Dear Gerardo,

June 12, 2005. I remember the day we got together as if it was yesterday. I can even feel butterflies in my stomach and I can taste your lips touching mine for the first time. I could even feel the fear of our ages in our minds, but I never cared and I would always remember you say, “You are my pretty little tease, and age doesn’t matter.” Obstacles didn’t matter to us, everything was perfect and we were so happy together. I always cherish the good times we had together and I never forget why Michael was born. The happiest day of my life, the day I became a mommy, September 8, 2007. I can truly say he was made out of pure love. We actually learned how to be patient with each other, understand how we were and that’s where our love came from, how our love was developed. I had to wait long hours for you to get home, try to help you study so you could graduate Cal State LA on time, and at the same time I still had to go to school, clean, cook and work. I always thought that our lives were settled, our plans were perfect. After Cal State LA, you would attend and finish USC, become a pediatrician, by then I would start college and that would be our excuse to move out of Los Angeles. We were going to buy a house in San Luis Obispo; I would attend Cal Poly and become a teacher. I had imagined my life next to you; in my eyes I had the perfect family; to me we were closer to live happily ever after, but it didn’t happen as I had imagined. You did finished your career, you do have a new apartment and I am attending Cal Poly, but we are not together; we both have our own thing going on.

Until today I don’t understand what went wrong between us. We would always be sincere; we would always tell each other everything. Like the first time you ever trusted me with a secret and told me, “now it’s our secret, don’t ever share it babe,” until today I haven’t revealed any of our secrets. Our best feature of being together was the trust we had towards each other. We learned how to deal with school, work, bills and a beautiful son. Even those though times were we didn’t have money we would always consider our family rich, rich in love and trust, something that money can’t buy. At the end of each day we would both agreed that everything had paid off because we were together, we would give each other a good night kiss and then rest to start a new day the morning after. A break up between us never crossed my mind, especially after Michael was born and our engagement. I never actually thought of myself being in the picture without you. Apparently though, things for you did change.

I want you to tell me how you were feeling when we broke up. Trust me I know how you are, I know you have a lot of pride and you wouldn’t say anything that would hurt me or make you look like the bad guy, but I’m not going to judge you, this is between us two. I want you to help me understand why do you think we stopped functioning as a family and as a couple, I want you to open your heart to me and tell me your concerns, feelings and thoughts. Remember the time you told me “two years together and zero mysteries between us, let’s not forget why we are in love.” Now I’m asking you to please be sincere, I promise to stay quiet, not interrupt you and not cry, just how you like it. We can even order pepperoni pizza and listen to music while we talk, so we can feel comfortable and open up, just like when we met.

I understand it’s hard to talk about it because the conversation might have an awkward feeling but at the end it will only make our relationship better, especially because we have a kid together, and no I am not using Michael as an excuse to talk about this, but we cannot forget he is part of both of our lives, forever. I want our son to grow up in a healthy environment, I want the best for him and I know you do too. Remember when he started playing baseball and he said, “I want to be just like daddy, because he’s my hero,” and you got teary eyed? Well Gerardo it’s time to be his hero. Let’s work together, let’s provide a better future for our son. I don’t want him assuming anything about our relationship, I want him to know both of his parents well enough to love us the same, and I want him to have a transparent picture about us.

Before you think about it, no, I’m not a psychologist, but I do know it’s always good to let go all those thoughts and feelings out of you, it’s good for your soul. If you know for sure you are not willing to work things out with me and you probably want to find someone else, then you need to release everything you’re holding back that has to do with me. I can imagine you might feel guilty for breaking my heart, for breaking your promise, “my retard, I promise to never hurt you or Michael,” but with this exercise you can get rid of the guilt. What if we both agree on everything and there’s no need for guilt. Also don’t forget that no matter what the reason in your head was I will never hate you. I just want to be with you in good terms, like two educated humans, rather than fighting and arguing. At the end of the day all I want and hope with my entire heart is to see you happy, to know your life is what you really want, to see a beautiful smile on your face.

Being parents have thought us a lot, and Michael is only 4. Now think how was for your parents to find out we were splitting, after considering me like a daughter, after having a grandchild, after even having a date for our wedding. It was a dramatic change that they weren’t expecting, but the situation with your parents would get better if we later clarify what we agreed and talk about. They wouldn’t reproach you leaving me and your son anymore. From this conversation you can get a good argument with a lot of support for your parents, and I’m sure after you explain yourself they will understand and support you all over again, just how you like it. We both know that we will never judge Michael, but at the same time we would ask for valid reasons to his actions. Think how the reconciliation with your parents would make your life better, I know you miss them a whole lot, I know you want them to say out loud how proud they feel about their son, their baby Gerardo. I know you want to be back to their life without them judging you; this is the chance to tell them and make them understand why we broke up. After this, you wouldn’t be the bad son, father and even boyfriend. You would gain their trust all over again, and there would be no more attitudes over a misunderstanding.

On the other hand, you would actually help me understand what I did wrong. You can help me be a better person, like you’ve done before. Remember when you helped me improve my self-image because I would always think I was obese even after losing weight? No matter what others said they didn’t open my eyes, only you did. You can seriously help me see my mistakes; or when I would get upset at my mom for judging me, you told me to wait until I was a mom to understand and you were right. I now understand my mom a little better; I can see a lot of her attitudes towards me with different eyes. You taught me to be patient, and be careful with my instantaneous actions, which has been really useful now that I’m older. I want you to understand that I admire you, but sometimes I do want to hold bad feelings against you, this can change by talking and expressing your opinion though. It will help me see that you are not a bad person. I understand sometimes humans just make random decisions, but again, I don’t want to assume anything I just want to have the real exact answer that comes from the bottom of your heart. If we fix this issue between us I know that would help me grow as a mom and I will be better at what I say or do with Michael. I want to get my soul back into my body; I want to be able to feel happy again, I want to feel complete like I once did. Without knowing the reasons of our break up, I feel like I’m missing a part, like I have a hole in my chest. This hole wants to be filled in soon, and only you can help me.

Maybe after we talk about it and we let it all out, we can work something out. I will never force you though, but I think I deserve a precise answer at this point of my life. I don’t want more sweet talk I want a real answer. I don’t want to keep holding back anything. I just want the best for Michael, you and myself. If we think about it, our lives have been miserable because of these hidden answers, and it’s time to change this, it’s time to improve our lifestyle. The sooner we come up with a conclusion the better. We will know how to answer questions to anyone who is curious enough to ask and tries to rub our entire situation in our face, and even though you don’t say it I know you feel it too, because it feels horrible. At this point I don’t know this will do, but if it helps to know, Gerardo I still love you.

-Always and forever, nelly, your drama queen, your retard.