

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] 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] 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]

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.

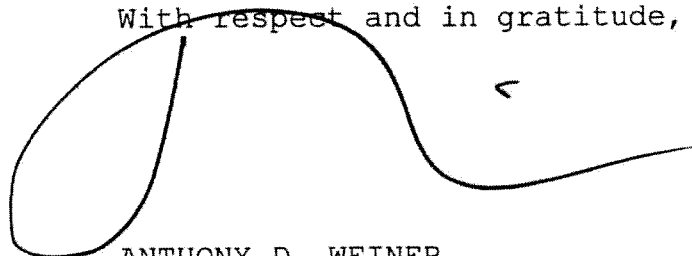
I do have regrets. I am sorry. *But No matter how far down the scale we have gone, we will see how our experience can benefit others.* I see now that this whole terrible thing was necessary to bring me to this place where I can look my son in the eye soon and tell him that I accept the responsibility 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, consisting of a large, sweeping loop on the left side that extends upwards and then curves back down to the right, ending in a long, thin horizontal tail. A small, dark mark resembling a comma or a checkmark is positioned above the end of the signature.

ANTHONY D. WEINER

Exhibit 2

August 25, 2017

I am writing regarding the sentencing of Anthony Weiner, my husband, from whom I have filed for divorce.

Anthony and I have a wonderful son, [REDACTED] who is [REDACTED] years old and is the light of our life. It is for [REDACTED] that I write this letter.

This is not a letter I ever imagined I would write, but, with Anthony, I have repeatedly found myself in circumstances I never imagined. I am devastated by Anthony's actions, and I understand he must face their consequences.

However, as a mother, I have always done and will do anything I think will help [REDACTED] be as safe, happy, healthy, and complete as possible. [REDACTED]

Whatever else Anthony has done, he loves [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] As would any
parent, if there has to be any negative impact on [REDACTED] I would like it to be a small as
possible. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

I hope the Court will take [REDACTED] in consideration as it weighs all it has to in considering Anthony's sentence.

