

From: Ellie Clougherty <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Thursday, August 23, 2012 1:34 AM
To: Joe Lonsdale <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: hey
Attach: Hey Joe.docx

Done!

Sweet. Well.. have fun, hahah.

Lots of love,
Ellie

On Thu, Aug 23, 2012 at 12:16 AM, Ellie Clougherty <[REDACTED]> wrote:
,D

On Thu, Aug 23, 2012 at 12:13 AM, Joe Lonsdale <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Just going to bed

Love you too goofball.

On Aug 23, 2012 12:04 AM, "Ellie Clougherty" <[REDACTED]> wrote:
Hey Joe!

Haha.. I'm still working on it. I didn't call, don't worry, I love you.

Ellie

On Wed, Aug 22, 2012 at 11:36 PM, Joe Lonsdale <[REDACTED]> wrote:
Ellie -- just realized my phone is not with me and have been pounding out emails, will be doing so for a bit longer and now assuming you are already asleep. hope i didn't miss a call.

I hope you're feeling better.

I look fwd to figuring things out.

Yours truly,

Joe

Hey Joe,

I realize what the problem is: I still struggle with perfectionism to a certain degree. In high school and in my modeling career, being a perfectionist was rewarded and it was a skill I nearly "perfectly perfected" in my late teens. Unfortunately, that same perfectionism that I received accolades for led to the demise of my health and became so extreme that I started seeing imperfections that honestly didn't exist. I began having cognitive distortions about my body and diet to the point that I unconsciously trained myself to **believe** I was eating, when in reality, I wasn't. From my mother's perspective, she thought I was lying to her about my health, but in reality, I was physically incapable of speaking the truth, because cognitively, I was blind to it. What's interesting, however, is that I never starved myself to the point that I lost weight, nor did I do other things that would have classified me as bulimic. I still had a really strong "gut intuition" and ability to objectively observe my behavior and myself. This was instrumental to me seeking help and deciding to leave school unflinchingly to take care of my body and mind. This was also key to me not taking on my illness as part of my identity, but instead as a "black circle" (vs. a "white circle") within me that needed to be cured. It can also cure the "black circle" of our relationship that has decided to pop up these past few days... probably... probably thanks to me, or should I say, my "healing amygdala (stress response of the brain)."

This perfectionism is sometimes reflected in how I treat you because the closer and closer I let you in, the more and more I begin to treat you the same way I treat myself. Interesting, huh? Unfortunately, this may seem like a very rigorous right of passage because I still have some kinks to work out from a very exhausted "perfectionist" system that once resembled a full-blown eating disorder. If there is still a degree of perfectionism in the way I treat myself, it's easy for that behavior to transfer over to someone who I bring in my "personal sphere." My illness is reminiscent of Rome: strong, powerful, and abusive towards women. Visiting Rome today might give you a sense for what used to stand tall, but all you really see are rubbles and a shell of the former empire. The shell of my perfectionism still exists but it is crumbling; you have found me in a time of rapid healing, but healing nonetheless.

My perfectionism was enabled and developed nearly eight years ago, when I slowly began to consciously manipulate my emotions to make it easier for me to act a certain way. I was like my own "operant conditioning" trainer. Stupid, lol. When it came to dieting, this had positive results and was effective. When it comes to moral issues, relationships, and coming to terms with my own humanity, however, perfectionism is disastrous and *sinful*. Because I spent so many years abusing my emotions to feel "disgust" whenever I didn't want to do something (eat candy, sleep with boys, etc.), any small trigger to my system would set off a huge chain reaction of emotion that is acceptable to a certain degree, but beyond that threshold, begins to topple reason and temporarily distort cognition. Despite these distortions, my awareness of my behavior has always been in check, thanks to my meditative and prayerful roots. Sometimes I'm so aware in fact that this awareness often leads to further turmoil that aggravates my already aggravated system. This Mr. Lonsdale is what I call the perfect

tornado. Cute perhaps, but treacherous. I have to be patient and accepting of these rubbles, however, because if I'm not, it makes things worse.

