

Written on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 2010 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

For Andrew to read someday:

It was around 4:00 PM on Saturday, March 6, 2010 in Queretaro, Mexico. I was standing in the parking lot, near the family court's outdoor (fenced) visitation area. Your father, Trevor, and I had just spent about three hours visiting and playing with you inside the visitation area. (I took a lot of photos of you and your dad.) After the visit you went to be with your Mexican grandmother and aunt (I assume it was Mariana's sister). They were waiting by their car on the other side of the parking lot, about 100 feet away from where I was standing. Your aunt was playing some sort of game with you.

We were waiting for your mother (Mariana) and your father (Trevor) to finish discussing the report by the two court-appointed observers. These two young women were inside the enclosed visitation area "observing" what you and your father and I were doing, how we were interacting, etc. during the visitation. They had a clipboard and paper and were writing notes about us. After the visitation your mother and father had the opportunity to see what they wrote and to agree or disagree with it. Your mother's attorney was also there, along with a paralegal representing your father.

Now comes the best part. While I was standing near the paralegal's car all of a sudden you ran (by yourself) across the parking lot towards me. Boy, was I surprised! You were smiling. When you reached me you hugged my legs and looked up, smiling. I reached down and touched your head, briefly tousling your hair. I smiled at you. Then you ran back to your aunt and grandmother. It only lasted for a minute or less, but it was a very touching experience, both physically and emotionally.

A few minutes later the meeting ended and you went home with your mother, your aunt and your grandmother. Your dad and I were driven to one of the plazas in the historic center ("downtown") of Queretaro, where we spent the rest of the afternoon walking around together, and talking about many things.

The previous day, Friday, March 5, 2010 you and your father and I were together for a visitation in the same place that lasted about 2 and 1/2 hours. It was special because no other fathers and children were there --- just you and us and the two court-appointed observers. We had the whole place and all the toys and games and playground equipment to ourselves! It was great! You and your father were very active and did a lot of things together. (He loves you very much and wishes that he could see you often.) I took a lot of photos using my digital camera. Maybe someday I can show them to you. (Your father also has the same pictures in his computer because he "downloaded" them from my camera into his computer.)

Love and prayers from your American grandfather,
Bob Richardson