

Dear Ryan

3/20/09

Several months ago I read the transcripts of your conversations with Detective Flores and that is what has prompted this letter, which I began to write thereafter but have not revisited until now. You really are a kind person. I know you probably think that I am a total psychopath and frankly, that is among the lighter things I have been labeled in these preceding months.

I know you and I were in different places spiritually, so I don't know if any of the more spiritually toned thoughts in this letter will be at all impactful to you, but that is not really my objective. I share these things with you because they are from my heart. I do know that all things happen for a reason. I do not care that this is one of the most cliched sayings in the language when it comes to trying to understand that which seems beyond comprehension and coming to grips with what seems so impossible to accept. Yet accept it I have - mostly. I still indulge in a little resistance on occasion a bit of grinding my heels into the ground.

But back to those transcripts. There were a few glaring inaccuracies I simply could not let rest. One being that the Detective said I was "giggling and smiling" after being "taken into custody." Sooo not the case. I was somber, calm and resolute, though shaking on the inside, but what good would it have done to freak out? Eventually I broke down and cried but the crying came and went as the hours rolled by. It was all on tape so I don't know why Detective Flores would lie to you about that. However, I discovered he does that a lot. Oh, and by the way, I never

stopped at Sinclair's on my trip. You had mentioned that. In fact, I've never even heard of that place. It was at Starbucks in Pasadena where I caught those kids acting silly and like they were up to no good. They give skaters a bad rap. But three things above all that I must clarify is no, Detective Flores did not "save your life," and no, he will not be turning up any "missing ex-boyfriends" from my past and no, I am not a "serial killer." My goodness, these things are so far from the truth. After getting over the initial shock and indignation that he would propose such notions and the realization that, wow, this Detective really does play all the angles, I actually got a small laugh out of such ridiculousness and even cried out, "What a freaking bone-head!" in reference to him. (Jail has made me no less of a dork than I was prior to my arrest)

My lawyer called you a "whore for the state." Strong words, I know, but by this she means that you were immediately willing to offer your testimony in the state's favor. A testimony is a testimony under oath so I did not see the problem, but her strong personality lends strong opinions about everybody.

Yet in spite of all of these things, what struck me was you still refrained from participating in bashing me with unkind words, and I do not know why. But it has only reinforced my opinion of you: that to the core you are a good man with a strong backbone of integrity. Something you said to me during one of our many late night conversations has stayed with me throughout this nightmare. I do not remember it verbatim but I do remember the

principle idea of what was conveyed to me, or at least how I interpreted it. You said, and I paraphrase, that Heavenly Father must not think you are very strong. Such a thing to say, I wondered. I asked you why and you joked that you have had it pretty easy most of your life and you have not been beset with many difficulties. He must therefore save all of that stuff for the stronger souls who can handle it. I do not know if that is precisely what you intended to communicate, but that's what I took from that conversation and I thank you for providing me with that perspective to consider. It helps me to believe that I am strong, that the world can do its worst and ultimately I will still be okay.

For the record, I never personally considered you a weaker soul, not for one second. I have no doubt that the blessings you enjoy are for deeper reasons yet unseen and I have no doubt that with the passage of time life is only going to become more and more amazing for you.

You know, he wasn't the first to say it, but Travis often quoted, "The cream always rises to the top." I guess it is a little difficult for me to ponder much on that concept right now because of my present set of circumstances, although this one abbreviated life by no means comprises of my entire journey despite the eternal implications it still carries. I may have quite the climb ahead of me, but I am still committed to a verticle path. That expression does remind me of you, however. You have nowhere to go but up and I have admired you for that.

Ryan, you were never in danger with me. I hope you truly know that somewhere within, although what others think has

gradually become less and less important to me. The only "danger" Travis was ever in because of me was "spiritual danger," and of that we were both guilty of endangering each other.

It is no longer important to me that you believe me. You will know for yourself one day. What is important to me is that I tell you these things. If this letter has found its way into your hands and you have read this far then I thank you. You are among so many who have enriched my life just by having shared a small piece of it.

Respectfully,

Jodi Ann Arias