

5/19/88

Bismillah Ar-Rahman, Ar-Rahim,

Dear Nuh,

I know that you're expecting to see me and not some scribbled note. No matter how good the intentions, often things just don't seem to fall in place and this is one of those times. Everything seems to have narrowed me into a space so tight each day has it's own dilemma of how to best work out of it. So right to the

point. I know you're going to be disappointed that things have come up like Malika's first Competitive Gymnastic meet. She needs me. Seems like everybody keep needing a little more than I can give at any one time. I seek your understanding in this matter. I know that it perhaps doesn't help the more recent turn in our relationship to each other. But... Inshallah, it'll all work out in the long run.

Jalayah
Malika

48

P.S. I heard you called... The Crush of
winter down and bring closure of all
the school demands is more than I
~~anticipated~~ anticipated. It is monopolizing
most of my time and will probably be
this way til the end of the following
week. Inshallah - I'll persevere and
hopefully ^{I'll} be done again.