

Healing from Bipolar and Multiple Sclerosis

An Artist in Recovery

A Memoir



Table of Contents

Chapter 1: Beginnings	3
Chapter 2: Teenager	17
Chapter 3: College Utah State	23
Chapter 4: Move to Salt Lake	30
Chapter 5: Working at UTA	38
Chapter 6: Dallas	45
Chapter 7: Deep Dive	48
Chapter 8: Bottom	51
Chapter 9: Recovery	55
Chapter 10: Group Representative	64
Chapter 11: New York Attack	66
Chapter 12: Working Success	68
Chapter 13: New Career	71
Chapter 14: Disability	78
Chapter 15: Family & Healing	83



Chapter 1: Beginnings

My childhood began in Utah in an A-Frame house at the base of Providence Canyon. This was a quaint place with Spring Creek running through our back yard, and grandpa's house was a block east at the top of the hill. We had Doberman Pincer dogs Hondo and King. Fat King was always cooped up in grandpa's garage. We had a burrow named Jennie and a chicken coop that wasn't stocked. I had nightmares in a little room that dad built for my brother and I to sleep. Dad had a 3½ acre apple orchard, and grandpa had a 5 acre pear orchard at the base of the canyon. Dad would use a

tractor and disk to churn up the earth in the orchard. My recurring dream was that dad would run over me with the disk and cut my whole body into bloody shreds, and this gave me great pleasure. I remember one time dad came to me in the bedroom and kept apologizing to me while I pretended to be asleep. Mom and dad were gardeners, and the house and yard were lovely. They loved each other intently and would drink together every night when dad came home from work, and martinis were their favorite at the time. My brother and I would be batted away when my folks were visiting closely. I loved to eat the martini olives stuffed with either onions or garlic. One night dad came home from work, and the kitchen was array, and dad threw the garbage all over the floor in a tantrum stating that the house needed to be clean. Mom would tell my brother and I to clean up the toys in 1 minute or daddy would leave home and never come back.

One time mom and dad went out on a date, and when dad got home he found that our pet turtle had made a mess of sand on the floor. So my dad broke into a flurry and flushed the turtle down the toilet. Another time mom was bitten by a stray cat, and dad got out the gun and shot at the kitties, and mom got a rabies shot. Down near the creek I would be frightened by a dead cat's corpse. I always loved cats. In the shack with the burrow Jennie there was also a cat strangled at the top of a piece of wood, and this terrified me. Despite my folks objection I would lick Jennie's salt tablet. As a little girl my mom's sister Auntie Barbara would send me cook books and onetime sent seahorses but I killed them because they needed to be stored in a distilled water tank.

There was an earthquake in Providence in 1964 which broke the irrigation dam at the top of the hill, and mud coated our entire yard. The neighbor who owned the dam cleaned up all of this mess. Hondo was our babysitter the best dog ever. One time the

Sherriff was coming into our property line, and my dad warned him that he could be hurt if he stepped past the property line, and Hondo bit him. In elementary school I had classmates who said our dogs ate their sheep, but I didn't know anything about this. Mom was also an artist and seamstress and made us the best Halloween costumes and cloths. I took ballet, and she would complain and throw guilt trips about sewing sequins on ballet costumes.

We only had 3 neighbors within a half mile and we were surrounded by pastures with flowers and cattle. We also had a swing set to play and a tree hut called the rats nest. One time someone was shooting guns near our house, but dad taught them a lesson by pulling out his shotgun and shooting this in the air scaring them away. According to mom and pop Grandpa Norman and Grandpa Key were both alcoholics. Dad's dad Norman was a raging alcoholic and drunk who was filthy rich from being a very successful leathers goods salesman. He just had bad days where we had to cancel Christmas dinner if he was on a bender. Grandpa Norman was from Axtell Kansas and had 8 sisters and was the youngest. He was a flutist who toured the country in a band. The percussionist in his band was my Uncle Elwood. When the band was touring Cache Valley Elwood introduced Grandpa to his sister Evelyn and they got married. When dad was little grandpa would get drunk and try to hit him, and Grandma Evelyn would hide dad in the closet and take the blows. Mom told me this story. When my dad's sister Evangeline was pregnant she was married to a wife beater and my dad delivered her baby in their family home. She got an infection after birth and died at age 25. She had played the cello and attended Mills College music school in California. Evangeline was 11 years older than my Dad John. He was a pianist and practiced for hours but was shy

about playing in front of people. He and I played flute and piano duets together. Grandpa Norman wanted me to play etudes' for hours when I was playing the flute and then took my flute away. Right before Vangie passed away she was awarded an M.S. in Psychology from Utah State University. Her husband ran away with the baby to Grandpa Norman's dismay. Grandma Evelyn couldn't cope with her daughter's death and had a psychotic break and was given a frontal lobotomy. At 56 she died of a heart attack while dad was returning from St. George. Grandpa was dismayed to find that Aunt Anna and Anna Marie had stolen and ransacked all of Evangeline's jewelry and clothes.

When I was about four Grandpa Norman and Step-Grandma Zella were babysitting and Norman got drunk and slammed my brother Bryan into the wall. When Dad came to pick us up and found what Grandpa Norm had done, he belted him in the chest breaking three ribs and putting him in the hospital. This was unusual, my Grandpa Norman was the best guy ever; he would let me sit on his shoulders, and I would comb his hair, and then he bounced my brother and I on his cowboy boots. Grandpa always dressed like a dandy in Silk Suits, Bolo ties, Stetson hats & Western Alligator boots. He had a beautiful Chinese rug in his living room along with dad's Howard Baby Grand Piano and an heirloom oak dining room set. When we were little, we had to practice good table manners in order to dine with Grandpa and Grandma for special holiday events.

Grandma Zella made a Charlotte Rouse desert and Lemon pecan cake doused and soaked in whiskey. She was from Mississippi and met grandpa when he took business trips in the South. Grandpa would either load up a Limousine or Cadillac with leather goods, Indian blankets and jewelry and tour the country selling his goods. His basement

was an office with all sorts of trinkets and boxes where my brother and I would play. Bryan would trap me under a saddle box and pin me down; no wonder I'm claustrophobic. He would lock me in closets at the A-Frame House and terrorize me. He would throw sand on me in the swing set, and mom would try to get him to stop. I swung right into his face punching his baby teeth out. Then he would pounce out and scare me. After we moved into the new house in 1968 and Bryan kept scaring me, dad frightened the hell out of him, and he came out from the bedroom screaming on his hands and knees. After dad died Bryan confessed that after every time he would beat me up, dad would take him out into the yard and kick him. If I had known that, I would have quit being a tattletale.

At grandpas house I drank a glass of lemonade and it fell into the Baby Grand piano and when dad inherited this after grandpa died he couldn't figure out why the piano wouldn't tune. I never told him what I had done. He later bought a Yamaha Baby Grand piano as a replacement. I was chastised by Grandma Zella for writing in crayon all over a plush green chair of Grandpas but I didn't do this. Then one time Grandpa and Grandma went on a vacation and when they returned Zella accused me of making a mess in their TV room with crackers all over their couch but I never did this. Bryan didn't get in trouble and I did.

We had great times playing at the A-Frame house. Mom and dad's bedroom was in the basement, and in their closet there was the lever in a hole to turn on the household water. Dad would wrestle with us and take us to the spider room and stick our hands into that hole. Of course there were no spiders, and that was the game of it. One time we were about to have root beer floats, but all dad had was coke, and I had a tantrum

screaming that it had to be root beer. Dad convinced me to try the coke float, and it was delicious. Whenever I was sick, dad took care of me and read us bedtime stories. If I had a sliver, mom would treat me and care for me. One time I had been sick with a cold, and mom stored the cough syrup on the top shelf of a cupboard; somehow I crawled up there and drank the whole bottle. Mom rushed me to the doctor, and they were going to pump my stomach, but I just threw up all over the doctor. When Bryan was in elementary school, he fell off the handle bars and cracked open his head; mom rushed him to the doctor, and he got stitches. We didn't have a clothes dryer and had a clothes wringer. Mom would hang the clothes out to dry in the summer. One time Bryan tried on his jeans that had been hung in the yard, and he started screaming; there was a wasp in his pants biting him. Bryan and I would play in the brome grass in the apple orchard until one year he came down with severe allergies and couldn't play outside any more.

We had a small shade deck in the back of the A-Frame house right above spring creek. My Grandma Evelyn's glass table was on the patio. I would cheat playing solitaire by looking underneath the table. One time a 6 foot rattlesnake was at the back entrance of the house; Uncle Elwood came to our rescue cutting off its head with a shovel. The third floor of the A-Frame was converted to my brother's room; previously we had shared a bunk bed. One time in the top floor window dad caught a dragon fly. There was a ladder up to this floor; when Bryan turned 4, mom fell off the ladder and crushed his rocket booster cake on the table below. We still had a great party. Bryan was riding up to the top of the hill on his tricycle with no breaks and started heading straight down the hill faster and faster; thank God dad stepped up and saved him preventing a crash.

My dad took a job at Thiokol (now Northrop Grumman) when mom got pregnant with me. They met during the Korean-war when dad was stationed at Fort Ord in California. Mom was studying at Monterey Peninsula College. Dad was an orderly in a hospital, and mom was studying French and art. Dad was shipped off to France instead of Korea to work during the war. He had failed basic training because he had a hernia repaired. When dad came home, he sent mom a diamond ring, and they eloped to Las Vegas in 1957. They had Bryan on November 8, 1958. He came down with pneumonia and was hospitalized and almost died. Mom and dad were both 2 pack a day smokers. Mom prayed that Bryan would live, and he pulled through. They raised me to be an atheist naturalist.

My Grandpa Key Jewel, mom's dad, was a building contractor, and at one time they built a home at Pebble Beach and farmed there. Dad and Grandpa Key built the A-Frame house, and I loved it when he visited. I hated eggs, but Grandpa showed me how to cut them up and make them edible. He also showed me how to skin an apple. His hands always shook and smelled like aftershave. Mom always said he was a quiet drunk, not like Grandpa Norman. Both of my parents informed me that they were adult children of alcoholics, and drank by themselves which was common in those times. I was the rabble-rouser who broke all of the family rules and was given a bad girl complex. My brother is adamant about my not telling his children that our parents drank too much. Although my folks were functional, our home life ruined and broke me. It was my job to make sure the house was spotless every day before mom and dad got home from work cleaning up booze bottles and cigarette butts and making mom's bed codependent as I was. I was supposed to mow the lawn and dad would edge it first. I'd

want to sleep in but mom would scream at me to get of bed you stupid lazy pig you're letting dad do all of your work. One time when I was fifteen I had thrown my new cloths into the closet and didn't hang them up. When dad discovered this he decimated my room scattering books and bedding all over the place and I was shocked. Mom just screamed get in your room and clean up your mess. I ran to grandpa and grandma's house but then came home and cleaned up my room, having learned my lesson to hang up my clothes.

When I was about 4 years old mom decided to take my brother and I on a trip to California to visit Grandpa Jewel and Grandma Bertha. Before we left the house mom was serving hot chili and I proceeded to drop it in my lap and both my folks saved me. I was the little girl who kept spilling water at our small table and always got in trouble about this. Then we left on our trip on a train which was very scary walking along the train aisle and seeing the train tracks below. I remember meeting Auntie Barbara and my cousins Bob and Susan. They had a Miniature Dachshund puppy and a Tortoise. We went to Disney Land and took a trip to the moon ride and I was crying that we couldn't leave daddy at home. Mom reassured me everything would be okay.

By 1968 my folks had designed and built a second home at the bottom of the apple orchard. My new room had a door to the attic, and I was always afraid the bogeyman would come get me from the attic. I'd lock my bedroom door afraid someone would come in. All three bedrooms were so close together, and I'd have to tiptoe to the bathroom to not wake dad up, and I was afraid to flush the toilet for fear of making noise. I was always an insomniac and would read with my night light on. I discovered and rescued a little black cat outside my window. To my parents chagrin we kept this

cat named "Blacky" for a few years. One time they drove her 30 miles away, but I found her again while trick or treating and she came back home. She got pregnant, and we didn't even notice except when she went into labor and lost both kittens. She later died of distemper. We had another Siamese Kitten we called "Crooky-Tail" who also wasn't vaccinated and died of distemper. My parents hated cats.

When we moved to the new house, a biologist Ivan from Utah State rented the A-Frame house and bred St. Bernard dogs with many kennels. He would kill the defective puppies and later on dad started feeding stray cats. When they bred, dad suffocated them like Ivan did the doggies. Hondo only lived to be 12 years old. One time he disappeared for 3 days, but I heard howls in the wind from the base of the canyon. Bryan and I ran up Small Saddle Rock to the yelping sound and found Hondo caught in a bobcat trap. He had almost chewed his leg off to escape the trap. Bryan had me run and get dad; and dad brought the tractor with trailer up along the road at the base of the canyon, and we rescued the dog. Hondo was never the same even though he had a surgery with a cast. Dad confiscated the bobcat trap, and within a couple weeks the Mormon Bishop came to our home asking for the trap. We had some neighbors further down the bench who killed protected wildlife and subjected them to taxidermy and mounted their heads on the walls. This included Bald and Golden Eagles, hawks and owls, deer and elk etc. At their home the boys would light snakes on fire for show, and it was their Bobcat trap.

