

I have been there for better or worse for 22 years. I have been there for you and our children and I have struggled with this disease. And when I need you most to protect me against myself you shut me out. My worst nightmare has become a reality- and in the aftermath you have decided that I'm not worthy of your compassion.

I am alone and you make me choose between our children and and all out confrontation with you. I know I've hurt you- maybe beyond repair-but if you were alone and sinking -no matter what - do you think I wouldn't be there to hold you. Not say - "I'm doing this all for you" while you vacation with your friends. Not say things like "Natalie and Hunter have a mother and you're not their father." Did I make you this person. I'm sorry if I did . But regardless of what has been done and said - all the insults and injuries I may have caused- I am done with you. I am dying inside - but I will survive on the outside for my children. I'll be sober - but no matter what what without you I am dead.

You and I are done. Find a lawyer - you can have any money you want- but you won't keep me from my children.

I've consented to daily breathalyzers and blood tests and urinalysis and meetings with psychologists and still from afar you influence the process. You say I'm angry. I'm not angry. I'm amazed and disappointed. The person I fell in love with and have always been in love with is now my enemy.

I've been able to keep this family afloat admits so many crisis. And so have you. Have I ever missed a tuition payment or mortgage payment, a play or a game or any thing that ever mattered- or your Neiman Marcus bill. Do you know what I've done to make that possible. Do you have any idea of the level of degradation?

Do you know the level of pain I feel every minute- reliving the last two years as he died. Can you imagine what I felt when they said when he was dead and I came back and touched him after he was declared dead for 7 minutes and his heart restarted?

I thought you did. I thought that no matter how faulted I was that you would be there.

When-in any moment of crisis- with your family or mine have I not chosen you? When have I not been there for your family- for your brothers for your parents for your cousins.

My brother died and the day after he was put in a grave you stopped speaking to me. Actually- you spoke to me to say things like "so you really think you can run for congress - don't ever say that to you're children and embarrass yourself."

You need to find your own path from here because it is clearly not with me. I'm

certain my children will love me no matter what you do and have been doing to try and change that. They've all told me what you have been saying about me. I've never uttered a bad word about you to them- and I never will. It's so sad to know that you haven't done the same for me.

But for the past 90 days or so with all my failings I wake up every day and turn and I am alone and I reach for you and you're not there and then I reach for the phone to call Beau and I am alone.

And you are drinking wine and smoking pot on the porch with Chris and Amy (the oh so virtuous) or at Camp David with Michele or in NYC with MD, or on the beach with Art and his kids. And I am here waking up alone on my way to a breathalyzer and a pee test...for what?(I have the liver of a 20 year old by the way according to my last blood test.)

I'll go to Caron- but realize this- every dime we have is accounted for - tuitions etc... After backyard and basement and all you're insane spending- like the the fence I said Brother could jump and chewy could climb under- (I have every bill) we have no savings- so be prepared for no housekeeper and no Jun and no car payments and credit cards and no ATM. If you need money desperately call Eric and ask for an advance against my potential earnings. Any bills that need to be paid - ask Eric first. If you need spending money ask Eric.

Realize this- everyone already thinks I'm a lying cheating piece of shit because of what you have told them. My Mother and my sister-in law and everyone in my family knows that I am the scum you have described. You think there on my side? They all hate me because what you have told them. The only response I get is "you deserve it." How can that be good for our girls?

Your absence after the most devastating moment in my life clearly confirmed to all our friends and family that I truly must be the most despicable human being in the world- for my wife and best friend to completely shut me out in my most desperate time of need.

Do you remember calling me to tell me you were pregnant? Do you remember me meeting you at the airport with books about pregnancy? "What to Expect When you're Expecting." Do you remember me being there every second- saying I loved you no matter what.

And now remember this- I am alone and beyond despair and you know I have no real friends except for beau and you and you decide you are done with me and Beau is dead.

Well I guess I'm to blame - I've made it hard on you emotionally- forget tuitions and mortgages and the life you could have had with Mickey- but at my lowest most desperate moment the idea you couldn't even find the time to come slap me

in the face- hold my hand- give me a hug...

I guess it's over.