

BLOG POST TO MS. NEWMAN
FOR THERAPY PURPOSES

May 7th, 2017

Dear Ms. Newman,

Greetings to you. I hope that when you read this, if you do, that you are doing great. I'm struggling, but hanging in there as best as I can.

So, what's going on? I've been waiting for the appointment you said you were going to schedule, but I guess somebody forgot to come get me, huh? I keep getting my requests back with: appt. scheduled on them...And I'm still waiting.

Look Ms. Newman, for whatever reason my appointment isn't being scheduled, what can I do? I'm going to quit bugging you for an appointment. It does no good but waste both our time. When I was going through my crisis, you seemed genuine in wanting to help me then. I don't know what happened between then and now Ms. Newman, but I still haven't seen you.

I told you I was willing to confide in you my problems, which isn't easy for me to do at all, and I haven't changed my mind about that. I guess when a 'mad dog' bites the hand that feeds him, he shouldn't expect help when he's sick. I understand and it's really alright Ms. Newman. Although I'm sure there were pointers you could've helped me on with my nightmares and how to deal with them, and I'm still having them, the crisis is over, at least for now.

When you talked to me in the cage, I was about to do something I would regret for the rest of my life. You see, even though a part of why I did it was because of the nightmares, but in reality, the cut wasn't suppose to be that deep, just enough to get me sent to Skyview to beat the case. Once I seen how deep I cut, I said screw it, I lost all that mattered, I just as well should finish it. But in reality, I was doing something I've never done Ms. Newman, run from the consequences of my actions. Another words, I was being a coward, which is hard for me to admit because that's not me. If you hadn't talked to me, I would've went to Skyview and ran from my problem. You stopped me from doing something that would have caused me to hate myself forever. As it is Ms. Newman, I have a scar to remind me for the rest of my life of how I almost damned myself.

I know it might be hard for some people to believe Ms. Newman, but I do have morals. Whether somebody sees me do something or not, doesn't matter to me, because I see and know what I do. I'm not perfect and I take my anger, hate and aggression out on the wrong people sometimes, but don't we all make mistakes? Yet, one thing about me Ms. Newman, is I won't do something behind ones back that I won't do or say to their face, and if I do something, I believe in accepting responsibility for my actions. As Ms. Wenzel said just the other day to me, 'Bayer, if you didn't accept responsibility for your actions, then I'd start to worry about you, because that's not you.'

All of that crap escalated because I was trying to do something I don't do...run. My emotions were already messed up because of the effexor I took and I listened to others instead of my own conscience, and I screwed up. Those are not excuses Ms. Newman, I don't believe in making excuses, those only make one sound weaker than accepting the responsibility for their actions. I accepted the consequences for what I did.

Anyways Ms. Newman, I really was looking forward to your help, because I was sure you could help me. Sometimes we don't get what we want, right? But I really appreciate the help you gave me on that day, when I was in the cage. As I said, you saved me from myself.

In closing Ms. Newman, I want to apologize to you for all the snide, rude and disrespectful comments I've made to you. I will probably see you in the hallway sometime...All I can say Ms. Newman, is I gave you my word that I wouldn't hurt myself, and I kept my word by not doing anything else. It was a close call a time or two, but my word is my bond.

May you always be blessed and help those you can Ms. Newman. And when I say there are no hard feelings, I mean that. I will leave as I came, with the utmost respect, and I remain the same...

Respectfully Yours,

Bobby Bayer 1496320

12-B-55 cell

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