After Hondo died we got a new Doberman Pincer named Rommel. He was the most rambunctious disobedient and terrible mess of a dog. We sold him to a friend who had a fence and who tried to contain him, but he ended up at a farm with open country near

Richmond 20 miles away. At Providence Elementary I started kindergarten and was a handful. My teacher would have us take a nap, and if you took a good nap, she selected someone to use a wand to wake other students up. I was a terrible at napping and felt bad that she never selected me. By the first grade I was showing how bright I was and entered a book reading contest. I read 135 books most of which I had checked out of the library, but I didn't win the contest. My neighbor Kathy cheated and read little children's books but read more of them. After I was old enough to be tested I had a 153 IQ. In the 3rd grade I had been bored and scribbled artwork all over the desk. I was chastised by the teacher who made me stay after school cleaning all the desks. Kathy and I would play doctor together and she remarked "oh" which embarrassed me greatly. About that time mom flew to California to visit her folks and on the flight she visited with a man from Australia who she befriended, and he sent us stuffed Koala Bears.

In the 4th grade I was placed in an experimental classroom where the students were broken into 3 groups "Blue" for students who mainly taught themselves in the alcove including me and my friend Corey, "Red" for students who were intermediary in their skills and "Yellow" for students who were slow at learning and needed more instruction. Corey and I excelled in this environment and studied math together through "Calculus" classes in High school. There was a writing contest for the elementary school that year, and I won it with an essay entitled "America Is Not as Attractive as It Use to Be". I also entered the art contest but was disappointed I didn't earn that award to. The contest winners were published with pictures in the Herald Journal newspaper. When Bryan was in the 4th grade he was in Aunt Anna's class. She thought he was a member of the terrible three's Brad, Blake and Bryan who were just terrors in the classroom.

Mr. Downs straightened out Bryan's behavior in the sixth grade and thank goodness he stopped acting out in school. But he was still mommy and daddy's prize.

On Valentine's Day in the fourth grade Corey gave me a beautiful necklace and took me on a movie date with popcorn and candy. But he also gave Debbie a necklace and later they became girl and boyfriend in Junior High. She treated me horribly with harassing and taunting, and the Mormon girls would tease me and tell me that I stunk. I didn't realize it was from my folk's cigarette smoke. After Corey converted to Mormonism, we remained friends. We studied together, skied together and played tennis all the while he had a Mormon girlfriend and later wife. In the 6th grade Mr. Downs got mad at me when a classmate sneezed and blew snot into his hand, and I said "Oh". He said not to repeat what was so cruelly done to me. In gym class there was a sit-up contest, and Debbie and I were at 300 when Mr. Downs came and picked me up off of the floor to stop the contest.

After all of this Debbie still had some issues with me, but Mary and Debbie and I continued to play together. One time we were egging cars in the street and the police started chasing us; we ran into cattle herders' yard, and he got out a shotgun and tried to shoot us. I tripped over a plow and hid in the ditch. We ran to Debbie's older friend's house, and she hid us from the police. At age 13 I was given a letter signed by all of the Mormon girls saying that my mother was the devils wife's sister, and they couldn't be my friend. The only girl that didn't sign the letter was Carolee, and I would tutor her in math. In junior high I was helping her on a test, and the instructor caught me and said I was cheating. He put me by myself to take the test, and I scored 100%. When I was 13,

I took my first Algebra class, and it was the hardest challenge ever. I took a California Achievement test and scored at college level on every subject except English.

At this same age I decided that I wanted to learn to play the flute and dad had grandpa lend me his Reynolds Sterling Silver flute. In elementary school I wanted to play the piano and would practice at playing on my own in beginning books at grandpa's house. In the music class at school I had learned how to read music. Grandpa also bought me an organ to play at home in my bedroom which I mastered. In Junior High I was given a beginning flute book over the summer and I perfected the entire book learning to play one song to the next 5 times through to improve my skills. When fall came I had attended one music class and they skipped me ahead a grade and made me first flute. My tone was perfect and they tuned the orchestra to me. Later on I finally took flute lessons at Utah State and learned to relax my fingers and play fluidly with calm ease.

I was attending South Cache Junior High and there was also a North Cache Junior High with a comparable flutist Laura who had also been in my Ballet Class. The conductor of Sky View High School band would join both Cache County Bands and he liked Laura better and tried to change my embouchure. I never wanted to play for him and chose to drop playing the flute shortly after my grandpa gave my cousin Lynn my flute. I also wanted to be popular and not a geek so I quit playing even though my folks bought me a flute.

One time Mary and I snuck out of the house in the middle of the night and met a couple guys to goof off. We broke into the Providence Elementary School cafeteria and climbed up on the roof and jumped off but didn't hurt ourselves. We played and one guy kissed

me, and I giggled, and he got all upset with me. Mary and I and Allison and Kathy (who we called her wiggle tits) would ride bikes up and down the hill on Canyon Road, and we got candy at the Providence Store. We also would ride 10 miles to a swimming pool and suntan together. Mary's dad was an architect, and he designed a glass house, and we played basketball and other games. We were also in 4-H together and I won blue ribbons for sewing and cooking. There were baseball, basketball, and volleyball teams we played for at the Mormon Church or school. In elementary school I had the hardest time learning to play baseball. I just couldn't get a hit for the life of me until I learned a trick to bend to the side and stick my butt out and then I could get a good hit. My favorite position was shortstop.

For six years I took Ballet; I was born with deformed hips and was pigeon toed. I was the first dancer who was strong enough for toe shoes, but my toes never looked right. When I was 5, I had my first dance recital dancing to the hit song "Jingle Bell Rock" at the Capitol Theater in Logan. By the time I was about 12, all the little Mormon girls were wearing bras with their leotards, and I was so embarrassed. My mom was flat and hardly wore a bra. I confessed to mom that I was ashamed, and she put me in a slip at our Christmas Eve celebration and we finally shopped for bras.

Grandpa had this huge lovely house on the hill, and he had paid to bring electricity up to the South Providence Bench and had paved the road to his place. When I was about 6, grandma Zella threw me a birthday party, and I invited about 20 kids. I didn't realize this at the time, but we were considered to be the rich kids on the hill. A bus picked us up in the morning at some point, but before that the family parent's car pooled us to school. At one point Carolee complained that we got special treatment for being the wealthy.

During the summer of 1975 there was a Multiple Sclerosis 25 mile walk fundraiser that Mary and Allison and I participated in. Allison got sick and couldn't finish the walk, but Mary and I did. Little did I realize I would come down with MS by the time I was 47 but had symptoms beginning as early as 1994 when my balance was too impaired to ride a bicycle. My tennis and ski buddy Leslie and I both came down with MS as well my girlfriend Steph's sister.

My folks were active successful members of the community, and in their retirement dad was involved with the Chamber Music Society of Cache Valley, and mom was the affiliated with the Nora Harrison Eccles Museum of Fine Art at Utah State University. My brother and I played together tossing the football and playing Frisbee and taking snow hikes without snowshoes. We would play with our childhood friends, the Labau's and Johnson's. I met the Johnson family boys after a ballet class at their home in Nibley. The boy's were Doug, Todd, Corey, and Casey and they were in their bedroom and teasing me for how I looked. Then Todd was so nice inviting me to snuggle with him and they were all my family brothers. When Todd got older he rode his motorcycle into a train right next to his house and was taken by life flight to the University Hospital in Salt Lake and passed away.

As kids we would play steeple chase running and jumping over sagebrush. I would run so hard that I had to rest because my legs hurt so bad keeping up with the guys. Mom would give me an aspirin for my leg aches. Our families explored the ferns on the mountains above Wellsville. The ferns were chest high, and we would run around and slide threw them. We would go to Bear Lake and picnic with the families and played backgammon and volley ball and football. On the fourth of July we would attend the

Hyrum parade at the Labau family home and play in their yard. Tom and Norma worked at Thiokol like dad, and Tom was in charge of the photography department. The kids were David, Marilyn, and Chuck. Tom did the candid photography at Mel and I's garden wedding, but I wished we had done some posed shots.

Bryan and I would sled down grandpa's driveway and Providence Canyon, and grandpa would build kites. He launched a huge kite with his pickup truck. My time in elementary school was awful as far as friends went, but I made friends with Christine, and she and I both snuck off our underpants when we slept. We would just get too uncomfortable. Christine and I were best friends at last. Her dad also worked at Thiokol, and she was smart. We studied Calculus together in high school. She came down with scoliosis in her spine and had to wear a body cast, and I wasn't very understanding. I wanted to be popular but didn't realize I was liked and was considered rich living on the South Providence Bench. The most popular girls were from River Heights, but these girls weren't smart like Christine and I. Shawna and Leslie were the most popular. Shawna was in Ballet class with me, and Leslie and I were on the Tennis Team. We would and also cut school to ski together with Corey, David and Mike and Bruce who was the center of the high school basketball team. Bruce and I dated and hooked up in college, but I wasn't able to enjoy this yet.

Chapter 2: Teenager

By the time I was in Junior High I was running track and field and doing triple jumps and 440 relay. I was fast and always ran the third leg of the relay. My first year running the 440 a girl from North Cache Junior High beat me by a millisecond. The next year the

grass was wet and I did my triple jump and fell and hit my head. The track coach was afraid I had a concussion and pulled me out of class, and Mary stayed with me all day. By late afternoon I ran the 880 and Casey spotted me running inside the track and I finally beat the girl from North Cache. My track team coach said I walked funny and was rude about my pigeon toes, but this made me good runner.

As a freshman in high school I made friends with Joy, and we shared a gym locker together. I violated one of dad's rules to stay out of the sacred Jewelry Box and wore my Great Great Grandma Anna Smith's pearl engagement ring to school. When I went swimming I put the ring on hook in the locker room while swimming and it was stolen. Anna's husband was Joseph Alastair Smith who built an estate in Providence Bench called Edgewood Hall. He imported trees from all over Europe and proved they could be grown in the desert. He constructed tutor buildings with gardens, ponds and Peacocks and other rare birds. Joseph was able to establish the agricultural land grants that became the basis for Utah State University. He was also an Officer to the Utah State Constitutional Convention in Salt Lake City and he penned the version of the constitution that gained Utah Statehood in 1896. Anna's oldest daughter was grandma Naine my Grandma Evelyn's mother.

On my first high school date with Guy we packed several couples in the same vehicle, and I didn't want to sit on his lap. I hung onto the door handle and when we got to Sky View parking lot he opened the door and I fell on the ground getting myself all dirty. My second High school date was equally disappointing: the couple in the back seat just made out with each other, and Martin and I just sat there awkwardly. He was a grown up man, and I was a bashful girl. My debate and chemistry partner was Garth. He was

smart, and his dad was a professor at Utah State University. I didn't find him attractive but we would make out although I wouldn't go all the way with him. A cop caught us making out in the back seat of a car. He didn't arrest us but told the LDS church what happened, and Garth had to stay after school at seminary for penance. Another girl baked him cookies and had a crush on him. They took over making out on the bus for debate trips. Garth had braces and garbled speech so we couldn't win at debate. We made nylon in our chemistry class for our project together. I did have fun playing around with Garth and missed him, but I never dated anyone I liked in high school. I had a crush on David who I skied with but offended by opening the door of the car as it was going around a corner while we were both sitting together thinking this was funny. But I didn't realize he thought I was nuts, and he was frightened by my crazy attempt at flirting.

One time I made out with a guy on a debate trip, and he touched my breast, and I liked it, but he was very strange. Apparently years later he came to my house when I was mentally ill and tried to get me to freebase cocaine with him, I said no and kicked him out but suspected he was a dope-dealer.

I went on a girl's choice date with Kurt in high school and he just cuddled and wanted me to feel good but had gotten another girl pregnant. My creative writing English instructor Pattie had invited Kurt and me to take a trip to Canada together and got permission from my mom. We went to Calgary, Alberta and Edmonton and visited with her folks. But to my dismay Kurt and Pattie had an affair and became engaged. While they were hiding out in a camper in the back yard all I did to cope was eat. We went to the Calgary Stampede since a classmate of mine was a horse jockey. Edmonton was

gorgeous with beautiful wildlife and glaciers, and on our drive we also went through Glacier National Park.

I had started skiing when I was 11 and eventually quit ballet. By age 15 I was a mogul skier and jumper and won a jumping contest. To win I climbed up the hill to where the boys started their jumps, and I did a spread eagle. I had caught an edge and fallen in the mogul contest. Skiing with Corey and David was a blast, and I was the only one who could keep up with Corey skiing moguls and jumping under the fall line. There was a huge cliff on the back side of Beaver Mountain Ski Resort that the guys jumped off, but I wasn't that crazy. David broke his tail bone taking the jump. One summer Corey and I rode up Logan Canyon to the ski resort on his motorcycle and hiked to the top of Beaver Mountain and took a rope to measure the height of the cliff which was 35 feet. We always were such good friends.

One time in high school I attended a dance but didn't have a date and felt so alone that I abandoned my girl friends and decided to walk home all depressed and upset. When I realized the walk was too long I turned around and went back to Sky View but didn't have a ride. I saw David in the parking lot and asked for a ride. It was a car full of drunken guys making passes at me. There was an aggressive Tongan football player who I felt threatened by, but David stepped in and rescued me from all the drunken boys.

Grandpa had died of a stroke when I was 16, and this put me in a depressive tailspin. I would cut school and ski with my friends, and I couldn't get out of bed in the morning. My mom threatened to send me to a psychiatrist. In my senior year at Sky View High

School my English teacher pulled me aside and told me that I was being considered for a Language Arts Award, but this would depend on my attending class more. So I kept up my attendance and received the reward.

