

My Dearest Son:

I want to begin by wishing you a happy birthday. You would have been 39 today, and I miss you so much. You were my only child, my sunshine. Your death turned me upside down. Emptied me out.

I'm sorry I was not a good father, I'm sorry I wasn't there for you in all your times of need. It's not because I didn't love you because I did love you, I love you now. I will always love you.

I wish you were here now so I could wrap my arms around you, to tell you that everything is going to be alright. I'm trying to understand your pain son. I know I was never there to help you, to show you the way with my love. These are my regrets, my losses.

You were the greatest son in the world, the greatest little boy. I loved the way that you talked, I loved the way that you walked, I loved the way that you laughed, I loved the way that you did everything. You were my precious son and I miss you, my heart cries out for you.

I have kept every letter that you ever wrote me and I reread them all over and over on your birthday - they make me feel



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<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/524/>

closer to you. I know that at times you were happy and at times you were lost. I wish I would have been there for all of those times.

It has been hard for me to look at your photographs without breaking down and crying for a long time now, I am getting better. You were such a handsome boy and a handsome young man. Today I put a picture of you smiling out between your grandma's and Uncle Tim's pictures. They both loved you son, but then everyone loved you.

I know that your brother Shannon, your grandma and your Uncle Tim are all there with you now. I miss all of you, but I miss you the most. I want you to know how grateful I am that you were my son. I promise to write you every year from now until I meet up with you.

Love, Daddy

Steve John Barrett, Jr.