

Sent: Saturday, January 29, 2011 11:11:10 PM
From: [REDACTED]
Subject: thoughts
To: JE Jail <jeevacation@gmail.com>

My guess is, as you see this long letter, you are tempted to skim through, quickly find the point, see what I want from you and move on. You won't find it. This is not a plea. It's more of a revelation and there is a lot to digest. I have been slowly making notes for months so there is no sense of urgency and I hope you can find a moment of peace to really read the words and know they are sincere.

I want to start by saying I am grateful for you being a part of my life throughout the years. I also feel extremely lucky to have been able to do what I did during the past six months. I wish you too had the luxury of being able to leave behind everything and everyone you know, step outside of the cushy cotton room and try living a completely new and different life. It's been a wild ride and I am in awe of the outcome.

For over a year, you had been the one saying you were not yourself. Although you didn't have the tools to fix the problem, you were disciplined enough to identify it. Meanwhile, it never occurred to me how far from myself I had wandered over the years. I can't even read many of the emails I sent you, without cringing. I am really embarrassed I let it get so far. Really embarrassed...

I can only imagine your frustration and I hope you will one day forgive me for so ignorantly pushing the limits of your love and patience. I believe you did your best trying to open my eyes. I vividly remember you telling me I would realize this one day when it would be too late. I was tough to tame.

A few months ago, I watched a psychology lecture about the importance of vulnerability, which struck a chord. That's when I decided to start putting on paper those of my realizations you deserve to know about, even though some are not fun for me to share.

During the first few months when something happened that proved your point, I couldn't help thinking you had somehow organized it. In time, I slowly stopped expecting you to jump out from underneath the tables or behind the doors and I really started having fun experimenting with all those little tricks I had watched you use over the years. I always knew you were smart but after closely examining some of your advice and strategies, I don't know how you have the patience to live among normal people. The advantages of getting things done in person, your shit sandwich, the real benefits of staying fit, the need for follow up, using your charm to open doors followed by a firm approach to close the deal or the value of making people feel welcome and good about themselves in your company are just a few of my favorites.

In light of full disclosure, I want to share some thoughts about my bad behavior in our relationship. I owe an apology to you and those of your confidants who labeled the problems correctly over the years. I must say again that I never intentionally deceived you - I was much too stubborn to admit these things even to myself at the time. I absolutely believed I was the best girl you could wish for. However, my behavior did not even loosely resemble the person I though myself to be.

The fact is I got spoiled. But it is not the maids, chefs or drivers that I miss. I took for granted being surrounded by and exposed to great minds. Instead I chose to focus on those less great and that's a shame. Watching TED talks has become somewhat of an addiction for me lately and I can't believe I had access to most of those people for years. There are so many questions I wish I had asked when I had the opportunity..

I also blamed you for my insecurities. My body issues were more serious than you ever knew and feeling

inadequate was indeed a big reason behind my jealousy and ridiculous demands. While it's no secret that helping girls get over their insecurities was never your forte, I aggravated the situation by putting that burden on you. I relied on you to make me feel good about myself when it was ultimately all in my control. As I am writing this, I recognize it sounds like a cliché but there is no way around it. I let myself get annoyed about the pettiest things, subconsciously knowing you would suddenly find time and talk to me. Unfortunately, it was the only way I knew to get your full attention, although negative, for more than a few minutes. So I picked stupid fights with you to get noticed, like a little kid... Wow, it's harsh to see that so clearly now and I don't like admitting it to myself at all. But I don't want to do it again, nor do I want you to find yourself in the same situation with someone else, so I am giving you the uncensored truth as raw as it is. Although I had a few legitimate concerns that deserved consideration, I am waving a white flag now because you were in fact right about most things. I recognize it and I thank you for all the effort you put into trying to explain.

The process of getting to those realizations has been quite a journey; At first, I was just shocked that there was actually method in your madness.

Later, I felt so embarrassed, I decided not to admit anything to you. I had been the crazy man on the streets yelling, with full conviction, about the end of the world. I think about how much you had to love me to live with him every day and I am so sorry you had to put up with it.

But now I think it's only fair you get the credit - because it's NOT too late!

I could have spent the rest of my life as that petty miserable brat I had turned into and now I don't have to. That thought alone makes me so happy. I feel like I have the answers to almost everything I need in order to live a great life. In fact, I am finding I learned so much from you, it's not really fair to other people.

I am me again and it is such a pleasure to be able to say that I am content with myself. I am in the shape I always wanted to be, I love that I can fly a jet and hold a conversation, or make a great Sasha impression. I find pleasure in being warm to people I meet and I am stunned by the results of a few simple changes. They now actually choose to talk to me, confide in me, help me, invite me to spend time with them. Strangers start conversations with me, girls flirt with me... I am not kidding when I say I now get compliments about how 'likable' or 'charismatic' I am. Me!? It makes me smile. Every time I hear that, I still look around to see if you are laughing in the corner somewhere. I admit it takes an effort and practice but you can't appreciate my fascination that it worked. It may not seem very significant to you but I haven't experienced anything like it my whole life and I don't think it's just because my ass jiggles less. I can now get done what I need and have fun in the process.

During the holiday airport mess, I got stuck in Atlanta on my way home. All flights to anywhere in the northeast were sold out for days and I was number 200 on a standby list for a flight that was already full. People were sleeping on the floors. I didn't have my uniform. I managed to get moved to number 2 and on the next flight home just by talking to the gate agents while others waited for a flight for 3 extra days. You would have liked watching it. It had every ingredient to be an awful day considering the circumstances but it was actually a lot of fun..

I still worry about certain things in my life and as you know there are a few stressful issues I need to sort out, but I can't think of the last time I let anyone ruin my day. That alone is priceless. I could go on for pages but my point is, I am in a very peaceful, happy place, which is to a great extent a result of my experiences with you. I hope you can feel some sense of accomplishment after reading this letter, because you have succeeded. I owe you for the greatest lesson in my life.

I am aware I already crashed the airplane in the process. The truth is when you make that many bad decisions in the air, a controlled crash is sometimes the better option. I survived and I'm not flying into a thunderstorm again but I wish I had crashed before I took you along as a passenger. Saying I am sorry doesn't even begin to cover how guilty I feel. I miss my best friend but I don't blame you for being angry and resentful. Spend all the time you want hating me but know that when you are done and you want a friend, I

will still be there. In the meantime I just hope you stay happy.