*“…and I know that it’s something I need to work on myself, something I have to work on changing for the better and it’s something I will continue working on, for as long as I have to, so I can be a better friend and a better person.”*

With something like this, Sam, I *know* how capable you are, and how strong of a worker you are. You are dedicated, wildly intelligent, and you love learning, which is a very lovable trait in and of itself. You are entirely, absolutely capable of getting to where you want to be, I’ve never *not* believed that, I’ve always believed you to be the kind of person that can get to where they need and want to be.

My grandfather used to say that every emotion serves a purpose *except* worry, and Mom used to tell it to me, after she was hospitalized. Anger helps to build us up, fear makes us realize what’s important to us, sadness helps us see what makes us happy, but worry only exists to create more worry.

*“Just for me, you know, hanging out in person is special, because we might talk all the time but I don’t get to see you in person, I don’t get to hug you or just goof off with you in person whenever.”*

I never said that it *wasn’t* special to me; there hasn’t been a moment when I *haven’t* considered this to be special.

*“Mandy it was never about the fact that Grey was visiting but it was the fact that you let me know casually the night before.”*
The only reason I didn’t bring it up earlier was because I knew the circumstances of her coming to visit were unhappy, because I had handled things awfully in the first place, back when you first learned she was coming to visit, and I *knew* I had done things wrong, that I had been absolutely terrible in the way that I handled the whole thing in the first place, and I didn’t want to constantly be reminding you that she was coming to visit me after I had botched things up so embarrassingly before. I was ashamed that I had messed it up in the beginning, it wasn’t about me just being casual about it, I genuinely, truly, was trying not to mention it too much in case it brought up bad feelings.

*“…to have you just see you know, see that I was hurting too, that I wanted to be with you, that even though I act tough, I’m absolutely not and sometimes I just need my best friend to cry on.”*

It comes back to what you said to me – you told me that you’re not a mind reader, and that I have to tell you things sometimes, and it works both ways, because I’m not a mind reader either. I’m good at noticing some things, but I’m not always good at noticing other things, and like I’ve said before, it’s *never* to do with the person themselves, I never purposefully ignore someone when they need me. I can’t and won’t always see things clearly, that’s why I sometimes need to be poked or asked, and all it takes is that one moment of “Mandy, can we talk” and I absolutely will come to you when you truly need me. And I’m not saying that you’ll always have to tell me, because there are times – all the times I’ve asked you if you’re okay, if something has happened, if you’re okay, if you’re doing well, I *do* see things, I *do* notice things, but there are going to be times when I don’t, when I just accidentally miss them, and those times are the times where I might need a little prodding, a little help. And I know you got upset at me back in February, and you told me that I apparently only see Grey when she needs me and I don’t see anyone else; but Sam, that’s not true, and it stung back when you said it, which is why I appreciate what you’re saying now, your apology. Grey happened to be sitting next to me at the time, and I saw her crying, that’s why I noticed, but you have to also understand that this was right after my mother’s funeral. My emotions were a complete mess, I was only capable of the *barest minimum* of being able to even function like a normal human being, and I spent most of that weekend taking care of other people more than I took care of myself, which is why I hardly cried at all, except for a little bit during the actual service. I had wondered about it, for a while, why I wasn’t a sobbing mess on the floor, and I realized that it had been because not only did I have wonderful support, but I also was focusing on other things that took my mind off of the reality at hand. And that was when I finally let everything go, by myself, because I needed it.

*“I’ve tried so hard this past while to give you every okay that it’s okay to talk about them, about anyone, about anything, but you assume that it will make me sad or that I’m going to have some predetermined response.”*

Because in the past, you have. And I know that you’ve made up with Facey, which means so much to me, it does, it means a lot that you would do that, but in the past, before you even got into your fight, when I would mention her, even offhandedly, you seemed to grow a little uncomfortable, so I tried to respect that and not talk about her anymore. And it was less me not trusting you and more just me trying to respect that there were some people that I knew you felt uncomfortable around, so I wouldn’t talk about them. I don’t talk about Sarah a lot, because I know you guys don’t get along, and that’s absolutely fine, I’ve respected that because I *don’t* want to make you feel uncomfortable. And it’s the same with anything that I think you might be uncomfortable with, I try to respect that you do, so I don’t talk about someone, or something, trying to make it easier on *you.* Like when I ask people not to talk about spiders in chat, because that freaks me out (an extreme example, but yes). But maybe I’ve gone about it the wrong way, maybe I should have just said it straight out instead of just not talking about it, that’s something I should learn to do better, something I need to work on myself.

*“…because I do operate differently, because there hadn’t been much to give me any indication that you were…”*

I really, sincerely believed that I had, since I’m always excited about AN, but maybe it’s because there have been times when I’ve gotten overly excited about things (in general, I mean, not involving you), and people have looked at me weird, so I’ve toned it down, made my reactions more reserved because I’m trying to be quieter and less ridiculous. But if I gave this impression, it’s my own fault, and I’m truly sorry for it.

*“All I was asking you with writing all that was that you read it, that you have that knowledge and that you know that despite all that, that I am trying my best.”*

I have never once doubted this, that you *are* doing your best, but maybe I just assumed too much; that, hypocritically, I believed things were a certain way when they weren’t, that you had thought something or said something when you didn’t, and that’s my fault, because communication isn’t about one person talking at the other, it’s about two people talking to each other and getting a point across.

Anxiety is a giant mess. It’s mean and spiteful to the people it overtakes, and it messes up our thoughts and confuses us, changes our perceptions, makes everything a helluva lot harder, tosses in jealousy and worry to the mix, makes us act differently than we want, than we actually are; and partnered with depression, it can be devastating. But we *can* work through it, Sam, I *know* we can, it’s just a matter of taking the right step, finding the right footing, holding onto the right handrail. There are ways to get to where we want to be, methods that we can use, whatever they are, just, there is so much potential in the both of us to get to where we want to be. The fact that we are still writing, the fact that we are still fighting, that neither one of us has just thrown in the towel and given up, that speaks volumes for the both of us, Sam, that proves right there just how strong, how determined, how loyal, how loving we are, and that right there is so important, because that’s what will get us to where we want to be.