

Pam

one block of
my life

15 year old
ME

a significant
part of my
adolescence

resilience +



+ care



innocence +
struggle

dAd

some good,
some bad,
LOTS of Anger!

future Me

will
rewrite
the
script

sadness +



+ intelligence

pure +



+ care

Dale

the "Dad" I
always needed

AJ

taught me,
about me



+



+



Trials and Tribulations
can Lead to a Prosaund
Future

Introduction

Why write about my own traumas? Or why even write down my emotions at all? I have often wondered whether my own personal experience affects my writing. Through writing the six letters in my current archive, I have found a genuine and close connection to myself as a writer and have found a newfound love for my own writing. By writing my current thoughts and feelings down on paper I have found a way of fully being able to capture my thoughts and feelings to their full potential. I am a very open person and am not afraid to express my thoughts and feelings. I do, however, struggle with expressing feelings of grief, anger, and sadness around others. I do not like to be negative around others, and these feelings often feel like negative or sad feelings. Each of the six letters in my archive have allowed me to share parts of myself that are not easy to showcase. Here is why I chose each letter in my archive and why each letter means so much to each of me. I will also explain what the symbols in my book's cover mean as well. (Side Note: The letters I have decided to order in the order in which I wrote them.)



The Letter to my Late Cousin Pam

Oh Pam!
How I miss you!
Pam was a cousin of mine from my mothers' side of the family. She saw me grow up from a baby to age ten. Unfortunately, she died right around when I turned ten, 2013, from breast cancer. In my letter to her, I explain the

significant impact she had in my life during adolescence and describe how important to me she was. I give insight into what she did for me and how close we were. To showcase this, I talk about personal anecdotes between the two of us. I also fill her in on my current life and the challenges I have faced along the way. This is where the emotions I usually do not express much show up in the letter. I tell her about my parents' divorce, my first break up, and the worst of my traumas how my dad died earlier this year. I found it easy to write to her and almost freeing Writing to her was like writing to a close friend you have not seen in years. It just flows without hesitation.

In the cover of the book, I highlight Pam's importance to me. Next to her name I write "One block of my life" because she only got to experience part of it and under is a small picture that reads, resilience plus heart drawing plus care. There is a meaning here. She faced many medical problems and bounced back the best she could every time, hence resilience. Through her hardships, she never failed to love me.



The Letter to my 15- Year-Old Self

Oh young me! How innocent! How Naïve! My 15-year-old self experienced a trauma many children face. A divorce between two parents! Except, mine was not a typical divorce. My dad threw

my mom in jail for two days framing her for domestic violence. All this craziness during my freshman year of high school too. If starting high school was not stressful enough, I also had family issues going on as well. Here, I let myself tell my younger self it is okay to be naïve. That was hard to write because I often blamed myself a lot for not seeing the situation that occurred between my parents and for being as naïve as I was. I realize now that I only dealt with the emotions I could at the time and as I reflect on this experience realize I was naïve for a reason. It was difficult to let the blame I had for myself go. I am still struggling with that currently.

In the cover of the book, I wrote next to my 15-year-old self “a significant part of my adolescence” because the most tragic part of my young life was my parents’ divorce. There is a picture of a heart with a bandage, underneath the words 15-year-old me, and the words innocence plus struggle under the

heart. This shows how my heart was broken by my parents' divorce and repaired over time. I was innocent then and still had my own struggles to face.

The Letter to my Dad

Oh Dad! How mixed my emotions are regarding you and your death! My Dad just passed in August and I for the third time in my life felt genuine anger because of it! My Dad did not die naturally. He died due to his own hand. Not only did he die from suicide, but he also died exactly one week before my last semester of undergrad in college. In my letter to him, I yell at him the whole time and this is the only letter in the archive in which profanity is used. How mad I was at him for what he did! I used imagery here against him and tried



hard not to cry as I wrote it. This was the hardest letter to write in my entire archive and still makes me emotional today when I read it. I blamed him for our broken relationship and for my anxiety. I never yell at anyone or blame them vehemently for their actions, but I did for him.

In the cover of my book, there are the words 'some good, some bad, LOTS of anger' by my dad's name. This shows how we had good times as well as bad

times and because of his death I feel a lot of anger. The picture below has the word sadness plus an upside down heart plus the word intelligence. So, this

means my dad turned my heart and world upside down as well as breaking my heart. Only through the sadness of how he left am I able to gain the intelligence as to how to move on.



The Letter to Future Me

Oh, how I want it to be the future! I relish my future! My future will be one of hope and of less stress, I hope! In my letter to my future self, I remind

myself how I can get through hard things. I have been through so many hardships at this point that I know there is always good things to come after difficulties. Here, I remind myself that there is no battle I cannot win. If I work hard enough, I can conquer anything. This was hard because I let myself love myself. I am my own worst critic, and I know that. So, I finally let go of that notion and allowed myself space to just love me. All and everything about me. This is the only letter I have verbally said to myself over and over but never wrote down. I think I did this, so it could change and I could remind myself to love myself. Some examples of quotes I say to myself again from this letter will be in the book.