Over the summer when I was 17, I moved to Sweet Water Park on Bear Lake in Garden City to waitress. My folks had already introduced me to drinking at 16 at Christmas giving me French 76er that had Cognac, Brandy and Champaign. We also had a whole array of other choices Amaretto, Raspberry Cordial, Grand Marne, Cognac etc. I got drunk and liked it. At Bear Lake I lived in a condo unit with a roommate who was on the track team at Utah State University. We were invited to a missionary going away party for a nephew of the cook who hired me at the restaurant. How hypocritical that there was drinking. I got drunk and started arguing with the missionary host regarding whether there was such a thing as the devil. He beat me up and dragged me down the beach. When I went to work the next day all bruised the cook was concerned and forced me to tell him what happened, and I did. My roommate told me I didn't know how to hold my liquor, and the cooks who were at the party would call me a rat and hold up their knives at me and threaten me as a waitress.

So I just became the hostess, and I was too shy and bashful to be a waitress anyway. I would sit in the front of the restaurant and sing songs to the chagrin of management and pig out on ice-cream and coffee. I played tennis and took one tennis lesson learning to sink my serve. At the end of the summer when I left to return home and attend my senior year, the cook fired me and accosted me saying I was broken and couldn't see or hear anything around me. He was right I was just caught up in the nightmares of my crazy bad-girl thinking and couldn't get out of my head.

During the middle of the summer I attended a Debate Workshop at Baylor University in Texas. I met a nice older class girl Jessica who had me train with her favorite professor. I was staying in the dorms, but we snuck out and got drunk. I was kissing a guy, and we got arrested for breaking curfew and put on probation at the conservative school. She wanted me to join her in college at Auburn University, but mom and pop insisted on Utah State. When I got home that fall my mom had missed me so much that she had redecorated my bedroom with purple lilac drapes and bedding, but I just wish she had let me decorate my own room. My mom's best friend from Utah State Rosalina had let her kids Lars and Wenlee decorate their own rooms. When we moved into our new house, mom had put in a yellow accent wall in my bedroom and an olive green carpet that I hated.

I had put on 20lbs. that summer overeating and so had mom. So we went to a dietician, and I lost weight to my ideal of 127, but I still thought I was fat and had an eating disorder issues. My eating disorder of anorexia had started at 15 and I starved myself down to 97lbs. and I looked horrible in my pictures from that age; I just wanted to be popular. Then at 15 I had worked at Kentucky Fried Chicken and kept eating the fat crusts off chicken and the deserts. I would cook cakes in the middle of the night and take to school for friends birthdays and eat the chocolate swirl out of the ice-cream. I tried throwing up and burst blood vessels in my eye so I wouldn't throw up again. I had become bulimic anorexic and my weight issues were dovetailing with my budding mental illness. When I was mentally high I would lose weight, and when I was depressed, I would gain weight or just have one big treat I was addicted to every day.

When I graduated high school we had a graduation party, and my Grandma Zella gave me a bottle of whiskey to celebrate. I had made this gorgeous backless black and flowered graduation dress, and my calculus teacher put a coat around me to cover up. After graduation we went to a dinner party, and I confronted Garth and Kenny in the parking lot. Garth tried to break the whiskey bottle over my head, and I kissed Kenny. Later Corey saw I had been drinking and followed me home in his car to make sure I was safe. I had started working as a grocery checker, and when Kenny's girlfriend found out what happened she egged my car.

While working as a grocery checker the alcoholic addict Marvin rescued me after someone had vandalized my beautiful bike. I would ride the bike to work and leave it parked behind Macy's Grocery Store. Maybe he vandalized my bike to spend time with me. We went to his place and made out, but I didn't want to go all the way with him, so we went swimming at Hyrum Dam, and he almost drowned. I had to rescue him and bring him back to shore. Then he gave me a ride home.

Chapter 3: College Utah State

At age 19 my brother had flown to Mississippi to work on step uncle Jessie's tugboat. This was step grandma Zella's relative. Bryan would work on the tugboat where he learned to get high. After I graduated High School and had attended my first year of college, I helped Grandma Zella move home to Mississippi. I assisted her packing and riding with her on the plane. She was in a wheelchair and drunk on the plane. We visited Aunt Flo's house and had a barbeque. Cousin Todd would play the piano and the family would party. Grandma Zella was so drunk she danced around holding her

dress above her head, which was alarming and stressful for me. At one juncture we took a ride in a convertible to the Mississippi River, and I met up with my brother Bryan on a tugboat, and we had a good visit and then went home to Aunt Ruth's.

Later on I went to a concert in Greenville and was so surprised and found there were 4 classes in this town: the Rich Blacks, Poor Blacks, and Rich Whites, and Poor Whites. These classes didn't intermingle. A little black boy came up to me asking me to find his dad and distracted me while stealing my purse. In rural Utah there were only black football players and a few Hispanic fruit pickers who lived in their cars. I went to a dance bar with Cousin Jessica and wound up dancing with this black guy. When they stopped the dancing and turned on the lights I was aghast that the guy I was dancing with was such a derelict. I was the only white girl in the room, and Jessica had abandoned me. When I came home to Aunt Ruth's, I couldn't sleep and walked around outside looking at the beautiful moon. The entire yard was wet and covered with frog's right next to the Green River. I didn't know at the time I was allergic to alcohol; it gives me insomnia so I can't sleep and makes me manic.

After breakfast I did fine and went for a ride with crazy grandma, and I started having funny sensations around me and not aware of what I was doing. That night at the dinner table with Aunt Ruth, Uncle Jessie and Grandma Zella I stood up on the table and said that I was Queen Victoria. I looked all around me and thought all of my friends from high school had originally been in my Court, and we were reincarnated together in this lifetime. Of course the family was concerned and took me to the hospital where a doctor stabbed me with a needle of Thorazine. I woke up in a bed with Mom at my bedside in a beautiful blue flowered dress.

Mom and Bryan drove us back home and the doctor had given me some medicine, but mom didn't believe there was anything wrong with me and didn't think I needed the pills. I had started feeling better and went back to school in the fall. Dad gave me a choice on who to see as my Psychiatrist, his friend's boyfriend or Dr. Kurt who I liked. I started doing crazy writings summarizing my psychotic experiences and made myself sicker. I learned that I had been reincarnated many times starting with a cell in the ocean and was an old soul. I shared the writings with Dr. Kurt even going to his home to deliver them. I went home, and my mom thought I was acting strange and grabbed me forcefully and took me to the hospital. I had been trying to talk with birds on the patio and was locked up in Logan Hospital. I saw my ski and tennis buddy Leslie's mom who was a nurse, and she was so nice to me. While in the hospital I went on an LOA walk outside and ran into my dear friend Carolee who was getting married at the Logan Temple. There was a crazy guy in lockup that kept doing pushups and exercising erratically. The nurse said watch out he's psychotic. There was an orderly who took me on a walk through the hospital, but I was nuts and thought he was going to rape me. He took me by all the vases that looked like body parts; I was glad to get away.

Dr Kurt put me on Lithium when he sent me home, and I missed six months of school. When I came back to Utah State my grades were not very good, and I had gained 40 lbs. I tried to rush Alpha Chi Omega Sorority stuffing myself into my red pants. I had been addicted to honey bread on campus and just couldn't stop eating. I was blackballed at the Sorority even though I was a legacy. Wenlee's mom Roselina resigned the board for sororities trying to persuade them to admit me. I was blackballed

for being a teacher's pet in class which I was. I always had to ask a bunch of leading questions in class calling attention to myself for being smart.

Wenlee and Steph were my closest high school friends from the Debate Team. In my favorite picture of us we were toasting with Champaign. We all intended to become lawyers. In about 1983 after college Wenlee got a DUI when she hit a cow on the way home to her house in Richmond. When I started working at UTA, Wenlee would rave about how she loved taking the buses. She had graduated Utah State and was working for a Legal Office in downtown Salt Lake. Later she attended law school at Columbia University in New York. Years later after I quit drinking because alcohol made me mentally ill, Dad died, and Wenlee offered to sponsor me, while trying to stay clean herself. She was good at encouraging me to write a little every day, and I found a new sponsor.

When my mom died three years before dad, my sponsor Sara took me through adult child step work which was so healing. But she became too ill to sponsor me like she had done years earlier. After working successfully at the Utah Courts for years I started to come down with cognitive impairment from Bipolar and Multiple Sclerosis Sara abandoned me while her husband relapsed and started gambling, and she could not longer help me.

Steph finished her undergraduate in Political Science, and her dad was a Professor in that department. Her mom and dad both attended Harvard and Radcliff. Steph did translations for the Army in California where she hooked up with her husband Dentist Bennie. Then she tried to complete law school at the University of Utah.

In my perception the three of us Wenlee, Steph and I were from alcoholic families but of course my brother Bryan would disagree. Bennie thought Steph had a drug problem and was arrested for trying to stab her drug dealer. When Steph and I would take a girls night out, I would have 1 vodka tonic, and she would have five and still insist on driving. One time we went out to eat, and I had stabbing shoulder pain; she gave me a Toradol shot in the bathroom; this infuriated my hubby Mel, Mr. Clean and sober since 1983.

In 1981 I had begged my folks to let me live in the dorms at Utah State, and I had met my brother's friend Keith when I was in high school. He had a girlfriend who had a brain aneurism from an automobile accident and was in a recovery center. He had a crush on me and slipped into my dorm room to make out. He was so hot that he couldn't save anything sexual for me and was apologetic. A few weeks later we got drunk on Lemonade and Vodka up Dry Canyon on a blanket, and I lost my virginity. Right after we finished we discovered a dog grave right next to where we were laying, and there was a full moon. Keith got spooked and we left.

Another time we were making out in the back seat of my car, and a cop arrested us for nudity, lewdness, and disorderly conduct. Keith had mouthed off to the cop. I called Steph to bail me out of jail. I found an attorney who had me write an apology letter to the Judge and blamed Keith for the arrest. Keith's girlfriend had recovered and was living with him at the time, and she bailed him out and rescued him. Meanwhile dad had heard about my arrest from his carpool buddy who worked at Thiokol. Dad just kept this to himself until later when he kicked me out of the house for entertaining a black athlete at our home. Dad caught us drinking liquor. He said the black guy was using me and taking advantage of me, and he was right.

In the dorms I had made best friends with a darling Persian girlfriend Nushen with long black hair. The first day I met her she invited me to smoke dope. We'd dine together in the cafeteria, and I would sit with all the healthy skinny Persian girls. Apparently when Nushen came to the United States as a foreign exchange student, she started eating like an American and had gained 20lbs but had lost it. She thought I was pretty and envied my smooth legs that didn't have cellulite. She was a landscape architect who had started in engineering school. Her family had been wealthy rice farmers, and her dad drove limousines until the revolution in Iran and confiscation of their property from the Ayatollah Khomeini. Her brother had become a US Citizen in Denver Colorado.

I had become a member of the Utah State Ski team, and my folks didn't want me to do this because I had ruined my knees skiing and couldn't even run anymore. My brother and I and his college friends took ski trips together at Grand Targhee Resort in Wyoming. They would all ski high and get drunk at bars, and I was the designated driver. My brother lived in the dorms with his friends and partied until his grades slack off, and he moved back in with mom and dad.

We had taken a ski trip to Steam Boat Springs Colorado, and I had been skiing down mogul fields as usual when both of my knees went out, and I was in horrible pain. Previously I had been taking 5 mile runs up the canyons and benches and caught pickup games at the tennis courts at Utah State. In prep for ski team races I was skiing with the guys on the team who were doing downhill racing, and I pulled into the powder on the side of the slope since I was going too fast. Then the toes of my skis dug into the ground where there wasn't enough base. I did a full front flip and hurt my back. I was taken off the hill in a toboggan but nobody on the ski team was concerned. They weren't

my ski buddies like I had grown up with; things were dog eat dog. On our first ski trip to Winter Park Colorado I packed food from the dorms and brought some Cabernet Rose Wine. The guys made fun of me fat as I was to bring food. On the first slalom race on the ice I fell and nobody was concerned.

One time I went to a party in Logan and drank until late watching Saturday Night Live. I was the last woman at the party, and I was still fat, but one guy hit on me. He was a racer on the Utah State track team. I thought he liked me, and I took him for a ride in my dad's jeep up Logan Canyon. It started raining, and we took our clothes off and danced in the rain. Then we were making out in the Jeep with me facing him in his lap, and he grabbed me around the throat and forcibly raped me in the mouth. I just submitted and drove him home. I did call the track coach and complain but was too ashamed to report the rape.

While at Utah State University, I took Political Science taught by Dan who was my girlfriend Leslie's father. I knew him from High School because he would cheer for Leslie while she played tennis. In college when I went to his office, I would wear tight fitting low cut dresses, and he would glower at me and say that somebody should be enjoying me. I would just bashfully leave his office. Later on after I was working as an analyst at Utah Transit Authority, I supervised his consulting work for UTA, and he had me meet with his new wife; He apologized for his behavior and asked me not to tell anyone. Naturally, the first thing I did was tell my boss; I had no honor or respect for others.

At Utah State I attended a football party and drank punch that everyone said was not spiked, and it was. I ended up dancing with a football player and wound up at the football dorms screwing around. I ended up with the crabs which my dad identified when I screamed in the bathtub. The black football player was a defensive end, and I don't have any idea of how I could have ended up with him. I started hanging out with the football players and got into a relationship with the star running back that would bum car rides to Salt Lake City and abandon me. I was running out of gas and a cop took me to a Phillips 66 gas station to gas up with my credit card. Thanks god I made it safely home. I called the Utah State Football coach to report the player for taking advantage of me.

After all this hullabaloo things just got really bad at home, dad kicked me out of the house, and I went to stay with my brother's girlfriend Natalie; she just put up with me, and I moved back home. Shortly thereafter my psychiatrist Dr. Kurt suggested that I move away from home. He knew there was something crazy in that house, but I didn't realize my home was affected by alcohol until I was 25. A new doctor suggested I read the book "Adult Children of Alcoholics". Whether they were alcoholic or not we had all the family traits.

