

Dear Mom,

Today is the day where you went outside and spoke with Debbie. I know that you felt hurt, vulnerable, and even attacked during this day. I write to you now so that I can articulate what I may not have phrased well then. I sit alone, emotional, and in tears as I write this out of love.

When I was young, you and I made an agreement. I do not lie to you, and you do not lie to me. When I say from the bottom of my heart that you are smart, and that in conversation you remember life more vividly than I ever could, I do so because these things are true. What was most painful was when you said "I'm just going crazy. I get it." You expect of yourself to remember things that I would expect of nobody. It broke my heart to see you tell yourself these things and to see the pain and the shame that it put you through.

Something that has helped me so much in my life is a lesson that you taught me. Know your own worth. You count. Mom, you have always shown me such love and kindness, and I am forever grateful for this. When life gets brutally hard, and when I feel alone in my struggles, it has been a beautiful reminder of how I should treat myself. With kindness. This is something that I will carry with me for the rest of life. All that I ask of you, is that you show yourself that same kindness you showed me. You deserve it more than I could ever express.

-With compassion and with love,

Philip Gabriel Warton