

This is going to be a long letter but I would like to ask you to please honor what I have been through and read all of it, you will never have to read another one of these again.

When I saw RENT I was saddened during the number 24 hit song, "Goodbye Love". Not for the reasons the composer wanted me to be, but because it was thinking about you and how I didn't want us to get to a point where I would have to say "goodbye handsome". But I am tired of crying and trying to analyze why you don't call me, why everything is the way it is. You know three weeks ago how very upset I was, you knew I wanted to see you and not only did you not see me, but you couldn't even call me to see if I was ok or allow me the sanity of talking to you. So much of this has been a frustration. It takes too much.

I have always been one of those people who has never wanted to be the one to end a relationship because I learned early on that I regret

So I sat down to write you this note. As I contemplated whether it should be a light note so that you wouldn't be afraid to see me or an honest note, the anxiety began to wash over me. I guess you can tell this is going to be of the latter. I want to state plain and clearly that despite what you might think from reading this letter the worst thing you could do to me is cease all contact and banish me from your life.

I still hear stressed out because I know that if you don't see me tonight, by the time I do see you it will have been at least two months. What kind of message does that send to me? Have you not had any desire to talk to me? Do you not wonder what's going on in my life? Do you not miss me at all? Had you not brought me back such a wonderfully extravagant gift, I would be mourning the loss of you in my life. Instead, I am confused.

Handsome, I would much rather have this conversation with you in person, but I don't know if that will ever happen or when so I am just going to bare my soul to you -- here and now.

I feel very connected to you and I have no idea why. I have often told you in person and on paper the various things you mean to me and my feelings for you. I have detailed the ways in which I think you are an incredible man -- despite what you may have done in the past or do now that hurt people you care about. I honor you and what you have been through.

What is wrong with the way things are between us is not that I care about you so deeply, think about you a lot or cherish what we share in person whether it is a conversation, a laugh, a cry or a kiss-- what is wrong is that there is no consistency here. It has been almost two years and I have no clue as to how you really feel about me. Sure there were the times we were together like on the 4th of July where I felt very secure in how your feelings for me. Not that I was the woman of your dreams or the woman about whom you cared the most -- just that you cared about me. I don't know that now. You have not talked to me in six weeks. If you asked me to describe exactly what I wanted this is what I would tell you: I want you in my life. I want to be able to enjoy my life, my work, lovers, friends and family. I want you to be a part of that. Nobody knows what will happen in the future. I cannot be free when I constantly stress about why you haven't called me, returned my calls, wanted to see me etc.

Any normal person would have walked away from this and said "he doesn't call me, he doesn't want to see me -- screw it. It doesn't matter." I can't let go of you

I want to be a source of pleasure and laughter and energy to you. I want to make you smile.

I have had another very unpleasant situation arise. A friend of mine who does not work at the White House has a friend who does and both of these people knew I was looking to come back (reason: I missed it) and that there were some "friends" with some influence helping me. The woman who does work at the WH recently moved offices and called my friend Sunday night. While she didn't want me to know that she had said it, because she felt it improper to pass along such information, she wanted her friend (who is also my friend) to let me know that I will never work at the WH or if I do it will be some -- kind of job with an orange pass. She had heard that I was "after the President" and would never be allowed to work on the complex, and wanted me to be aware of it. My friend became defensive of me and said that's ridiculous. Her friends are just waiting till they find the right job. Her friend's response was that there are jobs created all of the time there -- every week. In fact, there was just a position in Public Liaison created for Stephen Godwin's girlfriend. This coupled with me finding out they had hired an intern in Pansy Hill Regale's office recently has led me to the conclusion that all you have promised me is an empty promise -- just like Martha said. I am once again, totally humiliated. It is very clear to me that there is no way I am going to be brought back.

What is the most upsetting to me is that I could have been ok with

I will never do anything to hurt you. I am simply not that kind of person. Moreover, I love you.

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