Chapter 4: Move to Salt Lake

I moved to Salt Lake City in the summer of 1981. In the Tribune Classified Ads for an apartment with roommates I found a German Couple who were both Fulbright Students who had a room which was right next to the University of Utah Campus. There was only one bathroom that was through their bedroom. Carolla and Peter both played tennis. I

took a job at a Bernina fabrics store. In Logan our neighbors the Carlson's owned and managed Bernina Fabrics, and mom would shop there for hours and sewed cloths and drapes. She taught me how to sew. Debbie C hired and fired me. At the fabric shop there was a time log-in machine I was having difficulty stamping correctly, so I would do this several times and they accused me of trying to doctor my pay checks. When I wrote a customer receipt, I didn't like my hand writing, so I would write a new receipt and throw the one with poor hand writing away. They thought I was stealing money from the till. My supervisor who was in charge of counting and depositing the money would stuff it in the drawer and not deposit it. I did steal sewing sheers; I just couldn't help myself. Nearly every place I worked I stole something. At Kentucky Fried Chicken I stole food; babysitting I stole food, and in every professional job I had I stole pens and notepads and made copies of paperwork. At the Utah Courts, I stole beautiful art coloring pens.

My German Roommates Peter and Carolla introduced me to a friend of theirs Mary. She had a boyfriend Dan who fell in love with me. I was still fat at 157, but Dan had a fat sister and fell in love with me anyway. This love melted away my pounds and finally I wasn't frigid anymore. Someone loved me, and I sort of fell in love too. Dan was an alcoholic, and after he took his Ph.D. qualifying exam, he threw up all over the bed and bathroom. Leslie K was his drinking buddy who rescued him and got him into bed. Dan did pass his exam but never finished his Ph.D. He was lazy and when his car broke down he wouldn't repair it. His body had pimple pock marks all over with scarring from acne, and he looked like Mick Jaguar who I always thought was so sexy.

I had moved out from living with Peter and Corolla because Peter found me attractive, and Corolla was flat-chested, and thought I was after her husband. Peter and I would

play tennis together, and he would get a get excited watching TV with me while Corolla entertained herself in the bedroom. Oh, my living with a married couple was a nightmare. That summer the Germans and I drove my Mustang on a trip to New York via Wyoming, South Dakota touring Mount Rushmore, Minneapolis, Toronto Canada, Niagra Falls, the Finger Lakes, Boston then New York. We camped at several places, and we used my dad's tent and camping gear, but Corolla made me sleep out in the freezing cold, and got mad when I came in the tent to keep warm. We'd also sleep at some of their friend's houses, and I was supposed to sleep on the floor. I had a friend in New York from a wealthy family, and they wouldn't even let us set up a tent in their yard. The Germans were upset but found us a place to stay at the German Embassy. When I was facing sleeping on the floor again while they had the bed, the German Ambassador let me sleep on the couch. My cousin Michael found us tickets to the Broadway Play "Circus Circus", and my roommates were not impressed; they hated anything American.

The German couple would not help me pay to put up my car in a garage in New York, and Dad wired me some money. Peter flew back to Germany, and Carolla and I traveled back to Utah together. I drove to Washington D.C. to visit my cousin Michael, and Carolla took a bus to meet friends in the Midwest. Michael gave me the whole tour of the capital, and I bought some beautiful art prints from museums. He took me to a famous ice-cream store for a Sunday. When I left to meet Carolla, I took the Pennsylvania Turnpike on the drive and took pleasure arriving late in Ohio to meet up with her.

Then we drove all the way back to Colorado Springs and stayed in a hostel over night. While driving the next day over the Continental Divide, my car started giving out and making a put-put noise. We barely made it up the hill but managed to make it home okay. The mechanic I took the car to said that I had just blown a spark plug.

After we got home from our trip, my knees were killing me, and I was walking to campus and wanted to become a ski Instructor. A knee surgeon Aeron promised a miracle surgery on both knees that destroyed them. I was 40 lbs. overweight and ruining my knees with exercise. The arthroscopy with lateral release was unsuccessful, and I fell down the steps using crutches landing on my left knee. I moved to my favorite little apartment in the avenues where I had sweet landlords and a Murphy bed in the living room, a small kitchenette, and bathroom with an old fashioned bathtub. When my car wouldn't start, my dad drove to Salt Lake and replaced the battery.

The following spring Dan and I moved in together in a cute place. In school I was taking 18 credits hours of classes each semester, and I with my bad knees I couldn't finish my classes and took some incompletes. That fall I took the mathematics for economics class with Dr. Sieger who was odd, but he gave us a puzzle to solve that other students thought was foolish. The puzzle was designed to solve the Pythagorean Theorem, and I was the only student who solved it. Since I was a transfer student, I couldn't qualify for an academic scholarship like I had at Utah State Then I took 2 quarters of undergraduate statistics classes; and I had found my niche.

When I graduated with a B.S. in Economics and B.S. in Political Science, my academic advisor Steve referred me to a Summer Internship Program at Utah Health Systems

Agency. I wrote about the Healthcare Corrective Actions Regulatory program to quell healthcare costs. There was a Marriner Eccles Research Fellowship in Political Economy usually awarded to law or Economics Ph.D. Students I set my sights on. I started my Masters Degree in Economics that fall, and I took 3 graduate level Statistics Classes including Probability Theory and 2 Econometrics courses. With my background in Healthcare Studies and a Healthcare Economics Course offered by Timothy I wrote an econometric research study and was awarded this research fellowship. I had once again taken an incomplete in the Healthcare Economics class, and when I wrote the research proposal, Dr. Tim finally gave me an A in the class. For some reason I was a procrastinator and took incompletes. In one Political Science class on International Relations I took an incomplete but submitted my paperwork, and the professor held back my graduation but eventually gave me a grade. A letter was sent to my folk's address which stated that I had not graduated; my parents read it, and they were furious. They had given me a brand new sewing machine for graduation, and they were upset. Eventually the Political Science professor cleared up my grade.

During the summer internship I lived in a cute duplex apartment on 6th South & 10th East in Salt Lake with my boyfriend Dan. While working at Utah Health Systems agency at lunch I would snack on clam chowder soup bowls at the ZCMI Center or a half slice of cantaloupe at Lamb's Café. Then in graduate school I was too busy to work and take classes at the same time. I dumped Dan and cheated on him with a new boyfriend Kevin. Then I moved to an apartment just below the Utah State Capital.

Kevin and I we went camping all summer long in 1983 visiting Arches, Dead horse Point, Capitol Reef, Bryce Canyon, Zion's and the Grand Canyon. My knees hurt, but I

could still hike. Kevin had a boyfriend from California who visited, and they would drop LSD together. Both of them would put me down for apologizing and explaining which is hard to overcome. Kevin was an alcoholic, and he would meet me at the airport in California and carry me all the way to the car. He was burly and 6'5" with a funny looking face, and he would roar and call attention to himself. I was trouble with my neighbors disturbed by the screaming. Kevin had an Indian friend Javid whose mother would come to town and cook delicious Indian food. Javid lived in a condo at the base of Immigration Canyon, and he would throw parties where professors and graduate students would snort cocaine. I took one drag and was awake for three days and would never do that again.

Then Javid drove me to California to visit Kevin going 100mph high on cocaine but just managed to get a speeding ticket. Kevin had me stay at his mom's place which was infested with flees and a big black ugly cat. We also camped in the Sequoia National Park. There was one beautiful pasture where I laid down inside an old redwood tree and could just be one with Nature. Kevin's family had a cabin we visited. I had baked his mom a lemon pecan cake basted with whiskey that she loved but it was very expensive. Then Kevin and I visited my Aunt Barbara and her partner Donna in Northern California. I also met up my cousin Bob and Family up from Sacramento as well as Uncle Dick who was a drinker like mom and dad. In 1983 Donna had 25 years of sobriety, and Bob had just gotten clean himself. While Kevin and I drove back to Riverside through a canyon, his truck caught on fire. The entire neighborhood was on alert because there were Santana Winds and fire danger. This was the start of the end of my relationship with Kevin.

I was skinny 123lbs., and my brother married Natalie in 1984 at a catholic church in Ogden. My brother kept waffling about his relationship with her, and she had moved with her family to Washington D.C. My mom Ginger put her foot down so that Bryan wouldn't let her go, and said they were a good team; Bryan had found his soul mate. The apartment I had below the capital was robbed, and my bike was stolen, so I found a condo for rent in Holiday on 39th South. Kevin who was poor didn't have enough gas money to drive to see me.

I had been writing my Master's Thesis and only took the research fellowship for 1 year. Ph.D. student students could take research hours for 3 years, but I had to take 12 credit hours of classes while working on my Masters. I wrote a dissertation for my Thesis, and this took a long time. I worked as a Teaching Assistant for Healthcare Economics and Statistics to pay for my living. By December 1984 I had defended my Master's Thesis before my Thesis committee. The whole Department of Economics including grad students couldn't ask a question I wasn't capable of having an answer. My Master's Thesis was titled "Technology Diffusion: A Case Study of Computerized Tomography Scanning in Utah." I wrote about evolution and revolution in technological change and using a logistics curve to identify stages of technological development. Later I ran into a major snag I couldn't find a competent typist to type a cleanly edited document to pass the thesis committee.

My right eye started to hurt, and I went to the campus doctor, and he immediately referred me to an ophthalmologist doctor Bob who diagnosed me with shingles on the cranial nerve in my right eye. He gave me steroid eye drops, and I went to stay with mom and dad and was in terrible pain. The steroids saved my eyesight but left me with

a stigmatism. The aftermath was that the steroids threw me into a manic phase. I had one beer at The Hub restaurant in Trolley Square, and I started to get angry. My girlfriend Nancy had said Kevin was funny looking, and I could do better, so I had dumped him that morning. My Bipolar had been in remission for years and I was on no medicine. Nancy who had an aunt who was bipolar was worried about me acting funny wanted to help me. I ran off looking for my Professor Tim's house on Greenville Avenue and couldn't find his place and drove back to my condo. I went into the bathroom and flushed the toilet and heard Dr. Tim talking to me from the toilet. Meanwhile Nancy had called my folks, and they called, but I said I was okay.

Then I promptly left the house walking in a snowstorm 2 miles up 39th South and across 20th East looking for Dr. Tim banging on the door of the house trying so hard I could have broken the glass. This home was a beautiful mansion with Millcreek running through the back yard. The house next door had a tall fence that I climbed and encountered Doberman Pincer Dogs. The owner got out a rifle and threatened to call the police if I didn't get out of there. I had put on my hiking boots and took them off and walked up the stream barefoot which brought me to my senses enough to put my boots back on and walk home. After I got home, a Police Officer came to my door and asked if I was okay, and I stayed inside and said I was fine. Later Nancy came by with chicken noodle soup and talked me into calling my parents. I had dropped my keys into the garbage dumpster in back of my condo. Dad rescued me and found my keys. I went to mom and pops, and Dr. Kurt gave me Mellaril generic for Thorzine. On the way back to my folks I thought I was Hitler and killed everything around me, but it was just winter outside. I recovered just fine at home without a hospitalization.

Dad had his Thiokol secretary retype my whole Master's Thesis, and mom and dad read the whole thing word by word and edited it. My dad said there were a couple of good passages, but I had at least 5 academic journal articles in it which I abandoned because I trusted my father's feedback. Thank goodness I recovered just fine, and my thesis passed the thesis editor, and I was awarded a Master's Degree in Economics. I had no idea steroids and alcohol both cause my mania.

Chapter 5: Working at UTA Utah Transit Authority

After graduating with an M.S. Degree in Economics, I searched for work and had a choice between three jobs as an analyst and ultimately chose the one that paid the most, which was as Research Analyst at Utah Transit Authority for \$23,000. The job at Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington D.C. or the Bureau of Economic and Business Research at the University of Utah only offered \$18,000. These less lucrative opportunities would have been better for my resume.

At UTA my boss Michael was an Engineer, and we were very close until I turned my back on him. I had confided in him that I was bipolar, and he simply asked what that meant, and I said that I had "Highs" and "Lows". He would invite me to parties at his place and he drank exactly like my folks which I did too but just would get too drunk. One time he invited me to poker night with guys, and I lost plenty of games. I met Michael's friend who was an economist.

Within my first six months at UTA I created a 56 variable time series database and graphed these measures with Lotus 123 and Harvard Graphics. I wrote up a summary analyzing the meaning of the graphs and shared this with all of the company's directors.

My Director of Operations at the time was John, and he gave me a bonus award of \$500. He was Michael's boss, and he would come to me for analysis before Board of Directors Meetings and to write presentations. At UTA I was asked to manage a Cost Benefit analysis of the company with the Thayne at the Bureau and Economic and Business Research at the University of Utah. Boyd supervised this and the first draft said that UTA was not cost beneficial. I met with Thayne and Boyd and John and told them this read like a dissertation on why UTA should not charge fares. I proceeded to falsify information by exaggerating how much federal money was poured in from UTA to stimulate the local economy in the input output analysis.

One night the guys invited me to party at a bar, and one fellow said, "Have you ever had a screaming orgasm?". He broke out laughing and handed me a drink called a "Screaming Orgasm". I didn't realize how sick it made me to drink, and I would get woozy driving home. After a while I simply had a glass of Riesling, and I had been reading a book called "Jaguar Woman" by Lynn Andrews in a Medicine Woman series and was awake all night. I had been seeing a shrink in Salt Lake who was prescribing Stelazine tablets, and I had mental symptoms from what I did not know at the time was caused by drinking alcohol. I thought I was feeling better and didn't need the medicine. But I took a shower and put on my brides maids gown from my brother's wedding and didn't even comb my hair and went to work crazy. Michael thought something was wrong and drove me back to my apartment.

