

Dear Kane;
What I wish we would have said



By: Sharon K. Angelici

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First Edition

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Dear Kane;
What I wish we would have said

Sharon K. Angelici

This short story is dedicated to my husband David, my sons Nick and David and to my two best girls Rachy & Rozy.

You have inspired me. You have made me a better human being and my life journey would be so dull without you in it. Kane is a creation from our crazy mismatched family, all of us. We are so fortunate that the universe brought us together.

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Dear Kane,

May 31, 2013

I waited for you for over an hour today. It was so quiet and the hallway was cold. There was a row of plastic resin chairs on each side but I was the only one waiting. It was the longest hour of my life. Someone in a white coat came to meet me but I don't remember his name, or was it her. I can't remember. I felt cold and alone and then after they pulled back the curtain of the window I was numb. It was you. The coroner said that even if I'd been home there was no way you could have been saved. He said that you were serious. I didn't know how to respond to that because you were never serious but I didn't imagine that you'd ever do something like this. They let me stand beside you and say goodbye. I didn't say anything to you but I kissed your forehead and it was cold. I wish I hadn't done that because that sticks in my memory. I don't want that memory.

Dear Kane,

June 1, 2013

They called and asked if I needed help making arrangements. I know what that means but I think it's the first time that I've spoken to dad since you left. I don't know what to say. The director at the funeral parlor asked me so many questions. I didn't want to answer any. I don't know how to summarize your life in two hundred words. How do you do that. You were always the writer in our family. I decided that I can't bury you in a cemetery so you're going to be cremated. I'm not ready to let you go. I bet you didn't know that you can put ashes in jewelry. I've learned a lot about funerals and the business of the dead. I don't want you to be dead.

Dear Kane,

I'm not a religious person any more.

Dear Kane,

June 2, 2013

I didn't know that you had so many friends, did you? A girl named Anne sat next to me for a very long time at your memorial luncheon. I think I remember her from graduation night. She had a lot of nice things to say to me and shared a little about your friendship. I think she misses you as much as I do. I really had to be strong today because every teenager that shook my hand or hugged me made me think of you. I can't stop thinking of you.

Dear Kane,

June 3, 2013

This is the first day that I don't have to be responsible for your needs. I've been doing it for seventeen years and now there's nothing. I don't know what to do. It's been four days since you left us, left me. I'm not sure I can get through life without you in it. I can't open your bedroom door. I can't move your shoes from the hallway. I want to believe that you're coming back.

Dear Kane,

June 5, 2013

I'm sorry I couldn't get out of bed yesterday. It was another first for me because every time I woke up I could hear the children playing in the back yard. It was the first day of summer and you weren't here. Did you forget that we had plans today? It didn't seem that I should go anywhere without you so I stayed in bed. It was very hard to muffle the sound of the children. I didn't know that sound could make me feel so lonely. I didn't tell you but I picked out a blue urn for your ashes. It's pretty I guess. Everything they had seemed like it was for someone old. Thinking about it reminds me that you didn't get the chance to be old. Kane, you were just getting to the really fun part of being alive.

Dear Kane,

June 6, 2013

This is the first day that I can get out of bed. I walked through the house and it was so quiet. I can't remember the last time the house was so quiet. I stood in front of your bedroom door for a very long time. I touched the handle and even thought about turning the knob. There are so many things that we do without really thinking about them. Opening a door seems so easy. It's not easy. I tripped over your shoes in the hallway and started to cry. I sat down and straightened them back to the way that you left them. It's not the same. It's just not the same. The funeral parlor sent over some things from your memorial. I looked at the visitor book. Eight hundred people came that day. I don't remember greeting that many people. Did you know that so many people were going to miss you? Part of me wishes you did and another part of me hopes that you didn't.

Dear Kane,

June 7, 2013

Your friend Anne came to the house today. I don't think she is doing really well. I didn't know what to say to her when she knocked on the door. I think she cries as much as I do. I think your friend is an artist. I could see the charcoal dust on her handkerchief when she twisted it in her fingers. She is the only person that I've talked to besides your dad. She is lost too. It has been one week and it feels like a hundred. I still can't go in to your room. Anne asked about something that she gave to you. It's too hard because I don't know what she wants from me.

