaching my self-imposed one-page limit, and am thanking you in advance for (what I hope is) you both reading this. I'm also hoping to appeal to your senses of grace, compassion and understanding, and that you'll overcome, at least for a moment, whatever deeply felt negative emotions you may have toward me, hopefully realize that I'm not some monster, and that, even with faults aplenty, *I did plenty right by my kids and deserve some response*.

This world is getting crazier and crazier beyond belief, and I think of you both daily, hoping you're doing well, are finding happiness, are healthy and maybe even both playing some music.

To better times, with hope and love....

- Your Dad

253.606.6823 | seandotlewis@gmail.com