I put on my best suit and proceeded to pretend that I was a medicine woman and made a Medicine Shield with fabric decorating my floor. I proceeded to think I was a Bird and ran back to work to find my car. I had been living at Aspen Hills apartment complex and

ran down 39th South heading West and ran through 3 green stop lights thinking I had the power to stop cars when three policemen tackled me and questioned me and gently coaxed me to ride with them to the University of Utah Hospital.

My work secretary Linda brought me a mink coat to wear in lockup, and they gave me Prolixin which made the walls crawl with spiders and looking like ivy. I finally got better when they gave me Tegretol. Michael came to the hospital and took me on an LOA touring all over the Salt Lake Valley. My new psychiatrist wasn't certified in treating patients with Tegretol and left this to an incompetent internist Dr. Mike. He thought this medicine was affecting my white count and wouldn't let me take Tegretol. With no effective medicine and my continued drinking I was hospitalized again and met my shrink Dr. Joe.

At this point I was going to too many doctor appointments and not working enough to please my boss, and I used my time off to apply to Ph.D. programs. Earlier I had met up with Corey and our buddy James who just took their 2nd year medical school exam, and I took them out to eat. Later I met up with James, and we talked all night long falling in love. Then he came to my apartment and we drank wine together, and I sat on his back giving him a massage. He got up, and took me to the bedroom, and I stole his virginity, this devout Mormon boy.

But at the same time I had a crush on a coworker Jerry, and we would flirt all of the time at work, and we skied and played piano and flute duets together. He had a girlfriend, and I had a boyfriend. I still skied downhill slalom and cross country for Corporate Olympics. I won the 5 K cross country race. Jerry participated in bicycle racing, and I

bought a new Peugeot racing bike. Jerry was also into spelunking and lent me his headlamp to wear when my brother and friends explored Logan cave together. James was into golfing, so I took up golfing. Exploring the cave with my brother and friends was arduous. Natalie and I and two other girls had black and blue shins from hiking the cave. Jerry just couldn't believe how I could have all the bruises and scrapes.

At UTA we did a fitness test wherein I threw my back out, and all I could do was stand or lay on my back. I took another trip to the psychiatric ward, and James was studying to be a psychiatrist but was embarrassed by me. He did cuddle and hold me in his lap. I was rude to my boss since he drank exactly like my folks and I thought he was alcoholic but not realizing I had any allergy to alcohol.

Michael had always asked me to stay away from the Director of Human Resources, Gayland, but I asked him to take me to the hospital. I had to be put in lock up on the floor lying on my back. I wanted to leave UTA since I had discovered a lot of white color crime, and I wanted to go back to school for a Ph.D. I took a month off of work with a medical excuse and studied for the graduate records exam in Economics. I wasn't a very good employee; I smoked too much and goofed off instead of working.

I applied to ten Ph.D. programs and was awarded teaching fellowships in eight schools. In my applications I sent my master's thesis on medical technology and made copies on the copy machine at work and then had them bound at a copy shop. My boss told me I didn't work enough which was very true. My job involved marketing the Light Rail Transit project on the I-15 Corridor and writing management presentations and an executive summary of the project. Later I joined a team asked to expand bus service to

Cache County, but both campaigns failed. During the election night in Cache Valley, Michael joined us at my folks beautiful garden home, and he was surprised. His home at 10th Avenue in Salt Lake at which he entertained, and it wasn't nearly as nice.

An intern Leslie started working for me but was rude and obnoxious. She had been a dealer in Las Vegas and would play poker with boss Michael and his friends. She was studying ARIMA Modeling from the University of Utah Math Department and was studying to acquire and M.S. in Economics. Autoregressive moving average modeling was utilized to analyze time series databases. This was employed for transportation demand modeling to estimate elasticity's of demand. The chief elasticity's for bus and rail service were price elasticity, service elasticity, employment elasticity and population elasticity. An increase in price reduces demand. An increase in service provided expands demand. A reduction in employment increases demand for transit services. An increase in population increases transit demand. I offered Leslie the opportunity of a lifetime in research to use my 56 variable time series database using the ARIMA modeling techniques, and she spit in my face saying she didn't want to use it. I had given my database to the Economics Department at the University of Utah for studying. Then she changed her mind and said she wanted to use it, and I wouldn't let her. We partied together at clubs downtown in Salt Lake, and she would chase around parking lots trying to score cocaine.

One time I was waiting at a bar to meet Leslie, and I was alone and went to the bathroom. A woman in the bathroom walked up to me and said she was psychic and called me by my name and said I had a very old soul and gave me her telephone number, but I lost the number. When I was 19 and psychotic, I had a dream that I was

an old soul and had been everything once including a cell in the ocean. But it wasn't until I was 35 and was dating an addict social worker boyfriend that I found a higher power and believed in reincarnation.

One time my UTA team partied and danced at the 13th floor restaurant, and I drank too much and lost my car in the parking lot, and an older man helped me find my car. We drove it to his motel room, and he enticed me to drink some coffee and then seduced me and bragged that he had a yacht on the Great Salt Lake. I left the motel and forgot where my car was and found the police to give me a lift home. I had moved into a two bedroom townhouse where a friend from work I had a crush on lived. He had trained me in SAS programming for survey research design. Then the cops called me and said they had located my car, and I asked my coworker to give me a lift downtown, and he gossiped to all the buddies at work but at least not everyone.

James applied to many Psychiatric Residency programs, and we traveled to California together to stop at schools. On my way to California I drove through Las Vegas, and I stayed with Wenlee, and she didn't want me to smoke in her brand new car, but I did anyway. When I took off from her place, I left my luggage. She had her assistant mail me the luggage, and James and I met up and went crazy looking for the baggage and finally found it in the middle of the night. I toured UCLA campus and UC Irvine. Both of the schools taught ARIMA modeling, and the Irvine had a Transportation Economics Demand Modeling Program.

James and I drove up the coast to Big Sur and stayed in a cozy hotel, but he was livid that we had no TV in the room. I didn't know he was a sports gambling addict at the

time. I found some beautiful abalone earrings. Later I flew to Texas and stopped by UT Austin campus and met up with a Dr. John from the University of Utah Economics Department. They had the LBJ School of Government and taught the type of statistics I wanted to study. Then I went to the Texas A & M Aggies school in College Station and lastly Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Of course James chose his residency at Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas.

When I first started working at UTA I was eating too much again, and in my department doughnuts were an item, and one time I ate 10 doughnuts or was addicted to eating pink sugar cookies. I would work out like crazy walking along Van Winkle Express Way in snow blizzards but couldn't get the weight off until I joined Nutria system diet and lost all of the weight. At 117 I was perfect and found this gorgeous purple dress to wear to my 10th Annual High school Reunion at Utah State. I was voted most eligible bachelorette and partied too much. I kissed Kenny, even though James was my boyfriend, and Kenny stopped us from going any further. I was plowed and stayed overnight at mom and dad's and water-skied with Corey the next day. I had to leave early with hangover and dad drove me home.

I wanted to work toward the Ph.D. and decided on Southern Methodist University in Dallas where I could be with James. When I left UTA, they threw me a going away party at Pier Pont Café downtown, and I was waiting to touch base with Jerry who came to the event fashionably late. We hooked up and got drunk and made love, but I thought he was unattractive. At the time I was still seeing Dr. Joe, and he said to never kiss and tell, but I told James. James and I made out over the phone and shared our fantasies, but my fantasy was about Dr. Joe, and James knew this.

Chapter 6: Dallas

After leaving to move to Dallas from Salt Lake City, I drove to Colorado Springs and stayed in Pueblo overnight then drove to Dallas the next day. I had quit smoking and called and met James at a gas station then stayed in his apartment. Later on I found an apartment on Green Street Avenue next to a stream. This was the only place that allowed pets, but Roxy my cat had to be declawed.

School started in August, and I was a teaching assistant in Macroeconomics. They wouldn't let me smoke, and I smoked out the window of my cubical anyway. I was nervous hooking up with James, so I'd taken up smoking again. My classes were Statistics, Macroeconomics and Microeconomics. Dr. Sou was the stats professor, and at first I stopped by his office at 7am with questions until his first exam where he gave everyone a 30% to 40% score. I just couldn't learn math from him, and he thought I learned math wrong verbally instead of visually. He wrote really fast on the chalk board and there wasn't paperwork backing up his teaching. He later flunked me on my Ph.D. qualifying exam in Microeconomics. I just couldn't hack it in the program, and couldn't find work after quitting the Ph.D. program.

My mental health was off, and I couldn't get the right psychiatric care in Dallas so that I wouldn't destroy James reputation as a shrink. I did get good references from my research professor Michael. In the Econometrics class; they didn't utilize standard SPSS or SAS computer programming just some European software called PC Give. I had wanted to do ARIMA modeling to use in a Dissertation on my 56 variable Time

Series database, estimating price, service, population and employment elasticity's of demand for transit services.

Before I left for Dallas, I had one last visit with Dr. Joe, and he wrote a letter for me to take to an SMU psychiatrist, and he cried while saying good bye. The Doctor at SMU was incompetent, and all she did was have me stick my tongue out of my mouth checking for tardive dyskinesia since I was taking antipsychotics. I saw a termite, and didn't recognize the bug, and let my team know I didn't know if I had hallucinated a bug. They threw me in the hospital and locked me up and gave me so much meds that I couldn't even remember what they did to me. James didn't even intervene. My mom came to rescue me and stayed in my apartment. She was amazed that we saw four turtles swimming in a square in the river in my back yard.

When I had gone home for a visit over the Christmas Holidays, mom was raving to other people how well I was doing, and I told her that I could speak for myself. I wanted to talk to my dad's friend Phil. She ran into the TV room and drank a whole glass of vodka and was very upset. But when she rescued me in Dallas that summer, it was a good thing. I had no idea how expensive that hospital stay was, and I was uninsured; my folks picked up the tab.

When I arrived in Dallas and hooked up with James, he introduced me to his friends and colleagues. Margaret was his mentor at the Presbyterian Hospital where he served his residency. She had hosted a party for residents, and she asked James to open the bottle of Champaign. What I didn't understand was how she entertained parties. As a child I was asked to stay in my bedroom and not disturb the party. In college at the

professors would host parties but had terrible awful food and just had students sitting around and drinking. We would frequent Crompton's restaurant up Immigration Canyon where they had great Tostadas and beer. I never drank at these events hating beer. It was years after I lost James that I was mature enough to host parties.

After I was taking Triliphon and shaking like crazy I couldn't land a decent job anywhere. I took a job telemarketing at AT&T phone service. I had interviewed at the Dallas Federal Reserve Board for an Economist position and they were impressed by my credentials, but thought I was too nervous. At AT&T I only had an evening shift and didn't realize James would stray. He always wore his garments and when I caught him and Margaret making love, he just hid in the bedroom. That was the end of that relationship, and I packed up to come back home to Salt Lake.

While we had been together, we took a trip with my family boating at Lake Powell. He was dressed in a cute white shorts and knit top I had picked out for him. He was a sexually abused boy nothing like my dad or brother. His mother had given him backrubs and he could only be excited by sitting on his back and massaging him. He was a gambling addict, and I didn't have any idea at the time but later realized I was a nicotine addict and alcoholic. I finally kicked cigarettes after 4 years as the relapse queen of Nicotine Anonymous.

I immediately took off back to Salt Lake when I discovered the cheating and drove home in my blue Toyota Corolla SR-5 with James and Roxy. I took a bath in front of James trying to win him back to no avail. On the final leg home Roxy had an accident cooped up in the car too long and made a mess on the floor. I loved my little sports car like I had

loved my Mustang II. When I had graduated with my Masters Degree and started working at UTA, my dad bought me a new Citation which I kept up well. Then one night driving back to my apartment at Aspen Hills, I made a quick left hand turn into the parking lot, and a kid rear ended me totaling my car. I jumped out of the passenger window of my car and stood in front of the kid's car screaming to call the police, and the neighbors did. When the cops came, they told me I shouldn't have risked my life like that. They inspected the car registration, and it was the boy's dad's vehicle. The cops gave me the insurance info and told me to call the father the next day and report what happened. His dad totally understood that my car had been totaled and I found my perfect new blue sports car a Toyota Corolla SR5.

Chapter 7: Deep Dive

Immediately when I got back home to Salt Lake, I saw Dr. Joe who I was still in love with and worshiped; he took me off all of my medicine, and I landed two jobs in a row. The first one was at the Department of Employment Security in downtown Salt Lake. I had a hard time working there because I had to smoke too much and shared an office with 4 analysts. The lead analyst was a ten key expert typing up data and reports which I was never good at. I could do ten key but nothing like this. I had admired the lead economic analyst Christine who I knew from the Wasatch Economic Forum meetings in Salt Lake. She had an office of her own, and this was a status that had to be earned. The Director who hired me did not like my work, and I couldn't stop nervously smoking. They finally gave me a written project I could edit and update. I decided the information could better be addressed with an Executive Summary which everyone hated. So I applied for work at the Salt Lake Tribune as a Marketing Analyst and landed the job.

At the Newspaper Agency Corporation I had interviewed with Bruce, and he offered me the job. The first thing I did there was the same thing I did wrong at UTA. I offended the chief secretary who was vital to my work. The Secretary at UTA was challenging me to stand up for myself against unruly employees. At the Tribune the secretary never forgave me for pestering her. Things were going very poorly on the job until I invited the whole staff to a Marketing Meeting where I outlined a new marketing plan. Bruce was overjoyed and called me Patty. I insulted him by saying my name was Pat.