I told her that when I had the time I would look for it. I know that you'd know exactly where to find it. I'm just not ready to open the door.

Dear Kane,

June 8, 2013

This is the second day that Anne has come to the house. Why didn't I ever really meet her? She's very nice. She talked about your music and how much she misses the sound of your guitar. We went into the den and I showed her mine. She plays very well, too. She told me that's how you met and that you were the most talented person that she'd ever played with. I felt so proud because I taught you. She knew that too and asked me to play. I cried the entire time because Anne knew all the words to your favorite song. I don't understand why you didn't tell me about Anne.

Dear Kane,

June 9, 2013

Today is your eighteenth birthday. I can't stop crying and I don't know what to do with myself. For the last eighteen years I've baked you a cake and taken a picture of you in your dad's college jersey. I think this year you would have looked like an adult in it. I took out the box of pictures and laid them out on the table. When you were 5 you made the cutest face. Dad said that's his favorite. It's not mine. I think the first one is my favorite because there is a lifetime of possibility in that picture. I put your urn on top of the piano and leaned last years picture against it. If I had known that would be the last one I would have taken a better picture. I realized that there are a lot of things that I should have done differently, I'm really sorry.

We didn't celebrate anything today. Anne came again and asked if she could look for her things. I know she loves you and I wish you were here. But I'm not sure if I'm okay with that. I told her I wasn't ready and she just cried. She's very

courageous and I really like her. This is the first time I've gotten really mad at you but then I remembered that night we were watching TV. I remembered Daddy and I talking about the Gay Pride parade on the news and all the horrible things we said about the costumes and the flags. I know I said abomination. I'm sorry I said abomination.

Dear Kane,

June 10, 2013

Today Anne came over and we opened your bedroom door together. Dad was working but he knew we would be okay. It smells like you and everywhere we looked we could see you. Anne held the picture of you that was tucked in the glass of your mirror. I hadn't noticed it when I was in there two weeks ago. She said it was new and that it was the last picture of the two of you. I told her that she needed to have it. I watched her open her messenger bag and pull out a journal. I think she's been writing to you too. She pulled back a purple ribbon and the book opened to a specific page. She tucked it inside, closed it and slid it in the front pocket. I know that Anne loves you just as much as I do. I didn't think I could feel any more sadness. I wouldn't have been nice to her, Kane. I've been crying since she left because if I'd met her before I would not have been nice to her. She didn't want anything else that you had, just the picture. I think I understand how she feels because almost every photograph of you makes

*me feel better but then I remember that I don't get to
take any more.*

Dear Kane,

June 11, 2013

Today is the first day that I've gone outside. It was raining and even though it's early June the drops were cold. It reminded me of the mist when we were at the falls in Washington. I know you remember that day because we couldn't get you back in the car. That was a wonderful vacation. We didn't really have one planned this summer. I'm glad that we didn't because I don't think I could be around strangers. I never thought it would be so hard to feel anything. The Magnolia is in full bloom. It used to make me so happy to see it because you and your dad planted it for me. You're everywhere and I thought being outside would help. Nothing helps.

Dear Kane,

June 13, 2013

Anne called this morning. I wasn't going to answer the phone because talking to people doesn't help. They only want to ease their pain and I can't even ease my own. Anne wants to come by to talk. She has things she needs to say and I think she is the only person that misses you as much as I do. Tomorrow we are going to sit outside by your beautiful tree and talk. I hope I can do this. I miss you Kane.

Dear Kane,

June 14, 2013

Today was the two week anniversary. Fifteen days ago you gave me my last hug. I thought you were really happy when you graduated. I thought you were excited about going away to school. I thought I knew you better.

