

My dad's blood runs through my veins. His eyes shine through my children. And our bond has never broken, not even in his final moments. We had a connection deeper than words, one that spanned lifetimes. I am so grateful I knew the real version of him. Not just the one the world viewed through a carefully curated lens. We shared a quiet, sacred bond, one that could be seen and felt by anyone who witnessed us together. When he left this earth, it felt like part of my spirit left with him. I felt it before the news even reached us.

He used to remind me, "All of this is temporary and I'll always find my way back to you."
I truly believe that- we will find each other in every lifetime.

I know he's at peace now, out of pain, and in a place as beautiful as he imagined. He used to speak about this moment with such wonder and hope. Like meeting God was the greatest championship he'd ever have.

I will remember watching him build my Barbie dream houses, our jet ski rides, laughing till we cried when no one else got the joke, the way he gave me a love and respect for the ocean, the beach, sunsets, and the beauty God painted into this life. His hugs were my home. Wrapping my arms around his big frame always made me feel like his little girl, even as I grew up. I'll never forget his scent. I swear when I hold my sweet Molly Gene, named after him, she smells just like him sometimes. I feel his presence in my children. He lives through me, and through them. The greatest gift a father could ever give - A love that goes on... long after we're gone.

But the world he left behind is different than we had imagined.

The media has been convoluting the narrative and I feel it necessary to clear a few things up.

We never had a "big fight." My father and I never "fought." It was a series of private phone calls no one will ever hear, know, or understand. My father was confiding in me about issues weighing on his heart, both personal and business. I offered to be a life raft in whatever capacity he needed. I told him he had my support. I begged him to rest, to take care of himself. He had nothing else to prove to the world or anyone. My husband and I moved down to Florida to be near him. He was getting older. I wanted to be there as much as possible. We had been through almost 25 surgeries together, and then all of a sudden he didn't want me at surgeries... everything started getting covered in a thick veil. It was like there was a force field around him that I couldn't get through.

He was telling me these things, being so vulnerable with me and heard my pleas, then suddenly something shifted, and he made a choice to walk the path that clearly tore at his spirit. I felt a disconnect. What followed were respectful disagreements that took an emotional toll on me. You have to imagine, along with this, everybody inserts their opinion, never really knowing the truth or walking in our shoes. I also got pregnant with our twins shortly after, and had a very complicated and scary c section with a hard recovery. I actually feel it was my daddy's thick Bollea blood that kept me alive to be honest.

Prior to this, I was by my father's side for nearly every surgery. I knew his medical history like a roadmap. When I heard about the valve surgery, which was in a conversation I was part of with his doctors a few years back, I had my husband send over detailed notes from past hospital stays. I knew, deeply, what that procedure meant—it was a final option, one that might buy time, but not much more.

During the last two years, I had to step away to protect my heart. My husband stayed open, quietly reaching out to my dad without me knowing, trying to find a safe way back in for me. After my father passed, I read those messages, some answered, some ignored... but all of them broke my heart.

In the end, he continued to be a financial success for many. This was the last thing I wanted for him - he's been working and tearing his body apart his entire life.

I know in my heart I did everything I could. He knew I would run through a burning building for him. And in many ways, along the path of life, I did. He knows how deeply, how hard and how purely I loved him. I am at peace knowing this.

All I ever truly wanted from my father was love, honesty, and a deep connection. And for a few special years, I had that—with memories that will last a lifetime.

My world is forever changed. But I'm deeply blessed with a loving husband and two beautiful children who remind me every day of life's greatest gifts.

I'm deeply grateful for the love, tributes, and memorials from his fans and friends. His life was one worth celebrating—and always will be.