



Gwendolyn C Skaggs <gwendolyncskaggs@gmail.com>

Fwd: The reality is...

Thu, Jun 17, 2021 at 10:28 PM

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sun, Jun 7, 2020 at 8:51 PM

Subject: Re: The reality is...

To: Gwendolyn C Skaggs <[REDACTED]>

Gwendolyn,
I understand your pain and appreciate your anger.

About "crucial"

I was referring to the implications of your...I'm gonna say gradual...and in-process decision to see me or not. It's a monumental decision. Any way you cut it, our future is on the balance.

"What you don't understand is the mental maneuvering I had to do, to go against my instincts, my gut, my own values, in order to hold onto my love for you."

I know, Gwendolyn. I was there. The whole time, I saw the pain in you. In your smile. In the anger I forced you to build towards me. I witnessed you trying desperately to hang on. I saw very clearly that you were doing everything you could to steer us in a better direction, against my ignorance, which stood like a boulder.

I saw it all coming. I told you many times that I was looking at the train approaching in slow motion to run me over, to take out, to force me away from you.

I would tell you that I didn't know how to get out of the way. That was my clumsy way of saying I needed help. I didn't know what that help was.

Article was about abusive partners

One day, I read an article you'd sent me...still looking out for me while you were gone...and something clicked. You had sent me that help I needed. I've been working on myself as best I could ever since. It is something I need for me. First.

....I am one to recognize my mistakes and address my issues. If I had read that article at ANY point before that fateful night, Gwendolyn, I would've sat with you, and made a plan with you to save our relationship.

He was abusive

You called me "babe". You have no idea how much that meant to me.

I just didn't know what to do with all those emotions, Gwendolyn. I did not know. If I knew then what I know now, you and I would be laughing it up right now, and being productive.

I'm really sorry! Remorse is killing me.

This ever-present regret is cleansing all the dumb shat out of me, and, coupled with my studies...are changing me. I'm not a controlling asshole anymore. I will never have this regret again. I will not fail.

I promise to remind myself out loud every single day that I need to honor you and respect your choices. I will remind myself each time I tell you how beautiful you are. I will remind myself when we are happy. I will remind myself when we face challenges.

I will make art that reminds me of how amazing you are, and How much you mean to me.

There's nothing I want to see more than you being comfortable with me enough to hand me back the love you've yanked from me because of my behavior.

I had become terrified of him.

I've never loved anyone but you. I will never love again.

I understand that you're all about you.

I hope you also find the strength to focus on the good in me. After all I've been through since you've been gone, there's no way I would ever do anything to make you sad again.

No matter what happens next, Gwendolyn, I will love you till the day I die....

...Before I die, though, I want us to publish under Rocking Chair Productions

I miss you to the bone.

70%

when he signs off with 70% he is referring to an article I sent him, that states 70% of abusers can be reformed, if they want to be, and stay in counseling.

Every time I made you sad, it bounced back to me. I felt you, every single time.

I didn't know how to avoid the train. I saw the pain in you, but I didn't know what to do.

Through it all, Gwendolyn, I was always

but I could

On Sunday, June 7, 2020, Gwendolyn C Skaggs

I'm still hurting. I'm hurt. Damn near broken. Thus incapable of asserting myself in any direction other than my recovery from the last months. Selfish as it may seem. I'm all about me. The last several months, I made all about you.

What you don't understand is what it took for me to remain in the relationship as long as I did. What you don't understand is the mental maneuvering I had to do, to go against my instincts, my gut, my own values, in order to hold onto my love for you. Be with you. Every damn day. Can you believe I came back after the "Ericka" episode that sent you to jail? Do you believe I came back after the "Eric" episode, aka Bensonhurst. And then there's the "Donald" episode and everything in between...the tracking, the phone and computer monitoring, the snapshots behind my back of my phone and laptop. The terrorizing and investigating.

This morning you sent me an email stating you needed to talk to me about something "crucial" I could not go back to sleep. My mind raced to all sorts of negative shit.

Every time I give you honesty about how I can't give you what you want I expect an email that you are declaring "War".

What has been done, can not be undone. It's now a matter of time. Time to rebuild myself esteem, my character.

I am by no means saying you have NOT changed. I am saying that the **impact** our relationship had/has on me is

HUGE. It is, literally, bigger than me. I am carrying something **10x's** my weight. I am strong, YES, but I can not carry any other load. I need to unload this one. I am at capacity. I am dealing with real PTSD.

On Sun, Jun 7, 2020 at 6:16 PM

Gwendolyn,
How are you?

I understand, Gwendolyn.

Your pain is clear, palpable, throughout your words. Your anger is justified and appropriate.

I swear to you, Gwendolyn, I couldn't be more remorseful. The regret I'm feeling...I didn't know existed. This regret cleanses you. There's nothing left in me but good, after this experience.