The question for you is whether or not you can see some of my "episodes" for what they are (unhealthy scaffoldings of a former life-threatening illness) and try to accept them the same way I clinically and morally am required to. I've developed enough self-love and self-acceptance that these episodes, often triggered by something small and often aggravated by poor sleep and diet habits, as a kind of emotional "tic" because when it physically comes down to it, that's exactly what they are. These episodes may seem more complex than the twitches you have, but that's only because yours take place in a motor region of the brain while mine take place in my basal ganglia. I make reference to some of the contextual factors in the development of my illness (modeling, striving in school, overlaying emotion on behavior, etc.), but **what turned my eating disorder from a predisposition into a condition was a small bacterium called *group A beta-hemolytic streptococcal***. I tangentially discovered I had PANDAS (Pediatric Autoimmune Neuropsychiatric Disorders Associated with Streptococcal infections) three months after leaving school when I had my tonsils removed for no other reason than they bugged me and I not had LOTS of free time. The strep bacteria that was harbored in my tonsils created an autoimmune reaction that fought so viciously, it began to damage my basal ganglia which play a huge role in the perception of physical needs (hunger, warmth, etc.), motor control, and cognitive / emotional processes which apparently includes the emotions of love and attraction (ifantastic!). Not only does this lead to perfectionism (as I call it), but it also leads to those moments when I send you "ultimatums" because the emotional strain takes such a heavy toll, I just want to get rid of the pain completely. Or when it took me so long to find a healthy sexual rhythm. These behaviors are taxing, but this isn't how I want to act, and these actions will change for the better as my brain heals. Do you start to see my motivations for being a neuroengineer and wanting to create technology that can just *show* you that my basal ganglia have been damaged? And how quickly they are healing or how much healing I have left to do? That. Would be useful. Instead the most I (or other victims like me) can do is try to explain where the edge of the "black circle" meet the "white circle" – something so clear to us because we feel it and live it, but something that can only be confusing and enigmatic to others. As I continue to recover, maybe you can ask me to help you understand where those edges are so that you don't associate this black neurological circle of a post-PANDAS disorder with *me*. Most especially, with who you will be able to finally see in the near future as my auto-immune disorder begins to fade. ...I love you, for certain, haha. ☺

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/PANDAS>

Let me give you a sense of what this former empire used to look like (*watchout!*):

I say we take a tangent line to my Overall Healing curve at the end to get a sense for how quickly I'm recovering. Stupid, lol.

When I decided it was a bad idea to eat sweets (STUPID, lol), I obviously didn't turn to cognition and reasoning to make that decision (the same sugar found in cake is the same sugar found in a healthy glass of orange juice), I used emotion. Better yet, I used "disgust" as an effective way to train myself away from eating sweets - super effective! When I saw the sweets, I consciously overlaid a feeling of disgust to prevent myself from eating them and eventually, that emotion stuck permanently. I did this because I wanted to succeed in the modeling world so tremendously badly. I had lots of ambition and lots of drive. This pattern got so out of control that eventually, sandwiches disgusted me, lowfat milk disgusted me, etc. etc until I only felt comfortable eating carrots, dried cherries, and cocoa powder (What.. The.. Heck..). Looking at a bowl of spaghetti literally began to terrify me. When I actually **wanted to eat** I had such a strong *fear* response to the food, eating a slice of pizza with pepperoni was analogous to eating slice of pizza *with live widow spiders as toppings*. I was starving and I was tethered to death in a really strange, artificial way.

Things started happening to me that scared me. My perception of time was warped (what?); I started seeing myriads of color on white tile floors; that weird purple dot that you get too became almost permanent; open spaces with people scared me, almost like they would scare a little chipmunk; I was so cold I couldn't leave my apartment because I thought it would look weird going to the library with a comforter wrapped around me; I lost my sense of hunger; I lost my ability to smell; I stopped being able to read.. and no one had any idea. In a lot of ways, I was slowly dying. This was where I was exactly two months before we first met.

Here's what happened two weeks before:

When I came home, no doctor knew how to treat my condition, but they did know it was serious. For several weeks we drove for hours to see the "best eating disorder specialist on the east coast!" The offices were dark and creepy. After 4 or 5 weeks went by, my mom came in to one of my sessions exasperated: "What exactly *is* the treatment? You haven't told us what to do yet! We leave these doors with no plan; I'm not sure this is effective." My doctor was male and was offended (no offense, this is just how I see it). He wanted to prove to her he knew what he was doing, but his ego was too damaged to realize I wasn't qualified for in-patient treatment. It didn't matter though, he was going to prove to us he was capable. Within a few hours, I was taken away from my parents and locked up in a nearby mental health hospital, **against my will**. There were lots of cameras and lots of locked doors. There were signs everywhere that said "keep patients out of luggage." What does that even mean. I didn't know what was happening to me, but I was immediately asked to remove my clothes for a strip search. My dad was angry, but there were two people already escorting him out of the room before he was able to take me with him. I wasn't allowed to keep my belongings.

