MIRIAM

It was. I paid for it... because I had hope. And when your twins are older, and you wake up one day and don't recognize the people they've become... When you know in your heart that, despite a few mistakes, compared to most of the screwed up parents out there, you did a pretty decent job of child rearing. Yet, your kids are struggling with some simple basics of life, in ways you never dreamed existed, let alone as possibilities for *your* children. And you know in your soul that you would give every drop of your own fleeting happiness to them, just as you would give them your blood, your heart and your air. But the more you help them, the more you seem to hurt them. And yet you persist because they are your kids and you love them with a love that cannot and will not be put down. And on that day, you may understand why I paid for it. You may understand that hope. I'm sorry. Was that my out loud voice?