

Random Words.

I somehow lost the love of my two children. The last time I saw them was in 2018, at Thanksgiving at their house. My son was living in a downstairs unit at my daughter's house. It was a cordial visit; I brought the turkey and the makings for the stuffing, gravy, and mashed potatoes. I arrived the day before and left the day after, and all seemed good and happy.

Sometime in 2020, I told my children I would no longer pay their bills, etc. It seemed to me that I was enabling them to fail because they had me bailing them out repeatedly. And these weren't small payments, but sometimes as much as ten thousand dollars.

My daughter then moved to Maryland for university, and gradually, our communication began to get stressed. I'm an idiot when it comes to what people think and why they think what they think, so I just kept being me. I phoned and wrote and eventually got no replies from either child.

Imagine my surprise when I learned she had moved to Oakland a year before contacting me! She asked for a large sum of money, and I said no for the first time in her life. I was hurt she asked for money after not speaking to me for a year!

She asked, "What have you done for me lately to show me you love me?"

She then flew into a rage and made statements and accusations that I had abused her while she was growing up.

Eventually, when I could see she was serious, I went for a polygraph test which, of course, I passed. I told my daughter I could produce a hundred people, mutual friends, her therapist,

school teachers, housekeeper, etc., who could all testify that her words were untrue. I even offered to pay for the polygraph.

My daughter isn't interested in the truth. Personally, I think her bipolar, inherited from her mother and the reason we got divorced, has taken over. After more than a year of trying, there seems to be nothing more I can do to rectify the situation except leave the relationship. Believe me, I don't want to do this, but her lies and untruths, with no facts whatsoever to prove her allegations, have hurt me deeply. And, of course, learning that that's why she's saying them, to hurt me, is even more hurtful.

Sometimes, life simply does not make sense. Sometimes, people do not make sense. And trying to make sense of nonsense doesn't make sense either. But love for another sometimes makes me do things and try things to rectify a relationship that I deeply care about.

I was a single parent for more than a decade, so I know she wasn't abused because I was there. I was protecting her, and she wasn't abused. It did not happen. She was parented, of course. And my wife, who was not her mother, was an FBI agent. She and her many friends, many of them FBI agents, visited often for barbeques and swimming in our pool.

I never abused my daughter or my son. And I can prove my words. It has always been a goal of mine to live alone. I like living alone. Now, I'm alone.

Written by Peter Skeels © 9-17-2024