

I believe the time has finally come for me to throw in the towel. my conversation with Marsha left me disappointed, frustrated, sad and angry. I can't help but wonder if you knew she wouldn't be able to detail me over there when I last saw you. maybe that would explain your coldness. the only explanation I can reason for your not bringing me back is that you just plain didn't want to enough or care about me enough. how else can I rationalize why it is ok for Marsha and Debi and scores of others to be in golden positions -- people can say what they want to about them, even be nasty to them but everyone knows that they will never be touched because they have your approval. Debi can prance around in your shoes or stand in front of 50 people gathered for dinner bragging about just how she obtained your shirt for Walter to have bespoke shirts made for you. Marsha can remark to someone which subsequently ends up in the papers and magazines that "she spent the night with you". I just loved you -- wanted to spend time with you, kiss you, listen to you laugh -- and I wanted you to love me back.

I never told you this because I didn't want to seem like a martyr but in April of '95 I wanted nothing more than to beg you to do something so I didn't have to leave. I wanted to scream and bawl. you have no idea how desperate, upset, humiliated I was. But I didn't. you said you would see what you could do and I left it at that because I didn't want to put you in a bad situation. It was an election year and I knew what was important. You promised you would bring me back after the election with a snap of you fingers.

I left the WH at age 22 from my first job out of college, the beginning of my career, to come to work at an agency in which I have no interest at a job where I'm bored. I kept a calendar with a countdown until election day. I was so sure that the weekend after the election you would call me to come visit and you would kiss me passionately and tell me you couldn't wait to have me back. You'd ask me where I wanted to work and say something akin to "Consider it done" and it would be. Instead I didn't hear from you for weeks and subsequently your phone calls became less frequent. We talked about my returning and you kept replying, "I'll talk to Bob Nash", "I've talked to Bob Nash", "Bob Nash is working it". Then it moved to "Marsha is working on it". Then you dumped me and it was still "Marsha' is working it. I promise it will be done" Now, Marsha is saying just be patient. Why do you want to come back anyway? You've already had the experience of working here.

I can't take it any more. A person can only handle so much anxiety and stress. Maybe it would be easier to wait if you had called more and it hadn't been such trouble to try to see you. As I said in my last letter to you I've waited long enough. You and Marsha win. I give up. you let me down, but I shouldn't have trusted you in the first place.