

# 10000 DAYS

December 07, 1991—April 24, 2019

Dear Laura ...

I know that it has been some time since I last wrote to you. This absence was not due to any lack of interest or laziness on my part. No—in fact, not sending you cards at Christmas and your last birthday was a very difficult thing for me. My decision to stay out of touch was based on my belief that I should not be making any attempt to influence you or your thinking one way or another during the time that your mom's request for an annulment is being considered by the Catholic Church. So why am I reaching out to you now, you ask?

Two reasons. First and foremost—as you may have guessed by the above image in the caption—as of Wednesday, April 24, it will have been 10,000 days since I last had the privilege of being in your presence—a long time to be apart, for certain. If one does the math, this period of time is over 27 years—an entire generation.

As I think about your birthday on Friday, April 26, it strikes me that I was 34 years old when my life was turned upside down and I last connected with you—and you were just six years old then—the age that your son, Charlie, will be turning this summer. Since you are now the age I was and your son is soon to be the age you were in December 1991, perhaps you might begin to understand the incredible angst I felt during the many Court procedures to retain my visitation rights and my eventual loss of you in my life.

The second reason to reach out at this particular time is that I am marking the 10,000-day milestone by releasing my third collection of (almost) all original tunes—“Venus In The Trees.” As I state in the letter I included with the dozens of CDs I sent out to family and friends (a copy of which is enclosed)—the themes in some of the songs are about relationships with some very significant individuals in my life. I'm sure that you will be able to see yourself in “The Little Ones”—and your sister will, no doubt, see herself in “Princess (Winter's Child)”. I am grateful that I have a means in my life into which I can channel all of the pain generated from the unfortunate events of so many years ago.

My prayer is that you have managed to heal from whatever wounds you might have suffered during your young life. Every morning I also pray that the GOOD LORD grant you extra strength to face your fears and extra courage to reach out and grab on to the truth.

As I have written many times before—please accept my apologies for intruding into your life. As a parent yourself, you now know the strong desire to make certain that your child is happy, healthy, and safe. Live well, my dear daughter. And may the GOOD LORD bless you and keep you each and every day of your life. All of my love to you, always—