

Subject: Re: Mother

From: Peter Pfeiffer <pcpfeiffer@msn.com>

Date: 3/15/2022, 12:44 PM

To: Peter Pfeiffer <pcpfeiffer@msn.com>

Mother mailed what I mailed to Rick and he sent me an email scolding me. And he believed it!

As I explained, I didn't want to just deposit the check. I'll just write it didn't bring cheer to my Christmas.

On 3/15/2022 12:39 PM, Peter Pfeiffer wrote:

What were the words, confident and optimistic? Downright happy is better. I say this a lot these days. I can't imagine.

You are being conned. The emails from Rick and, so far, the reaction from Sue. I can't imagine.

On 3/14/2022 10:25 AM, Peter Pfeiffer wrote:

I am going to make a bad analogy. It is like the war in Ukraine.

I am informed and inspired by watching and reading about it. But now, in its third week, it is very tedious and I still do it. It is hard to do because what comes through now is the millions of not just ordinary, but exemplary, citizens affected, killed, displaced, and injured. I realize this is one of many such wars and it is a modern, cellphone, European, and Caucasian version. Still, I watch the videos--mothers and children in hospital hallways and tanks sitting in the street shelling apartment buildings--because I have to know. Short of protesting in the street, I must realize and summon my own empathy.

It is a bad example and comparison, I admit. Put another way, I will not deny, cover-up, or contribute to ongoing problems. I need to reach a catharsis. This is it and I am not shy about sharing it.

I have hugely unpleasant memories of my family home. My mother sold a few homes as a realtor mostly to pay for a maid who cleaned areas of the house we couldn't even go in. My room was so small I couldn't fit an appropriate-sized bed in it. My sister had a phone, bath, queen bed, etc. and my parents had something like three rooms, separate staircase, and a study. My inheritance? My mother sent me an unwanted picture of the house and some items that didn't sell at a garage sale.

I wasn't allowed to choose my own college despite a 4.0. When I got there and hated it, my parents said they'd give me a car and I never heard another word. I did the best I could in a no-support situation and graduated in four years with a degree in psychology and anthropology (both departments #1 in the country at the time). Yes, I am *still* angry. It is hard to diverge from

a system of dropouts and alcoholics.

Much, much harder to stop the latter: alcoholism.

On 3/14/2022 9:57 AM, Peter Pfeiffer wrote:

Of course I stopped short. We all do. We always do.

I don't know how you do it goes much, much farther. I don't know how you sleep at night. I don't know how you live with the things you have done to people, particularly your own family. I don't know how you deal with the endless depression caused by alcoholism.

The simple answer is drink and forget.

It is absolutely the defining experience of my life. I think about it every day, sometimes all day.

I study, over and over again, people like Bernie Madoff, Elizabeth Holmes, Lori Daybell, Keith Raniere, and others. These are people who are so obsessed that everything and everyone around them is destroyed. They never change and they never understand. That is, of course, the very nature of the sickness and infection--they are able to compartmentalize, rationalize, justify, and live with their actions.

I don't mean to mislead with the famous names.

The concept of recidivism is relevant. They do not stop unless they have to, hence the need for separation or intervention.

In my case it begins with the sickness of alcoholism. My father was involuntarily committed--without family consent--by my alcoholic mother. Did that help him? At 90 years of age that is a rhetorical question.

On 2/25/2022 3:47 PM, Peter Pfeiffer wrote:

Dear Mother,

Try as I may, I cannot be as mean as you. I always thought that was a major reason why you didn't like me--I'm always in a good mood. I am confident and happy. I have always been that way.

It is now 3 PM Friday February 25. I usually start around 6 AM. I have already mailed 3 letters, returned 3 packages to Amazon, and have spent about 3 hours on the phone and much of the rest at a computer. It has been a busy day. What do I do these days? I write and fight corruption. Almost like a volunteer district attorney. In the things I know, I am

about as qualified as most lawyers; in fact, I have always said, I can do things lawyers cannot. For instance, while I have never had an ethics or honesty problem, I am not beholden to doing things the way a bar-member attorney would do it, or a legal ethics complaint.

