

A letter to parents

My letter to my own parents:

Dear Mum and Dad,

You are, and always will be, my people. Maybe I haven't always shown that very well over the years, but I will be forever grateful to you. I love you with all my heart.

You never fully knew my story. Maybe you sensed it but didn't really know how to deal with it. That's why we now want to help other parents understand it better, so they can support their child in a way that is healing for everyone involved.

The very first things you said to me had a much bigger impact on me than any of us realized. During therapy, I discovered how deeply those words had stayed with me, almost as if they were imprinted on my brain. But I forgive you for that. You couldn't have known either; your worst fear had suddenly become reality too. And there is no manual for how to handle something like this as a parent.

You are the best. Truly.

And so I want to close this part of the letter with love. I now want to speak to the parents of other victims. Parents who have gone through this, or who may one day face it themselves.

This is my letter to them.

Love,
Meddy

Letter to parents:

Dear Mum and Dad,

I know you have always wanted what is best for me. You want to protect me, comfort me, hold me when things fall apart. And even if I don't always say it or show it, I am deeply grateful for that.

But I need to say something very difficult. What happened, the things you may have seen or heard online, hurts. Not only for you, but for me too. Maybe even more deeply than I can explain.

Please never make me feel like this is my fault. Even if it is hard for you to understand how things could have gone this far. I already feel so guilty. So ashamed. So broken inside.

This has become my greatest fear: that people will see me that way. That I will see myself that way. And when I see disappointment, anger, or sadness in your eyes, it feels as if I am failing as your child, while I am trying so hard just to stay standing.

Sometimes I simply can't talk about it. Not because I don't trust you, but because I don't even know how to put into words something that hurts this much. It feels as if a part of me has been taken away forever.

And even if I may have sent that photo myself... no one had the right to share it. No one had the right to cross my boundaries.

When I go quiet or shut myself off, it does not mean I don't hear you. I hear everything. I feel your love, even when I cannot fully accept it for a while. And sometimes, just one look, a gentle voice, or simply sitting beside me is enough to soften something inside of me.

I often feel so alone. As if I'm the only person this has happened to. As if I somehow deserve it. And that feeling is eating me up from the inside. Sometimes it makes me want to scream, or hurt myself, just to feel something other than this shame.

I know this is difficult for you too. But please: don't push me. Don't expect too much from me. Let me breathe. Forgive me when I snap at you or walk away. It's not because I hate you, but because in those moments I can barely stand myself.

What I need is simple, but not easy:

Stay.

Without judgment.

Without rushing me.

Be my safe place. My soft place. Even when it seems like I'm pushing you away. Because deep down, that is exactly what I need most.

I love you. Truly. Even when it seems like all I show is anger. Sometimes anger is my armor. But behind it is a child who feels lost.

Stay. That is all I ask.

Love,