



Exhibit 1

Anthony D. Weiner

[REDACTED]
New York, NY [REDACTED]

September 8, 2017

Hon. Denise L. Cote
United States District Judge
Daniel Patrick Moynihan United States Court House
500 Pearl Street
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Cote:

At a one of my earliest meetings of the recovery fellowship I attend, there was a reading called the 9th Step promises. It contained a puzzling passage. The whole thing which is from the so called Big Book - the guiding text of Alcoholics Anonymous.

It's about the importance and benefits of making amends to those we have harmed. The beginning of it reads:

"If we are painstaking about this phase of our development, we will be amazed before we are half way through. We are going to know a new freedom and a new happiness. We will not regret the past nor wish to shut the door on it. We will comprehend the word serenity and we will know peace. No matter how far down the scale we have gone, we will see how our experience can benefit others".

I could not read this optimistic passage without being puzzled by the idea that I "will not regret the past nor wish to shut the door on it". I deeply regret the past and I frequently wish I could close the door on it.

My regret for my crime is profound. I have endangered the wellbeing of a 15 year old girl who reached out to me on the internet. My continued acting out over years crushed the

aspirations of my wife and ruined our marriage. I am so deeply sorry for the harm I have done to her, and I live with the sorrow that I will never be able to fix that. And the one perfect thing in my life - my son - will forever have to answer questions about the public and private failings of his father. My regret keeps me awake at night and fills me with fear from the moment I awaken. There are daily, even hourly, reminders of my failings. I can't imagine ever not feeling regret.

Now that I'm further along in recovery, I understand the idea that hitting a bottom is necessary to bring us to help. It was the case for me. After years of deploying every imaginable form of denial, I came to understand that I had an untreated and even an unrecognized mental disorder that corrupted my judgement profoundly. I have a disease that tells me I have no disease.

I prefer to leave it to the psychologists to explain why they think I did the things I did. For years I was in denial, and even when I half-heartedly sought help, and I got the wrong kind. Well-meaning professionals who stressed better decision making unwittingly helped me deny I was dealing with addictive behavior. I lost a career when my secret life became public. I lost jobs when I couldn't stop. Finally, I went to rehab, recognized clearly what this pattern really was. I finally found professionals who help me manage my sickness. I found a community of people to support me in my recovery. Now at this writing, I am 345 days off my destructive behaviors and have a daily practice to help me never return to them.

It took me a long, costly, painful time to climb out of the hole I was in. But simply looking into the hole and trying to understand it is not enough. I have an addiction, but I don't have an excuse.

I have so many amends to make but I am trying to begin my second life by being of as much service as I can be. In addition to daily attendance in mutual support meetings, I am also chairing a meeting weekly, mentoring others newer to the program and sponsoring prisoners by mail who are trying to get well in the most difficult of circumstances. It is not enough, but it is a start.

Although finding work is very difficult given the harsh glare I am under, I was fortunate enough to be hired recently

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I am working to develop a non-profit I began in 2014 that will train troubled young people and ex-offenders for hard to fill jobs in the culinary industry. I got the idea from my brother who would tell me how restaurateurs like himself would struggle to fill kitchen jobs because so many applicants lacked the basic food preparation and handling skills needed. I am still very good at identifying challenges for my neighbors and going to work to solve them. This was what drove me for decades in public life and I still am animated by that mission today.

This brings me to [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and until I went away to rehab I don't think we spent more than three days in a row away from one another in his entire life. My public fall and end of my career came just as he was bursting onto the scene. Since then, he has been my salvation. Even as my demons took over part of my mind, the rest was focused so intensely on him. The only honest and true part of me was my love for him and my desire to make sure he was safe and loved completely. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

I would tell myself, if I get this right then all the rest of my mess can be forgiven. If I loved him enough and gave him an amazing childhood, then at least one person will love me throughout.

But I was wrong. So long as I was still doing things that so were so completely at odds with my values and the values I wanted for him, I was not being the father he needed. I was not teaching him perseverance and strength by getting up after each embarrassing expose about me and continuing to be a good dad. No. By not getting help, by continuing to dishonor his mother, by living in shame and secrets, I was not teaching him courage. Far from it. I regret it so much it makes me shake just to write this.

I'm different now. My recovery isn't over. I'm still gaining new insights, new ideas, and I am blessed to have the guidance of Dr. Must, Paul Kelly and others in this process. But I am getting better and the whole me is living an honest life. I'm still there for [REDACTED] at every turn. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] But now I don't fear that day that he asks me about who is daddy was. I'll tell him I was a troubled guy who did a lot of amazing things for people I barely knew. I'll tell him I was a guy who did a very bad thing to a young person I never met. I'll tell him I put his amazing mother through years of trauma and broke her heart.

But your Honor, with your grace, I hope I will be able to tell him some more. I hope I will be there to show him with my actions that although I will carry the regret, I will also be better. He will see a more serene father. One that speaks with wisdom and openness about the challenge of facing mental illness. I hope I can show him that service can come in many forms.

So this is what that 9th step reading means I guess.

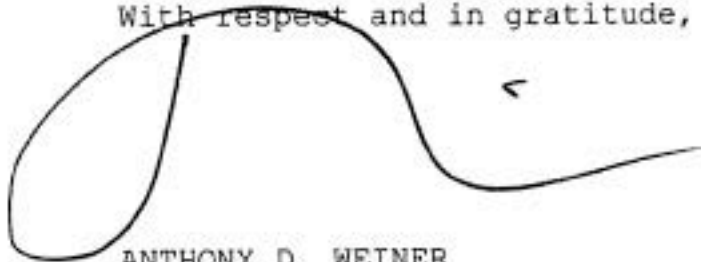
I do have regrets. I am sorry. *But No matter how far down the scale we have gone, we will see how our experience can benefit others.* I see now that this whole terrible thing was necessary to bring me to this place where I can look my son in the eye soon and tell him that I accept the responsibility for my actions and every day, one day at a time, I am working to live a life of integrity.

I am also very aware that this passage is about the importance of making amends, The 9th Step. I don't know how I will be able to make amends to the young person who I dragged into my sordid mess. But my sobriety and a better life for me can't happen unless I find a way to do more than simply apologize. By my actions, I caused her real harm and now I must figure out ways, through my actions, to address it. I am profoundly sorry to her. I was selfish. I have no excuse for what I did to her.

Your Honor, this is my life now. It's the right size. It's working at a job that doesn't make headlines but lets me be a real financial partner to my wife in raising my son. It's being a support to people who are struggling worse than I am and accepting their help when I need a hand. It's having a

connection to a higher power that reminds me every day to be kinder and more considerate. My life isn't big and loud anymore. Every day I quietly do what I can to keep getting better, and to fix the damage I've done. I have much more work to do. Please show me grace so that I may continue.

With respect and in gratitude,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'ANTHONY D. WEINER'. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop on the left side and a long tail extending to the right.

ANTHONY D. WEINER

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