



Kim,

Since I love you, I am compelled to vent my thoughts to you.

My gut feel is that you got upset with me for trying to question your intentions because you have already made your decision to live under Greg's roof, and I am not privileged enough to even question you.

In our last phone conversation just before you hung up on me, you made the statement, "It's called being a mother."

You were reacting to me trying to ask you a question.

Before asking you my question, I was trying to give you some perspective as to why I was asking the question.

I started to remind you that when I visited you in Augusta, you asked if we could meet somewhere that your entire family could join us.

Last night, I was trying to make the point, at that time you put Indigo first in all your decisions.

That is the moment you verbally assaulted me and then hung up the phone.

Just because I did not physically father a child, it does not mean that I did not learn what it means to sacrifice for a child's well being during the 15 years I helped Petti raise her children. Out of Love, I am still helping Petti's grandchild.

Heading to Augusta, I said that I have some things that I would like to talk with you alone.

To your credit, you did go with me alone, and I told you about feeling the ghosts at my house.

Something I would not have felt comfortable telling your family.

Sadly our time together was tarnished by you being on the phone arguing with Michael.

More recently, you told me you are cutting down and trying to quit drinking for Indigo, and you are facing your fears of flying to Italy for Indigo.

Both are major steps taken for Indigo.

You got mad at me for suggesting you are trying to make the changes for Greg.

My question to you was going to be, if you are willing to stop drinking and willing to fly to Italy for Indigo, why are you not willing to do whatever it takes to keep her in her current school?

The simple answer is Greg.

You are a mother that would not go to dinner with a friend without first considering your daughter, will try to stop drinking for your daughter, and will fly to Italy for your daughter, so it makes no sense that you will tear her out of her high-school just to be with your current lover.

If Greg is more than a lover, he will make a simple sacrifice for your daughter as well.

You have not even known Greg a year, and you are putting your desire for him before your life long commitment to your daughter.

After all you have sacrificed for Indigo, three years is a small price for Greg and you to pay for Indigo.

From my viewpoint, you are battling between the reality of being a mother and the fantasy of being a lover.

Before facing your fears of flying to Italy, to gain perspective you could have asked Indigo if she would give up the trip to Italy if it means she can stay in her current school.

Sure I do not know all the facts, but I know enough to see you are submitting yourself to Greg, just as you did with Andrew, and just as you did with Michael.

You disagree with me saying that you have married Greg, but you are the one that calls Andrew your EX.

You claim that I am trying to control you. If I am wanting to control you, why am I trying to warn you that moving in with Greg will cost your independence?

Not having a home of your own takes away your safe haven, and that takes away your independence.

My concern for your independence is the exact opposite of trying to control you.

If I could control you, I would have fucked you in Augusta when you said, "We can hop in the back seat and fuck, but we will both regret it in the morning."

If I am a person that gets off controlling women, I would have fucked you in Augusta and forgotten you in Augusta.

Over the years, I have watched you make poor choices in men, and I am watching you make a tragic choice regarding your daughter because of a man that you just barely know.

You do know me, but you did not learn me in less than a year.

Because you do not want to listen to me, I understand that you will never see the fact that Greg loves his plane more than he will ever love you.

If you do not believe me, just ask Greg to give up flying. Do not discount my point by saying that you would never ask Greg to give up his love of flying.

In reality, asking him to stop flying is exactly like you asking Indigo to give up her school. Only difference is that Indigo can not resist you, and Greg can dump you for asking him to give up his adrenaline rush of flying.

Every time you get into Greg's plane, you deal with your fear of heights, and for what? To make him happy?

You are putting your mind and body through extreme stress, and that may be contributing to why you can not sleep at night.

I have flown commercial jets to Hong Kong which is half way around the world from Atlanta, but I will never fly in a single engine plane death trap. They are dangerous as fuck.

There is only one choice. Greg and you must put Indigo ahead of your selfish lusts.

You can claim that I am just jealous, but I never settled for a mental Michael, an alcoholic Andrew, or a gilded Greg.

I am one of the most intelligent people on Earth, I am one of the most generous people on Earth, I am one of the most compassionate people on Earth, I am one of the most loving people on Earth, but I am one of the most idiotic people on Earth.

I ignored you because I am tired of your lies. Not only lying to me, but more importantly lying to yourself.

Yes you lied to me. You lied to me about many things. You lied about us traveling together. You cruelly, lied to me about physical sex.

My problem is that I BLLeaved you.

You accused me of thinking that I am correct all the time.

That may be true, but because I put tremendous compassion and due diligent thought into my responses, I speak with conviction and that may appear as I am always correct.

On the other hand, Greg takes thinking that he is always correct to a whole other level.

Greg thinks that he is always correct regarding his pre-flight checks, his equipment, his training, his flight skills, and that his experience will keep his plane from crashing.

You suppress your fears of flying for him, and that is a statement as to how deep your love for another person runs within your soul.

You risk your life for your love, and blinded by your desire to be Loved, every time you climb into Greg's single engine airplane, you willingly imprison yourself in his gilded cage.

For deep down inside, you KnowWell that if you do not join Greg in his flying coffin, he will drop you like a hot rock.

Sadly Greg's arrogance has bleed over giving you a false sense of security that you are safe flying in his single engine death trap.

The weird coin incidence is that Petti was 43 when she left me behind for Jesse, and you were 43 when you left me behind for Greg.

Both Petti and you squished my soul like a grape under your foot.

Now that you are in Italy with Greg you tell me about the amazing time you are having, and insensitively ask me, "What is new with you?"

You accused me of trying to control you. We both KnowWell that I can not control you. That is your job.

If I could control you, in a heartbeat I would stop you from risking your life taking joy rides in Greg's single engine plane.

I am an idiot.

Arrivederci,

Dave



