

# A Tank you Letter To My Boyfriend.. in PDF

I've been writing this blog for months now. It seems like it's been years though, with the amount I've written. I put my absolute heart and soul into writing this blog. Hoping to help others and find a common ground with people who are able to relate. I've written about my life to you guys. I've been as personal as I person can be with a bunch of people she's never met and I think the readers of this blog probably know me better than half of the people I've met throughout my life. But there's one person who knows me like the back of their hand, one person I haven't properly thanked. And that's my boyfriend, Angelo. And so Angelo, I wanted to dedicate this blog post to you.

Dear Angelo,

I wanted to say these things to you because I feel I don't tell you them enough. I've found it hard writing about you properly before because of everything we've been through. Everything we've had to work our way through and everything we've over come. And sometimes I don't tell you these things because I'm just no good compliments. But this isn't just a compliment. This is a thank you. You'll never know how much I appreciate you, how happy I am to have you by my side. The last 6 months have been a series of ups and downs, but somehow you've kept me sane. I don't want to spend this time writing paragraph after paragraph about how much I love you. Because you know I much I truly adore you. I just want to thank you for these things, that I didn't take the opportunity to do so before. Perhaps out of pride, perhaps out of embarrassment, or perhaps because when it comes to talking, I can never manage to get my words out. So Angelo, thank you.

Thank you for supporting me and encouraging me to do the things I love.

Thank you for being there when I felt I had no one else.

Thank you for trying to understand how I feel, even when you didn't need to.

Thank you for being by my side at my support group, and applauding me louder than everyone else in the room when I gave my talk.

Thank you for learning how to change my ileostomy bag, without me needing to ask you.

Thank you for insisting to stay in the room to change my wounds when i asked you to leave, scared you'd find me unattractive.

And thank you for reminding me every day that I'm still the most beautiful girl in the world.

Thank you for comforting me when I cry, and stroking my back when I sleep.

Thank you for telling your friends how proud you are of me. I wasn't expecting to find that when I was "fraping" your facebook..

Thank you for not acting grossed out when you've probably had to see more poo than you'd ever planned on in your life

And thank you for cleaning me up when I can't take looking at it myself

In fact, thank you for picking me up when I can't even look at myself

I want to say thank you for standing by me for these past two years

And for making my problems your problems

For calling my bag "Nelson" and making it seem funny

And telling me my huge scar on my tummy makes me look cool

Thank you for always coming home with my favourite chocolate

And telling me how lovely my bum looks, instead of just telling me I've got fat

And lastly, on a more serious note.

Thank you for loving me endlessly,

For accepting my scars as a part of us

Thank you for staying, when you could've walked away. I know a lot of men would have.

So, yeah. I think perhaps you should take note of all these thank yous, because you will never hear me being so polite again.

I'm more thankful for you than you'll ever know, and I love you more than you could ever imagine.

Yours forever,

Hattie x