

**DOUG.** There's a strange moment in the life of every father. It's when you're standing in the delivery room and you see the look on the face of your child for the first time. You feel whole. Complete. It's like being a child and an adult all at the same time. You're so happy. Here in front of you is this little life that you're now responsible for and at the same time it's a gift from God. It was like that when Arty was born. I was so thrilled. I remember holding him close to me and being able to smell his newness . . . his innocence. I could look down and see that he was his own little person, but he was also a clean slate. He could be anything. I can clearly recall that I just wanted him to be healthy and happy. That's it. Healthy and happy. As his father, I owed that to him. His mother and I had the obligation to do whatever we could to insure that life was good to him. That was the pact we made. *(Pause)* When I woke up this morning and my wife told me she was leaving me, all I could think about was Arty. How hurt he would be. How he may never trust us again because he's always put his trust in the fact that we would always be a family and we'd always be together. So, why does the job fall on me to tell him? How can I do it? How can I take a perfectly healthy boy and break his heart?