

Dear xxxx,

I've been reflecting on something important, and I wanted to take the time to share it with you in writing.

I've been thinking about how you and my son Riley are similar—both of you are extroverts, able to project what others need to see or hear in the moment. It's not about being inauthentic; it's about navigating the world differently. You and Riley were both so good at meeting people where they were, making them comfortable, giving them what they needed. But when you told me that you project, I had a moment of realization: Do I really know you?

And then it hit me—I do know you. Just as I knew Riley, even when he was shielding parts of himself. You've shared pieces of yourself with me, sometimes in ways you may not have realized. And when I look back, those pieces tell me who you are.

You told me that when you first learned you were adopted, your instinct was to believe it was because you weren't wanted—that you weren't good enough, maybe even that you weren't beautiful enough. And though you may not think those words today, I suspect that feeling is still buried deep. I don't understand why, because when I look at you, I see one of the most beautiful women I've ever known—inside and out. And I believe that's why you dislike having your picture taken. It's not about vanity; it's about an old, unhealed wound.

You told me that since your marriage ended, the men you've tried dating turned out to be stalkers or unstable. I don't think that means you "attract" bad people—I think it means that abusers see your kindness, your goodness, and they want to control it, just like your ex-husband did. That's not your fault. You deserve love that honors you, respects you, cherishes you.

And then there was the moment when you casually mentioned that you always feel like you're in fight-or-flight mode. That hit me hard because I remember what that felt like. I lived in that state for more than 20 years after my marriage ended. I woke up every morning expecting something bad to happen, went to bed every night convinced the day had been a failure. Not because I wanted to, but because I had been conditioned to live in survival mode. You lived in that, too. Every morning, you got up, made breakfast, and braced yourself for your husband to strike—maybe you, maybe your sons. You were ready to run, but you couldn't, because you had to protect your sons. That kind of stress doesn't just disappear when the abuse ends. It lingers. And I don't think you're fully free of it yet.

I want you to be free of it.

For me, breaking free took two things: meditation (for you, I think deep, prayerful stillness would do the same) and truth. The kind that God speaks when He says in John 8:32,

"and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

That's why I'm telling you all of this. Because God is a God of love, justice, mercy—but also truth. And knowing the truth, even when it hurts, brings us closer to Him.

I was worried for a moment that I didn't really know you. But now I see that I do. I've known you for a long time, and the more you've shared, the more I've come to understand. And it brings me so much joy to call you my friend, because you are truly unique, truly special, and truly beautiful.

And from now on, I'm going to remind you of that. Not because I want to flatter you, but because I know—deep in my soul—that the only way to heal the wounds of the past is through repetition. That's how I healed the wounds of the little boy inside me. And that's how you'll heal the little girl inside you. The subconscious doesn't respond to logic; it responds to messages repeated over and over. So I'm going to say it:

You are beautiful.

You are strong.

You are kind, resilient, compassionate, and forgiving.

You are a great mother.

And I believe your destiny still involves motherhood—whether that's through fostering or something else. I don't just think that; I know it.

And one more thing: I like you. Not just as a friend, but as the person you truly are. You are not the broken pieces of your past. You are someone I admire, someone I am deeply grateful to have in my life.

Know this,: I do love you.

And yes, I know I'm a little crazy. But I hope you understand—this “crazy” comes with deep respect, integrity, and the ability to accept “no”. This may surprise you, but I believe it's important that you hear it. Because you don't see yourself the way I see you.

Your past does not define you. It only shapes the foundation for a future free of fear, free of stress, free of self-doubt.

And I hope, more than anything, that you embrace the beautiful truth of who you really are.

With love,

Dan