He gave me another two tests which I failed. He asked me to clean up the marketing brochure area and relocate it. Everyone on the staff thought I was invading their private space. Then Bruce referred me to meet with the Director of Marketing Tony who I informed about all the problems with I was finding with work I was assigned. Basically tattle tailing behind Bruce's back. At UTA I was talking behind people's backs but wasn't caught. I was going crazy over my sister-in-law's Smiths marketing account at the Tribune and started to get crazy off of my meds and manic again. Bruce brought me into his office to fire me, and I told him I was bipolar, and he intimated that what I'd said to Tony was what brought me down. He fired me, and the agency hid the records of my working there to protect them from firing a mentally-ill employee. Years later I learned that Bruce was fired for reckless behavior.

I searched forever for my car in the garage and finally found it and drove myself home and called Dad. He came and picked me up, and I hallucinated a conversation with him in the car mentioning that he was alcoholic, and he replied kindly. I went home to Providence and called Dr. Joe but failed to leave my telephone number and was terribly sick. He didn't have an emergency contact number for me and didn't return my call for 4

days. I was psychotically depressed and planned my suicide wanting to leave a note in the fireplace. I drank 1 vodka tonic at night while staying with my folks but never knew alcoholic makes me manic and psychotic. The Dr. finally called me and wanted to send me to the hospital which my folks protested they couldn't afford. Joe asked me what medicine I needed, and I said Stelazine, but he gave me an overdose. When I stayed at home under the care of Kurt he had put me on Mellaril and I did just fine. But I remembered how the doctor in Salt Lake had given me Stelazine. Joe gave me 30mg. Mom for spent a half hour to look pretty while I was in crisis, before taking me to pick up my medicine. After we picked up the prescription, I hadn't slept for four days, but the medicine totally knocked me out. When I woke up, I grabbed two knives from the kitchen and dropped one then locked myself in the bathroom and hurt myself. Apparently my dad opened the bathroom door and saved my life with the experience of being a hospital orderly at Fort Ord. My dad told me after that he opened the door and I was sitting on the floor and sobbing. My mom said I just screamed holding the knife and said "I did it".

I remember the neck surgery from when I was rushed to the hospital; it was an out-of-body experience from when the doctor saved my life, and I was thanking him in a "dream state". I woke up in recovery and was talking. The doctor didn't think I would be able to to speak again, and my voice changed from soprano to alto. I had a 10.3" centimeter scar on my neck. Dr. Kurt was aghast at the apparent overdose of Stelazine and couldn't believe what happened to me. But I still idolized the adult child of an alcoholic Dr. Joe. He was also an alcoholic who lost his license to practice medicine when he gave wrote prescriptions to a nurse who wasn't his patient. He and his wife

Susan had an open marriage, and he finally got sober in 1997. After he got sober, he was intimating that I was more than an Al-anon.

After my suicide attempt he couldn't hear what I did to myself and abandoned me to the public health system. While Susan was my first therapist she tried to help me resolve my family issues by asking my parents for a copy of my childhood pictures. Mom and Dad sent Bryan and I beautiful family pictures. I especially liked the beautiful pictures of Grandpa Norman and Grandma Evelyn with many birthday and childhood photos. Susan was able to encourage me to see what a happy childhood I had.

My Grandma Evelyn had given her best friend one of grandpa's tooled leather handbags. In my twenties Mrs. Hall invited me to meet and she gave me the beautiful handbag. I have kept all of my childhood family and friends photos and put them in that purse.

Chapter 8: Bottom

After leaving the hospital Natalie and Bryan took me back to Aspen Hills and I started mental healthcare with Valley Mental Health. For some reason I thought I could go back to school to become an Actuarial and enrolled in a statistics math class. I didn't know the prerequisite was 2 years of calculus, and I had only taken one quarter. I failed and got a C. I wanted to kill myself, and I told my psychiatric nurse Loraine that I wanted to pour gasoline all over myself and light myself on fire. Thank God she put me in STAT program Short Term Alternative Treatment Unit for the mentally ill with 24 hour care in West Valley City. They gave me a room at a HUD housing project for the mentally ill

called Oquirrhidge West. Rent was \$100 a month, and I could afford this on a welfare check of \$200 a month and food stamps.

When I slashed my throat, I didn't have the sense to hide it, and Professor Dan saw this and said he wouldn't be a reference for me any more as a well as a professor and friend at the Bureau of Economic and Business Research Boyd. I burned my bridges everywhere ridding myself of being brutally honest like my parents taught me to be with them. Mom bought me turtle neck sweaters and beautiful scarves. Steph blabbed to Mary Del's wife what happened to my neck. I couldn't keep Roxy with me and besieged James' mom Faye to take care of her even though Faye complained she didn't like Roxy jumping on counters.

I had lost both James and Jerry who married while I was in Dallas. I would attend groups at STAT and everything was co-ed. I had given up on being normal and was surrounded by mentally ill men, who would hit on me, and I settled for less and had mostly given up on myself. I had a series of relationships with mentally ill men. The first was Jim who I met up with even on camping trips and of course the staff dissuaded this contact, but we hooked up anyway. This was fine until he was arrested for being a peeping tom and robbery. There was a black psychologist counselor Charles who warned me that I shouldn't be so trusting and vulnerable. He also taught me to scream "Stop" to my brain that wouldn't stop beating up on me. This was a similar approach to the nice Alcoholic girlfriend I had met in Dallas who had me get a pillow and scream into the pillow hitting it with all of my angry thoughts. There was also a Manic Depressive Society of Dallas that I attended where I learned about the bad side effects of

antipsychotics on patients that doctors play down and acquired skills to take better care of myself.

One guy in our therapy group at STAT I played pool with was Johnny who I reviled and found disgusting. He was being treated for being an addict and later inspired me to get clean and sober. There was an attractive guy Mike who looked exactly like Ben Afflict but was stricken with Schizophrenia and couldn't stop hearing voices. He was from a very nice, well-to-do family who welcomed me. We would play in their hot tub together but was too crazy. He had been a very successful realtor making over \$100,000 grand a year but was just broken.

Then there was Marty who took me to eat my first Vietnamese Food, but he would feign suicides with a butter knife but he was far too beneath my standards. A dear bipolar friend Poscha and I hung out together as friends. He was from a very nice family in Park City, and we discovered Unity of Salt Lake Church together. We were both artists, and I had been creating art pieces, and my brother was my photographer. Another guy David would make passes at me but he did have a girlfriend who told me that he had Hepatitis.

At Oquirrhidge West I also met a girl with schizoaffective disorder Shawna who was smart and taught me what psychosis was like hearing voices and seeing things. For example hearing voices from a toilet or table and seeing things more vividly on the TV.

I had finally been beaten down to the bottom and lost everything. After an appeal with Utah Legal Services, I was awarded Social Security Disability on March 31, 1993. They gave me a \$12,500 back check and gave me Medicare A and B. They also retroactively

paid all my accrued medical bills. This meant I could afford a new apartment with a roommate, and I moved into Mountain Shadows complex but just had a hell of a time finding a roommate.

I advertised in the newspaper, and nobody wanted to live with someone who shook from the Haldol and Lithium which I needed to stay out of the hospital. I finally found a guy to move in, but he disclosed he was a sober addict and his girl friend convinced me he was safe to live with. I continued attending Unity of Salt Lake and had been introduced into meditating at STAT focusing on a raisin from Jon Kabat-Zinn. I enjoyed meditating at church and a met nice old man Bryant who took me on a date and we became a couple. But he gave me a venereal disease. We had moved into Spring Meadows Apartment Complex in Murray. I dumped him when I learned that he took advantage of younger disabled woman and was fired for this at Child Protective Services. Then Vocational Rehab paid for some computer classes and I eventually left Bryant.

I moved into a single bedroom apartment I could not afford and later switched to a 2 bedroom with a roommate. Michelle was overweight and had multiple sclerosis and I thought she was lazy but didn't understand she was disabled. She would run around without clothes and I had to make her get a robe. She was bisexual but loved my Roxy and trained her to hop up on my lap. Then at a Valley Mental health event I met David who drove a nice Trans Am and would kiss me on the neck. But he had two boys he had partial custody of and would scream and hit them. The only woman he cared about was his ex-wife, and he would keep standing me up, Michelle insisted and I dump him. She couldn't put up with me anymore and moved upstairs.

I found another roommate out of the ads in the newspaper. She didn't have a car and was leaving her addict husband. When he got clean he moved in with us and stole some of my Klonopin. I threw them out, and she slashed my tires. She was a witch and cursed me and practiced Wiccan.

At some point I wanted to host a party and invited Steph, Michelle and her roommate. I gotten so drunk I couldn't remember what happed and woke up and had messed the bed. Later I discovered vomit all over the walls to the apartment, and I moved into another apartment by myself. In this apartment complex I made friends with a spinster Georgia who was a cat lover like me.

There was a bald guy with a motorcycle living right next to me. He seduced me and later disclosed that he was separated from his wife who was disabled, and he would harm her to get her attention. I was ignorant and wanted a boyfriend, so I gave him my entire phonograph collection.

Chapter 9: Recovery

My balance was off, so I couldn't ride a bike anymore. I made an exercise bike and walked around the Great Farm condo complex with a pond and swans with signets. While still attending Unity church, I finally met the man of my dreams Mel at a prayer circle group at Carol's place. We were reviewing the sermon and going around the group sharing around the circle, and Mel wanted the whole group to share when they were inspired. I just wanted to continue around the circle and told Mel to stop trying to change things; and informed him I had a class that I needed to attend in the morning. He stopped and came up to me after the meeting and said he was "So Sorry". Then

next week he brought flan for desert and asked me out on a date. I had mentioned I thought he was too old for me and guessed his age at 57, and I was only 37. He said he could prove how young he was. We went to Rascals Dance Club and danced together, and he was a terrific partner. We drove to his place, and it was pitch dark and scary along a pebble stone path. We walked into the dark house, and he warned me not to walk past the open doorway to what I later learned was his office, and he closed the door, so I wouldn't fall. He escorted me to the living room, and I sat on the couch. He was so sweet he just sat in my lap and kissed me. We told each other our darkest secrets that he was in recovery, and I had slashed my throat. Then we proceeded to head to my apartment, and sat on my couch. He unbuttoned his shirt, and his little hairy chest looked young. We took advantage of each other. He stayed that night and got up and shaved flipping shaving cream all over the bathroom. I complained about the mess and we've been together ever since.

We were both in therapy and continued to grow together. Mel brought his dog Sunny over to my apartment, and he and Roxy got along, so I moved into his place in 1998. Mel had a terrible temper, and so did I. Before we lived together, he would sneak into my apartment and scare me; I thought he was a burglar. He hated my smoking; I was a 2 pack a day smoker, and I'd been attending Nicotine Anonymous Meetings but couldn't quit. What worked was surrendering to the power of my God Self like I learned at church.

At Unity I took a 12 Step 4-T Prosperity Class where I listened to the voice of a spiritual advisor guide named Streton, and learned how to talk with God. After a month of meditating on the passage "I surrender to the power of my God Self", I was asked to

pause and listen, and I heard God say he loved me. I was the relapse queen of Nicotine Anonymous for 4 years. When I was still living with Amber at STAT, I'd realized that I always picked up a cigarette with a girlfriend or my mom, so I would scream "stupid fucking stinking smokers stay away from me."

When I met Mel and started to attend meetings with him, I began picking up chips denoting various lengths of recovery, I learned that I could take things one second, one minute, one hour and then one day at a time. Amber was my best friend and roommate at Oquirrhidge West. Of course we smoked together, so I had to push her away.

At STAT I didn't know she was being treated for drug addiction. When we both moved out of Valley Mental Health Housing, she found a place close to mine, and she had a friend downstairs who was a coke addict. I'd stop to visit Amber and have a wine cooler. Amber helped me out when I became allergic to Sulpha meds used to treat bladder infections. I broke out in welts all over and had to sit in an oatmeal bath. Before Amber became an addict, she was a successful phlebotomist and treated me as a nurse. Amber had an obsession with black pimps who would supply her with Cocaine. I loved little Amber, and I would drop off cans of food she shared the black guys, but I wouldn't cater to their whims. Amber died of a cocaine overdose my dear friend. Her dad Fred was always trying to help her and we were both helpless in saving her.

I had met a little old lady Lena at Nicotine Anonymous, and she became my sponsor and worked the twelve step program with me. I had been attending Al-Anon in Dallas and Adult Children of Alcoholics at the UNI hospital. Then I met Jerrie at the Alano Club Al-Anon Meeting, but she smoked, and I was fear of my relapsing smoking with her. I

was inspired by Jim's AI-Anon shares at the Presbyterian Church and called to ask him to sponsor me, but he said that he'd prefer I work with his wife Kim. I worked the AI-Anon fourth step inventory with her and found out that I had a lot to be thankful for from my parents and forgave them for their issues.

When I had met Mel I had promised my dad I would not date anyone for a whole year, but then one day we just drove up to my folks place on the motorcycle surprising my parents gardening in the yard. Mel approached dad who was using the rototiller and asked him how the machine worked. Dad was happy that his daughter was dating a man's-man unlike softy James. Mom was embarrassed and took a shower, and we all sat outside on the patio and had some tea.

Meanwhile mom had two Papillon puppies Bow and Lizzy who were her little friends with butterfly ears. One time a neighbor dog trounced Bow nearly killing him, and he didn't live too much longer. But little Lizzy lived to be 17 years old mom's best little dog. She would sleep on the crocheted afghan I had made for my mother. Mom sewed matching pillows that I was happy to have inherited after mom and pop's passing.