Nor could I call my parents. They gave me a phone card but every time I tried to use it, it "wouldn't work." The first day there I wasn't allowed to eat or drink anything because I wasn't "on schedule" and the nurses were just going along with orders. I tried to tell them I just arrived and hadn't eaten or drunk anything all day, but they were uncomfortable "breaking the rules" and the *one doctor* who was in charge of treating us only came on Tuesdays, three days from now. This is when I became a libertarian. I don't like people who follow rules for rules sake without understanding the "spirit of the law." These nurses were so uncomfortable to break a procedure that was put in place to treat starving girls, that they withheld nutrients from my body more than I could have ever done on my own. *That's wrong.*

From that point on, I realized I had no control of my body - something so fundamental to my natural birthrights was taken away from me. That's one of the scariest feelings you could ever have. The hospital had complete control over what I ate, how much I ate, when I ate, when I slept, when I went to the bathroom, when I could move, who I could talk to, etc. They force-ably drew my blood two times a day, also against my will, beginning at 4am when they would come in and prick my finger while I was sleeping. I wasn't allowed to stand up or walk between meals. I was literally forced to sit in a chair from 6am until 10pm - any movement would cause concern enough that they would threaten to hold us against the floor and use a mild tranquilizer. I saw this happen to a girl once. She was young, in a wheelchair, and never spoke, but one morning she started crying and slowly stood up. That was it. She was removed from our center and taken somewhere. One of the nurses thought it was exciting.

Everyone thought we wanted to starve ourselves. Like we were crazy or something. Or maybe just self-conceited ridiculous drama queens. Either way, their tone was always judgmental and disapproving. Like we personally offended them and were just "bad" people. I didn't like that. That didn't make sense.

Some of the girls and I would stage fake scenes to distract the nurses and get access to the telephone. I would always try to call my mom but might have only gotten 5 minutes in on a good stage. Every time I could reach her she would repeat: "Ellie! Don't sign any more forms! We can help you if we can get you out of there! Don't sign any more forms." That's all she would say. By the second day, the doctors began to convince me I was incapable of surviving in the outside world and that my parents were a corrupting influence. I started to believe them and signed at least two more forms that kept me locked up for nearly a week. This terrified my parents the most. Brainwashing is easy when you find someone who not only knows something is physically wrong with them, but is uncertain about their mental capacities and begins to doubt the very part of them that makes them human and gives them a voice. That's how it happens. I knew not to take any of their psychiatric medicine (that they forced the minors to take), but I didn't trust my own thoughts about the hospital since the "one respected doctor" told me my disorder was a cognitive disorder as much as it was a physical one. I started to believe her and I started to loose myself...

One afternoon, we were watching the news about a young beautiful, Asian designer who was brutally killed by her boyfriend in upstate NY (the TV was the only source of sounds and motion in the whole room; it was a weird juxtaposition and very jarring). When her image came on the screen, I quietly made a little gasp and said aloud, "I know her." The girl next to me immediately got weird and moved away. Suddenly I was so crushingly scared about the *weird thing* I just said I was convinced they'd keep me locked up forever. I had officially gone crazy.

But then I became aware. I also became really close to God. I never felt closer to God actually.

The final day I was required to stay, I had to play every possible card I could to get out of there. I answered all their questions exactly as they wanted them to hear. I was complacent and thankful, praising them for their wisdom of the disorder and for wanting to help me. Some of the other girls started to see what I was doing. It was a quiet revolution and some of them were so shocked by it they literally began to cry knowing they didn't have the same strength to play the system as I did. It was like I had an invisible power force that just shocked their systems. Outside the front door of the complex, my mom packed bricks in the car in case she needed to rescue me with force. My father had the head of the psychiatry department at his hospital personally call my "doctor" to ask me to be released. The hospital said they would comply as long as my blood test came back clear. I waited.

When all my stats looked good, I was exhilarated (my test never came back anything but healthy the entire week), but I still played it cool so as not to disturb the "tranquilizer ladies." My doctor (who was more bulimic than any of us ever were) gave me the biggest cold shoulder on my procession out and acted more like a mean-girl than anyone I had ever met in high school. That woman seriously needs to go. She is *hurting* girls.

When I finally made it back with my family, we were silent until we drove off the campgrounds. Freaky gray buildings. Hate that place. The radio was on and the broadcaster was talking about that one murder story of the Asian designer in upstate NY. My dad coolly turned back and said, "I don't know if they let you read newspapers in there, Ellie, but this girl was the daughter of a man I work with. You met her at a Christmas party a few years back." WHAT!!

