

April 2, 2012

reply ID: pkux



My dearest Ellie,

You need to always remember that you never have to say the word "sorry" to me, for anything. And that you have every right to be angry with me, even blame me. I know that you love me, and it's one of the things that drives me to even get up out of bed each day--I owe you. I wish that things between your mother and I could've been different, and I wish that I could've been a little wiser in my youth so that I would've been a better dad. I remember every minute of every day, every smile you made, and pretty much every word you ever said to me. I have a very unusual memory that allows me to recall nearly every moment of my life--especially the moments with my children.

I say that I "owe" you because I want to still provide something for you, and it's why I write. If I could get lucky enough to become a good writer, maybe I could help you pay for college, or a car, something. I will never give up. Every single day--almost all day long--I'm working on my writing craft. My own father left nothing for me, not a single sentence written, and my mother never allowed me to know him; I want you to have more than I did, even if it's just this blog.

Although, if I have my way, you'll get to know me very well through many pages; and eventually one day in person. I've missed out on a majority of your youth, but maybe I can be there for you later. If you'll have me. I have faith that my sentencing situation will change, the question however is when, and how old will I be when I get out, and what kind of life we can all manage to have together with what time we'll have left. I'm trying to take care of myself as best as I can, by exercising and whatnot; but the food here isn't exactly what you'd call nutritional and there's no telling what kind of health problems I'll have later in life because of this place. I don't want to get out of prison just in time to be only a burden to my family--I'd like to get out while I can still contribute to things. I've already made plans with your grandfather (Jeff) to start my own pizzeria that will of course be for the family to own and operate.

Dreams and hopes, I've always been an optimist deep down.

Now as for pictures, I assigned my second wife with the task of saving all my photos, and she (Jaime Shirley) was suppose to make a disc of them for your mother years ago, but I guess she didn't do that. But Everything I ever owned in my life, from cars, my house (she lost because she couldn't afford the mortgage. But that was my fault, when I married her I told her she didn't have to work, that I'd take care of her--I failed.), my computer full of our photos, plus backup discs--she has.

Plus, there are other family members that have copies of photos. Your great-grandmother (Rebecca) has a whole box saved for you of books and things I've sent.

I keep a copy of the same photo collage found on this blog of you, by my head where I sleep. I think of you always!

Love always, your daddy



Eleanor Michaila's  
Irish Grille

Coming -  
soon

Shylynn Raceway  
Connor Collin's  
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FREE DELIVERY