In the fall of 1998 Mel and I made a trip to California to visit his family, but before we left he took me to Gold & Diamonds Jewelry store to pick out a wedding band, and I was expected him to propose there. But he didn't, and right before we went to Thanksgiving dinner with my folks, he proposed. He sat on his knee in the hallway and asked for my hand in marriage. He gave me a gorgeous diamond solitaire like my mom's but just a little bigger. Mom and dad were overjoyed.

Before I met Mel I had been hospitalized at least once a year, and I made 2 suicide attempts immediately after meeting him. I had been on Haldol and Lithium but was hospitalized in 1997 and started taking my miracle drug Zyprexa. But none of the doctors ever had the dose right. They would try to maintain on just 3 milligrams while I needed more like 30 to 45 milligrams depending on the circumstance.

When I had started attending Unity of Salt Lake, I made friends with Marjorie and her two kids Julie and Jeff, and we were good friends. I shook like crazy and had a second knee surgery on my left knee, and members of the church would pray for me in a love circle. Thanks goodness most of the shaking was subsiding, but I was still taking Lithium which gave me parsonsoma, and Mel helped me get off that poison. Marjorie was a favorite little old lady Al-Anon friend for years. I was sad when she passed away.

Mel and I would argue, and one time he shoved me and I was bruised. So I called the police; and later retracted the story, and it never happened again. Mel helped me to stop the shaking, and the hospitalizations ended. Early in our relationship we argued frequently but have finally grown past this. Mel was asked to teach several domestic violence classes, and he discovered that some of his reactions were inappropriate. He was able to change his behavior. I was relieved.

After a January 1998 suicide attempt I was forced to take Depacote, and I gained 20 lbs. Thank goodness I eventually got off this medicine. My family and I are very thankful for Mel. We have a beautiful home overlooking Wasatch Hollow Park in Sugarhouse. My hubby's dear friend Steve and girlfriend Camille took motorcycle trips with us, and we drove all the way north on highway 89 to Jackson Hole Wyoming. We had driven up

threw Logan Canyon to Bear Lake and had raspberry milk shakes; then we took the beautiful trip to Jackson Hole. We had dinner at a restaurant, and as usual I left my purse there, and Mel retrieved it for me. The next day we drove home, and Steve's motorcycle broke down. We couldn't stay with Steve since Mel had a car advertised for a car sale in Salt Lake. Steve called a tow truck covered by his insurance, and they arrived at home safely.

In the spring of 1998 I had stopped my computer training and became an Economics Adjunct Instructor at Salt Lake Community College. I taught Microeconomics and Economics as a Social Science over 6 months. The students were highly critical and teaching was difficult. I needed better benefits, so I took a job at the University of Utah Hospital as Marketing Analyst. I lied on my resume stating I knew Microsoft Word and Excel software, and I just thought I could learn on the job like I did at UTA. After making many mistakes I was fired in May of 1999. I was taking Atavan which was robbing me of my memory and giving me cognitive deficits. Thank goodness for Steph's husband Bennie's feedback on Benzodiazepines' that they rob me of my memory.

Two weeks before our wedding Mel and I took off on a motorcycle ride to meet our friend Steve at the Cottonwood Movies, and I didn't put on my motorcycle gear and wore sandals. Mel passed cars in a funeral procession in the median, and a lady broke the law and made a left hand turn right into us, and we went down. I broke the fall with my right foot and was screaming in the street until the ambulance came and took me to St. Mark's hospital. I met with a trauma surgeon Peter and had shattered my right heel bone and popped all the bones out of place in my foot. It took 5 hours waiting for the surgeon to come, and he did a surgery at 2 in the morning. He popped all the bones

back in place in my foot and built an artificial heal bone. Steph came to the hospital drinking liquor but was there for me. When I woke up at 6:30 A.M., dad was at my bedside delivering mom's message that we weren't cancelling the garden wedding.

I had just stopped smoking on June 29th, and Dr. Peter said if I smoked again my foot wouldn't heal. The woman who made the illegal left hand turn was a nurse who apologized and bought me flowers, but I wouldn't accept her apology. I stayed in the hospital for a few days, and they let me push the morphine drip whenever I needed it; thank god. When I came home from the hospital, I got my foot wet and had little Sara, my stepdaughter, take me to the hospital to have the wound rewrapped. I had been taking Wellbutrin to help me quit smoking and that helped. Sara and I had been smoking buddy's bumming cigarettes from each other, but she managed to quit smoking 6 months later.

We had already had our engagement party in Roselina and Raymond's beautiful garden. Right before the wedding Mom and Dad hosted a family dinner, and Mel's sister Judie had flown into town. Mom and Dad also put all of the family up at the Crystal Inn, and our stay there was delightful. Barney, Mel's son, had attended the family dinner and couldn't stop spouting off about Judaism to my atheist naturalist father. Mel and I were arguing like usual about Barney's discussion at dinner, and the hotel had to call us to stop the noise. I had wanted my mother to bath me before the wedding, and she refused and said this was Mel's job which he declined. Little Sara helped me bath and get ready for the wedding. We went to the Ream garden home in Providence, and I hopped down the aisle holding my dad and brother's arms.

Mel and I had written a Zen-Buddhist marriage Ceremony and mom had found a Presbyterian Minister to marry us to Barney's vehement protest. We had met with the minister earlier to review our vows. I had asked my sister-in-law Natalie to be my bride's maid, and my niece Mackenzie was our flower girl. Our friend Gary and his girlfriend sang a wedding song accompanied by guitar. We had a reading from Siddhartha as part of the ceremony. We were married in front of the fire place in the yard. Dad had laid out canopy tents to protect the 130 guests from the sun. I was married sitting in a chair, and after our vows we crushed a shot glass as part of a Jewish tradition. Steve was the best man and handed us our rings. After the wedding at my chair, I was drinking Champaign and Mel accidentally spilled it all over my blue satin backless gown. Then Sara cut the cake and smashed some into her pop's face. The string quartet played throughout the ceremony and during dinner there was an open bar and a Chateaubriand meal. Dr. Ed my Russian History Professor thought this was a nicest wedding he had ever attended. After the meal mom herded us out of the party, and Bryan picked me up and carried me to our car littered with frosting and marriage decorations.

At the wedding Steve toasted us for too long, and Carol complimented Mel on always being "Present", and Larry, Mel's friend from college, also spoke. Driving away Mel stopped to clean up the messy decorations. Steve stayed and collected all of the wedding gifts. Every item on our wedding registry was purchased, and if not, Mom and Dad bought it for us. I was a little brat, and when my Dad commented this was the best gift anyone had ever given me, I held up my engagement ring which was an awful thing to do. He was the best dad ever.

Later that day we left on our honeymoon to Las Vegas and stayed at the Imperial Palace, and I made the whole trip in a wheelchair. I don't know how we managed it, but we did traveling on and off shuttle buses. The only thing that would relieve my pain was making love and we had a mirror above the bed. The smorgasbords were delicious, and we had fun. I would have a couple drinks and be awake all night; I didn't know alcohol did that to me. We'd continuously bump into people in front of us with the wheelchair but we toured all of Las Vegas strip. When we flew out of town, Mel realized that he left his wedding ring near the bed and grabbed a cab back to the hotel and retrieved his ring. Thank God we could still fly back together.

At home once again my foot will always hurt, but I did succeed in finally quitting smoking, and I walk normally without a limp. Now I was unemployed once again and found a job at Feature Films for Family's but only part-time. A supervisor put it in writing that after six months I could receive healthcare benefits. This was a successful job but stressful. One time I thought I was having a Heart Attack, but it was only a panic attack. As employees we were rewarded with home the movies which were fun. After six months the supervisor refused to honor the medical benefits and found a reason to fire me.

Meanwhile St. Marks took out a Hospital Lien against me since I hadn't paid the medical bills on time. The three insurance policies refused to pay a cent. This included my Underinsured Motorist Policy and my PIP Personal Injury Protection, the motorcycle insurance policy and the automobile policy of the lady who hit us. Mel advised that we proceed on our own, and we obtained vital procedural info from an attorney friend. Eventually we ended up in mediation with a sympathetic judge and I was awarded

\$79,000. This included twenty-five grand from all three insurance policies, and \$4,000 for PIP. Since Mel helped me receive the award I shared a portion of the money with him. Since our marriage and Mel's wise investments in addition to mine, we are in good shape financially. After mediation, Medicare and my Cobra Insurance Policy paid for continuing treatments following the accident.

Chapter 10: Group Representative

My hubby and I work strong Al-Anon programs but we decided to attend a Couple's in Sobriety weekly meeting which we continued for years. A friend at this meeting suggested I take over her position as Group Rep, and I subsequently attended many state conferences throughout the years. I also attended the Wednesday Lunch Bunch Al-Anon meeting and volunteered for the Group Rep position. When I quit drinking in 2004, this service eventually came to an end. During my time as Group Rep I embarked on trips to Moab and took my hubby with me, and we explored Arches and climbed Delicate Arch together. On another trip we went to Springville near St. George and shared these adventures.

After my many injuries I had found a spiritual book called "Heal Thyself: Lessons on Mindfulness in Medicine" written by Saki Santorelli. I discovered a quote by Rumi to "Look at the Bandaged Spot and Let the Light in the light comes not from without but from within". Other inspirational readings were offered by my Al-Anon sponsor Jerrie including "A New Earth" by Eckhart Tolle as well as "The Power of Now". A treatment center counselor offered Mel a musical CD by Thich Nhat Hanh practicing mindfulness utilizing different meditation mantras. After listening to this for years I just learned to be

one with God. Jon Kabat-Zinn wrote a great book called “Coming to Your Senses” and worked at the Boston Pain Management Clinic with Saki Santorelli. He wrote that the word Medicine was derived from mindfulness. All of my spiritual practices have promoted healing from my Bipolar and any other affliction.

After completing TMJ physical therapy, I learned to relax my jaw and inhale into my belly while saying the word “Emma”. My Wednesday Lunch Bunch AI-Anon meeting was a fun place for me to meet and make friends. My dear friend Rachel was a sponsee who did the best step work with me; she is a true sweetheart. We stopped working the steps together but became close friends. Later on her husband met my husband, and we became couples friends. Another dear friend Lisa met me at this meeting, and we later became close and attended AI-Anon and Adult Child meetings together.

I still needed a job to pay for my medical expenses since being married I could not be on Medicaid. After applying for state jobs, I landed a position at the Medicaid Fraud Department as an Office Assistant Secretary. I’ve never had good secretarial skills, but I aced the test they gave me during the interview. As an assistant to the Director I was supposed to organize and file open cases to be prepared for Medicaid Hearings. But I would misplace documents put Hispanic first and last names out of order. Then I had difficulty filing documents, and I injured both my hands pulling a huge file out of a top file cabinet drawer. Since I was finally off of Medicaid, I found a primary care doctor, Dr. Jared, and he diagnosed me with carpal tunnel and put me in two braces. The other secretary would tell me how inept I was, and she was correct. The boss thought I had good Management Skills and tried to fire me. I confessed to being bipolar, and he had no sympathy. I appealed the dismissal, and they sent me to a Psychologist Darrel. He

diagnosed me as unfit to work, and they were able to fire me after all. He gave me an MMPI personality test, and I didn't want to look manic, so I falsified the test. He diagnosed me as Unipolar Depressive.

I had a new psychiatrist Dr. Michael, and he was the first doctor to allow me to regulate my Zyprexa. After reducing this to 5 mgs., I was driving home from a meeting and made a right hand turn at 13th East and 21st South in Sugarhouse, and I wasn't in the right lane, and a motorcycle cop pulled up behind me and spooked me. There were signs on the right hand lane that said no parking, so I pulled a U turn and skidded into the curb. The cop thought I was drunk, and I had just taken my night time medicine, and I flunked the field sobriety test. He arrested me for DUI. My balance had been off for years thinking this was my medicine but was probably the beginning of my Multiple Sclerosis. The blood test they took showed no elevations of alcohol or any drugs.

Chapter 11: New York Attack

The summer before 9-11 Barney came home from Israel and decided to become an Orthodox Jew. He brought his new girlfriend soon to be bride home. Jessica was darling, and we got very close during this ceremony. The wedding was a blast, and Mel's friend from Colorado Bill came to stay with us. He told me that he and Mel had used drugs together. At the same time I had been taking Ativan for a couple years, and this was impairing my memory on the job. I had now been super skinny on the only 5 mg of Zyprexa. I had been taking Klonopin, Resteril, Valium or Ativan 1 mg to sleep. They all impair memory; Steph & Bennie insisted these meds damaged my ability to work.

Dr. Michael made the mistake of only doing a 4 day taper off Ativan which threw me into a manic phase right during the bombing at 9-11 in New York. I discerned that I had been getting a little crazy, and lost track of my medicine and called the crisis line requesting a ride to the hospital and instead they sent the cops. They came to the door, and I walked out into the backyard with them mistakenly touching myself hoping Mel would come home and rescue me, and they arrested me. After arrival at the University of Utah hospital ER, I went to use the bathroom and had an epileptic seizure from going off of my meds. They ripped open at beautiful sweater to give me CPR, and I had broken my nose, but then they put me in open lock up.

I was hallucinating that a retarded drug addict in Lockup was Osama bin Laden. Mel made the mistake of letting the kids visit me; Sara and her boyfriend Phil were okay, but Barney and Jessica made judgments and told Mel he should leave me. I had gossiped to Jessica about both Andalin and Mel cheating on each other when they were married and this was her excuse for why Mel should leave me. Of course he didn't.