On the cover of the book, there are the words, "will rewrite the script" which mean my future will make the past problems go away and rewrite my life for the better. Underneath is a picture containing the word pure plus a heart plus the word care. This means my pure love for myself will lead to my own self-care.



The Letter to my Mom's Boyfriend, Dale

Oh Dale!
How much I love you so much!
Dale is my mom's boyfriend, and he treats my mom like a queen. He genuinely cares about her, unlike my dad, and does things to show her he is loved. In the letter to him I tell him how much I appreciate him as a dad figure to me in my life. He would never say it himself because he does not want to

replace my dad, but he now knows how much I love and care about him. I also open up to him how if I get in grad school, which I did, how I was nervous to pay for it. I do not know why I decided to tell him this, but I think it is because I trusted him with that information in that moment over anyone else. Including my mom. So, that is the element that made this letter hard to write. I had never said before that Dale felt like my real dad, but here it is now.

On the cover of the book, are the words, "the 'Dad' I always needed" which indicates the impact Dale had on my life as a father figure. Underneath is a picture of the word me plus a rainbow heart plus the word mom. This means

that Dale loves my mom and I endlessly regardless of our faults. He loves the whole and complete us.



The Letter to AJ

Oh AJ! You were such a sweet soul and will be missed dearly! AJ recently died from what I believe is something like my dad. I shared two classes with AJ in college. A musical theatre class and a communication class. I have not talked to him in over a year, so when I heard he passed, I was immediately devastated. In my letter to him, I write

about how talented he was and how much I cared for him. I also stated that I am sad he most likely died the way he did and explain how much potential he had. Here, I allow myself to be sad as I wrote. I also cried while writing the letter because yet another important person in my life died recently. I thank him for being my friend and wish him well.

On the cover of the book, are the words “taught me, about me” because since AJ was unapologetically himself, I felt like I could be the same around him. Underneath is a picture of a microphone plus a heart plus a smiley face and sad face. This means he loved to sing with me with love in our theatre class.

Introduction

Dear Pam,

I am writing to you in order to tell you about what I have been thinking about lately. Just the other day I was just thinking how you passed in 2013 and now it is 2025. That means you have been gone 12 years. What a weird thing to think about! I was just about ten when you died. I remember how you were pretty sick in December 2012. You never showed it though. The Pam I remember was never upset and always did her best to make sure I had something to do when I visited you in Naperville, Illinois. One of my favorite memories was when you got these point in-between the lines dolphin pictures and painted them with me. You knew dolphins were my favorite! I also remember the Christmas before you passed of breast cancer you gave Nataria, Hanna, and I your cabbage patch dolls from your youth. You also used to read me the Velveteen Rabbit when you were reading me stories when I was younger. I also remember your black lab Hannah. You would take her and I with you when we would pick up Aunt Norma. I love all these memories in their own ways. I also remember when

you were picked up in 2012 for Christmas my dad picked you up in his six seater truck, mountain. He had a car where the console in the front turned into a seat. They also do not make cars like that anymore. All these memories will keep you with me as I continue to grow and develop now as a 22 year old grown adult. In some ways, I am glad you passed when you did mostly because I have had to deal with so much and would not have wanted you to worry about me. I will give you the brief run down though. My parents divorced my freshman year of high school. I had two toxic friendships that lasted about 10 years each. I lost a close neighbor to bone cancer and lastly the worst experience. My dad just committed suicide 3 weeks ago today. Kevin has been my rock through this constantly checking in on me. You would be proud of him! Through all the bad though, I have had many good things. My mom is dating someone who finally treats her with the respect she deserves. I am almost done with my English B.A. and have some really good people supporting me right now. Nathan, Hanna, and Daniel are thriving and getting so big. Well, I just wanted to fill you in on my crazy life and just reiterate how much I truly

Love and miss seeing your smiling face. You gave me so much in the very little time I got to know you. You were kind and caring and out of this world creative. I love you and will always love you. Thank you so so much for the everlasting legacy you have placed on my life. I hope Heaven is treating you well and remember how much me and my family cherish you! I love you!

Love You Lots,
Kate

Letter to
15 Year old
me

Dear 15 year old me,

You should know you are a very brave & kind person. These are qualities you should never take for granted. I wish I could tell you your life gets easier and that your parents divorce would be the hardest thing you would have to face, but I would be lying if I told you that! College is great, but emotionally draining. Your dad dies when you are 22, a semester away from graduation. You lose a close neighbor. It is not all bad though. Your mom gains her first healthy relationship in a long time and you gain a good support system for everything you are going through. You are a pretty remarkable young adult! You make friends like Kyra & start to love yourself as a person. You learn why you have anxiety.

Now some bad news. Your relationship w/ your dad stays stagnant and you do not hear much from him. Your boyfriend you have in a year ends up not being yours forever & your child-like innocence fades more & you feel more. You also blame yourself for a lot of things you shouldn't.

