

Dear O.J.

I'd like to see you, to talk to you in person. But I know you can't do that. I've been attending these meetings to help me turn negatives into positives -- to help me turn get rid of my anger I've learned to "let things go" (the most powerful, helpful thing I've ever learned). I've learned that all things that upset & bother me are just a mirror of what's going on in me. I always knew that what was going on with us was about me -- I just wasn't sure why it was about me -- So I just blamed you. I'm the one who was controlling. I wanted you to be faithful and be a perfect father. I was not accepting to who you are. Because I didn't like myself anymore. I'm not sure exactly what went on with me these last few years. I know New Year's Eve started it. I sank into a depression that I couldn't control. I also agree with you now -- that I went through some sort of mid-life crisis -- "that 30's thing," you called it, my own self esteem . . . etc. I know it was a combination of all of these things. But mostly, due to all of these things, I know I gave up. I gave up treating you like I loved you. We started taking each other for granted -- and I didn't know how to put it all back together. I never stopped loving you -- I stopped liking myself and lost total confidence in any relationship with you.

I really needed this time in my life -- It's allowed me to get to know and like myself (again). It's given me a chance to go from a non-person, (the past 3 years) to a whole person.

There's so much I want to say to you. It's very hard to express myself in this letter. I wish we could be taking a walk around the block like we used to. It would be so much easier to speak to you face to face.

I want to put our family back together! I want our kids to grow up with their parents. I thought I'd be happy raising Sydney & Justin by myself -- since we didn't see too much of you anyway. But, now, I [missing text]. I want to be with you! I want to love you and cherish you, and make you smile. I want to wake up with you in the mornings and hold you at night. I want to hug and kiss you every day. I want us to be the way we used to be. There was no couple like us. I don't know what I went through . . . I didn't believe you loved me anymore -- and I couldn't handle it. But for the past month I've been looking at our wedding tape and our family movies -- and I can see that we truly loved each other. A love I've never seen in any of our friends. Please look at the 2 tapes I'm sending over with this letter. Watch them along & with your phone turned off -- they're really fun to watch.

O.J., I want to come home -- I want us all to be together again -- We can move wherever you want -- we can stay here -- I just never want to leave your side again.

I've almost come home 20 times since I left -- but I was never totally sure about us until now. I know I love you and know I'm in love with you and know I want to [missing text] and be with you forever.

Please watch the tapes -- I know you have major anger against me -- but you owe it to your kids and to us. I had that same anger. . . I'd never let this happen to us again. Without this year, without this growth, I don't think we'd have had a chance together -- We let it die. And through death . . . something new always grows. I agree with what you said 6 or 8 months ago. The next time around will be the best. I totally feel that now. We want to come home -- we'd be there tomorrow if you'd let us. I'm not embarrassed about anything -- I don't give

a hoot what anybody thinks. I only know I love you and our kids would be the happiest kids in the world.

If you're totally happy with your life now -- I'll understand -- especially if you're truly in love and know that's going to work. Then, I can't mess with that. If I don't hear from you soon -- then I'll assume that's the case and I'll never bother you or ask you to have [missing text] way to find out -- I had to ask.

O.J. You'll be my one and only "true love." I'm sorry for the pain I've caused you and I'm sorry we let it die. Please let us be a family again, and let me love you -- better than I ever have before.

I'll love you forever and always . . .

Me.

(Jack Walraven, 1993)