

9:00pm

PA Time

December 13

2021

My SON,

I was calling just a little while ago to spend just a moment with you.
To hear your voice and tell you - I Love You.

At around 9 o'clock in a dark hour
25 years ago you were
taken from a place
where you would have
been loved beyond your imagination.

Both of our lives were irreparably damaged that stormy night; with much
more injury to come.

Our relationship was stolen. It wasn't my fault. And it will never ever be your
fault ...

But then is then
And now is now

I found this little flower blooming this morning
with winter just on the other side of the window.

Imagine the strength
Of that little flower.



*December
13, 1996
was 25 Years Ago
just about now ...*

As you might remember me saying - you used to go wild in the womb every time you heard Billy Joel on the radio.

✓ So the first song below is for my edification.

✓ The second song is for whatever you're holding onto.

And as we move on all we have that will ever work for either of us is to: Greet our pain with every TODAY with all the FORGIVENESS we can surrender by measure of our kindness to others - if not each other.

And that's the way it is
25 years later ...

.....

'EXCELSIOR' the motto of New York - from where you originate - is a Latin word literally translated as 'HIGHER' - so keep climbing Son - and as Grandpa Frank always chided you: "Never give up the ship."

POP

**AND THE MUSIC PLAYS
BELOW and after this LETTER to
you my SON...**