I'm not even kidding. That happened. LOL. Unbelievable! From that moment on, I've never felt more vindicated in who I was or what I stood for; I became thoroughly confident in the power of awareness and sanctity of intelligence. It was a tremendous gift.

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It's one thing if this whole process was under the guise that I willingly gave myself over for treatment and that I believed that what they were doing was helping me. But since this was completely against my will, abrupt, and without the support of my parents, every move they made was seen as an attack against my free will and an injustice. I understand John Locke much more now. I understand revolutions and the spirit in which this country was given birth. It's sad for me to have seen Virginia State Law legislate something so far away from the reason we have a Virginian state government in the first place. It's sad for me to see this country head in such a dangerous direction, blindly and with the conviction that they are helping. It's interesting though because I see *how* things like this happen: **innocently**.

That's the craziest part! People actually think they are doing the right thing! The nurses thought that by following protocol they were helping attack my "abnormal hunger cycles"! The paradox of right vs. wrong / good vs. evil doesn't cross your mind when you believe you are doing the right thing! How can it? It's rare for someone to thoroughly understand that a behavior is "bad", hurtful, or damaging and go ahead with it! Most of the time, sinners sin without actually knowing it's wrong! This is why there is so much turmoil in the world; we have a millions of people fighting in a way creates harm, but with the conviction that they are moral and justified! Blindly following protocol, allowing initial emotions to dictate behavior, and undervaluing critical analysis are all *dangerous*. It's everywhere and in this sense, morality is a matter of knowledge. This is also why self-forgiveness plays a huge role in our daily lives: we shouldn't immediately blame ourselves for sin, as our Attachment Book spoke about in Chapter 1 because this never really gets at the route of the problem – what were my environmental influences that lead me to this point?

This is why I don't expose myself to certain kinds of music, art, and television that eventually conditions me to accept a certain behavior is "good." It's my responsibility to protect myself from harmful influences and "cut off whatever leads me to sin." Obviously it seems extreme to cut off *all* potential influences of this sort, but people who do that are really only afraid. It's important to never respond to fear, but to only love: I love myself (and my future family) enough to not expose myself to certain kinds of media (or heck, even people) that lead me to sin, but fear would only take me to extreme lengths that don't seem effective. This is why I want to proceed cautiously when it comes to exposure of pornography in my life and home - I don't want my future sons (or current boyfriend) to be even slightly conditioned to objectify women or view their sex drive as anything else than a beautiful way to bond with a love and establish a family based on that love. And obviously there are all sort of nuances in the severity of this kind of behavior (I walked around half naked at photoshoots all the time), it's never been the *severity* but the *direction* of the behavior that is something we need to be aware of and protect ourselves from. Me being overly emotional about it all **is a problem!** It's a form of rumination (and probably fear) that I'll discuss below and a "direction" I am working to change my course in. I am right to express concern about the direction that looking at those magazines and websites (and computer generated graphics and sounds whatever) will take my family in, but being unable to see the true context of situation (as I spoke about above) is another form of danger and another form of sin! It's really good/important I can recognize this, however, because awareness is the first form of

intelligence, and the first step in the direction of change. Again, think about the rubble, it's still hanging around a bit, but it's ready to be knocked down.

This is also why I have a problem with our civic justice system. It's based on the premise that people willingly commit crimes knowing they are wrong, they should be punished for it, and this is the form of justice. Perhaps they are aware they will be punished, but there are always a million and one circumstances that lead them to this behavior. They may even feel vindicated, and not only feel but *be*, to break a law because they have some greater awareness of how it's impacting society! All these actions are things we can *listen* to. I was amazed by how much better of a *listener* I became after the hospital (perhaps you disagree haha but I hope not). Listening is not judging. Listen is allowing yourself to think, "this person's behavior is exactly what I would expect given their background." Problem is, we see the behavior, but the background is usually unknown. This is why context is so important. And nearly all the time, we judge others' actions in the wrong context. I actually don't see judgment ever taking a role in bringing about justice. Only discernment. And there's an important difference here. *A crucially importance difference*. People aren't labeled by their faults or their mistakes, those mistakes aren't part of who they are and judging them that way doesn't speak to who they really are. Discerning which cobblestones leads people down a harmful/self-destructive path is a moral instinct we should all strive to develop. *

