

Cookie

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So, I like have this Super cool pen, and it's blue!
☺ Thanks for my newest contraband! I have to get
used to having something so sturdy to write with. You
should see my try to sign something with a regular
pen, and add handcuffs - it's comical. The boys always
have a good laugh at my expense, I mean, with me. Hah!
I can't believe how much we've written in just a few
days. That's what happens when one, or two in our
case, is starved to open and honest and uncensored
conversation. I definitely agree with you about
everything, especially the horrible feeling of betrayal
and not wanting to ever betray someone you care
about. We've both had to deal with a lot of that since
last summer and even well before all of this, but it
never gets any easier. Even knowing that God is on
our side and we will ultimately have the greatest
rewards, at what cost? In order to have life we must lose
our old lives so that we may be reborn. Cheer. The
light is clearly shining at the end of the tunnel, but
how long is this tunnel. I'm not the biggest fan of
overly dark places. Scary things hide in the dark,
especially bugs, spiders. Gross! Speaking of bugs and
spiders... our exes sure are winners aren't they. At
least I know I well, am 99% sure that Cays isn't Jesse's.
We had a paternity test done when she was a couple
weeks old, and it took forever to get the results back,
which I've been told shouldn't have been the case,

and according to the paper he brought to my house in
Late Sept. '05, Jesse wasn't the father. Joy to the World!
The strange thing is, Baez asked for him to give a sample
of his DNA, and he refused! We wanted to see whether or
not the test results from 4 years ago were true. Drama!
I despise that loser, and I pity him and his self-righteous
"Christian" family. His dad claims to be the "right hand
of God". Hate to burst his bubble, but Jesus sits there. I
totally know what you went through with Sam's dad.
Same exact feelings! J's dad had towards me. And no,
they aren't Spanish, something almost worst-Italian! Hal
I've always like Italian guys, but I've come to realize
that I need to stick to my roots and go Irish. They
may be drunks, but at least they cook and know how
to properly treat a woman. Can I get an Amen? Boy
do we have tons in common! And as far as us being
"partners in legal crime", I'm not sure where I was
doing with it, but I'm glad you enjoyed it! That could
be one of our bumper stickers! RV pricing will be fun.
It will be custom designed, all colorful and creative.
I wonder what will happen when you put two photographers/
artists together in one RV? We'll know soon enough!
Know I'm skipping all over the place again tonight. I feel
like I'm on a huge sugar high. Thank you 3 packages
of cocoa! I was only engaged once, 6 months. Planning
a wedding was terribly fun, I have to admit. I'm glad
that you never married Sammy boy. Someday I'll meet
the guy and I promise, I'll play nice. I am extremely

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protective of those that ~~have~~ ~~are~~ ~~around~~ especially my new sister! You have two ~~very~~ ~~intelligent~~ ~~kids~~ and very intelligent kids, and I know how ~~hard~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~working~~ ~~on~~ ~~them~~, and I can only imagine what they're going through. You will prevail and you and Mady & Josh will be closer than ever. Just don't give up hope. Keep encouraging them and showing them the real you. They'll see through whatever Sam says, even if (sadly), he is able to manipulate them. In the end, he'll be the biggest loser because they'll see what kind of guy he is and they'll know how important it is to trust God first. I'm sorry you're going through even more useless drama with Clay's Momma. She obviously made up her mind a long time ago and is being stubborn. Pray for her enlightenment. And Clay's grandma, she's old school, like my grandparents, and in their eyes, the wife, girlfriend, daughter, whomever the female is, is ultimately to blame. Definitely messed up, but that's the way things were for them. If their husband cheated, it was the wife's fault. You get the point. Sexist and unlawful, but it is what it is. At least this generation isn't like that and there are men out there that will sacrifice life and limb for someone they love. There's always hope, especially for you and Clay. Like you said, you've made it through so much over the years. You obviously love him, and I'm glad that you can admit it without hesitation. As I've said before, do what is good for you. I got your back girl, no matter what!

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You don't know how deeply I respect you for all of the strength that you possess. You've experienced so much and I'm in awe. I am truly honored and humbled that you shared all of that with me. ~~no one~~ ~~will~~ I judge you! There is nothing you ~~could~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~future~~ ever say or do that would or could make me feel uncomfortable. And you know that I will take these things to the grave with me. It is between me, you and God. I couldn't help but cry reading about Hamilton and Sam and all of that. I'm just so glad that you made it through everything and that you're in my life. Abuse is nothing to joke about, nor is it something to take lightly, and it is definitely something that will stick with you for the rest of your life. Believe me, I can understand why you hold things against Sam more than David. And I respect the fact that you held your ground against the feds. I know that wasn't easy. And again, let the similarities roll on. My situation with living at home with Cays and my folks, staying home all day and going out at night looking for Mr. Right, same exact situation. I don't know one single mom who doesn't try to get their freedom regardless of how old they are. That's one of the biggest things that truly cuts me when I hear them talk about me as a mother - I was a great Mom! and I love my daughter with every thing that I have. I would give my life to have her back ~~even~~ for 5 minutes. It's so frustrating! I had a miscarriage in '07 that only a small handful of friends knew about. I made the mistake of telling Lee, and the week of my 21st birthday, he told my Mom. Lorely. I may have a big mouth, but I can keep