I deny zero of what I've done, zero of your list. I take full responsibility for all the grief I've brought you. I am paying an enormous price for what I've done. I'm terrified by the consequences I'm going through right now.

I am very sorry.

By "what you can't give me", I meant they were not doable...they were unreasonable...absurd, as you said. I deny none of it.

This level of regret is excruciating, Gwendolyn. I'm being tortured, terrorized day and night by regret.

I'm mourning the biggest loss ever. I don't see how anyone could ever lose someone as amazing and meaningful in their life as you are. Nothing is half as beautiful as you are. Nothing so completely gorgeous. You're gonna be gorgeous until the day I die.

Life experiences are an asset, Gwendolyn. Our experience is strength. When you go through shat, you come out stronger. It is strength that strength that makes the road ahead easier to navigate.

Strength.

I love you
I miss you a lot

70%

when he signs off with 70% he is referring to an article I sent him, that states 70% of abusers can be reformed, if they want to be, and stay in counseling.

On Sunday, June 7, 2020, Gwendo

On Sun, Jun 7, 2020 at 2:51 PM

Hi, Gwendolyn,
(I did well last night. Feeling better...good progress...I hope you're doing well...I know you are STRONG!)

I slept good.

Please, don't get upset by what I'm going to say in this email!

You wrote: "This shat **might** be bigger than the both of us."

-- Finally, I get to say "**BULLSHIT!**" Nothing is bigger than us, Gwendolyn. Not a fckng thing. Think about what we've survived!...oop, detention, quarantine, an unforgiving Winter, work under maximum stress, low finances, homelessness, you name it; we've had to deal with it.

I made it out of a relationship I had no idea I was getting into. It was bewildering, belittling, humiliating, and abusive. It was not love. I said this

...Still, we never felt hate. There is something bigger than hate and defeatism inside of us. Nothing is bigger than us. He responded with this

It's effects were bigger than me.

This is where it gets interesting...Please, don't respond with anger:

We have this beautiful love, HAD

It was obscured and suffocated by untamed emotions and immature behavior.

Gwendolyn. We love each other in a very special way. We can't deny it. We are so beautiful together! Let's create tons of memories like that day at the park! Let's develop the potential that even strangers see in us. People don't have what we have, Gwendolyn. Don't let appearances fool you. All they have in mind is food and rent.

You know and say I've changed. ***I know you can feel the vibe.***

I know you have changed, somewhat. The real change takes time, after exercising the better choices. I can not be the tester.

Truth is, had I studied before, Gwendolyn, had I known what I now know, had I been as informed, as changed as I am today, as **eager** to discover the full you...to let you be who you want to be, and do what you want to do, I would've made you the happiest woman in the world. No doubt about it.

You and I have the potential to make the rest of our life a pleasant, fulfilling experience. **I am now prepared to appreciate you and to be grateful for what you give me, instead of constantly demanding what you can't give me, like a fucking child.**

I'll be understanding Gwendolyn. I'll lay low forever, if I have to. Keep me blocked from your social media forever, if you want. I do not care. I now know what I want; it's not on your social media pages. What I want is a full experience with the person that you are, not to try and fucking control you.

What I want to do is to love you, to appreciate, honor and protect you, like you did for me, while I was being selfish and childish.

Let's go home, Gwendolyn! Let us go home to each other! Let's put our heads and our hearts together...and all that we are and all that we have...towards building an amazing future for us!

This is our last chance in this life, Gwendolyn. If we don't stick this out, you and I will never know love like this again...it will always be a lopsided arrangement full of **pretend** and internal struggles.

During this difficult, lonely time, I've grown so much! I've let go of all my anxieties related to the past. I don't care about the past. I don't give a shit! I don't care about 8 months ago; I don't care about yesterday. I do not care! Instead, I love you, and want to see you happy.

I look forward, and I see a bright, solid future awaiting us...now that I'm finally ready to appreciate you **JUST AS YOU ARE**. What I have to offer you is a brand new thingy. I will treat you like we just met; I will treat you like that for the rest of my days.

Nothing is forever...our health, even our life. We're gonna get old and frail. That's if we're lucky! There's no way around that. Let's do our best and secure as sweet and comfy a future as we can for ourselves!...so nursing home staff don't slap us around when no one is looking.

Let's begin that future today! Let's work together, Gwendolyn! Let's stop pulling on opposite sides. Let's be a team! When we're a team, we can handle anything...as you know.

Life will be so much more beautiful and easier, if we are together. Cheaper too: everything will be half-price...rent, utilities, transportation, food...all half-price. Plus, I am prepared to eat noodles and bread soup with you as long as it takes...while we build a solid future for ourselves.

I am now prepared to appreciate you and to be grateful for what you give me, instead of constantly demanding what you can't give me.

What I can't give? What you wanted was absurd and ridiculous, rooted in misogyny and toxic masculinity. Let alone homophobia, jealousy and delusions.

Let's go home to each other, Gwendolyn!

We can do this

With love,

- a 

No