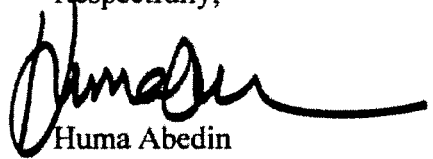
Respectfully,

Huma Abedin

Exhibit 3

FRANCES WEINER

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

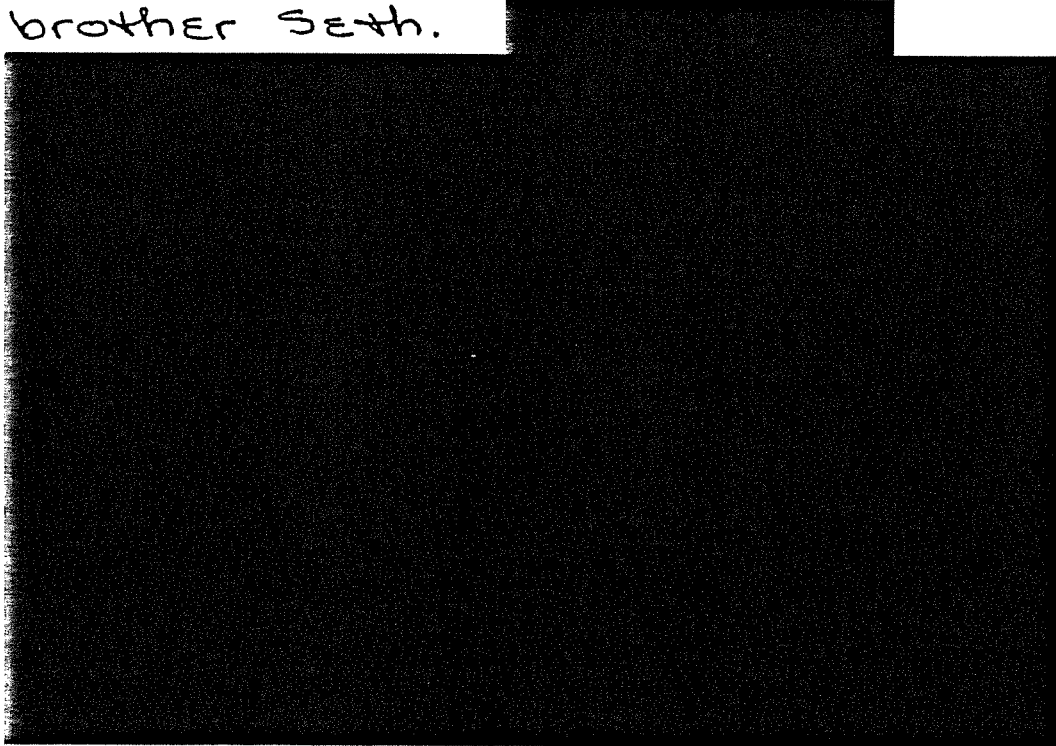
August 7, 2017

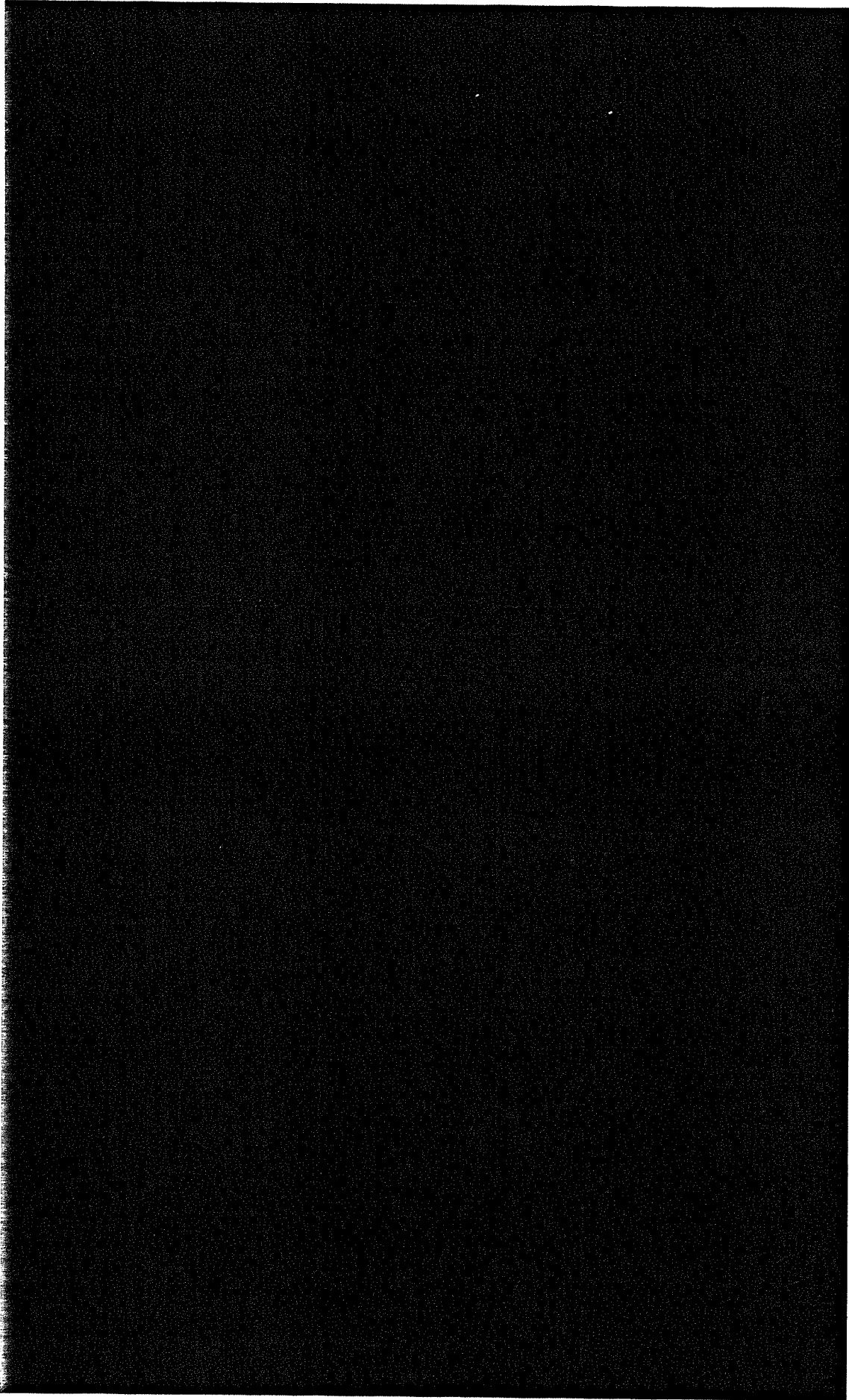
Hon. Denise L. Cote
United States District Judge
Daniel Patrick Moynihan
United States Courthouse
500 Pearl Street
New York, N.Y. 10007-1312

