

For Therapy Purposes

April 25th, 2017

Greetings Mrs. Weatherby,

Well hello there. What you are reading Mrs. Weatherby, is a blog post! Congratulations!! You are one of three, so far, that I write my blog posts to. Although I've had my blog page for a long time, I just started reposting on it again, thanks to Ms. Wenzel. No, it wasn't her idea, but when everything started at the end of January and beginning of February, I had no other outlet to get things out, so I started writing again.

My first posts during that time were taken down because I was too open and it could have caused some problems for myself and others, so I had them removed. Just recently, I started posting new ones onto my site. All of the ones I write to you, as well as to Ms. Wenzel, Ms. Newman and whoever else I write them to, will also be posted on my site, so that way no one can say I'm hiding anything, instead of using my blog posts as a therapeutic tool.

Anyways, I wanted to let you know (as well as anyone else reading these posts) that I am using my blog site as a therapeutic tool.

First things first Mrs. Weatherby. I wanted to thank you for your intervention on Wednesday. I didn't even see ya'll come in the ER and didn't know you and Mrs. Tatum were there until you spoke. You could've just passed on by to the lunchroom, but you stopped to check on me Mrs. Weatherby. Thank you for showing your concern, compassion and kindness for my well-being.

I know I was being an asshole to Mrs. Tatum (I did apologize to her before they brought me back to my cell, while I was in the cage), but it was the first time I've been able to vent on her, and I really wasn't at my best right then, ya know. Usually, I would've done it respectfully and one-on-one, but I really didn't give shit at the time.

Mrs. Weatherby, I'm kinda ashamed but not for what you may think. What I am ashamed of is that I failed to do what I set out to do completely. I wasn't doing this for attention, nor was I doing it to try to escape the case. I know alot of these people think this, but they don't have a clue about me. If I just wanted attention, I definetly wouldn't have cut like i did. I can show you little nicks where I just did something to get attention for some reason. But I don't like to cause my own pain. And like I told Ms. Newman, I don't care about a case Mrs. Weatherby, what I do care about is getting the help I need. If not, then screw it, why continue. I wasn't crying wolf Mrs. Weatherby, but seriously trying to pop the vein and I almost did. The only reason I quit cutting was because I can't stand getting gassed. The officer told me to drop the blade or he was going to gas me.

When I opened my slot Mrs. Weatherby, I was so focused on my wrist that I didn't see anyone coming up the stairs. That is until the offender said something, then I looked up, but it was already to late. By that time, there was a lake of blood in front of my cell. I didn't have this planned Mrs. Weatherby. I am just so tired of fighting these nightmares every time I close my eyes. Then every time you set me up an appointment, it gets canceled. So, my hope for help rises and drops time after time, and I had had enough.

Although I'm not ashamed of what happened Mrs. Weatherby, I'm not proud of what I did either! Yet, enough was enough! And it happened at a very weak moment, for several different reasons, but one of them is that I'm done, and I want to quit. I've never been a quitter, but to add to all the nightmares Mrs. Weatherby, Friday was the 24th anniversary of my mothers death. So there were alot of things going on, and I haven't been able to rebuild my defenses since Ms. Wenzel destroyed them.

Yeah, I can atleast admit that the nightmares are partly my fault Mrs. Weatherby. I say that partly because I forced the memories to come to the surface. I had talked to Ms. Wenzel before she went on vacation, and she told me the memories will come when they're ready. And what do I do the next couple of times I meditated? I concentrated on a certain memory-car, and kept after it. And this is what I got.

If I'm completely honest with you and myself Mrs. Weatherby, I wanted to impress her by showing her I'm changing and on the road to getting better. I never intended for this can of worms to be opened. And now, I've got 10 stitches in my wrist and I've gotta face the music when she sees me, if she'll even talk to me.