Anne came by after lunch. She was wearing your letter jacket. It was almost eighty degrees and she never took it off. I couldn't believe that she asked to keep it. I didn't even know that you gave it away. She took off one of the medals and gave it to me. She said it was your first, and that one always meant the most to you because your dad and I cheered from the stands when you were running. I told her that ever since you learned to be on two feet that we had to be fast enough to keep up. I didn't realize that you were always running. My love had conditions. I see that now. I wish I hadn't made you run.

Dear Kane,

June 15, 2013

I was looking out the bedroom window this morning and I saw your scooter parked by the garage. I never told you but I was always worried that you would get hurt driving that thing. For just a few minutes I forgot you were gone and wondered why it was still in the driveway so late in the day. I don't know what to do with that thing.

I went into your room today. I don't know if you realize how much courage that took. I did it all alone and cried every minute I was in there. How am I supposed to do this? Your running shoes are hanging up beside your desk. The laces are new. I was so angry at you because that meant something. Why did you buy new laces if you never planned to run again. We didn't raise you to give up. Why did you give up?

Dear Kane,

June 16, 2013

Someone once said that time heals all wounds. That's so stupid. It doesn't heal anything. Every day that comes is a reminder that I never get to see you again. I never get to hug you. I never get to feel your arms around me. I didn't think that it was possible to feel so lost. I'm so angry with you.

I sat at your desk today and started looking through your things. I think I'm looking for answers. I wish that you'd left me a letter or had a sketchbook filled with some clue why you thought the world would be better without you. Damn it Kane, the world is excruciating without you.

Dear Kane,

June 17, 2013

I am so angry today. I'm sorry but I just can't stop thinking about what you did to your body. I can't stop thinking about kissing your forehead. It was not how I wanted to say goodbye to you. Mothers are not supposed to bury their children. I sat by your tree with your urn. There will never be a single word from you. Did you even think about my heart when you killed yourself? Was I that horrible? I loved you through everything. How could you forget my love?

Dear Kane,

June 24, 2013

You kept a lot of secrets.

Dear Kane,

June 29, 2013

It has been one month since I've heard your voice. I found a recording on your computer and it made me cry. You had so many things to share with this world and I didn't think I had any more tears left in my eyes.

I found Anne's phone number in your contacts and she came to the house to listen to your music. I didn't want to hear you sing about your love for her. I cried for a very long time and I'm not sure that we were ready to hear all of your music but we did. Damn it Kane, you threw away your talent and your future. What were you thinking?

Dear Kane,

July 4, 2013

Today is the first holiday without you. There are so many fireworks and sounds of happiness. I think this was the first day that I smiled and didn't feel guilty about having a good time. I didn't forget that you were gone. I'll never forget that you are gone.

I saw a group of kids from your class. They didn't say hello and I'm sure that it's because they don't know what to say after that. I'm really afraid to see people that I know. I hate that look on their faces. It's pity and judgement. I know that people blame me. They think that I didn't love you right. Your choice was so unfair to us, to the people that really loved you.

Dear Kane,

July 6, 2013

Last night I talked to your dad. He has been working so much and I wanted him to hear your music. "Being" is the most beautiful song that I have ever heard. Dad hadn't cried in front of me until he heard you introduce that song. He said the sound of your voice reminded him that you were never going to call him daddy again. I told him about Anne and he said that he knew a long time ago that you were gay. He said that he was waiting for you to tell him.

Why were we waiting to talk about the really hard things? Waiting doesn't make it easier. I wish that life gave you a do-over. I want to go back and tell you that I love you. I want to take back all the horrible things I said about homosexuality. I didn't know it was you. I didn't know that I gave birth to a beautiful girl who was also gay.

Dear Kane,

July 21, 2013

I love you.

I wish I had said that more. I guess I really didn't say it so that you felt it. Would you have stayed if I'd said it more?

Dear Kane,

July 26, 2013

Yesterday you got a letter from school. I guess we didn't notify them that you wouldn't be attending. I feel like the very basic things about life are falling apart again. I just don't know how to not be your mom.