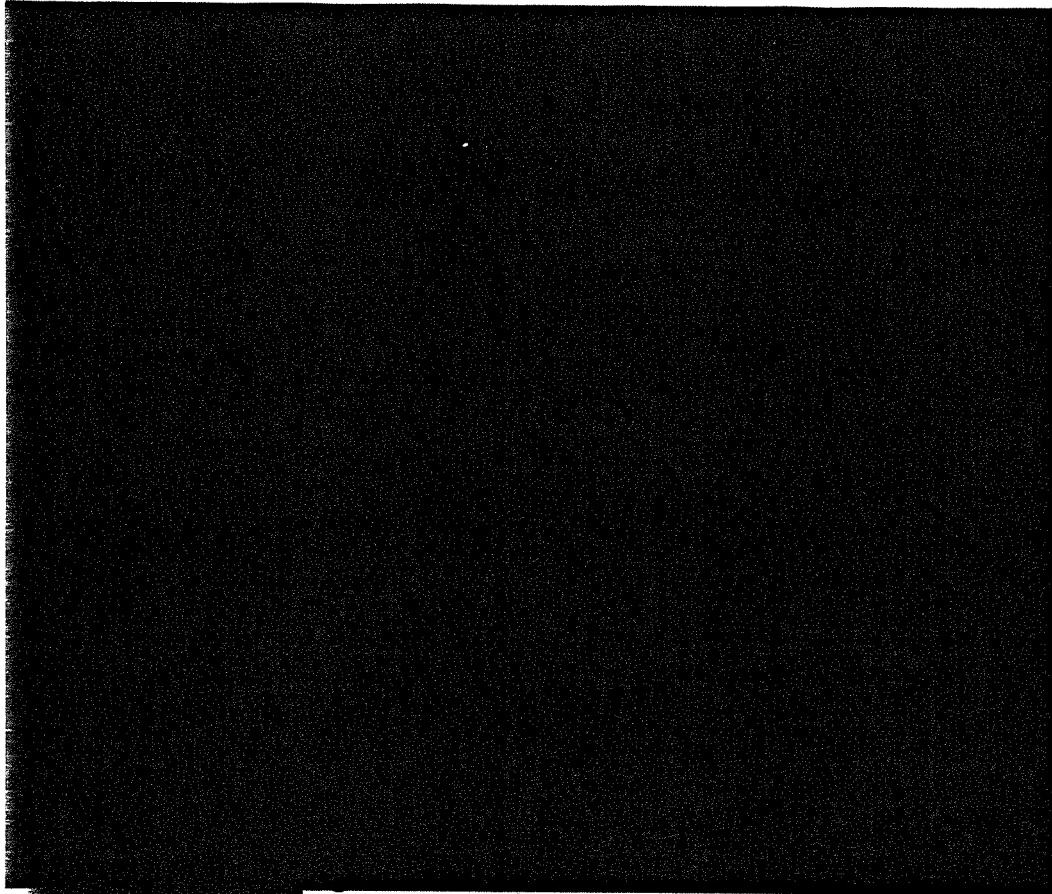
Dear Judge Cote,

As Anthony's mother, I would like to acquaint the court with the psychological pressures he was subjected to as he was growing up.