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a secret. Obviously most people aren't that loyal. Oh well. We live and learn, stumble and fall, and we dust ourselves off and keep moving forward. It's a comfort to know that other people have BS. too! How right you are sis. The name game... I & Alyssa and Alexa, and Madison was one of the names I was thinking about for Caylee, and Riley. It's funny you said Alyssa because for years I've been told that I look like Alyssa Milano. I'll take that as a compliment. Alexa is close to Alexander-my Romanian grandfather's name. Adding on a name is a good idea. I'm going to give it some thought, but your ideas and suggestions are perfect, as usual! You do know me very well my dear! I absolutely love Mady's 3 names! Mai Li is really pretty. Honestly, that suits you too. Because you have that exotic look, I say you embrace it. Sorry about the bad dream. I've been having some about my Mom. Not pretty. Clay's ex, that hussy! You know your man loves you and he needs your support. Have you thought about writing him? Question... if money wasn't a factor, do you think Clay would want to try to appeal his sentence? I'm praying for him. Now Mr. Italy, Mass., sorry, but I'm really not interested. He "seems" nice, but woozy. I'll show you the cards & letters. You'll see what I mean. His name is Al. And Mr. Melbourne is Rob. And no silly, I haven't written anyone. Are you kidding? I'll have too many thank

you's to deliver/send out when I'm home, but until then
home don't play that. Did you ever watch IN Living color?
Wow! One of the best comedy shows ever! SNL and Mad TV
have nothing on TLE. Jennifer Lopez was one of the
Fly Girl dancers. Too many of the Mayans' were present.
Jim Carey was his regular self. I wonder if I could download
some episodes? Curious. As far as my plans for when I leave,
besides trying to entertain your behind until I get to drag you
out of ~~the~~ wherever, I'm not sure. I'll start getting things
together for our RV trips and such. By going home though,
I don't think I'll be "home". I don't know if I'll be comf-
ortable going back there after everything that's happened.
There's much to share, and I promise, before we're separated,
I'll try and fill you in on everything. Another subject
change - sorry about your lip! Cancer sores suck! And
yeah, you are a mussy, but I love ya! ☺ You've had two
kids and you have a killer tattoo, not to mention all of
the other badass things you've done. The little pains are
always the worst. I have a couple of paper cuts and I
want to cry when I wash my hands, yet when I
slammed my leg into a chair in the classroom, I was
fine. Madness! By the way, we're getting tattoos. Not like
in Dude Where's My Car, but something to that effect. ☺
Now that you mention it, I have noticed that 5'10 don't
argue! And you're right, there is no way the den!
would argue with himself. He's got a few screws loose,
and I'm SO not a fan! Baby talk... I always wanted
to adopt a baby or child from another country - is it
selfish to want one from Ireland? Accent and all?

If I do do it someday, I'll adopt local-U.S. wise. So many kids and teens are homeless and that's something I want to target. And yes, missing children as well. That sits too close to my heart and I wish there was something we could do to prevent it. In the coming days before the Rapture, more kids will go missing. Such a terrifying thought! I'm struggling too with trying not to take matters into my own hands, but if I do, it may not be all for God's glory. Nice guys may finish last here on earth, but in Heaven, we are all winners. A satisfying thought. I can't help but read over parts of your letter, and every part of me wishes I could take away all of that pain you went through and the pain you still have. Whether it weighs less than an ounce ~~or~~ a ton, always remember that you can always unload that weight. Your secrets are my secrets forever and for always. When I tell Cays how much I love her, I've always ended it with "forever and always" I still do to this day. I talk to her throughout the day, as I do Daddy, and it brings a sense of peace to my heart. Thinking about it brings tears to my eyes and a smile to my face. I'm an emotional wreck. I've gotten good at hiding how I feel with most people, but I can't with you, nor do I want to. I trust you with my life and with my secrets Big and Small. And for the same reasons you were worried about making me feel uncomfortable, again, I know how you feel. It's hard to unload a burden and