Yet do you know what surprises me most Mrs. Weatherby? The way Ms. Newman talked to me! I'm not going to get into it on paper, but I really didn't expect her reaction when I began to open up to her when I was in the cage. That is the first real conversation she and I have had. Maybe because I was willing to hear what she had to say. But I wasn't expecting her to try to change my mind on dying. My course, was set, and sooner or later, someone was going to screw up, and I'd have my chance again.

And then, here comes Ms. Newman, getting me to give her my word that I wouldn't harm myself, something I said nobody would do. Even Ms. Roberts didn't get my word! I just told her I told Ms. Newman I wouldn't harm myself. That's because I don't give my word to just anyone, because my word is binding, Mrs. Weatherby, but I gave it to Ms. Newman. Will miracles never cease?;-)

Ever since Wednesday, and my word to Ms. Newman, it's been a real struggle not to finish the job. I just want to pop a bunch of pills and not wake up. A lot of people say it's the cowards' way. So be it. They aren't the ones who have to live with my memories. They aren't the ones who have to live with the hurt and pain. I'm not saying I'm the only one to have to deal with these things, but for me, enough is enough.

I don't believe in coincidence Mrs. Weatherby. TDCJ sent me here to get help. They just didn't know how much help I really needed. Now that I'm here and I'm trying to get help, they come up with so many rules or excuses to stop or interrupt the help I'm getting. Not everybody here is here to play games or try to manipulate the system. And if it wasn't for me having a session with Ms. Wenzel first, I wouldn't be talking to none of ya'll. Don't take that wrong please, but my mind set would've been the same as it has been for 27 years: "All of ya'll are the same and only trying to fuck with my head. Ya'll don't really give a shit what happens to me nor what I'm really going through. You're only here to get a paycheck and that's it. You go home at the end of the day and don't think about us until you clock in in the mornings."

That was my thoughts and mindset until that first session. And instead of telling me what I should feel or think, or what I should do, or who I should be...She just listened to what I had to say and then asked questions that made me look inside myself for the answer. She didn't judge me or make me feel bad for the problems I shared with her. And that is the whole reason; She is the reason I'm talking to you, opening up, because she allowed me to see that all counselors aren't the same. And you, yourself, showed me that you're not just here for a paycheck, but that your clients, at least the ones you know are really trying, are your concern and they matter to you.

Everyone has their own way to do therapy, as you've said to me before. Your specialty is listening, sometimes giving words of advice or encouragement. But you don't 'act' like you're listening, you really do. And that's why, for me, it's so easy to confide in you. Do you know, since I've come to this program, that I have opened more in the last 5 months, to you and Ms. Wenzel, than I have in 27 years!! As I look back, it really surprises me of how much I've told ya'll.

You know, my aunt has been trying to get me to write my life story. I don't think I'll ever be able to do that because of everything I've been through. And just because of the way I am, I couldn't leave out what I went through, because it's part of what made me who I am. Yet, the real question I must ask myself is: Who am I really? Am I a monster, as I could be? Or am I who others see me as? That's what I'm trying to find out.

I'm not going to lie to you Mrs. Weatherby, but the way things are right now, I don't want to live. If the nightmare finishes the way I think it does, nothing will stop me from finishing it. If I am the monster, I can't live knowing I caused someone else the same torment and pain I lived and endured through. That would mean I became what I detested and feared most. And you can't take the pain and hurt back. So, if I have become that monster, there is no type of redemption or way to make it right. So, there's only one solution to right the wrong Mrs. Weatherby. That's how I see it.

Well, I started this last night, but took extra meds so I wouldn't dream...But here I am at 3:30 am, just up from the nightmare again. So I thought I'd finish this post just in case I do actually get to see somebody today. I'll close for now cause I'm sure you have many other things to do. I just wanted to say thank you for being concerned about what happens to me. It did make a difference. You do make a difference and no matter the outcome, it was a pleasure knowing you and having our sessions, they did help. I just wanted to let you know, cause I didn't tell you before, and it was almost too late.

Respectfully Yours,


Bobby Bayer 1496320

Grizzly Bear