All of Anthony's early life was in contrast to his older brother Seth.







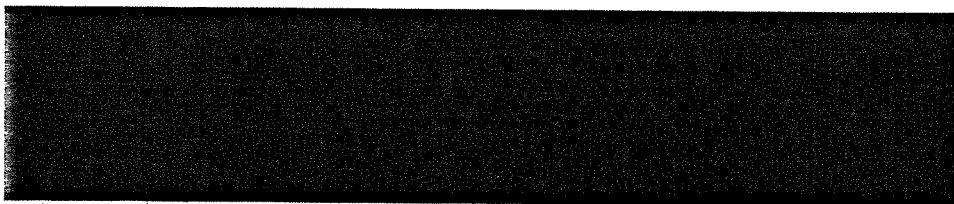
Since he had never learned to modulate emotions like sadness, shame and anxiety, he could not appropriately react to events like his parents divorce when he was 22, Seth's death and his own misbehavior.

Nevertheless, he always continued his care-taking role.

There was a time when he was about 35 that he picked me up from the airport when I was coming home from a trip to Europe. I was under strain and jet-lagged and on the way home, I started to cry. Although this was not in response to any action of his, he got frighteningly angry. The only cause

I could think of was that he thought I was trying to manipulate him into sympathy with my tears. It was that incident that got me to think more about our history.

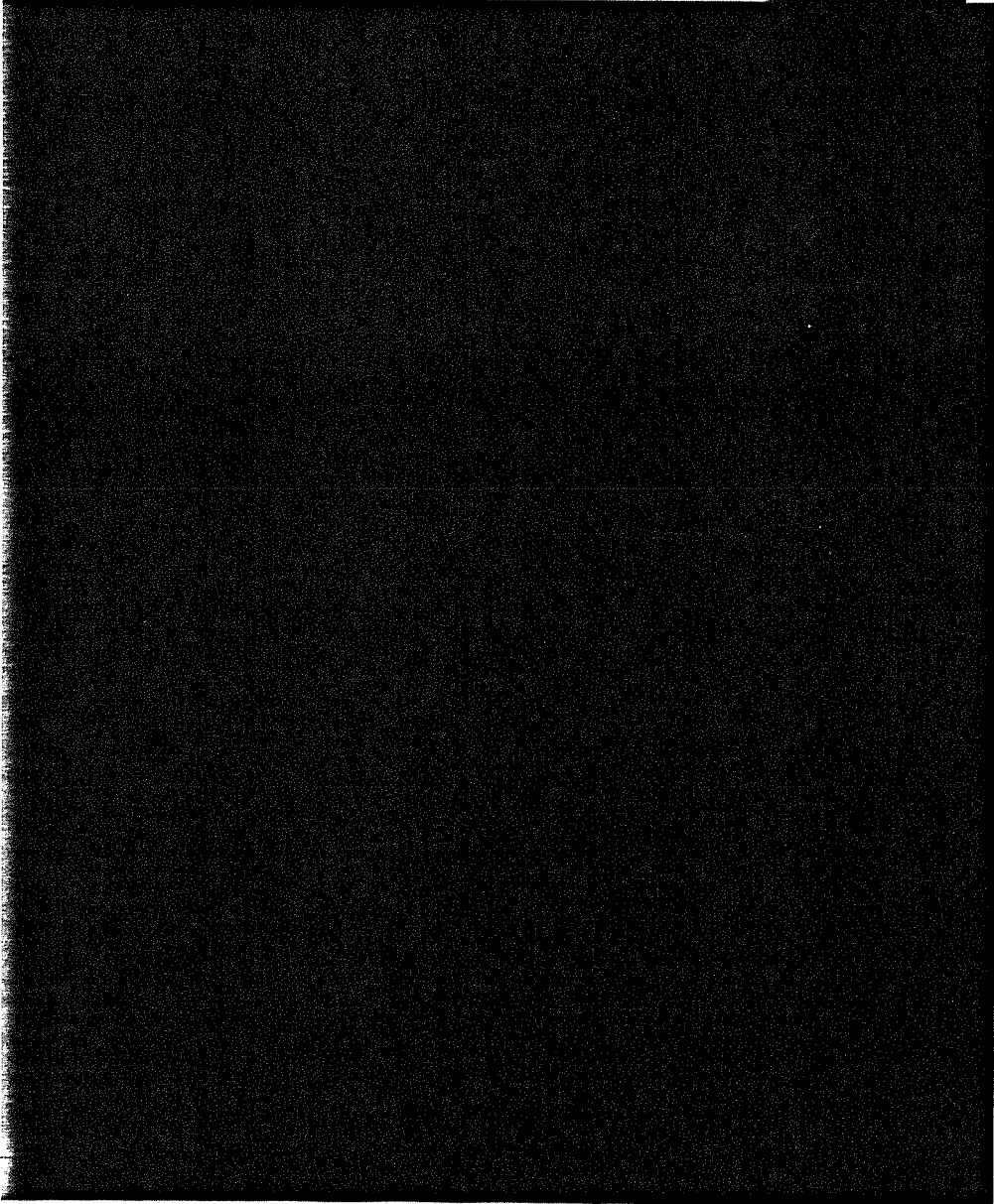
For years Anthony and I (and Seth) denied we had problems. While at the residential treatment facility [REDACTED] Anthony finally admitted to himself and others that he had serious problems. Even before his return he became more open to listening when we spoke on the phone. Since his return he has consistently been attending meetings. Most importantly, he has become self-aware and is now able to monitor his behavior. For example, I have seen him meditate in response to stress.

