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## Dear Brownies

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**DEAR BROWNIES (SENIOR THESIS EXCERPT)***Amber Ford*

Dear Brownies,

I have some sad news for you. I can no longer carry on the affair we've been having. You have sabotaged our relationship. You promised to hear about my day, but you didn't say you would just numb my emotions. You promised to keep my secrets but never offered me any substantial solutions to my problems. You allowed me to believe I didn't have any other friends, and you certainly never informed me about the way my thighs would look during our midnight escapades, when you called lovingly to my ears.

I will no longer be running to you when I don't know what to write or when I am overwhelmed by a tremendous work load. Instead I will drive, crochet, dance, or walk to unblock my thoughts and balance myself again. I will no longer succumb to your whisperings of peace and relaxation when my spirit feels chaotic, or when my kids are fighting, or I am angry. Instead I will pray, light candles, read my Bible, drink tea, and stretch to release my tensions and restore peace.

I will no longer be stuffing my emotions with your warm, gooey, chocolatey goodness, with caramel swirls. You see, I will no longer be needing an anesthesiologist. Instead I will be allowing myself the freedom to feel, even pain, because after the pain comes the birth of something tremendously good. And the good is added to by the pain; it isn't as sweet otherwise.

No, I will no longer be calling you my friend in lonely times. Now, I am not saying we can't be friends, but only on rare occasions in the proper atmosphere, when my soul is already satisfied. I am free. Free! I refuse to be bound any longer by the need to consume an entire pan of your scrumptiousness to drown my sorrows. I refuse to believe any longer the lie that you are my closest confidante. I now have real friends for that, friends who will be able to stand in agreement with me in prayer, who will act to help, or offer substantial advice. God

designed me for relationships with people, not food.

I will no longer bow down at your throne of gluttony, but at His throne of grace. I will no longer trash and abuse this temple with oversized portions and too much sugar. Some serious cleaning and restoring is in order. From now on I will be serving this beautiful temple the foods that empower my being, that nourish and protect me against illness, and help me to become the size I was designed to be.

So this is it. Farewell, my sabotaging wrecking ball clothed in anesthetizing fudge wonder.

I will not miss this unbalanced affair.

Love,

Your Midnight Caller