In the past year, I've started to believe that intelligence and wisdom are actually *holy*. This is why I call the Catholic Church "genius." And by Catholic Church I mean all the collective moral values that you see in Judaism, Buddhism, Islam, etc. I just think they are profoundly captured by Christ and the Resurrection. When Christ died he said, "Forgive them father, they *know not what they do*." Disrespect of individual rights and dehumanization are so dangerous and so immoral, but they often only occur at the hands of people (myself included) who honestly just don't realize what they are doing.** The VA State law that forced me to stay in the hospital dehumanized me by only seeing me for my illness. But you can see where they were coming from: they wanted to help save lives by forcing patients to eat! It's as simple as that! The *wrongdoing* came from the fact that I was more than just an illness – I had a strong family who supported me, I didn't suffer from an illness that had reached the severity level their treatment plan adopted, I never agreed to enter treatment willingly, ...I understood their motive and was on their side as far as taking my health seriously. They missed all of this and as a consequence, I had a profoundly life-changing experience... and perhaps a huge opportunity to sue, but we can talk about why I chose not to (~I knew their intentions was not to cause me harm and I saw every step of the way where they were mislead. I think there is opportunity for me to take some kind of action, but I'm not sure our legal system is set up in a way that will actually help them realize their mistakes~).

*This belief of mine is probably the reason why I may say things to you that sound like I'm "attacking" you, or "pointing out your flaws," or "getting you in trouble," but really, I'm just trying to learn more about you and environment you're currently in. I'll try to be more sensitive to this, but, it's so easy for me to be able to critically acknowledge and assess my own faults (because I don't consider them part of my identity, but instead, something to work with to be better), they I often forget other people may struggle with this more. Haha, ironically, me ever mentioning a "fault" in you is actually that ultimate for of acceptance and non-judgment. I'm only seeking to learn about you and the context of your behavior so I can discern how best to interact with you.

**I wrote a paper on this, perhaps you should read it sometime. It's based on this:

http://www.vatican.va/holy_father/john_paul_ii/encyclicals/documents/hf_jp-ii_enc_25031995_evangelium-vitae_en.html

This ability of discernment is something I see so profoundly developed in you more than anyone else I have ever met.

All the signs you see for the “decline of civilizations” and the “demise of companies”... modern art (lol), people following rules for the sake of rules, misaligned incentives, etc.... is a really unique gift. You have an *incredible* ability to discern overall “positive directions” and it’s lead to the success of your companies, investments, and probably personal life. Lol, well, this week has made me nervous about that, but I know I’ll just have to accept whatever comes from it without wallowing that I messed up so much because somewhere along the way, I took a wrong step (for whatever reason... maybe I still have some emotional turbulence from the past year and a half, maybe the brain region that controls my relationship to sexuality is still raw and hyper-sensitive, maybe I don’t have enough knowledge about who you are and what your temperament is to stuff like this, maybe this letter is too damn long haha). Some people claim this talent of yours is a skill brought on by “experience”, “luck”, or maybe even a “desire for wealth,” but I’ve only ever seen it as an incredibly holy gift from God. A holy gift and a gift of intelligence. Your ability to discern is what attracted me to you; your ability to discern is the reason I’m in love with you; your ability to discern is the reason I didn’t even want to kiss you that first night because I was so interested in learning from you. Education, in this sense, is a form of morality. I feel closer to God when I’m with you and I’m amazed by your openness to discovering the insights of other people and other viewpoints. Joe, that *does it* for me as far as “being Catholic” goes. You’re hella Catholic with an ability like that; better than me I think. I’ve only ever mentioned Catholicism before because the core teaching of the Church speaks directly to this core ability you’ve had since birth... to understand people and humanity and to discern. It’s like wanting to introduce two people who have so much in common, you’d think they already know each other or something. Joe, meet Jesus; Jesus, I take it you’ve head of Joe and been with him every step of the way. Hah. Catholicism is all about “God becoming a *man*.” You can’t come **UP** with a better paradigm for morality. Our morality is inherit in our humanness and through our humanness, combined with a whole lot of self-forgiveness and trust in God, we become Holy. I think that’s awesome and I think that’s genius and I think that doesn’t just mean we become Holy after we die, but we become Holy in our daily lives every time we find new ways to discern a truly just path. I see you as one of my paths, and I would only hope you see me as yours, but if not, you deserve to take a step along the right path that leads you to this same holiness. This is all we’re really asked to do in this life.

