

BLOG TO YOU
FOR THERAPY PURPOSES

DISCLAIMER: I was notified that I can no longer include names in my blogs of the counselors, as it is giving away state secrets or some such. So to comply with this new rule, I have taken out all of the counselors names. Other than the names being taken out, the rest is as written to a counselor. Thank you for your understanding.

MOOD:FIRST-RELAXED/SECOND- FRUSTRATED

SONG: MAY WE ALL

THOUGHT:IT SEEMS LIKE EVERYTHING IS AGAINST ME

SINGER: FLORIDIA GEORGIA LINE & TIM MCGRAW

MAY 10TH, 2017

Dear You,

Hello again. Yep, its your favorite 'pain-in-the-ass' client. I really seem to like burning up my ink for a rough draft, and then the ribbons to write these, huh? Before coming to this program, I would never have written so many of my thoughts down for anyone to read...And here I find I actually look forward to doing this with you. Hmmm, go figure.

Well, I wrote a 4½ page blog yesterday, but today when I reread it, I didn't like it. It said alot of what was on my mind, but I was kinda distracted when I wrote it, so I was doing a lot of ramb-ling. Its really your fault though.

Yesterday, you flew me on cloud nine, even before you got my blogs. How did you know I needed one of your genuwine sincere smiles? As soon as I turned the corner to go to medical, you glanced away from your screen and you just fired off one of those smiles that just lites everything up! As I wrote in one of my last blogs, I thought those were something I had lost, and before I left the program, I had hoped to see one. It lets me know we are okay again. Maybe not where we were, but on the mend. And that means alot to me.

I don't have a problem facing things, but I do have problems sometimes of figuring out what the problem is or where it stems from. I think thats why I cut for you so much, is because you seem to be a natural at cutting through the crap and help me to see things the way they really are. Once I know and/or see it, then I have no problem facing it and working on it. Its just getting down to the root and knowing what it is I'm really dealing with that I have the problem with.

Thats why every time I see you, whether in the hallway, your office, or anywhere, I get excited and want to engage you in conversation because for the first time, I want to learn what makes me tick. And it seems that no matter what my problem is, I know I can share it with you and you do your best to point me in the right direction. I know I shouldn't depend on you, but when you're so good at what you do, its real hard not to. So see, its your fault because you excel at your job!!!;-)

I do think I told you before, that I didn't talk to mental health counselors because I felt that I didn't need help (boy, was I way off on that one, huh?); there was nothing wrong with me. Se- cond, because it was a waste of time as I sure as hell wasn't going to listen to people tell me what I should think or how I should feel. And then, I was tired of looks of disgust, although briefly, cross their faces.

You have never done that, not even when I told you my charges. I was direct and upfront, as I have nothing to hide, because I'm innocent, but during our first session, I paid close attention to you and how you responded with every new detail about myself. And your only response was, 'okay, lets get to work and fix you.' To be blunt and honest, I think thats what blew me away about you. The way you responded and were so sincere, is what tore down my shields and walls I had built up over so long, was the surprise after I told you some stuff, you still wanted to help me. Thats why I put in to see you often, is because there was so much stuff stōred up after so long, that I could release it without the fear of seeing a look of disgust and rejection cross your face.

Then there was that crap that happened in February, and I fell off track, started getting high on my medication and just gave up...Until I talked to you face-to-face on the 17th, out in the hall- way. Thats when I decided I could still get your help. So, instead of getting high, I began work- ing out (I know I told you I'm allergic to working out, cause I get red all over, swollen and sweaty, but I had to do something). I did that up til I cut myself. And thats when I really thou- ght I lost your help.

And then I really did screw up this last time. Not once, but twice, and its really hard to get

over the whole thing. I look at my wrist, and I flash back to that day. I resee where I messed up and my actions over and over. When you left on vacation, I know you didn't expect to come back to this kind of crap, and I'm sure you were disappointed (and while cutting and dicing in the kitchen, you put some extra umph into it, huh?) And thats what hits me the most. No, not the extra umph in your cutting, but after all you've done to help me, I cut myself. And what really screws me up, is you were the first person, besides my mom, my aunt and myself, that I ever felt anything when I disappointed them, because I really wanted you to be proud of me.

