

Letter Number Three

To my three lovely grandchildren,

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry that I lied to you.

I'm sorry that I'm a silly old woman, who doesn't want to forget the magic my son created.

I'm sorry I couldn't let go, but instead held fast in my memories of him and all that he stood for. Fantasy. The inner child. Optimism. The madly beautiful boy full of crazy ideas like no one else.

I'm sorry that we adults tried to screen you from your father's difficult mind, by lying. That we sent Dad on a holiday. He wasn't on holiday. He was committed in order to get better.

And I'm sorry that it was you, Solveig, who had to find him. It should never have been your lot to do that.

But you can thank your mother for that. Your mother gave up. She left him, not the other way around. And she took you with her. And that killed him. It is your mother's fault that Dad died. That my son died. And I will never forgive her that.

Take care.

Grandma