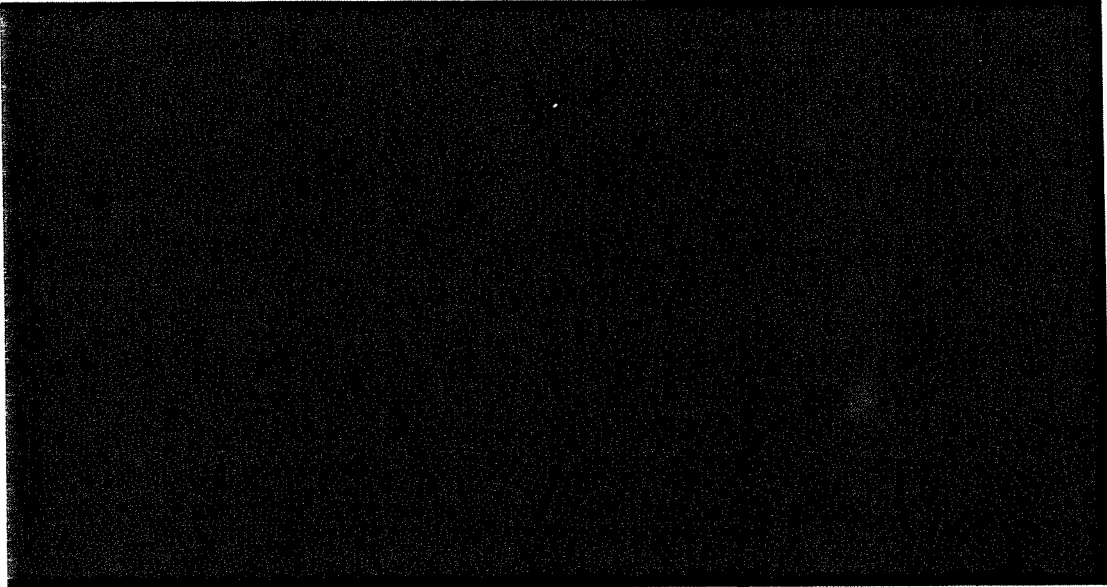


Considering what I know about Anthony's emotional background, I was very concerned and watchful for any possible effects on my grandson, whom I have

spent at least one day a week with since his birth.