I think the Church as an Institute has hit a major trough in it’s own ability to “discern” and I totally understand why you and your dad couldn’t imagine supporting it. From the outside looking in, it’s definitely not pretty and I would never expect you or want you to ignore that. From the inside looking out, however, there is so much Good News to be spread I just feel like it doesn’t matter what the state of the institution is now, .. there are so many people we can help with the knowledge we have now!! Sometimes when these big topics come up between us, I don't really say much lol only because it seems there’s so much to say, but, I really always understand where you’re coming and quite frankly, I always end up agreeing with you. I definitely think you’d be an amazing spiritual leader by nature of who you are as a person and *that’s beyond enough* for me.

I'm sorry you ever thought I didn't think you were "Catholic enough" – I heard you say that a couple times and I was just thinking.. "Ohhh jeeez" haha. I was a little sad you ever thought that in the first place... I want you to always feel like I'm so beyond Team Joe it's unbelievable. I *accept you* thoroughly and don't wish you were anything different from who you are now, or that you behave differently if that isn't true to who you are. Figuring out ways to build a life of discernment together is an ongoing process and I may throw ideas out there on how we might do that best, but they are only just ideas and I may be wrong but this is all completely separate from thinking you're "not _X_ enough."

My unfortunate and hopefully-gone-soon perfectionism makes it harder for me to accept my own humanity and I continuously strive to *be* a better person all the way to the point that it's *too much*. You have a much better sense for what's an appropriate "tolerance level" with this kind of thing and this is another skill I crave to learn from you. I'm like a kindergartener when it comes to this. Maybe you can have more patience with me? I get really sad knowing this is something I fail at relative to other strengths, but I crave to get better. ...What sucks is that I think I'm even a perfectionist at not wanting to be a perfectionist that when I see it happen, I get so frustrated, I start sending you all these little frustrated texts out of the blue and you must just be like "This girl. Is crazy." But it's really just me hating being a perfectionist because for the first time, I *not being rewarded for it* but instead *it's messing up something in my life that is way more important to me than any career, hobby, anything (...YOU)*! I'm so keenly aware of this since I've been with you. I've always said that I want to be with someone who makes me a better person. That's the number one thing I look for. You're the first person I've met who gives me something to fight for and who pushes me to be way better than I could have ever been in a culture that (misleadingly...dare I say immorally) supports perfectionism. That's pretty powerful. But it's important that I have something to offer in return and it's important that my insufficiencies don't swallow the relationship whole. I think sometimes I become aware of this, and even get excited when I realize what's going on and how I can be a better person, and I start sending you little "positive messages" that are confusing. I'll look back and kind of think, "I see what's going on here..good! Ok, I think we can move on now" ..LOL.. but I forget that this is probably impossible for you to process without any hints as to what has happened (this evening I started feeling better but then I spoke with you, I realize you're are probably back at the "The girl. Is crazy" stage.. lol, oh no).

All of these things that cause concern are part of my residual basal ganglia damage and I see so clearly. Maybe it'd be cool for me to show you my brain model one day so we can talk about all the regions that were hurt, how they connect to one another, and how that manifests itself in either an overly strong emotion or some degree of inattentiveness that prevents me from seeing the context of your life fully – your intentions and your actions. I really want to get better, but I've already made so many strides. You see how I eat. Sometimes I forget, but at least when I'm exposed to the food, I consume it appropriately. Not too long ago, it would take me up to 5 hours to consumer a single bowl of pasta for dinner, with much crying involved. I couldn't walk normally because my motor movement were inhibited and I couldn't establish and type of routine or habit in my daily life. I can function so much better now... I think all I'll need to do it try to stay much more mindful when a wave starts to hit me, and, it's important you let me know when you see something begin to happen

because just like I'm unaware at times that I've eaten, I may also be unaware that an emotional tsunami has hit. But then again, it might be obvious. I think it's going to be good that you see me be able to improve.

Sometimes I think it would have been so much better had you met me a year from now, when I'm fully healed and healthy enough to be in a relationship – I'm totally *just barely there* and it's taken me a while to even let myself start dating. But, on the other hand, maybe it's a good thing you get to learn about my deepest struggles. Maybe, we might share some actually. Maybe this could be a good learning process for you as well. But, that's up to you.

~

Just like I agree with you about the church, I agree with your response to everything that's happened these past two days. I think it's all reasonable, I see where you're coming from, and I'd probably respond to someone like me the same way you have without the additional knowledge of where my background has lead me.

This is an apology, but it isn't a desperate apology. This is me being mindful of my strengths and limitations. This is me conceding my weaknesses and discovering new morals from my failures. I am both enlightened and ignorant, but I'm not afraid because I have the desire to learn and to help our relationship be enlightened.

Your turn.