I called the admissions office. The lady was polite and I could tell that she was uncomfortable. Your scholarship is going to another student. I'm never going to get to watch you run, or cheer for you in the stands. I found the sweatshirt in your closet. The one that we bought when you toured the campus. Everything in the closet smells like you. I've been wearing your sweatshirt.

Dear Kane,

August 4, 2013

It's been two months. I'm wearing your sweatshirt in August. Anne came by to see me. She said she got a letter from her school and she doesn't know if she can go alone. She said that the two of you had a plan to take on the world together.

It isn't fair, when I get mad at you I feel so guilty because you are gone. I'm doing this all on my own and there's no rulebook on mourning the loss of a child that killed herself. Kane, I know why you left me? I could have done this better. I could have tried to really love like it didn't matter. I know I said that homosexuality was a sin. I know that I said horrible things right in front of you. I know I did this too.

Dear Kane,

August 5, 2013

Anne told me she is staying home this year. She got a job at the cafe in town. She asked me if I would give her some of your ashes. My first reaction was very selfish and I feel so ashamed. Every time she visits she touches the picture that's leaning against the urn. The more that we talked the more I realized that she does love you as much as I do. I gave her the teardrop necklace that I had made from your ashes. To be honest I just can't cut the tie that is sealing the bag you are in. Some things are just too hard to do. Letting you go is just too hard to do.

Dear Kane,

August 6, 2013

I think you would be very proud of me today. I went for a walk and even stopped to talk with a few neighbors. No one asked about you, only about how I'm doing. I think it's a really stupid thing to ask. It reminded me of when we watched award shows on TV. How reporters always asked, "How do you feel about winning?" So stupid to ask when someone is right in the middle of processing something so big. I think I'm still in the middle, Kane. I wish there was a way to make time go so that my pain would go too.

It's strange that all of the ads are out for back to school. We aren't going to get your shoes for the team this year. We aren't going for lunch and then to get your supplies. We've done it for so long and I don't know what to do now. I thought I was a good mom. I thought that I listened when you shared the things that really mattered to you. I didn't listen at all.

Your suicide changes everything about who I am.

Dear Kane,

August 16, 2013

I'm sorry that I didn't write to you for so long. I'm still very angry about so many things and I'm so disappointed.

The football team has already started to practice and I can hear the coach yelling in the afternoon. I remember when we bought the house how we liked that you could walk to school and that I could walk home from your events. It was always so nice to be so close. Everything is a reminder of your absence.

I started to clean out your closet. I can't even think about going through the personal papers in your desk so I decided your closet would be the easiest thing. I remember when we shopped for so many of the clothes hanging in there. I didn't recognize a few things so I'm going to let Anne look at them. I'm guessing that these are the things she wanted after you left us. I folded up all of your shirts and dresses. It made me think that aside from graduation night I haven't seen you in a dress for years. I just thought it

was funny and then I thought that we didn't have to pick out clothes for you to wear at a funeral. I'm so conflicted because I would have chosen the pale blue dress that still had the dry cleaning tags on it. I think you wore it for daddy's work party when you were a sophomore. You only wore it once. I guess I wasn't paying attention. I'm sorry that I thought you were so efficient as a teenager. I guess you needed me and I wasn't there. All of the clothes fit into four large boxes. They are so heavy. Your shoes made me laugh because most girls your age have enough for ten friends. You only had six pairs and that included the running shoes on your chair and the pair in the hallway. I'm leaving that pair in the hallway because I can't let you go. I don't know why but the shoes in the hallway make me feel like you will come home one day. There is so much sadness when I look at shoes. I couldn't go through the boxes on the top shelf. I know one is full of art projects that you made as a little girl. I know how much you didn't like that I kept them. I'm so glad that I did because that's all I have left now. I think I'm going to show them to Anne.

Dear Kane,

August 20, 2013

Anne came yesterday and we spent the entire day together. I was right that the shirts belonged to her. She took the dark blue one and wrapped it around her. She said it smelled like you and that it made her feel close to you again. She told me that you were wearing that shirt the first time you kissed her. She told me a lot of things about the two of you and the more she talked the more I realized that I wasn't there for you last year. She said you were so scared to tell daddy and I that you were gay. I was crying because all the things I'd said made you feel like you had no safe place to call home.

