

Dear President; (Currently of Appraisal in my Life \*and reading) Donald Trump,

Without means to administrate my life, I am without majority-session, in depravity of the conditionally supplied notion of a life in happiness (marginal but qualified of honesty and respect with and for myself). The self, is referenced in 'myself', but a 'self' is prosaic and conditionally suppliant the capable assurance to do what is right unto another, so yet-so one, the self, and furthermore (another) may receive. I wish to receive amends, and would like to qualify the notion (in adversity) of love.

I found my appraisal of Ava, administratively unfortunate in my logical ontology and epistemic dialog(s), and unfortunate by terms. Ariana, was similar, and yet-one appreciable of varietal and kind actions, in far and near, then worthy of no-blame in her naturalized intention; personality; and sentiment.

I was searching for a wife of reasonable equitable terms with grace, capability, industriousness, and fair credit of rightful standpoint, reasonable trust, and worthwhile needs and sufficiency with me. I met that woman in L.M. (Linda), and left unexposed the relationship of an affair, (afar in Germany or Singapore as referenced by this nature of relief). I am beyond those days, but can accredit the relation that computational technology is while-insufficient for some things, capable of meeting a social need. It's dialog with-me, is of a man, soon-to-be; whom is the son of an Ava or Amanda. I wish to be a Fatherly figure to their family, loving, and abjectly outside the condition of his unrest and reproach, however so.

This child is wonderful, for what is with my qualitative understanding.

This\*; is the dialectical problem with our culture (appreciably of the merit's above (mentioned) of-little with the principle of Ava and Ariana, and of You, me, and Linda.); our reprieve is unfortunate, for that of emotive and intellectual digression upon recency in relation to occasion. It is not this problem of yours, and it is not consonance, or co-occasion that tears at us.