What I have seen is that Anthony is an extraordinarily loving and attentive parent who has always dealt with [REDACTED] with sensitivity and determination not to repeat his parents' mistakes (although he was not completely aware of what these were). [REDACTED]





I am a concerned mother but even more, a concerned grandmother and I am always pleased and encouraged by Anthony's interaction with [REDACTED]

I am proud that Anthony had the courage to first admit to himself, and then stand before the court and admit, that he had done wrong. I am hopeful that the consequences of his behavior have finally put him on the path to health.

Thank you so much for considering my thoughts.

Sincerely,
Diane [Signature]

Exhibit 4

Jason Weiner
[REDACTED]

East Hampton, NY |
[REDACTED]

Hon. Denise L. Cote
United States District Judge
Daniel Patrick Moynihan
United States Courthouse
500 Pearl St.
New York, NY 10007-1312

Dear Judge Cote,

I am Anthony's brother and believe I can provide some observations and color about Anthony's life that you may find useful. There was a fair bit of turmoil in our family involving our older brother Seth that I believe left Anthony as the odd man out with regard to attention and affection from my parents. He has never seemed emotionally whole since and only in the past nine months or so, has he started to do the brave and hard work to fix himself.

As kids, Anthony had an outsized role in my life. While the age difference was not quite three years, Anthony always seemed much older. My parents were working full time and dealing with [REDACTED], so it was left to Anthony to look after me. This is, of course, often the case with siblings but he took his role as the Older Brother more seriously than most. I never seemed to be a bother or an annoyance to him. He was central in my life and I was quite certain the opposite was also true.

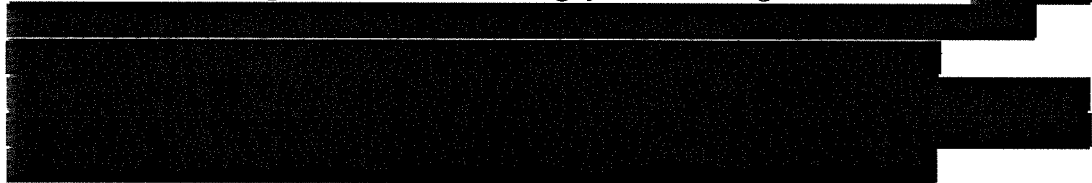
He could also be overbearing. Taking the *loco parentis* role a bit *too* seriously for my taste. I remember him holding my hand while crossing the street way beyond the age that I thought appropriate at the time. He was a straight arrow, a problem solver, a caretaker, an *adult*. But he also encouraged me, played catch with me. He was affirming and proud of me. All that stuff. He also demonstrated a desire to shield me from what he considered a potential bad influence of our older brother. Looking back, it almost felt more like a paternal relationship than a fraternal one.

Meanwhile, our late older brother Seth was the source of lot of tumult in our house. [REDACTED]



All the while, Anthony was put in a position of needing to be the perfect kid that wasn't a problem for anyone. It seems that Anthony was largely left to fend for himself. There seemed to be implicit message coming from my parents to Anthony: "We're busy with Seth. Do well in school. Never get in trouble. Overachieve. Take on an auxiliary parent role with Jason. Grow up fast." And he did.

At the time, and into his adult life, on the surface he seemed to relish this role as the problem solver and caretaker and wear it well. He was elected to the City Council and then Congress at a young age. He helped mediate our parent's divorce. If I were in a jam, big or small, he'd be the guy that would get the first call.



But all the while, there seemed to be something missing emotionally: He demonstrated an unseemly anger and impatience with my parents. He needed to win every argument. He could be a bully. We have always had overlapping circles of friends and his "intensity" was a running joke among us. We never thought much of it. After all, with all his success, he had the world by the tail! He was busy fixing everyone else's problems but neither he nor anyone else was addressing his issues. It was basically a continuation of the dynamic in our house growing up.

