

Precious girls,

Do you know? Can you know with all your hurt and loss what makes sense of your Mother's love?

I grieve for your innocent, open-hearts. Where did they go? What can be done to rescue what has been stolen?

I want to be the one to lift the pain that should not be yours to carry. I want to so much. But . . .

I am the one that married your perpetrator. I called this lost soul my husband. I should have known that he was dangerous. I failed to see, and you were ravaged. My regret is too deep for words.

I understand why you can't allow me in to carry you in the dark places. Let me go so that you can heal.

Let go of thoughts of me that cause confusion and grief. Let go of any sense of longing or responsibility. Focus on your purpose and healing.

I will be here when your heart is ready to come.

We can be Mom and daughter when you are ready. When you are free of your fear of me; you can reach out, and I will come to you.

While I wait, I pray and do what you are comfortable with me doing. You can let me know.

I grieve deeply for the loss of your innocence and all that has been lost.

And I will stand where you need me and let you heal. You are so precious, eternally precious. I can wait for closeness and openness. It won't be forever.

I love you. By letting me go you can also let go of some of the pain.

That is my gift to you..... Precious girls.