

Keith:

February 18, 2008

Here is a copy of a letter I wrote to you back in 2006. You never responded to this. I'm not even sure if you read it in its entirety.

I'd like you to read it again. Many of my sentiments still remain.

You didn't even respond to the note I left you in New Orleans recently. I wish you would share your feelings with me.

Thanks.

D.

8 November 2006

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There have been so many evenings where I felt alone and called your name hoping you would sense my pain or cries. But you NEVER called during those moments - because YOU didn't feel me. On several occasions, I have cried next to you in bed and you weren't even aware. It saddens me so much.

One evening, I felt so much pain and kept praying that you would call me at that moment. I called your name again and again -- *and nothing* - you still didn't call. Yet, my sister felt my pain and called me at exactly those moments.

Sometimes I don't feel any passion in your hugs. I don't feel you completely. I feel you are hugging me like a sister. I often feel that you are not truly in love with me. I don't feel like I'm your best friend or soul mate - which is so important to me. I don't feel you confide in me as often as you should. I feel you hide so much from me. I feel more like your live-in nanny, sitter, or co-worker.

I hardly ever hear you say things such as I'm beautiful, I smell good, that you want to grow old with me, or I'm important to you, etc... You never hold me passionately or kiss my back, my neck, my hands, etc... On a few occasions when we were out alone, you walked ahead of me, not even bothering to open my door like a gentleman. You made me feel as if I was just one of the guys instead of making me feel like a queen.

There have been so many times when you were sitting right next to me and didn't even realize I was speaking to you. I would call your name several times waiting for a response. Oftentimes I received blank stares - no response. I feel your mind is always elsewhere.

And there have been times where I have kissed your neck and back, caressed your hair, and you did not respond in any way. It just makes me feel that you are not interested in me. Sometimes, this makes me hold back my affections towards you in order to avoid feeling neglected or deflated.

Your telephone calls usually have an agenda such as business or the need to take care of something. You hardly ever call just to leave me a sweet message or tell me how much I mean to you.

There have been occasions where I dressed up, and didn't even receive a compliment. Yes, you have complimented me a few times, but there were many times you did not.

You are always tired and in bed by 7 or 8 p.m. whenever you visit. You are always so tired for us; it makes me feel you have expended your energy with someone else in New Orleans. I know there have been evenings where you were up past this hour in New Orleans, regardless of having to work a full day.

I came across a bill I had paid for you many months ago. I did not say a word at the time, but I had a concern about a couple of transactions. My heart actually sank when I saw it. I noticed there were 2 hotel charges. I believe it was during the time I was visiting my family back east. The charges were not for food, rather overnight stays. It appeared to be a 5 star type of hotel, considering the charges for a one night stay. Seeing this made me question where our relationship was heading. If these are legitimate charges, I apologize. If not, I feel a sense of betrayal and deep pain.

I feel I have no support system here. I'm alone, depressed, and lonely most of the time. I want to share my life with someone who respects me, adores me, and considers me their best friend. I want to be the only woman you confide in. I would love to be your queen. I want to be able to DO THINGS together as a couple so we can grow in our relationship. We share nothing together as a couple and that saddens me.

I also need your support with Alexis. I need you physically here with me. There are so many emotionally challenging days. More challenging than you can imagine. I realize, parenting is not a simple task for anyone, but you have completely uprooted yourself away from this home and left the burden completely up to me. Remember when we went to visit you in N.O. recently? We had not been at your house for more than 2 hours when you completely flipped out on Alexis. Your worker was so upset by that episode that he cried and was ready to leave. And to this day, I still recall that scene. Watching how impatient, annoyed, frustrated, and angry you felt at your OWN daughter. Well, that was a small example of the many days I experience here ALONE.

Money is not everything to me. I have expressed this to you on many occasions. I simply want a real loving, respectful, happy, and healthy relationship with you. I want to get to know you. I want to share many things with you. I want to cherish simple moments together. I want to hold your hands and kiss them, enroll in dance classes, go for walks, enjoy the country side, paint, travel, cook, confide in each other, gather at the dinner table for our evening meals, I simply want us to grow and bond with one another. I don't want you to hide things from me. I don't want you to confide in ex-girlfriends and reveal our problems, frustrations, etc....that should be between the two of us. How can I trust you when you can't even honor my request of keeping things sacred between us.

You never include me in your decisions. My opinions are futile. As a couple, decisions which impact the family and each other should be discussed together. Your decisions are "always made without taking my concerns into consideration."

I can't completely explain to you how I'm feeling inside. It's something I've been struggling with for over a year now. I feel unsettled, depressed, unhappy, weary, upset, and uncertain about my future with you. I can't see our relationship growing as it stands now. I think, if we are important enough to one another, changes need to be made. I can honestly tell you, that I would prefer to be near the one I love rather than apart. We are wasting so many valuable moments together which can never be recaptured. We should concentrate on making every day meaningful. I want to have sweet memories stored in my mind and heart about our days together. Instead, my current memories of the past 3 years are full of frustration and sadness.

Because of my experiences with you and your family the past 3 years, I don't even look forward to holidays anymore. Mainly because I know there will be drama of some sort - Mostly unnecessary drama. I have very little energy for things of this nature. I want to be my old self. I want to be the person you met back in 2002. The person who LOVED waking up in the morning and savoring each minute of the day. The person who's laughter was contagious. The person with endless energy and a zest for life. I feel dead at the moment. I need your help to recapture my old self. I can't do it alone. I need you as my support system. I choose not to look for it elsewhere.

I know you probably won't agree with most of what I am saying. But, it's how I feel. It's not meant to be a personal attack, rather an expression of what's in my heart. This is my form of therapy.

You also make me feel bad at times when you come home (especially when we haven't seen you in a while) and the first words refer to how the place is not clean enough for you instead of just concentrating on spending quality time during your short stay. It is truly unimportant that the house is not 100% immaculate. I do my best to clean whenever possible, in addition to other duties such as feeding and cooking for your children, bathing them, disciplining, washing, running errands for you and the family, Dr. visits, teacher conferences, escorting children to school, working on your business affairs, paying bills/filing, filling out forms for school, insurance companies, etc... Unfortunately, I don't have the energy to continue until late evening.

I hope someday, you will realize what is truly important. These are just a few of my thoughts for the moment.

I hope you will respect my request of not sharing this with anyone else.

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