

# A Letter to the Ricochet Community



By She | March 5, 2019

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Moderator Hat Off: I posted this as a comment on Simon Templar's post, but the post suddenly disappeared. I want to share it with you. If TPTB feel that it's inappropriate and they wish to pull it, that's fine, too.

Dear Ricochet,

I am going to share some details of my private life with you. They're not really your business. But someone else is making them your business, so I am going to speak up for myself.

I know [@simontemplar](#) very well. No, not in that sense. Until about nine months ago, I considered Simon one of my, and my family's, dearest friends.

Simon spent the very great majority of two months (January and February 2018) living in my home, during which time Mr. She and I treated him like family, and Simon said he felt like family. He was a delightful house guest, and said he felt really at home and enjoyed his stay with us. He left to take care of business for a day or two here and there and came back multiple times over the two months, sometimes for weeks at a time, so I believed he meant it.

In July of 2018, I spent ten days in Thailand with Simon (my stepdaughter stayed with her Dad for the duration to care for him because he is in extremely frail health, can't travel, and has increasingly severe dementia). So I've stayed in the "safe house." I've been to the orphanage. I've seen a few of the sights of Northern Thailand. I've met some of Simon's friends.

Somehow, somewhere, on his own, without any discussion with me, and for reasons that he won't share with me, Simon seems to have decided that being friends with my family and me was not in his best interests. Rather than just telling me that, he began to tell people stories about me. Some of these stories, he told in a colorful and highly embellished and unkind post on Ratburger. (A couple of you asked me if I was the woman Simon was referring to in that post and in those comments. I did not want to betray my friend, so I said nothing.) Some of these stories, he's told to others. I'm not going to go into detail about these stories. Some of you will know what they are. It doesn't matter what they are. And I'm not going to address them, other than to say that they have a very tenuous relationship with the truth, and the fact that they were put about by someone we considered a friend has been extraordinarily hurtful to my family and me. I've asked Simon to address the reason he did this, directly with me. He's refused to, even as recently as November of 2018 when he was standing in my kitchen and I asked him to please clue me in.

That was the last time I spoke with, saw, or heard much from Simon directly—after I'd picked him up at the Pittsburgh Amtrak station and brought him home so that he could rest up, get a couple of good nights' sleep after his long trip, and pick up his car, which I'd been babysitting for him for eight months (end of February, 2018 until end of October, 2018). Simon should know, for I have told him often, that he is always welcome in our house whenever he cares to visit. He knows that Mr. She idolizes him as the career Marine that Mr. She still sometimes wishes he'd been himself. He knows that my stepdaughter and granddaughter embraced his place in our family and our lives because of my affection for him. He knows that, even though I believe he's betrayed my trust, and the kind affection with which I and my family treated him, I wish him nothing but love and happiness in his life, wherever he is and whoever he's with. He knows he has help and love from this family any time he needs it, if, or when, he ever decides he wants it.

I'm not going to address any specifics of this matter, or any more detail, whether or not, or in whatever manner, Simon may respond, but I won't sit idly by while Simon continues to amuse himself at my expense. I'd like to put that out in the open, so that there's no need for further discussion and speculation, here, on Ratburger, or anywhere else. And so that I do not have to fear "exposure," or continual snide and insulting jabs in my direction at some point in the future, in a post like this on any public website.

**Those of you who know nothing about the actual facts of this matter, which are known to only two people on earth, I respectfully request that you do not engage, in either direction.** It's still my hope that Simon and I can sort this out. My very nice and friendly relationship with him lasted for two years, and extended into real life, and my family life, and far, far beyond the boundaries of Ricochet.

It would never have been my preference to openly discuss private matters like this on a social media site, in front of friends, foes, and strangers alike. But I have repeatedly asked Simon to please stop misrepresenting my thoughts and feelings and to please stop using specific details of our private conversations as springboards for embroidering and ginning up stories for his friends' entertainment. As far as Ricochet itself goes, it's a small pond, and Simon is a big fish. There is a limited number of "ladies" in the net with him, and I am sure speculation is rife in some quarters, yet again.

Now, I have reached the point where the only interests I care to further are my own.

God Bless, Ricochet Members. God Bless, Simon Templar.

Love, She

PS: The repeated insinuations on Simon's part that the moderators here take a special interest in redacting him, in correcting his grammar, and otherwise making his life here difficult, that he has some special status which makes him susceptible of banning no matter what he writes, or that (most recently) "copy is changing before his eyes" because of the nefarious actions of someone who has "access" to his copy, while they are highly entertaining, are also false. I hope everyone realizes that.

Comment

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