So it hurts to look at this scar every day, all day. And sometimes have thoughts that I was a coward cause I didn't finish it. Sometimes, I feel like it wouldn't matter if I had anyways, cause who would miss me but my aunt anyways? I know I can't read minds, but I don't need to in order to read facial and body language. Yes, you & I are okay now, yet when I tried to talk to you that first day I saw you, and you said no, you gave me a sad smile wave. Then when you were coming out of an office, and made that smartass comment 'Bayer, you staying out of trouble?' I almost fired back, using words I would never use towards you, just because of the way you said it struck me deep and I wanted to strike back. I already knew I fucked up, so I didn't need it thrown back in my face. And the only reason I didn't say anything, was because I knew I deserved it cause it was against you that I messed up. So I bit my tongue. And after you went back by, smiling at me, it just made me feel worse.

I'm not telling you this for pity, sympathy, or to make you feel bad. I'm telling you this because I'm trying to deal with what I did. Before, I wouldn't have cared, but you're just different. You put your heart and soul into what you do, and I threw everything you did to help me away, when I cut.

I know I need to move on, its done and over with, thats what mini-you keeps telling me (see, she's smart too) But knowing it and being able to do it, are two different things.

I think I just realized something else too. I had never thought about this before. I told you before, I don't associate with many people because I don't like dealing with too many people. But what if the real reason is because because I'm really just scared I'll let them down? And once I let them down, I know its hard for me to get over it, because I feel like I failed that person. Maybe it comes from me feeling like I failed my mom and she died before I could make her proud of me again.

Damn it, I hate this shit! Why can't life be a simple day-to-day plan book or something? Here I am writing you, and all of a sudden its like an instant connection is made between two points and pops into my head! I thought I had things figured out and then...BAM!...theres a whole new perspective that pops into my head. And do you know what mini-you does when this happens? She sits back in her chair, shakes her hair around, and then gives me that satisfied smirk of a job well done.

So now what do I do? A brain can only take so much torture a day, and you've been putting me through my paces!!!;-)

I was laying here thinking about why, after 40 years of living my life like I'm used to, that I'm so intent on changing so much now? I was laying here asking myself 'if you've lived all this time without caring about anyones respect for yourself, except 2 or 3 people, who mean something to you, why do you care about hers, who you just met, respect and pride in you? And I don't have an answer for it!

Before meeting you, I could care less about what anyone, except my Aunt Kay, thought about me. I didn't need anyones respect, and I had my own pride. As long as I felt alright with myself, then why pay attention to anybody else? And in you walk, and flip the whole script. You make me want to change for myself, but it also fuels me on that my progress would also make you happy too. Its really hard for me to admit that, because everything use to be only about me. I don't want to live like that anymore.

WOW!!! I just came back from a session with someone else, and was lucky to catch you too. I'm glad I caught ya'll today, because I was going to send out my last blogs in the morning, so now, I have to edit them and retype them first. Thats cool with me, now that I know. For now on, I'll just have to figure out how to do this because I write them like a letter to ya'll. Yet, ya'll make a good point that they can be read in so many ways, and the last thing I want is to inadvertantly get anyone in trouble. So I'll be working on that.

Moving on to other stuff you and I talked about...You said I was just smarter in the way I mani-

pulated by how I wrote the requests. (I see you remembered them though;-)) Looking at it from your perspective, I could see why you'd think/way that. My problem with that is pretty simple. I know what dealing with all these different types of idiots, disrespectful and game plaers (like the one in the other cage as we weretalking) is like. As I walk up and down the hallway, and I catch a glimpse of you in your office, before you look away from whatever you're doing, you have a serious face. People I associate with should expect me to always try to make them feel good, laugh and smile. I hate seeing anyone down and out. So you saw the I-60's as manipulative; I wrote them to try and get you to smile or lossen up. Every time I see you, don't we have some witty banter or some laughs while we're working? Thats all those were. What I'd really like to know is why you didn't say anything to me so we could get it cleared up? You already know I'd admit to something I did. But now, I understand where you were coming from. Although, it still confuses me about your statement at our last session, when you told me you enjoyed me coming into your office, because I actually bring real problems to work on. Can you explain that to me?

