
From: Lance Armstrong [mailto:lance71@attglobal.net]
Sent: Monday, February 23, 2004 8:04 AM
To: 'Mike Anderson'
Subject: RE: Apology

Mike,

Sorry for the delayed response. Algarve left me w/ no time to do anything other than suffer and recover...

Thanks for the apology. I also must say that I feel it was warranted...and thanks for sharing part of what is going on in your head.

But, to be perfectly and completely honest with you, I think you need help. You need to speak to someone and get this stuff out. I'm not sure if you are aware of it but you are a grumpy man and it can be really tough to deal with and understand. I look at your life, especially where I'm concerned, and I think "shit, that's a good gig". Especially considering your previous stint. But for the most part, you walk around with a monster chip on your shoulder. If the old stuff is still in there then dig it up, air it out, and try (TRY!) to move on. dude, you have a beautiful wife, an amazing little boy, and great friends. It just ain't that bad...

And I need to say that I cannot stand to have any more negative forces in my life...more than I already have. no black clouds. no bad vibes. wait, you're the one who preaches positive vibrations...

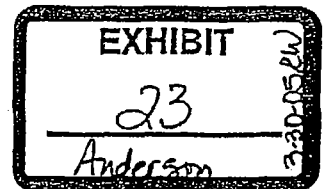
I'm here for you, willing to help in any way, but we gotta all gel and mesh.

thanks,

la

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From: Mike Anderson [mailto:bubbaliciousness@yahoo.com]
Sent: Tuesday, February 17, 2004 5:08 PM
To: lance71@attglobal.net
Subject: Apology



Lance,

I certainly owe you an explanation for what has been under my skin for the last few weeks. The truth is that I don't always notice until it's too late, or when I'm lucky Allison tells me. The week that you and Juanita arrived in Gerona was the seven year anniversary of my mother's suicide. As time passes, it hurts less---or at least, I notice it less. However, this year I felt something festering deep inside without really making the connection as to what it was. This is not unusual for me. I'm sure

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that you have seen me doing. Eerily, on the exact same day that my mother died, so did her dog-- whom I loved dearly. I went with her to help choose which puppy to take home. I inherited my love of dogs from my mother, and since Maggie was the last connection I feel I had with her, it was very hard to deal with. Moreover, I feel an enormous amount of guilt about her death, which I feel I may have been able to prevent had I been more vocal and forceful to my father. We were at my father's house in Arlington on Xmas when I noticed the poor condition of the dog. But I said nothing to him, because he was not there; and I was angry for having been stood up, so I did not call him later about it. Now, the worse part of this is that my Mom went away in similar circumstances. I came home from Europe, saw her condition, tried to convince my father to do something, and two days later she was gone. Also---call it Murphy's Law---no sooner had we received the financial windfall in the form of a generous gift by you, than we watched the tax man take it away. This is also very hard to bear as our roof is literally caving in, the siding on the back of the house is completely rotten so that you can see the exposed vapor barrier, and something in the house breaks almost every week. Allison has been pushing for us to sell the house because of our mounting debt. I am justifiably at wit's end. So, when I said that we live from paycheck to paycheck, with virtually no penny to spend---it was not a rhetorical flourish. I am a proud man---for better or for worse---and to be questioned on the validity of my statement of financial disaster...well, that was too much. Therefore, from this point forward I propose that we refrain from discussing money beyond the scope of my salary. I have struggled with money my entire life. As a kid I watched my father drink it away while we ate peanutbutter sandwiches and vienna sausages for weeks on end. I worked full time to put myself through both undergraduate and graduate studies, and have accrued an enormous amount of student loans. Again, no exaggeration here. It is a chip that will be on my shoulder for ever. Hence, my left-wing bleeding heart tendencies. We all are products of our upbringing.

That said, I should have known better than to let my anger get the best of me; and more importantly I should not have been such an unpleasant person to be around. My problems should remain exactly that...my own. Ultimately I am employed by you to facilitate your training so that you win the TdF. I am sorry for whatever disruption I may have caused and want you to know that I am very happy to be working for you. I am equally sorry for laying all of this personal stuff on you, but since we have always spoken with candor to one another, this seems in order. You have given me an opportunity that I could never get from anyone else, and for that, I am grateful.

Good luck in Portugal.

Sincerely,
Mike

Mike Anderson
5504 Travis Cook Rd
Austin, TX 78735
(512)633-5919

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