

BLOG POST TO MS. WENZEL
FOR THERAPY PURPOSES

MOOD: DEPRESSED

THOUGHT: WHY DO I ALWAYS SCREW EVERYTHING UP?

SONG: ON BENDING KNEE

SINGER: BOYZ II MEN

MAY 4TH, 2017

Dear Ms. Wenzel, MHC, Mental Health Diversion Program

I hope that you'll take the time to read this blog post, as it'll probably be the last one I send you personally, but will continue to post them on my blog site, if you're interested in following my treatment progress, at betweenthebars.org/blogs/533/. I just had to send you this last one Ms. Wenzel, and I hope you read the ones before this one.

The post I sent you before this one, dated April 26th, 2017, was true, but wasn't the whole truth. I kept part of the truth out because I didn't want to admit the truth to myself. Yet, I have no choice but to face the truth. I must apologize to Mrs. Weatherby and Ms. Newman, because I didn't tell them the whole truth either.

As you know how much my mothers' memory means to me Ms. Wenzel, as we had already discussed this before, that when I vow something on her memory, its sacred, right? I vow all of the below on her memory, and this time, it is the whole story, Ms. Wenzel, that this is what happened.

First off, we, that is, you and I, had an agreement that we wouldn't bullshit each other, right? So, why start now? Yes, I told everybody I looked up your Facebook page because you got me mad about something you wrote in my Mental Health Notes, and you did, but I said that only because I was trying to beat the case, Ms. Wenzel. What I did, was violate your trust and put you in a position that you didn't deserve nor have anything to do with. I was trying to be slick, and got caught. I'm sure you read the whole letter I wrote, so why deny what I wrote and did, now? I already took responsibility for my actions, and I already lost your help, just because I got nosey. So why lie to you about it any longer?

Then theres the cutting part Ms. Wenzel. It wasn't meant to be that deep, just enough to get sent to Skyview so I could beat the case. It was only suppose to be a couple of nicks and scratches and a little blood, thats it. But I was on the effexor (again!) and I didn't realize how deep I cut til I looked back at my wrist (that'll teach me not to play with sharp blades, huh?) and seen the blood pouring out and the gash in my arm. I had to do a double take Ms. Wenzel, and when I did, thats when I realized I went to far, and not only violated your trust, but now most likely lost your respect too, because 'I tried to slice my wrist.' You know slicing my wrist is not my character Ms. Wenzel, just making small nicks is what I do. All I seen when I saw the blood and gash in my arm was the nightmares I've been having flash before my eyes, and then the look of disgust, scorn and hate, even though it was an accident. That's what I get for trying to do something thats not in my character: run from something I did. I knew then that I'd lost all that mattered at the time: Your respect, so I just figured I should go with it. It wasn't suppose to turn out like it did Ms. Wenzel.

As it wasn't suppose to turn out this way doesn't matter, because it did. That is the reality I have to live with.

I cherished your trust and respect so much Ms. Wenzel, because you didn't look down on me because of my charges or because I had (have) some other problems I need to deal with. You accepted me for me, and instead, you gave me encouragement and hope. You took the time to help me when you could 've been doing something else, but you chose to help me instead.

And I repayed that with betrayal! You know Ms. Wenzel, it never fails, I always screw up everything good that happens to me. This time, I launched it out to space!

I made a mistake Ms. Wenzel, and didn't think of the consequences for being nosey, and it cost you because I sent for you Facebook page (if you even have one). I apologize for it all. I know it doesn't help after the fact...Yet I really regret what happened, not for myself, but because it involved you.

As this ship has already sailed Ms. Wenzel, I must decide what I want to do now. Do I want to waste the rest of the time in this program getting high on my medication, just because I screwed up? Do I want to continue screwing up and lose everything I could gain before I even get it? Or do I want

to show you I'm better than that? Do I want to show you that all the time you helped me wasn't a waste of your time and effort? You had hope in me before, I just hope that I can show you that I can change and have done so, by the end of this program, Ms. Wenzel.

It's not what I've done in the past that I want to be remembered for Ms. Wenzel, but how I pull myself up and show the world they're wrong!!!

Darius Rucker has a song out, called "If I Told You," and one of the verses says: "What if I told you there is no fixing me cause everybody has already tried. Would you stay? Would you leave? I could wait, it'll all come out eventually." This describes me, because everyone has tried, and I always do something to push everyone away. It must be what I'm destined for.

Ms. Wenzel, it hurts to know I betrayed a trust and respect that meant so much to me. I just took them for granted, and when I lost your trust and respect, I lost so much more with it. To hear you laugh and see you smile, especially if I caused them, was the height of my day. Just to know you were smiling, even at me, because you were happy, made my days even better. And that's all I ever wanted to hear when I went out into the hallways!!!

Yet now, those days are gone, just for trying to satisfy my curiosity and then trying to run from taking responsibility for my actions. What I wouldn't do to get those days back Ms. Wenzel. I would like to apologize to you in person, but I don't think the Major will allow me to.

So, what am I going to do Ms. Wenzel? I am going to grow up. I am going to stop acting like a child by getting high every time I have a set-back. They say it's not the adversity that makes us who we are, but how we handle the adversity, that shows what we're made of. I made a mess of things this time. No more!

Every morning I have to look at my wrist and cry Ms. Wenzel, and remember the trust and respect I lost; I have to remember the help from a great counselor that I won't have anymore; I have to remember all the lost laughs and genuine smiles I won't get to hear or see anymore... That I long for. And I have to remember how stupid I was to pick up a razor blade and try to run from my actions. That just made a bad situation worse in the short and long run, because I stayed and accepted the consequences... but now I have an ugly scar to show for it.

In closing Ms. Wenzel, all I can say, is I apologize, because sorry doesn't do enough to say how I really feel about what I did. I apologize, for involving you in something that you had nothing to do with. I know saying I apologize is easy, but I am going to show you by my actions Ms. Wenzel. If you chose to follow my blog, that would be great. If not, then that's cool and I understand. I'll be seeing you around from time to time, in the hallway. I just hope before I leave, I'll see one of those genuine smiles you always used to have when I seen you. My life is better and brighter because of your help and you'll always be remembered Ms. Wenzel, as someone pretty damn special!!!

Respectfully Yours,

Bobby Bayer 1496320
AKA Grizzly Bear
May 4th, 2017