

Disclaimer: The Sentinel characters are owned by mean people who do not really want them. If you agree, honk. I am a loving person so that means they are not mine.

Note: Huge Thank You to Bonnie for betaing this for me, otherwise you would not have been able to read it. I am not usually a Naomi writer and I know I am not all that good at POV's so please be nice. Spoilers – TsbyBS.

Naomi's Journal

By [Sentarla](#)

Well, it's been two weeks. Two weeks since I messed up on a grand scale and nearly destroyed the one constant thing I have in my life. The sun is setting on a beautiful day and I can't stop thinking about what I did. I know most people see me as a flake, but my son is the most important thing in the world to me. I would drop everything without a thought if he needed me.

I guess that won't be happening for awhile.

Man, how could I mess up so badly. I only wanted what was best for my son. I thought I was helping. Okay, Okay, so I'm lying a little here. If in my own journal I can't admit it, then I must be repressing. I was scared, scared that I was no longer needed, that I was about to lose the most precious thing in my world, so I tried to help, tried to show him that I knew him so well, and loved him so much that I would think of the one thing that the cop wouldn't.

With the dissertation completed he would be free to travel again. How was I to know I was wrong? I never read the paper, knowing it was not my place to, but if he had only told me, trusted me with his secret, I would have known.

Since when do we keep secrets from each other?

Trust, man, I wonder if that word and my name will ever be in the same sentence ever again.

The light's now gone and I can't even see the words as I write them. That's cool, I'm getting them out, so even if I can't read them tomorrow, I have admitted them to myself.

I stayed in Cascade long enough to make sure Blair was not going to do anything drastic, like he did once before when his world came crashing down, all those years ago. The last time we both barely survived. I knew that this time, if he tried again, it would be over for real, he seemed that upset. I watched my passive, non-violent son catch a gold shield and that was one of the hardest things I have done. I kept flashing on an image of him all bloody and wounded, staring at a dead body.

This was not what I wanted for my son. I wanted peace and happiness, a life exploring the world and all its riches. Instead I smiled and stayed in the back. I would not try to help again; if looks could kill, I would have died a thousand deaths from that cold man, James Ellison. What does my baby see in him, other than some mystical gifts? Within hours of seeing Blair take the badge I saw his aura change; gone were the dark swirls of depression, and now determination tinges the edges. Feeling that I was not welcomed, I left Natsuho's number with Captain Banks and left.

Japan is such a beautiful place. I spent a week at a retreat in Nikko and now am headed back to Hakkone for an Aura Cleansing. My friends are wonderful, but I still can't get over my guilt. I still can't talk to them about what happened, and Natsuho has always been an easy one to talk to.

She's told me that whatever it is, I have to detach with love, that's what I need to do, not wallow and stare into space for hours at end.

I think after this week, I will go back to Cascade. No matter how beautiful it is here, how many retreats I go to, I need my baby, I need to hold him and

beg forgiveness and know that he still loves me, that he can still call me mom after all that I have done. No matter how hard, I need to tell him the truth, tell him why and try to explain that I was feeling threatened. I need to hear his forgiveness in both heart and mind. I'm not stupid, if he can forgive me in his heart, then I am blessed, to know that I have raised such a man that could forgive so completely. I will beg his forgiveness and vow to do whatever he wants.

Just please, please forgive me. I am sorry baby, so, so sorry.

~Fin~