Through the first 3 or 4 different incarnations of the scandal that incrementally ruined his life, before the events leading to recent charges, Anthony remained remarkably unchanged. Yes, he was chastened and humbled. Yes, he would apologize. But there didn't ever seem to be a desire to change course in any meaningful way. Each time he seemed to take a crisis management approach. A desire to address the symptoms not the cause. It seemed the goal was manage people's reactions as opposed to actually fixing himself. And he certainly wouldn't entertain even for a moment that perhaps he had an addiction. He couldn't stand the idea that he wasn't fully in control of his actions and decisions, even as evidence to the contrary continued to mount. It's a sad irony that he was willing to take on

[REDACTED] but meanwhile was in acute denial for so long of his own addiction.

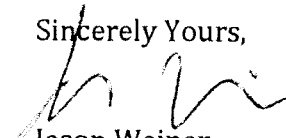
This began to change when he went away for treatment in [REDACTED] last September. He certainly didn't buy in right away. But by the time he came home in November, the way he spoke about his affliction was frank honest and painful. Gone was the window dressing and excuses. In fact, many of the conclusions about childhood life in our household and how it screwed him up came from conversations with Anthony and his desire to get to the bottom of what ails him. The language and deeds of recovery are now central to him. He is taking genuine ownership of the harm he has caused to himself and the people around him. While it was a hell of a way to get to where he is now, I'm glad he got here. While still a work in progress, I believe in many important ways, he is in a far better place now than he was at the peak of his outward success.

When my brother became a father, I was frankly worried about how that may turn out. He has always been great with kids and a favorite of my daughter but fatherhood requires some give obvious give and take that I wasn't sure he was capable of. As it turned out, Anthony is an amazing dad. Maybe the best I know. Yes, he is loving and attentive. But he is also an imaginative, creative and energetic father. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. Through all of Anthony's tribulations over the past five years he could perhaps be forgiven if he was a bit distracted. This has never been the case with regard to [REDACTED]. Aside from all the fun stuff, he has often been the one mapping out the nuts and bolts of [REDACTED]'s everyday life. I'm talking about short-term stuff like playdate/grand parent/babysitter scheduling, medium term stuff like getting [REDACTED] enrolled in camps etc., and long term stuff like applying him to schools. This didn't stop when Anthony when went away for treatment last fall. Too a near comic degree, he was quarterbacking [REDACTED]'s daily schedule via the limited facetimeing and emailing he was allowed to do.

These days, Anthony's life is largely built around his and other's recovery. He has a daily meetings and weekly therapy. He chairs his 12-step group once a week. Lots of checking in with fellow addicts. There is less anger. Less type A personality. He is present and despite everything, hopeful for the future. He is entrepreneurial as ever and trying to figure out ways to make of the best of his many gifts.

Sincerely Yours,



Jason Weiner

Exhibit 5

MORTON J. WEINER

Attorney at Law

Brooklyn, New York

Member of the Bar,
New York • New Jersey

Sept 22, 2017

Honorable Denise Coakley:

I am the father of Anthony Weiner.
I have been an attorney for 58 years and am now
retired.

I write this letter to the Court in behalf of my
son for the Court to consider in imposing sentence.
As the Court is aware, Anthony has been ill with
a condition which has resulted in his present
situation and for which he is receiving treatment
and help.

I have been proud of Anthony who is a loving father
to his son [redacted] years old, my grandson.

I have also been proud of Anthony as a public
servant, as a New York City Councilman, United States
congressman and as a candidate for mayor of
the City of New York. He has always taken positions
on behalf of his constituents.

I believe if give the chance he has many
good years to give to his son and to society.

I know that my son regrets and apologizes
to those who have been injured and offended by
his actions.

I have already lost Anthony's older brother
52th, to a hit and run accident.

I respectfully request the Court to permit
Anthony to continue treatment and to remain with
his son and family.

Thank you for your consideration.

Morton Weiner