I am very, very happy that you are healthy and have lived a long life well into your 90's.

I have to do something about a will and Dad is still the beneficiary of my IRA. I'm a great investor--I think you always knew that. But why, why, why! haven't you used my knowledge and smarts for the benefit of the family?

Totally cut off... I don't know what to do. I check the obituaries. I guess I'll write to "Stuart Rehabilitation" facility and ask them if they've heard of my father.

Obviously, this is very difficult. A letter is not real-time communication. It is not back and forth. But I wanted to respond. I've never actually had a conversation with you. Every time I opened my mouth, or tried to help, I was met with "Oh Peter" and a sigh. That is undoubtedly why I I studded as a kid.

Much more important, I was always treated as an also-ran, an outsider, and a distant 3rd among 3.

Dad--why don't they give him a phone or a computer?

As you may know, I'm very suspicious about everything... How can he be put away against his will without any input from his family? As I have said repeatedly, the nicest thing I could do is not interfere--i.e., trust you unequivocally--even though it is highly unusual.

I really, really feel for you, but it has been your choice and your wish. Drinking is a huge depressant. I don't know how you can communicate with anyone without a cellphone and computer; for health and safety reasons alone you should have a cellphone. I don't know how you keep up with news, or some entertainment, without a computer. While I certainly hope you have been healthy and happy, it must be very difficult. The drinking takes a toll. I know, I was there. You and Dad, I could see it.

You just wouldn't let me help.

As I mention below, I tried with Sue and I have to think she is not well. That house, there isn't even a block to walk around; it is a fairly backward, unincorporated part of the county.

But you cut me out of the house and the area. It is not far from the University of Georgia. Always I traveled. You wouldn't even let me visit the family house. Numerous times you told me not to come.

There was just, always, so much stress and contention. I remember once I arrived--traveled with no help from anyone as I always did--I think it was for Sue's wedding or your 65th birthday. I wasn't invited to golf. I remember, Dad and Rick were there, when I arrived I was greeted with scorn and a sneer. I was barely welcome.

And when you were in your early 60's in a new place I constantly drove to visit, from Atlanta, Maryland, and everywhere. I was there for you in your home and in your retirement to help you remain active and connected.

Now, 3:30 it is snowing. It has been around zero all week; unusually cold. One of the reasons my house and neighborhood has survived so well is we don't have floods, or hurricanes, or tornadoes, and a little more warming doesn't hurt. I am going to need to print this and drop it off at the post office.

So I'll end this now. I'll write again. I really want to say nice things.

But it is hard. Never once, my home or me... My moves, my work, my relationships and my education. Never once did anyone say "Is there anything you need?" or "Is there anything we can do for you?" Boy of boy, it has been hard.

Every day I wake up and I say "Pete, you are a star!" I know my family doesn't believe that and I am all alone in this world. But I'm happy and I am an optimist.

I say that every day.

On 2/20/2022 3:12 PM, Peter Pfeiffer wrote:

I feel it is appropriate to respond. I deposited your check.

I don't even know how long it has been and I am loathe to review the dates. You put Dad away, sold the house, sent me junk that didn't sell at a garage sale as my inheritance, and you didn't say a word. The last time I inquired you called me an "asshole" and hung up. There is no way to communicate with you and the family is destroyed.

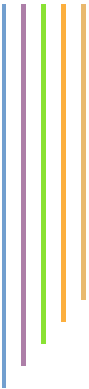
I am educated in law, finance, psychology, and more.

I check the web to see if there is an obituary.

Yes, I am alive. I'm sure you will use it against me. Like everything else, I don't know a thing about wills, lawyers, cemeteries, etc. etc. I am quite sure you will cut me out again.

Many years ago you told me I was the executor... In general terms, I have never been treated worse by anyone--you and/or Dad ganging up on me--ever.

I also highly suspect Sue is obese, an addict, or in similar condition. She is unrepentant,



unaware, and the greediest person imaginable. Anyway, if she is in charge she has not informed me either.

Right now I am searching nursing homes in Stuart. My whole life I have traveled to see you and I have never been invited. I'll send them emails trying to find Dad and/or the story.