

Wm H. Macy
Los Angeles California

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Hon. Indira Talwani
United States District Court
One Courthouse Way
Boston, MA 02210

Dear Judge Talwani

Thank you for giving me the time to tell you about my wife Felicity Huffman.

Felicity grew up in a house filled with women (six sisters and a brother) in Woody Creek Colorado. Her mother was strong, loving, fierce, eccentric and sometimes violent, and I think Felicity was largely raised by either her sisters or, being the youngest, left to her own devices. As an example, she moved to Los Angeles for a year when she was 15 years old to pursue acting. She lived with a 22-year-old friend of the family and put herself in high school and found her way to auditions and classes all on her own. I think the result of her unstructured upbringing was a determination that her children would always have a mother there backing them up. As crazy as her life was in Woody Creek, Felicity's family is very close. She talks to at least one of her siblings almost daily and one of the joys of my life was being accepted into the Huffman clan. Felicity's family is her world.

From the day we learned that Sophia Grace Macy was on her way, Felicity threw herself into parenting. She read mountains of books and sought out the best and the brightest on the subject. She read a book called "The Gift of a Skinned Knee" and was so impressed by the author, Wendy Mogul, she made it her quest to meet Ms. Mogul and talk to her about raising children, and we've continued to meet with Wendy all these years. She sought out parents whose children impressed her and picked their brains on child rearing.

Felicity worried about raising our girls in Hollywood with working actors for parents, so we decided to keep them as far away from our business as possible. We rarely took them to any sort of Hollywood event and tried to avoid them

being photographed by the press. We didn't even let them watch television until they could read. We read books out loud almost every night. One day I walked into the kitchen and Felicity was teaching the girls how to meet people. She had them shake her hand with a firm grip, look her in the eye and say their names clearly. And they practiced it over and over until it was habitual. I've rejoiced at the surprised look in adult's eyes as my six-year-old Georgia introduced herself and shook their hands.

Watching Felicity being a mother is a wonderful thing to see. When the girls got computers and phones, we had a family meeting about the rules for their use, and both girls had to sign a contract which Felicity found on-line. There were rules for makeup, dating and now driving. At the same time, while there have always been rules in our house, Felicity is great at thinking like a kid. For one of Sophia's birthdays she baked about twenty-five small cakes. The first hour the kids decorated the cakes, and after that we had an epic cake fight that left our yard sticky for weeks. She's always been big on birthdays and holidays, and she makes them special with imagination rather than money. Felicity has always worked to make sure that our daughters "don't get squished". I think growing up she saw her sisters and her brother get their spirits pounded down, and she's always been determined that nothing will stop our daughters from becoming women in full.

My wife has an amazing ability to "see" our kids. She sees them not as we wish they were, or what we hope they might become, but who they actually are. She was the first to notice Sophia's difficulty with transitions and sensory overload and we discovered she needed Occupational Therapy. In all honesty, I had my doubts that a four-year-old would need something called Occupational Therapy, but I was wrong and in six months we saw a remarkable change in her. She was the first to notice Sophia's difficulty in school and was inexhaustible in getting an accurate diagnosis and treatment.

But motherhood has, from the very beginning, frightened Felicity and she has not carried being a mom easily. She's struggled to find the balance between what the experts say, and her common sense.

It's been about six months since the FBI came in the early hours to arrest Felicity. Our oldest daughter Sophia has certainly paid the dearest price. She had been

accepted to a few schools, but her heart was set on one in particular which, ironically, doesn't require SAT scores. She started as one of several thousand applicants and after making it through many auditions, she flew to the school two days after her mom's arrest for the final selections. When she landed, the school emailed her withdrawing their invitation to audition. She called us from the airport in hysterics, begging us to "do something, please, please do something". From the devastation of that day, Sophia is slowly regaining her equilibrium and getting on with her life. She still doesn't like to sleep alone and has nightmares from the FBI agents waking her that morning with guns drawn.

Georgia, our youngest, has surprised me. After watching the six FBI agents put her handcuffed Mom into a car and drive her away, she cried. The next day she said she wanted to go to school, but as the news of the case became a firestorm she had to come home. The following day, on her own initiative, she returned to school and talked to her Adviser and the Principal telling them she knew nothing about the scandal. She contacted several places where she had applied for summer internships trying to salvage her chances. This summer Georgia has already done a week at California Girls State where she was elected to the Supreme Court. She got an internship with an LA City Councilmember, and a second internship with a law firm. This is in addition to her usual community service work of tutoring for School On Wheels and The Teen Project which helps at risk girls get their GED. She's taken the lead in her college application process and has an east coast college tour set up for the fall. And this dyslexic girl, who couldn't read when she entered 3rd grade at Park Century School, finished her Junior year at an academically rigorous High School with two B's and four A's. To be sure Felicity's relationship with her daughters exploded on March 12th and rebuilding that relationship will be a long process. But I also want you to know Felicity has raised two amazing young women.

After her arrest Felicity found a wonderful family therapist and we've all been going (in various combinations) for the last few months. There is much to be done, and some of the hurt and anger will take years to work through, but we are making progress.

But of course, Felicity has borne the brunt of this. The paparazzi was camped outside our home for the first month or so, and they still have an uncanny knack of finding her. Felicity rarely leaves our house, because every time they catch her,

Thank you, Your Honor. If I may I'd like to tell you one more thing: every good thing in my life is because of Felicity Huffman.

Respectfully,

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