

Letter From Sarah

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My name is Sarah. I am an 18-year-old senior in high school and my parents have been divorced most of my life. They divorced for the first time when I was an infant and remarried when I was five and divorced again three months later. For a while, I was going to my Dad's every other weekend. My parents never got along with each other. My mom would always send the doctor bills with me to give to my dad when I saw him. When I was little, that didn't matter so much to me. But as I became older, it started to matter a lot. I stopped seeing my dad on weekends because he was on drugs. As I got older and realized I needed a father figure in my life, the drugs didn't matter to me so much. But every time I went to see him, it never failed that I had a doctor bill in my back pocket to give to him, along with a message from my mom as to when she needed the money for it. It never bothered me. I would take him the bill and give him the message until I realized that the bills and the messages were really the only reasons why I went to see him sometimes. There were even times when I would cry and cry to my mom because I didn't want to see him. But she made me go anyway because she needed money for the bills or she needed me to tell him something important. I didn't realize how much of an impact it had on my life until just recently. I was going through a lot of problems in my life and got arrested for theft. My dad came and bailed me out of jail at 4:00 in the morning. It was then that I realized he would always be there for me. It made me realize how much I resented my mom for making me the middle person for all of their communication. I feel as if it's her fault that I hated going to my dad's. I finally put my foot down just last year and told her that I refused to give him any more bills or letters, and if she wanted them given to him then she would have to mail them or give them to him herself. To this day, they still can't talk to each other like human beings. She told me to call him just last week to ask him a question and, when I told her to do it herself that it was her question and not mine, we got in an argument and didn't speak to each other till the next day.

I don't think my mom nor my dad realized what this has done to me—the fact they can't get along with each other. It has made me to where I can't stand to be in the same room with them together. They hate each other. I think that if they had had a class to go to, that would have helped them realize not to use me as a middle person and to deal with their problems they have with each other to each other and not through me. Then that would be just great! Not every child comes with an instruction booklet, and not every divorcing parent knows what to do. They need a little help and sense of direction. I wish my parents would have taken a class. I think my life would be a lot different, it would be a lot better. I would love it if my parents would talk to each other. I have a dream that my mom, dad, and I are sitting at a table, eating dinner, and actually carrying on a normal, happy conversation.

Sarah