Kate, I am here to tell you what I advise you do. Hold on to your past & keep what seemed like good memories as good memories. You were innocent & naive for a reason. You did all you could do w/ the mind frame you were in when things happen.

Let your dad go. Not completely because he is your father, but he will never be the father figure you hoped he would be. It sucks & is not fair, but is the truth. It is okay to grieve that loss because he should have been better. His lack of parenting has never been & will never be your problem! So, don't take it personally. Easier said than done I know. You won't believe this now & will still be working on it in the future, but I love you. Everything about you so you should love yourself. Your mom & grandma love you. So do many more people. You matter not just to yourself, but to all those around you. You got this!

*Love You Lots,
Present Day You*

Letter to
Dad

Dear Dad,

Boy do I have a lot to say to you! I can't get it all out until I write a few letters to you. This letter will primarily focus on my frustration & anger w/ how you left me. I am, very, pissed at you! All of the trauma I have had the last few years has a common denominator, you. How ironic that I am using math analogies given you could never get through one math session with me without it turning into a screaming match! I didn't deserve to be treated that way! I needed someone positively influential in my life not some narcissist like you! Everything you ever said lead back to you at some point. Except, apparently in front of me. Stef and Kirby told me how you always talked about me. My mom also told me how you used my name in your passwords. It would have been nice to know that, but instead you would insist you are fine and we, our relationship, was fine, but it wasn't "our" relationship. It was yours with someone you thought was listening. I stopped listening this last year. Dad, I mean I couldn't even take what you were saying seriously! One minute it's you're at the hospital on your deathbed, the next I think I will live forever. If I took every one of those conversations seriously, I would go insane. And I did when you called me August 9th

and told me you were going to commit suicide, how was I supposed to act? Fine? Like, you weren't putting me in a shitty position. Yes, you were struggling, but so was I! You blamed mom and nana for your screwed up relationship with me! You messed our communication up, not me. NOT mom! NOT grandma! How dare you have the audacity to blame us for your own damn mistakes! You happy? I am. Or I was. When I found out you died. I was relieved. I no longer had to deal with your bullshit anymore. I can't even believe you. The crazy thing to note is, after all this shit, I still love you, but you didn't want to accept my love. That is on you!

**Talk soon,
Katie**

Letter to
Future Me

Dear Future Me,

"You are beautiful." "You are kind."

"Quit beating yourself up"

"You survived Hell, 10 times over"

"You will survive this too."

"Good things happen amid the storms."

"She believed she could (survive) so she did (survive), and now she is thriving."

"Good things happen to good people."

"Bad things happen to good people, but if you wait out the storm there will be a rainbow."

"I can love you even though I don't agree with you."

"There is so much more life has to offer."

"I am brave. I am worthy. I am smart."

"You are one of a kind."

Love,

Your Past Self

Letter to
Dale

Dear Dale,

I often ponder why you entered my life and I think it is my mom and I needed you. My mom was in a difficult spot with my dad and she needed someone or something different. I know you do not like throwing my dad under the bus, which is understandable, but he was no where near the father figure I needed, but YOU are. I will never call you dad but being a dad or even a good mentor requires someone up for the challenge. That is you to a T. You accept me and my mom no questions asked. So does your family, which I am so grateful for. You treat my mom well and give her the love she deserves. Between you and I, I am nervous for my future. I need to budget more, and I will, but most of all I am a little scared about the rest of the semester because I still have a good amount of essays to write and am finishing my application to grad school. I also need to see if I can find a scholarship for my grad program. It is going to be weird saying my dad in order to try and get financial aid. I will figure it out. I have plenty of professors willing and able to help me out, but I'm still scared. I so appreciate you Dale and look forward to writing you more in the future. Right now though, I just wanted to thank you.

Sincerely with love,
W. W.

Letter to
A J

Dear Ag,

I hoped I never would have had to write this letter to you. Although, I do not exactly know how or why you died, I have a suspicion. You had thoughts of suicide in the past, & though I hope that is not how you died, I am also fairly certain it is. Unlike my feelings when my dad passed, the first thing I felt when I heard you passed was no emotion. I think I had not processed the reality of the situation yet. That you, were gone. I will not try to say I know what you were going through because the truth is, I don't, but I wish I did. I wish I could have helped you cope. Helped you realize your worth. You were worthy of a good and long life. Ag, you were talented and funny. You made those around you smile and that is something, I will never forget. I will always love you Ag and I am happy even though our time was limited, I would not have traded the chance to get to know you for anything! Thank you for cheering me up when I am down and for being my favorite person to sing with!

Kate

Kate

is a 22 year old English Major at the University of Colorado Springs. She has faced her share of hardships and wrote this collection of letters to express her attitude toward her past traumas. This is a collection of 6 of her proudest letters written from August 2025 to November 2025. Be warned as her letters mention difficult topics such as divorce and people ending their lives. The letters are worth the read and she has used these letters as an emotional release. Hope you enjoy her well-written archive.