

**Dear Billy**

1. \_\_\_\_\_

# Dear Billy

Let me start out by telling you that I love you. You are my baby brother, and I loved taking you places with me when you were a toddler. And even though I got married and moved out by the time you were only \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_, I still enjoyed hanging out with you whenever I was home.

That is, until you became a teenager. When you started to treat Dad & Mom badly, it broke my heart. Being a mom myself, I know how much parents sacrifice for their kids. You have no idea what kind of pain you have been putting Dad and Mom through over the last several years. The reason they put you in that private school was because they love you and wanted to protect you. Then they moved to St. George because of you - thinking it would be good for you to find different friends. They have done everything that they thought was best for you.

And yet what have you done in return? Continually defied them and abused their trust. You expect them to continue to support you with food and a place to live, even though you do nothing for them in return. Any money you may have earned has been selfishly used on your drugs. You even sold one vehicle and totaled another - both of which did NOT belong to you!

Through

your brief stays in jail, they have been by your side and visited you constantly. But then when you were on probation, you practically forced them to be prisoners in their own home because they had to keep an eye on you .

Dad and Mom have asked us siblings to continue to be supportive and loving towards you, hoping that if we treat you like a good brother, you will want to live up to that. Well, I'm afraid I just can't do that anymore. I believe you will continue to walk all over them for as long as you can, and I just can't watch that happen anymore.

So tonight will be the last time you will see me and my family. From now on, until the day that you are the drug-free, responsible person you are meant to be, we will not go near you. You are not welcome in my home (and considering the things Justin and I want to do to you, you are safer that way). And if you are still living at Dad and Mom's while doing drugs, I will not come there.

Although this may end up causing more pain to Dad and Mom, I feel that it is something I must do. You probably don't even care if you never see me or my family again. But I'm sick of watching everyone else treat you like none of this crap is happening.