

Carla's kids fight over her money

Carla didn't get along well with her children. She screamed at them, and they screamed at her. So in our marriage, part of my job was to wrangle the children and try to make peace.

Carla still put in public relations time with the kids, driving them to school occasionally, and attending parents' nights. She made it clear to me early in our relationship, however, that this would now be part of my job.

It was fun. I like little people, and working with them was amusing. At least some of the time. Other times, not so much.

But part of me thought I had the makeup to be an elementary school teacher, and in another life, might have pursued that vocation. Of course the money there is limited, so I went down a different career road.

In the early days of our marriage, I juggled. On Tuesdays in July I would drive Damien over to his friend Charlie's house, where his mother drove them both to summer school. Then I'd go back and get Angela, and drive her to computer camp. Ted often took his bicycle to soccer.

I like to cook, so after the kids were gone, I'd make some leek and potato soup, and at 11 a.m. I'd sit down to binge-watch a few episodes of "Longmire."

Angry daughter

What surprised me, after Carla's death, was the battle over the money. The kids were upset that their mother had died, but they seemed more

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concerned with the will. How much was there, and where was it going? They immediately started fighting.

"Who gets the money?" Angela asked me.

"What money?" I said.

"My mom's money," she said.

"Well," I said, "I think there are trusts for you and Damien. So you will be taken care of for college. And I think you will get a healthy monthly payment, as well."

"How much?" she asked.

"I don't know for sure, sweetie," I said. "I haven't figured this all out. I'm still grieving."

"Don't call me sweetie," she said. "I hate you."

Kindness?

"Angela," I said, "This is a difficult time. We are all suffering. We all loved Carla."

"You didn't love her," said Angela.

"We need to be kind to each other," I said.

"When were you ever kind to anyone?" she said.

"Angela," I said, "I always try to be kind."

"That is such baloney," she said, although she didn't use the word baloney.

I figured I'd just let Angela settle. But I was offended by her attitude. I'd worked my tail off raising those kids. Driving them to sports, theater classes, camps.

Children are high maintenance. They take a lot of time, and they take a lot of resources. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars does it take to raise a child and give the child opportunity? I mean, I don't know how women do it — the old school women, that is, the ones who want to be stay-at-home moms. I guess you just have to love it.

About the murder charges

I'd talked with each of the children and explained how the charges against me were ridiculous. I told them that the evidence was non-existent, that I'd be acquitted post-haste and that they'd charged me simply because they'd heard that Carla and I argued. But who didn't argue with Carla?

The kids heard that. But they were traumatized. They didn't know what to believe.

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