



JOHNNY MAHAFFEY IS ... SORTA 40

This year was good. I had the best possible birthday today: I have been given the gift of family—and nothing compares to that.

First, Jaime Beth ordered me copies of Stephen King's, "The Dead Zone", and "From a Buick8"—two of her favorite books that she wants to share the experience of reading, with me. She said, that they remind her of me. She's sent me photos, of her, and of the kids. I get to call daily, and the kids: We exchange letters, daily. I love it.

But ... it was at approximately 9:56PM, that she gave me my TRUE gift—her. She went quiet, got all serious, and said that she didn't know how to put it into words. I told her just to say it, and not hold back. There's nothing she could say (or do) that will make me think any less of her. But, I must be honest, and say that I wasn't sure what to expect.

What came next, changes EVERYTHING!

"Johnny, I want you back," she said. "I want my HUSBAND! The man I married. I want him back."

I was born on October 4, at 10PM.

She said these words at the very minute of the 40th year of my life; and, she doesn't yet know the significance of this. So, as she reads what I am about to type, it will be news to her as well:

I made myself a promise a very long time ago, that if I was single at 40 (or any year after), I would REMAIN single for the rest of my life. When I got out of prison, I would just work, help my kids in every way that I could, and help each ex if needed. But, I would remain single, enter into a purely physical relationship with some woman that wouldn't want love ... just my physical (and financial) presence. Keep things simple. Expect nothing. Just live out my days. 40 was my deadline ... my give up on love mark. I NEVER told it to ANYONE, because I didn't want it to effect anyone's decision, entice them to come to my rescue, or feel like an ultimatum in any way. It was just either going to happen, or it wasn't, and I was going to leave it at that. In Fate's hands.

Of all the possibilities—it was, in the end, my Jaime Beth that came through; in the last minute of the last hour of the last year of the last possible chance—my loving wife showed back up in my life, and called dibs! It's amazing. SHE is amazing, and I will devote the rest of my life to her.

Happy birthday to me indeed.
I will never forget this day.
Best birthday ever....