Anne loved your boxes of art. She thinks that some of the sketchbooks should be taken apart so we can hang them in a gallery. I'm going to get some frames made. I'm not sure about the gallery but some of your freshman artwork is very beautiful and I'm hanging it in the hallway.

It was after midnight when Anne left. I'm so glad that she was here with me. She makes me feel so

close to you. I'm glad that you loved her because she has so many memories to share.

Dear Kane,

September 1, 2013

I went out today. I didn't drive. Your Anne picked me up and drove me to a place I didn't know about. It's called Cuppa Dreams and it's such a cool place, but you knew that because the two of you went there all the time. Anne introduced me to the owner Ghel and then we walked to the stage in the back of the restaurant. How is it possible that you had this career and I didn't know?

Ghel had more than twenty of your sketches framed and hung on the wall. Anne chose some of the best ones and titled them. I'm not sure if you told her what the names should be but they were all perfect. Every one of them was perfect.

The visit to Cuppa Dreams made me so very sad and made me feel like such a failure. I guess I thought that when you started high school you didn't need me any more. I dropped out of your life and missed out on everything that made you so beautiful. I wish...

Dear Kane,

September 7, 2013

Your art show at Cuppa is such a success. You should be here to see it. I'm so mad that you aren't here to see it. Anne practically lives here and at the restaurant. It's like you are still alive because we talk about you all the time.

Chel called and asked if we would like to sell some of the sketches. I'm not sure that I really want to let them go. She said there is a local organization that visits schools and talks about teen suicide. She said the money from your art could make a huge difference. I told her to sell them. It's the first time I felt like we could help someone else and it didn't make me sad at all.

Anne said she would take pictures of the show before any of your sketches are sold. She is so proud and so very sad all at the same time.

Dear Kane,

September 13, 2013

The anniversary of the attacks on America came this week. It's really weird to listen to the children talk about parents that they never met or don't even remember. I just thought of you. I am part of the reason you're gone. I thought we talked. I thought that we knew each other. I've been thinking about every day before you left us. I've tried to replay them like an old video and it just hurts that I am homophobic. I get that now.

Anne has been busy at work and I miss her because she is my last connection to you. I took hundreds of pictures of you as a child and I can't look at them. You're all around the house and it only reminds me how much you and I didn't know each other. Why did I let you go? Why did I push you away?

Dear Kane,

September 20 2013

Anne came to see me this morning. Your sketches sold out at Cuppa and they have asked us to create another show from the pictures Anne took. It's going to become a regular display when the suicide prevention group travels to the local schools. They told Anne that kids really seem to connect to your work.

I'm so disappointed that all of this is happening without you. You had so much to share and so much to say and you wasted your voice.

Anne thinks we should go to the next Suicide prevention presentation. I'm scared. I'm not sure I'm ready to hear people talk about killing themselves. They are alive and you aren't. It's a constant reminder of my weakness as a mother: I let you down. You left and there is no way to bring you back. It's for always. I'm going to miss you for always.

Dear Kane,

November 1, 2013

My sweet child I miss you. Your suicide has changed every part of my life. I've spent the last weeks emptying your room and cleaning out all of your things in an attempt to understand what happened. You drew so many pictures that were hopeful and also very dark. It breaks my heart. Your music is so much the same that it just leaves more questions. Anne and I have attended four lectures given by the Suicide prevention group. We've listened to many stories. I've heard horrible things that these young adults have been through. They are alive. All of their pain was real and heartbreaking but also very temporary. What they talked about was bullying and being different. One young guy even shared that he was raped and that it left him feeling worthless. Somehow they all found hope and lived.

