

ENGLISH: CREATIVE PIECE

Letter: The truth can be messy, raw and uncomfortable. You can't blame people for preferring lies.

7th June, 2001

To My Beloved Valerie,

I can't stop thinking about that night, how if I had done something as simple as just picking up the phone when you called then perhaps it wouldn't have ended like this. Perhaps we could have faced the truth and accepted the lies we have hidden behind for so long that we were scared to emerge from because of the comfort they provided. You can't blame me for preferring lies over the truth after everything we have been through; the truth is too raw and uncomfortable for many of us to deal with and could have created a bigger mess than the one we were already in. I didn't tell you lies because I wanted to hide the truth from you, I did it because I wanted to hide it from myself. I couldn't face the fact that our beloved daughter had passed away which caused our marriage to fall apart and you felt that you couldn't trust me anymore.

Love isn't enough to hold together a marriage, as you said in your speech recently, trust is a vital part for human relationships and without it they would fall apart and break. But, the problem is that you didn't trust me, you believed I was having an affair with a woman every night I was out late. Truth was that I was grieving Eleanor ever since she passed away that horrid winter day. I may not express my feelings openly like you do, but that doesn't mean that I don't feel pain, don't feel her loss. It seemed like our darling daughter was the one who damaged our relationship, but we weren't strong enough to rebuild and live life without her. I admit, I cheated on you once. It was a month after Eleanor passed away. It helped me forget about the truth, helped me forget about the grief surrounding the household, where every step I took only brought back more memories of her. I expect you suspected the mistake I made and once trust is broken, you can never entirely believe in it again.

I was home the night you called. I didn't pick up the phone because I was trying to build up the confidence to finally tell you all that you have suspected ever since Eleanor's death. It's amazing how one simple action can be the difference between the life and death of one person. Even though I wasn't the one who killed you, I feel responsible for you not making it home safely. When the police came knocking on my door saying I was a suspect in your murder I truly felt guilty. I felt like a murderer. A murderer for not calling you back, for not being the rock you needed to keep you steady and in control, causing you to lose concentration for that brief second which was enough to crash your car and resulting in us not being able to fix things between us, and never being able to. I will have to live with the knowledge that I messed up our marriage and nothing I will ever do will ever change that. In a way I am responsible for your death, maybe not directly, but partially, if I hadn't done all those little things then things may have turned out differently. Maybe I would have been able to come home every day not to an empty house, but to a loving household with my beloved wife waiting for me. But wishes rarely come true, right?

It was hard enough having to deal with losing our daughter when I still had you who was going through the same situation as I was, but now that I have lost you too I don't know how I will get through every day. Despite our relationship having its ups and downs, the good memories will stay with me forever and will never be forgotten. You were my one and only true love and it was my fault our relationship fell apart. If you had come home that night and were here right now then I would do everything I could to make it up to you for concealing my feelings and lying to you because it was easier for me than to deal with the truth. When you love someone you can't only consider your own feelings, but instead you need to reflect your actions with your loved ones feelings as well, causing trust to be built and a strong relationship to be constructed. Damage was made from our loss and mistakes were made which resulted in harmful consequences that I regret every day.

The truth was too hard for me to face at the time, and I realise the mistake I made but there is no way you can forgive me now. You and Eleanor will always be in my heart and will never be forgotten. Once again I cannot express how deeply sorry I am for the lies I told you and all the truths I hid from you. If I had another chance then I wouldn't let my cowardice interfere and destroy our relationship again, but there was no time for second chances and I blew everything I had ever knew. Just remember that I always have and always will love you regardless of the actions of the past.

Yours always,

John