

MY
SOULFUL
JOURNEY

• *Mending of My Heart* •

TAMI
PRINCIPE



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I dedicate this book to my sister, Tammy Loring.
It is through her love, understanding,
and encouragement that made
this journey possible.
This is a journaling book for you to
use on your soulful journey.



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November 22, 1996

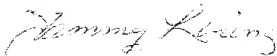
Dear Tammy,

I'm not quite sure how to begin this letter. Either way, the whole thing is probably going to come as a shock to you. Not long ago I met our father for the first time in my life. He's my father also. It was he that told me about you, and now I want very much to be able to speak to you.

My name is also Tammy. I am 28 years old and have searched for my father and any other family I might have for many years now. Our father gave me a telephone number to contact you at. However, it has been some time since he spoke with you last, and the number that he gave me to call you at is no longer good.

My telephone number is 508-695-0438. My address is 420 Broadway, N. Attleboro, MA 02760. I want very much to hear from you. Please contact me.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Tammy Loring".

Your Half Sister
Tammy Loring

Chapter One

THE PLANE RIDE



I WAS NOT going to write this story. But I figured that there were enough stories out there that had sad endings or that would leave readers with no real moral or message. This story is full of hopes and dreams. This is a dream that became fulfilled, a true story that mended my broken soul. Meeting my dad made my soul full.

I had booked my flight three weeks in advance. I was getting more nervous as the days approached. First I wasn't eating right, next I started having problems trying to sleep. It was clear to my husband that my nerves had become a little frazzled over this huge ordeal.

My husband said, "It's going to be all right. Just go out there with an open mind," and it echoed what everyone I knew was telling me. They were

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all telling me something that I already knew. My nervousness had risen to a whole new level, a more personal level. I was afraid of being rejected. That was my nightmare, but I didn't tell anyone.

My flight to Oregon was delayed for a half hour, but it seemed like an eternity. On the plane I sat next to a very nice young lady who was on her way back from visiting her aunt in Virginia. I feel sorry for her now, because I must have talked her ear off. But she was very nice and listened. She never judged, and she was generally very excited for me.

I had told her all about how my mom and dad had gotten a divorce when I was little. And that when they divorced I had an older brother and a younger sister. We never saw him again, well, not until my brother and sister went out to visit him. My brother went first and he was in high school and then a few years later my sister went to meet him. I really didn't find out too much about their trip. I did speak with my dad in high school; he said if you want to come out for a visit, you can. You can bring your boyfriend if you want. I didn't want to go. I figured if my brother and sister's trip turned out good they would have stayed out there and never came back.

The next time I heard from my dad was when I received a letter from his wife in 1982. Their daughter was 2 years old and my son was a couple months old. We spoke on the phone a couple of times after that but we both had moved and lost contact.

I had also told the young lady sitting next to me on the plane about receiving a letter from my

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sister in 1996. It turns out that she was looking for my dad. I had his phone number at that point but I guess you could say that we were both busy with our own lives. I flew out to Boston twice, to meet my sister and I've remained close to her since I received her letter. I love and miss my Boston family very much! While I was visiting my sister in Boston she had shown me pictures of my dad. I had also seen a picture of him when I was growing up. My aunt had a picture that she showed me. She said "I saved it for you in case you wanted to know what your dad looked like." I don't think I ever told her how much I appreciated her showing me that picture. It meant the world to me.

About a year or so after I met my sister in Boston I lost contact with my dad. It had been twelve years since I had last heard from him. I think I called every man with the same last name in Oregon searching for my father. I knew my dad was a vet. My mom and dad had met when they both were in the Navy. I called the VA Hospital and I spoke with a man. I knew all about the privacy laws so I gave him all the information about my dad; his name, date of birth, place of birth, and then I gave him my information. I said if he wants to call me this is my phone number. I received a call from my dad the very next day. It turns out we both had moved and had changed our phone numbers.

My dad sent me pictures of his family. I have a younger sister and a niece. His wife had children when she and my dad married and that gave me an

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additional step-sister and step-brother. My new sister in Oregon sent me pictures and a recorded message of my niece. I was going to meet everyone soon!

I had told her that after this trip there was still one more sister that I had to find. After my mom and dad divorced my dad had remarried a school teacher in California, they had a daughter. It will be a little harder to find her, but I am confident that I will.

I was tired of talking and my head was spinning. I was getting closer to Oregon and I was growing more nervous. I looked outside, nothing, total darkness except for the lights on the wing of the plane. I started to wonder if my dad and I looked alike, or if my sister and I looked alike or if any of us had anything in common. In a little while all of my questions would be answered. Almost there!