We should have talked more about the bad stuff. I shouldn't have been so afraid. Maybe you talked to Anne and she isn't ready to tell me. You shouldn't have quit on yourself and you shouldn't

*have quit on us. I don't know how I'm ever going to
live with losing you this way.*

Dear Kane,

November 16, 2013

It's almost time for the holidays. I pulled out the decorations from last year and have them spread out in the dining room. I don't want to think about this being the first of many holidays without you. I remember when you took your first steps. Dad was your go to guy and you were one big smile. Those are the firsts that a parent should celebrate. It shouldn't be the first thanksgiving without you, it should be our 18th with you. "With you" sounds like a foreign idea to me and yet you've only been gone for six months.

The kids have all returned for winter break. I can see the cars coming and going down the street. I could only dream that you'd have been here with a big bag of dirty laundry digging through the fridge for something to eat.

Dear Kane,

November 28, 2013

It's Thanksgiving day.

It seems pointless.

Anne is coming over and we are going to have a small dinner together. You should be here. It should be the four of us tasting the sweet potatoes and cutting the vegetables. I'm just not thankful this year. I want the holidays to be over and I wish it was May and that you were still here.

Dear Kane,

December 12, 2013

It's getting very close to the end of the year. I've celebrated Christmas so many times and this is the first without you. I can't remember what it was like before you were born. I don't want to think about it without you in the future. I don't think this is going to get any easier. No one can tell me when it gets easier. They just tell me that it takes time. I let time slip away from us. I'd give up anything to get you back. Please come back.

Dear Kane,

December 20, 2013

The Christmas tree is fake this year. It's actually a lot like how I feel. I keep putting on a smile and pretending that I'm doing okay. I think it makes people feel better, but it's just fake. I wondered if it would be better if it snowed. I was thinking this morning that you never really ever got to play in snow. You never went skiing or sledding. I think you would have liked it. You never built a snowman. Do you remember watching Frosty every Christmas eve? Remember how you would tuck it in the back of the video cabinet so that we would only watch it on that night. You always wanted to build a snowman. Remember when Daddy brought home the whipped topping and we tried to make one on the kitchen table. What a mess. I wish I could take you to build a real snowman. You should have stayed here so that we could do that. We could have done that Kane.

Dear Kane,

December 26, 2013

Daddy and I decided not to celebrate Christmas yesterday. We just stayed in bed all day and watched documentaries about orphans in Africa. We watched more than that but we tried to avoid the networks. I knew that Frosty was coming and I couldn't bare to hear that music. I just don't listen to any music right now because it reminds me that I'll never hear your voice again. It nearly breaks me, Kane. I don't know how I've made it to today. I didn't think that I could. I still cry every morning when I see your shoes in the hallway, but I won't let Daddy give them away.

Anne stopped by but I didn't want to talk with her. Daddy spent time with her and she said she'd come back after the new year because her family was going away. She said she'd be back. I hope she is stronger than you and can get through the pain.

Maybe if you had run away... I think I could survive just knowing you were out there somewhere.

*What kind of horrible mother forces their child away
just for being gay? I did that to you.*

Dear Kane,

January 4, 2014

Anne was here today. She told me a story about her vacation. She said that her parents found her crying and didn't understand why she was not moving on. She told them about you. She told them about being in love with you and that it's unbearable now that you're gone. Her tears break my heart. I didn't know how to comfort her because I feel that myself. I feel like a horrible person because I thought that your homosexuality was the worst thing I could ever endure. Before Anne left I told her that you left us because I didn't understand what love is really about. I'm not going to let Anne get as lost as you did. I promise you that she has a safe place here and from what it sounds like her parents understand and support her.

I wondered if you would have told us if I would have been disgusted. I guess you must have thought that I would. I think I might have been.

Dear Kane,

January 10, 2014

All the holiday crap has finally gone away. The Wilsons still have their house decorated outside. I know that doesn't surprise you at all. Remember the year that Santa fell off their roof and got stuck on the bike rack of their van? That was the funniest thing. It still makes me laugh when I think bout it.

Dear Mom,

May 30, 2013

Tonight I decided to kill myself. I got in my car and started the engine. I've thought about this a hundred times. Each time I decided that it was okay to live but still be ashamed.