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to do so without feeling like you're burdening the other person. But as always, we have so very much in common, both the good and the bad. I know how it feels to be physically, emotionally and mentally abused. And I also know how it feels to be sexually abused. It's taken a long time for me to forgive and I've been somewhat successful in doing so. The worst part is, when I tried to confide in someone before - Jesse, my Mom, they turned on me. I was to blame for my own brother walking into my room at night and feeling my breasts while I slept. I woke up night after night with my sports bra lifted up over my chest or if I had on a regular bra, it would be unhooked. Even if I was doing karate in my sleep, that wouldn't have happened. I woke up many times to a flashlight on my face, and he would be sitting on my floor, in front of the bed, staring at me. This went on for over 3 years before I finally stood up to Lee and told him if he ever came in my room again, I'd kill him. I was 15. It started just before I turned 12. When I told my Mom about it two years ago, she made excuses, saying that he was sleep walking. Not only did she say I was lying, but when I explained everything her reaction was literally like a knife in my chest - "So that's why you're a whore?!" I don't think having had sex with 7 people makes me a whore, but I could be wrong. Over the past few months, I've been having really vivid dreams, and it's obvious that they are dreams of things that have already happened. I think my Dad used to do the same thing to me, but when I was much younger. I can see him in my room, exactly the way it was when I was in elementary school,

and everything gets fuzzy. But I wake up feeling both sore and sick to my stomach, the way I used to feel growing up. That's part of the reason I haven't been sleeping much or very well lately. Maybe that's part of the reason why I have so much anxiety with my parents. I was able to get passed things with Lee, and it was far from easy. I saw a doctor on my own when I was 18, no one knows that I went to get help except for you now. I found the courage to finally tell him that I forgive him, and you know he never asked me what I was forgiving him for. I think he must have known. That's why we're more friends than brother and sister. It's easier to look to him as my friend, but even with openly forgiving him, part of that pain will always live in me. Not knowing about my dad, it's opened up a whole new case of insecurity and I don't know if I want to know but I think I need to. Please, pray for me. Why after all this time is this all surfacing? Sometimes the cynical side of me keeps saying "Jokes on me". If there's more to this, is it possible that I purposely tried to forget? I grew up trying to be everything to everyone and trying to please everybody. I put on a good front but inside, I was constantly falling apart. I don't know what I would do without God and my relationship with him, or my relationship with you. I know I'll get through this, but I have so many questions,

that I don't know how to handle them all at once. I am strong, and I am confident in whom I am, but I don't like looking back at who I was, or what I was made to be. I've always had issues trusting people and I know that started when I was a kid because of my parents and their relationship, but I have never stopped trying to give someone the benefit of the doubt, and even after they screw me over 100 times, I'll give them another chance. TO X-7, huh? Blah, what if I don't want? I've had to forgive what happened to my Caylee, but I'm still angry. If it weren't for God, screw where I'm sitting now, if it weren't for him and for my unconditional love for my daughter, I would end whoever is responsible. It's not my battle. You want to know something, I know that Caylee's nanny, the "real" Zenaida, the girl who was my friend for 4 years, I know in my heart that she's not responsible. And I don't blame her for not showing her face. Would you want to be sitting here with me for something you didn't do? ~~Considering the circumstances~~, you technically are, and it sucks. And I know this goes without saying, but outside of myself and my legal team, not a soul knows this. I was going to take Caylee and move away. Unfortunately, my plans got beyond tangled when Zany wouldn't tell me where she and Cay were. I had asked her to take Cay for a few days so I could put the rest of our stuff together, money I had saved, new clothes, new everything. That's why I wanted to report her missing, because she was and wasn't. I would give anything to go back to that day and to not have let Caylee out of my sight.

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I have no more secrets. I have a small, empty place in my heart that only God can fill. But you're there, right next to Caylee. ~~Someday...~~ Someday.

Now I'm depressed and sad but relieved that you know my heart. ~~Now beginning...~~ I can't wait to be out of limbo - ~~worst name ever...~~ I love, love, love you! Sincere thanks for visiting and putting up with me. You really are the best friend I have ever had, next to God and Caylee. I couldn't care for anything more. I've already said sorry to Dad and the big man and I have come to an agreement.

Oh well, maybe my secret unless I already told you this. I started having seizures when I was home in September - we think they were caused stress. I've had a few others while being here so if I ever complain of a headache, please remind me to take something for it. That was the only sign before it happened - and always in my sleep.

I'm a mess!

Thanks again for my favorite pen ever! My hand doesn't even hurt. Good job sis! I'm going to stop my rambling, for now. I'll write you over the weekend!

I love you Robyn!

and for now, I will call you Lily. Not sure why, but it just came to me. :))

Good night!
 Muffin