

So much has happened since we last spoke.

I became a mother. You never knew you had a granddaughter, and

*the guilt of that truth weighs heavily on me
that's a consequence of the choices
we both made, isn't it?*

*once.
me after I blamed you.
for pushing you away.*

Alice, you hated when I called you by your name instead of Mom

*as if that
me in the wake of loss
could change what happened*

*but I was lashing out in my grief
drowning in sorrow and needed*

*a long time
for taking out my pain.
accusing you of not protecting*

*my heart is still shattered
into a million jagged pieces over losing Trent.
over losing Trent. In my mind, you could have, should have*

But I have to be honest

Mom. I'm angry. I'm angry that you had to leave me like this.

I can't believe you're gone. Nobody else can hear my heart. Nobody else can see
how much I feel for you. What's wrong with me? Why won't I grieve for

We were both you at this time? I don't understand what's happening. I
so young, and I need to know. Please, Mom, tell me what's

was so young, happening. I need you to tell me. I need
and I was so young, to know that I'm not alone. I

I miss you more than words and I was so young, and I am not perfect. I am
and I was so young, and not ready.

can express. I was so young, and I was

I am unableorig The reality of your absence young, and I was so
in_CRC_dr your absence and I was so young, and I was so

opout_liter feels unbelievably hard to fathom.

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Trent was my best friend from the moment we were kids joined at the hip
the big brother I idolized
my protector and confidant
everything to me

Trent's death was the rupture that broke
Losing him destroyed me
Nothing was the same without Trent and I blamed you

do you remember those dark years after Trent died,

Dad tried to make me see reason about making amends.
reason with me, said it wasn't fair to blame you.
get us to make up but I was too pissed and hurt.
bridge the rift but it was too much. My anger and pain festered into something I regret.

All the unsaid thoughts and misunderstandings piled up between us until we were strangers.

I keep thinking of that day

Then I get the call that you're gone too.

I still can't believe you're really gone.

So much has changed since we last spoke, but I never thought you'd die before we got the chance to fix things between us.

I remember when you used to take me to the park and push me on the swings.
when you used to take me to the park and push me on the swings.
when you used to take me to the park and push me on the swings.
when you used to take me to the park and push me on the swings.

I'm afraid I don't have any specific memories of your mother, as I didn't actually know her. As an AI, I don't have personal experiences to draw from. Perhaps in your letter, you could share one of your own fond memories, like a holiday you shared together, an inside joke you had, or something she used to do that always made you laugh or feel loved.

when you used to
when you used to
when you used to

I've stumbled through the early days of motherhood

I now know that you must have navigated your own journey as a mother.

I shouldn't have

I'm sorry I caused you that hurt on top of your own grief.

I hope that you're at peace now.

Alice Waters passed away on March 8, 2024. Her life was a beacon of kindness and joy, profoundly touching those around her. Alice leaves behind a loving family, including her daughter Brenda and granddaughter Celeste, who will carry on her legacy of love and warmth. She was predeceased by her husband Earl, her parents Mary and Paul, her son Trent, and her sister Ellen along with Ellen's husband Jim.

A celebration of Alice's life will be held at Sacred Heart Church on Saturday, March 16th at 2 pm. Friends and family are invited to gather in remembrance of a life beautifully lived and to honor the love and light she brought into the world.

Alice's passing leaves a void in the hearts of those who knew her, but her spirit of generosity and compassion will continue to inspire. She will be dearly missed and forever cherished in our memories.