Tonight as I was driving I was thinking about you and daddy. I was thinking about all of the dreams that you have for me that will never be and how it wouldn't break your heart if I was dead.

Tonight I packed up everything that makes me happy and put it in my trunk. I'm taking it with me so that you'll only remember what you love most.

Tonight as I passed the school on my way to the park I remembered how much you've done to make me successful. You've sacrificed so much for me but all this time I've been afraid of telling it all. You've

said horrible things without knowing you were talking about me. When you said lesbians are an abomination, you were talking about me. When you said two girls together was disgusting, you were talking about me. All of those times that you made noises and tsk- tsk'd you were talking about me. You laughed but it wasn't funny. "Those lesbians" are me and Anne. You have to stop treating us like disgusting things.

I can't remember what time it was when I met up with my girlfriend Anne. You don't really know her but I think that you should. I love her. So when I picked her up and she held my hand I really didn't know how I was going to leave her behind. I only wanted to say goodbye. My goodbye to her was going to be the last thing I ever said out loud. I couldn't say it. When I took her home and we parked in her driveway, I couldn't make the words

come out. I'm pretty sure that this is how you feel about daddy. I'm pretty sure that this is the way that Anne feels about me.

After I kissed her goodnight she said, "I love you and I'll see you in the morning." I told her that I couldn't wait to see her tomorrow. Mom, you have to understand that tonight I decided to live because Anne loves me. I drove away and all I could do was feel love. I know how you and daddy feel about people who are gay. I've heard you say so many things but I don't think you know any one who is gay.

Mom, I'm gay and I love a girl named Anne, and I decided as I was driving to the park that I wanted to live. I decided that being loved by Anne would be just as wonderful as being loved by you. I'm sorry if I let you down. I'm sorry if you can't brag to your friends about who I'm in love with. I'm sorry if all of your

dreams for me have to be different but I'm not sorry about Anne.

So, instead of dying I decided to be alive. I decided that I would write this journal to you. I tried so very hard to show you what it would be like without me. I wanted you to know Anne even if I never got the chance to share her with you. I wanted you to know that for the first time in my life I finally understand why I've always felt so different. I think I've known that I wasn't ever going to fall in love with a boy. I just thought it was because I wanted to be free. It really all makes sense. Love finally makes sense.

Love,

Kane

Kane placed the folded sheet of paper with today's May 30th date on the same page as her last entry. She closed the assignment notebook and left it on her Mother's desk. She climbed the stairs to her room and entered the space as if everything was new. She smoothed the wrinkled comforter and flopped down on the bed, the sound of her sigh echoing off the walls. The fan on the ceiling spun round and round mirroring the scenarios in her head. It was the most difficult story that she'd written. It was one of the most honest expressions of how her mother made her feel. The truth as Kane knew it was finally out. She was finally out.

This is not the end, this is the beginning.

Dear Kane was inspired by my time volunteering at a suicide prevention event. The Labor of Love music festival raises funds for programs that help educate and create awareness for suicide prevention. Suicide knows no religion, color or gender.

If you need help, contact:

TEXT: hopeline to 839863 for 24/7 crisis help

National Suicide Hotline 1-800-273-TALK (8255)

<http://www.justliveinc.org/>

*Dear Kane;
What I wish we would have said*

Are the words that we say in front of our children something that builds them up or tears them down? This short story explores the consequences of hatred and bigotry when it applies, unknowingly, to someone that you love. There is a time in every relationship when a parent must let go of the dreams they have for their child, so the child can chase after what they dream to become.



Beautifully crafted. Absolutely a work of art

By Amazon Customer on February 12, 2016

Being such a quick read, you might not expect the emotional content that will flood you during this read. SK Angelici can really tug on your heart strings. Beautifully crafted. Absolutely a work of art.



Brilliant

By Amazon Customer on February 26, 2016

This short story captivates from the very first page. I was able to feel the author's raw emotion all the way through. I know there are many "Kane's" in the world, this book is for them!!! Very well done!!