We also started talking about my nightmares, altho I didn't get into detail because of where we were. And you mentioned that it could be that I realized whats going on and that I need to break the cycle. I've been thinking about that, but my problem with that, is because I know what it feels like to be abused as I was, that I'd never subject someone else to those things. Thats why when I got high, I'd lock myself in the bedroom or my office, until my girl got home. Yes, its a shame that the drugs were more important, and I'm not proud of that, but thats the truth.

You also mentioned that maybe I wasn't ready to deal with those memories, and you could be right (you usually are). As I said in my last blog though, I wanted to show you I was working through my problems. I bit off more than I could chew and shit just went down hill from there.

Then we talked about saying its because of you that I'm better and so forth. I understand that most people here would say that to stay in your good graces. Wherefore I don't like to admit something thats not true for a few reasons. One of the main ones is because I know I'm doing the work to figure these things out. Yet, if you (or any of the others) didn't point me in the right direction, then I'd still be looking. Yes, I'm doing the work, making the choice to change, but don't think you didn't/don't have a part in that. Rememeber something I told you before. I've done counseling before, with many counselors. Some could help some and some were just a waste of time. And it was how they did it that made the difference with me.

I know you think you're just an average person doing what everyone else can do. I think you're wrong. Just from the tidbits you shared during group, your parents raised you and allowed you to think for yourself and gave you encouragment and so forth, which helped you to develop positive reasoning and life skills naturally. Whereas you have people like me, that was fighting to keep his sanity and survive all the abuse I was subjected to, that I wasn't allowed to properly develop those skills because I had no examples of the proper ways to do so. Thats not an excuse, but a fact. By the time I was taken out of that environment, there was so much hate, distrust and revenge in my system, that I refused ot be cowed or changed.

Its already been 6 months since you've known me, since our first session. You should know if I know something to be the truth or fact, I'll admit it. Even if it makes me look bad, and thats who I am. Yes, I screwed up this one time, trying to do something I don't do, and I learned my lesson. And I still admitted to and accepted the consequences for those actions, right or wrong?

It is the way you approach the problems that made me wake up. You asked me probing questions I, myself, had to answer. You made me look, without providing anything but the direction, for the solution of the problem within myself. And its your attitude of really wanting to help me figure it out, when you do it, too.

Its like I could get mad at one of ya'll right now because one of ya'll told me one thing and then refused to keep your word and follow-thru on what they said. At first I was pissed because I wanted that help, and because I kept my word. But every time I ask or even speak to them, especially now, I am rebuffed so hard, that I realize they no longer want to help me. I realize theres no sense in continue trying to get their help now, cause it would be counter-productive. There would be hostility on both sides that no real work would get done. For some reason I burnt that bridge and won't be told why or how. Fine. Its like another counselor told me today, you can try to apologize, but i you burned that bridge, you can't force that other person to forgive or deal with you. Forgive your self and move on. I've apolgzied and even gave this person my word that I wouldn't harm myself because I wanted their help. I kept my part, so I'm going to leave that alone because all its doing is wasting time and producing nothing but animosity on both sides. I have nothing against this person. Maybe they can't deal with me because of my charges. Fine. As I said, I'm letting it go because I want to break the cycle of my anger. I decided just to be nice every time I see them. Its

all I can do, because they won't tell me how I offended them, so I can check myself from doing it again. BUT I am not out to KISS anyones ass beyond apologizing for any wrong I did, like I did with you. I am still a man, and do still have some pride!

Anyways, my hand hurts right now, because I write my rough draft first, then type it up. Now I am going to have to start typing yours, then go back and take out the names so I'm not giving state secrets away;-) So I'm going to close. You had an opportunity to comment on the blogs I have written already, but you didn't, so I have no clue whether I'm having thinking errors or driving down the wrong road. (I know why you haven't responded now) So I still feel like I'm driving blind. I guess I should get use to it, huh?

(Don't worry Major, like you just told me yourself, I need to slow down. Alright. Although theres nothing I have written that I'm ashamed of sir, apparently me trying to work on myself is pissing people off. I can take a hint sir. For now on, I will just post my blogs and go back to the way I was before. I appreciate you letting me know that you read every single blog I write though. Its great to know.)

Respectfully Submitted,

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