



THE TIME THAT DIVIDES

I've recently reconnected with my wife Jaime, and our son Collin; and, it feels great! The only part that bothers me, is that she said that she hadn't felt like they mattered to me ... for a very long time.

But they do matter. More than I can put into words.

I blame the state for this. It's like the whole legal system is set up to serve itself, and those deemed as victims of crimes. Rarely is the system equipped to empathize with the families of those who are incarcerated. My wife and son have been put through hell because of my incarceration.

We are victims: our family pulled apart by time.

As I read my wife and son's letters, it's obvious that I was not only needed at home ... but I was wanted. All the while, here I was thinking that she just wanted me to crawl off into a cell somewhere and die—I really thought that—and I figured that my son would know nothing of me, or ... that I even was his dad.

For years I wrote, trying to connect—but no answers ever came. Sometimes a letter would come back ... RETURN TO SENDER. I didn't want to harass them ... I didn't want to be THAT guy: the one that just won't go away. It became clear to me, that she moved on ... so, I filed for divorce (but, secretly leaving a loophole so that I could void the divorce if I ever chose—I could at least die knowing that in truth she was still my wife, even if I didn't void the papers), and I did this for her to have the legal freedom to move on. She took it, but she kept my last name—and that has meant more to me than she will ever know. Because in truth, she has kept every promise that she has ever made to me ... and that's amazing.

I thought I was doing the right thing, by giving her space; but, now, I'm not so sure about that. I think that maybe I should've kept sending those letters—maybe, we could have avoided some of those LOST years.

I have something right now that I haven't had in a very long time: hope. My wife never stopped loving me. She was just lost to the situation, trying to survive. Trying to make some semblance of a happy life, in a cruel world that refused to let us be together. Cops had threatened her, tormented her; and, friends chastised her for wanting to have contact with me—the killer. The prisoner. The INMATE.

But she didn't see me as those labels. She wanted me to be in our son's life—still does—and she's apparently been reading these posts, since the first one—"I check it weekly, sometimes daily."



she wrote, "I've even left a comment once. Hint: I'm a Stephen King fan."--and deep down, I always knew she did.

Could our Notebook-story actually have a happy ending?

Is she the Bell to my Mr. Gold? My Rumple?

As I've said sooooo many times, the Truth always comes out. Time has a way of bringing it out--and, right now, Time is showing that I love my wife, and that she loves me. If that love, can survive all of what we have been through ... that has to count for something.

Something beautiful.

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