

Honorable Arun Subramanian
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, NY 10007

October 2, 2025

Dear Judge Subramanian:

I hope this letter finds you well and in good health and spirits. Thank you for the opportunity to express my thoughts to you. First and foremost, I want to apologize and say how sincerely sorry I am for all of the hurt and pain that I have caused others by my conduct. I take full responsibility and accountability for my past wrongs. This has been the hardest 2 years of my life, and I have no one to blame for my current reality and situation but myself. In my life, I have made many mistakes, but I am no longer running from them. I am so sorry for the hurt that I caused, but I understand that the mere words “I’m sorry” will never be good enough as these words alone cannot erase the pain from the past.

Over the past thirteen months, I have had to look in the mirror like never before. My pain became my teacher. My sadness was my motivator. I have to admit, my downfall was rooted in my selfishness. The scene and images of me assaulting Cassie play over and over in my head daily. I literally lost my mind. I was dead wrong for putting my hands on the woman that I loved. I'm sorry for that and always will be. My domestic violence will always be a heavy burden that I will have to forever carry. The remorse, the sorrow, the regret, the disappointment, the shame. I honestly feel sorry for something that I couldn't forgive someone else for: if they put their hands on one of my daughters. This is why it is so hard for me to forgive myself. It is like a deep wound that leaves an ugly scar.

Your honor, I thought I was providing for Jane concerning her and her child, but after hearing her testimony, I realized that I hurt her. For this I am deeply sorry.

I lost my way. I got lost in my journey. Lost in the drugs and the excess. My downfall was rooted in my selfishness. I have been humbled and broken to my core. Jail is designed to break you mentally, physically and spiritually. Over the past year there have been so many times that I wanted to give up. There have been some days I thought I would be better off dead. The old me died in jail and a new version of me was reborn. Prison will change you or kill you—I choose to live.

Every day since my incarceration, as difficult as my circumstances currently are, I have made the best of my time by reading books, writing, working out, or in therapy obtaining the tools and knowledge to deal with my past drug abuse and anger issues. I have been putting in the work and working diligently to become the best version of myself to ensure that I never make the same mistakes again.

I realize that I am in a situation where no amount of money, power or fame can save me. Only God can save me. My grandmother used to teach me that God makes no mistakes and that everything He does is for your good. I believe that a bad situation can be used for good. Although this situation has been the hardest and darkest time in my life, good things have come out of my incarceration. For starters, I am now sober for the first time in 25 years. I have been trying my best to deal with my drug abuse and anger issues and take accountability as well as positive steps towards healing. One of the most beautiful things I have experienced is being asked by my fellow inmates to teach and mentor them. They wanted to learn what I did to become a successful business man. I was inspired by their hunger and desire to learn information in order to not only set goals but achieve any goal/dream that their hearts desire. I started teaching a 6 week program called Free Game (title given by my fellow inmates), which I was able to have approved and sanctioned by the Bureau of Prisons (BOP). I don't just teach about my success, I also teach about my mistakes and failures. It has truly been a blessing to do something positive in a negative situation. It has been beautiful to see the newfound hope in my fellow inmates' eyes. The most shocking thing was to see the unity and the peace this class has produced. As you are probably aware, jails and prisons are segregated places. However, in our class, we have Black, Spanish, White and Asian all together in one room learning and working together. We even have an interpreter for the Spanish speaking inmates. The biggest miracle that I've seen with this class is all of the gangs such as Bloods, Crips, MS-13s, Trinitarios and 18th Streets, in one room working together. I am also proud to say that since this class started, there have been no fights in our unit. This class has also helped me in my time of need and despair. Being able to do something good for others has also given me much needed hope. God blessed me with this opportunity to help others and I will continue to do so.

I ask you for mercy today, not only for my sake, but for the sake of my children. God blessed me with 7 beautiful children—3 sons and 4 daughters. Their names are Quincy, Justin, Christian, Chance, Jessie, D'lia and the newest addition, a 2 year old daughter, Love. Four of my children lost their mother, Kim Porter, as she tragically passed away in 2018. I am their only parent. I have failed my children as a father. My father was murdered when I was 3 years old so I know first-hand what it is to not have a father. More than anything, I just want the opportunity to return home and be the father that they need and

deserve. God also blessed me with the greatest mother in the world. My mother sacrificed her life and dreams to provide for me and my younger sister, Keisha. She worked 3 jobs to make sure we had a roof over our heads, clothes on our backs and the best education. My mother is now 84 years old and she recently had brain surgery. Despite her own health challenges, she attended my trial every day. I have always been her primary caregiver. It breaks my heart that I put myself in this situation and for the first time, I am unable to be there for my mother when she needs me most. As I write you this letter, I am scared to death. Scared to spend another second away from my mother and my children. I no longer care about the money or the fame. There is nothing more important to me than my family.

I understand that one factor the Court has to consider is deterrence. Deterrence for me and for others to ensure that no one follows in my footsteps and makes the same mistakes.

For over a year, I have been locked in one room with twenty-five other incarcerated people, sharing the same one room. In this room that I share, there are no windows, there is no natural/clean air, there is no sunlight and we all live in one room. We eat, sleep, use the toilet, take showers, and prepare meals all in the same room. The conditions that my actions have placed me in are inhumane. I don't tell you this for pity or sympathy. I'm simply sharing my truth and the truth of my fellow incarcerated people. We have no clean drinking water and we boil our drinking water. We all share one washing machine (which is broken). I am surrounded by drugs and live every day with the constant threat of being stabbed or losing my life. Again—I am not expecting pity or sympathy, but my time at MDC has changed me forever!

Prior to being in jail, I took care of and was present for my family. Being in jail, and because of my conduct, I lost the ability to care for my mother. I lost the ability to effectively raise and support my children. I have missed my three (3) daughter's proms and graduations. I have missed taking one of my daughters to college. I have lost the freedom to teach my two year old how to speak, dance, play, or be there to console her when she falls down or has a nightmare.

I started from nothing and worked hard to earn everything I had. But because of my conduct, I have lost all of my businesses. I have lost my career. I lost the charter schools that I started and I have destroyed my reputation and stained the reputation of those that worked for me. I lost my being present with my family. Between of all of my losses and lessons, I can state for a fact that I will never be in another criminal Courtroom again and I do not believe any other person would do anything similar from fear of similar punishment. If you give me a chance, I would like the opportunity to share my story with people to prevent at least one person from making the mistakes that I've made.

I can't change the past, but I can change the future. I know that God put me here to transform me. Since incarceration, I have gone through a spiritual reset. I'm on a journey that will take time and hard work. I'm proud to say I'm working harder than I ever have before. I'm committed to the journey of remaining a drug free, non-violent and peaceful person. I thank God that I'm stronger, wiser, clean, clear and sober. God makes no mistakes. I realize that this trial has received a tremendous amount of global press and Your Honor may be inclined to make an example out of me. I would ask Your Honor to make me an example of what a person can do if afforded a second chance. If you allow me to go home to my family, I promise I will not let you down and I will make you proud.

Today, I humbly ask you for another chance—another chance to be a better father, another chance to be a better son, another chance to be a better leader in my community, and another chance to live a better life. I am writing this not to gain any sympathy or pity, this experience is simply the truth of my existence and has changed my life forever and I will never commit a crime again

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sean Combs