While I was imbalanced I decided make world peace with Osama Bin Laden. Then I told everyone that he had raped me. At this point the hospital stepped in and put me in an isolation room which was the tuberculosis unit, and they put Dr. Joe in charge of my care. He'd been sober for 4 years and was insistent I look at whether I had an addiction problem. He also was concerned that I'd be prosecuted for taking advantage of a mentally retarded boy. Out of lock up this guy apologized to my husband saying he didn't see a ring.

I had made a couple new girlfriends in Lock up, and one insisted that Dr. Michael was an alcoholic like she was. I had deep respect for Dr. Michael as a bonafide member of Al-Anon. Of course the hospital staff didn't want me anywhere near the queer or bisexual girls. Coming home from the hospital, Mel had purchased a new couch set we'd had our eyes on at R.C. Willey, and Barney and Jessica could not be family to me anymore. When they had grandkids they wouldn't let me be grandma. After another year they decided I could be grandma.

The following spring I landed a new position as a Regulatory Affairs Analyst which I excelled at. In March I plead down to driving while impaired, and that stupid cop was there. Steph had recommended an attorney that I hired, but Mel thought I should have just gone before the judge myself. Dad had said he'd pay for an attorney, but Mel helped me out.

Chapter 12: Working Success

At Sorenson Medical a Regulatory Director Glen hired me, and I worked under a Quality Control Manager Teresa. The director was out to fire Teresa which he did. Teresa went to the FDA complaining and got the company in trouble. A new Quality Control Manager Richard put me in charge of conducting Corrective Action and Material Review Reporting meetings which I excelled at. While closing Corrective Actions I discerned the Palm Pumps were killing people. Sorenson fired all of Regulatory Staff and eventually moved offices to Mexico and went out of business. So I was out of a job again.

This time I couldn't qualify for Valley Mental Health since my benefits weren't going to cover this. Dr. Michael had moved, and I was fat, a size 8, still on Depacote; my new

Valley Doctor made some suggestions for tapering off that medication. Afterward my hubby referred me to Dr. Glen, Psychiatrist, and Sharon, a Social Worker. Her husband Dr. Harvey was a Clinical Psychologist like Mel, so I decided on him for counseling. I had talked to Dr. Glen about my insurance situation Medicare and Altius and he said all of that was okay.

When I attended my first appointment with Dr. Harvey; he said he didn't take Medicare patients, and I couldn't by all means be married to Dr. Mel Nosanchuk. I assured him that Dr. Glen had given me the okay, and he eventually settled down and would see me. Within my first couple visits, I had cleared up my childhood issues with my parents. Dr. Glen gave proper instructions for going off Depacote and onto Tegretol.

Earlier that spring I had landed at job at Aristomed as a Project Manager which I was terrible at but kept for a few months. At work I got a call from Sara that Mel was in the hospital for pneumonia after attending an appointment to blast kidney stones, and his oxygen was way low. He had terrible hick ups and was given Zyprexa for that. His oxygen got better, and he came home. He drank a lot of water and successfully passed the stones.

Searching for work again in the next year I landed an IT job with MSN technical support out near Bangerter Highway and barely passed the training. My shift was starting at 4:30 A.M., but I talked my supervisor into 6:30 feigning that an earlier shift would hurt my marriage after showing him my pretty engagement ring. My COBRA benefits were running out, and this new job didn't cover insurance with my psychiatric team, so I quit. Then I delved into my artwork and eventually had another art show. My insurance

benefits were running out, and Mel needed a corneal transplant and the insurance covered this, and the surgery went well.

Earlier that spring Dad had a heart attack, and I went up to Cache Valley to attend to dad and stay with Mom. Immediately when I walked into my dad's hospital room, he pulled his catheter out and was bleeding all over the floor to mom's dismay. Tom and Dell my dad's best friends had called me when this happened and wanted to know dad's primary care doctor which I didn't know. I had alerted my dad's doctor regarding his excessive drinking and walking around friends' houses with his shoes off. They told me they could detox him off alcohol but couldn't guarantee he would stop drinking. Dad was transferred to Ogden for open heart surgery, and I stayed with mom.

My Al-Anon program was good, and I called Kim for help. Mom started having problems with her alzheimers after her total hip replacement in the fall of 2001 right at the time of the 9/11/2001 attack. She didn't come out of the anesthesia properly, and her illness was progressing. Right when she got home from the hip surgery, dad bought her two new miniature dachshund puppies Helmut and Zigfried. While staying with mom she woke up again and again asking where dad was, and I'd say prayers with her and tucked her in. Mom fed Zigfried some cantaloupe, and his face started swelling; she was all upset about her puppy. I was able to get a hold of a Veterinarian who had me give the pup a half of a Benadryl tablet. Dad was back at home within a few days, and Mel came and helped out.

Desperate for my health insurance, I kept looking for a State of Utah Job. After an art show I had kept a box of wine in my closet that started calling to me. I had friends in

Al-Anon who hadn't had a drink for 17 years and I wanted that. I prayed for the obsession to be lifted and had been lying about being completely clean. I had been collecting chips at Narcotics Anonymous Meetings for quitting smoking. I was going to pick up my 5 years chip at a Narcotics Anonymous Campvention but was still drinking. Little Sara, my step daughter, had quit drinking in 2000 after getting a DUI and challenged me to quit. I opened up to other addicts, and they supported me. That night at 2:00 A.M., I made my confession to Kim who had 20 years sobriety that I was an alcoholic.

Chapter 13: New Career

Within three weeks I landed my dream job as a Management Analyst at the Utah Courts at the Scott Matheson Courthouse in downtown Salt Lake. While a student at Salt Lake Community College I had a guidance counselor teach me how to put together a work portfolio with transcripts, classes, degrees, writing samples and presentations. I built a personal website that also showed my portfolio on the web. I purchased a Clift Notes HTML for Dummies book that taught me how to write the code. I had a programmer friend teach me how to center documents and make hyperlinks to an Index HTML homepage. Xfinity at the time offered 5 megabytes of free personal web space which I utilized. I had hyperlinks to my entire portfolio. I found a cute picture of me in a work suite on my homepage.

I had submitted my job application at the Utah Courts and was invited in for my first personal interview with a fellow named Brian. He was overweight but nice welcoming me to the interview. Kim led the interview with five other staff asking questions. I

showed them writing samples and gave them a presentation for Light Rail Transit from when I worked at UTA. They asked me about Microsoft Software Excel, Word PowerPoint and other programming experience. I showed them my class completion certificates, degrees & transcripts. They also asked for data analysis experience, and I showed them graphics and data research from previous analyst jobs. They asked about statistics, and I showed them previous statistical analysis. The job required SQL programming experience, and I had taken online classes in this. The interview was perfectly performed, but I was nervous. I waited 2 days to send in my thank you for the interview letter with a hyperlink to my personal website. I also wrote up a bunch of follow-up interview experience, and I sent it. The next Monday I called to inquire if any decisions were made on the interview, and Kim answered the phone and said they hadn't made a choice yet but invited me to a second interview. At the interview Kim offered me the job and apologetically said they couldn't afford to pay the advertised \$20 per hour and offered me \$17.58, and I didn't barter and just accepted the job.

While working at UTA I used the statistical software package by SAS Statistical Analysis System. At Utah State University I utilized SPSS Statistical Package for the Social Sciences. At the University of Utah we utilized their statistical software called STAT80. These were programming languages I hated, but I also utilized: I knew Novell's programming language for working as a LAN Local Area Network administrator of engineer. At the University of Utah Marketing Department I used Dbase 4 Programming with Fox Pro. At the Courts everything was exclusively SQL, Structured Query Language. I had some programming talent but hated this. My education was in Statistical Software not straight programming. I have a talent and a knack for learning

and utilizing complicated software packages. At the courts I used Access, Excel, Word, PowerPoint, ODBC query tool, Application Workbench, Data Workbench, Crystal Xcelsius Design, COGNOS 8 and PERL.

On the job Brian suspected I wasn't much of a computer programmer, but I caught on quick. He wanted to let me go, but Kim gave me a project for Court Statistics called Courtools. These were Court Performance Measures recommended by the National Center for State Courts. She challenged me to learn Crystal Xcelsius Design that showed interactive graphics called macromedia flash files. I built a website showing all ten measures of court performance. Brian couldn't figure out this software, but I did, which gave me job security.

I also populated the Web Statistics for every type of court annually: This included District Courts, Justice Courts, Juvenile Courts, and the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals. I also responded to Legislative Audits of all the courts and conducted Annual Judicial Performance Reports. We also conducted a Public Trust and Confidence Survey, Access and Fairness Survey, Employee Confidence Survey and Judicial Performance Survey that we posted to the website.

More measures included the clearance rate which was calculated to show whether we were closing cases as fast as cases were opened as a percentile. 100% Clearance meant we were disposing as many cases as opened. Another measure was Age of Active Pending which shows how long a case is pending before being resolved. If cases are pending for shorter periods, the court is performing well. Are the cases pending for 0 to 6 months, 6 to 12 months, 12 to 18 months, 18 to 24 months or over 24 months?

The other measure is Time to Disposition which shows how many days a case is open before being disposed. Were cases disposed within 0 to 6 months, 6 to 12 months, 12 to 18 months, 18 to 24 months or greater than 24 months?

We utilized Courttools to begin a massive data cleanup process at the courts. For every court we created the measures and met with the court clerks in St. George to look at the performance on a case by case basis. Time to disposition should be as short as possible: Age of Active Pending should be as short as possible, and clearance rate should be above 100%. Going on a business trip was scary for me since we were going to be eating out, and there would be drinking which was dangerous for my sobriety. Thank goodness Kim didn't drink. Apparently drinking Alcohol kept her awake at night just like me, and I was safe.

My AA sponsor Kim whipped me into shape within my first 6 months of sobriety, and my obsession to drink was removed. My higher power was with me, and I could let go and let God. I also picked up a Central Office Representative Position in AA for the Unity of Lunch Bunch meeting close to where I worked downtown. I also met up with some new friends in the program and attended activities like the International Woman's Convention of AA in downtown Salt Lake. My newer sponsor Sara had really good tickets, and I had invited my dear friend Heather, and we had a nice time. My other friend Becky joined us. Then my sponsor Kim had moved away and stopped sponsoring me.

Thea took me on as her sponsee, and was a rigorous social worker who had me write written 10th step inventories. She was very helpful until she moved away and quit

sponsoring me. Then I found another sponsor Sara who took over as my sponsor until her husband started gambling, and she disappeared on me.

Meanwhile at the courts we crafted Time to Disposition as a team. The previous team which created the Original Data Warehouse had all left, and there was a lot of turnover on the Court Services Team. When a case is opened, it is filed in the court, and when the case is closed, it is disposed. If a case is disposed that means all charges on the case are disposed. With the feedback of all the analysts on our team, we knew there were multiple charges on a case closed at different times, so we took the maximum of time from filing to disposition to measure Time to Disposition. But the cases disposed never matched Time to Disposition cases disposed. In the end we realized that we were measuring charges disposed in our measure of Time to Disposition and not cases disposed.

After building a new database system and consulting help from the IT team for time to disposition, we found that there was a field called all charges disposed that we were missing, and I was blamed for this mistake. The data warehouse was failing, and my supervisor Kim had me build all of the standard queries in the District and Justice Courts in Cognos 8 database system with proof of validation.

Kimberly was a new employee who had come on board to take over a coworkers work, and she was placed lead on Cognos 8. I was the brains on the whole project. I made mistakes which were compounded by my Bipolar; I was getting too nervous, talking too fast and drinking too much caffeine. One time I was making an Attorney Address update and over wrote one attorney with another attorney name, and it took a huge amount of

work to correct. My boss Kim would come to me with her work to find her mistakes which were drastic and worse than anything I ever did but blamed me. A coworker after I left thought my boss Kim was Bipolar.

Before Taanya left to work at ARUP Labs, she had attended computer school. Kim had me provide her with the Data Warehouse computer SQL book with all of the code. But when she left the Data Warehouse book disappeared. So we had no resource to double-check and reproduce the proper SQL. Kim had moved into Taanya's beautiful office and demeaned her. Either way I was devastated but managed to recreate all the proper SQL to duplicate the Data Warehouse in Cognos 8. I was the talented programmer who managed to pull this off, and I was the one who was fired.

In 2007 I fell 11 times over the summer, and I saw a Neurologist Diana, and she diagnosed me with drop foot and gave me techniques to stop falling. By March of 2008 I started getting numbness in my toes, fingers, and lips. Dr. Peter who did my foot replacement surgery after the motorcycle accident said this was a neurological issue. Dr. Jared my primary care doctor ordered an MRI of my head and diagnosed me with Multiple Sclerosis which I didn't believe. My Psychiatrist Dr. Glen said Bipolar brains also show lesions. In May Dr. Diana ordered a spinal tap which showed oligoclonal banding indicating M.S. She had me pick up 5 books from her office which were different treatments for M.S. and let me choose my treatment plan. I chose Copaxone which I have taken ever since.

The M.S. impaired my cognitive skills and my psych meds also impair memory. My foot started twitching in 2007, and Kimberly saw this, and I was embarrassed. My therapist

Dr. Harvey thought she was concerned. Of all of my doctors nobody can decide why my right foot twitches, but I do take Olazapine which can cause tardive dyskinesia. This drug is generic for Zyprexa. My headache specialist Kathleen thought I had a lesion in my brain compromising my right foot. My medical records site that I have akathisia caused by my psychiatric medicine. I guess it's perfectly normal to have a quiver.

One project I excelled at in the Courts was Facilities Planning. With Judges' feedback I forecast the number of Judges and Clerks according to Judicial Weighted Caseload and Clerical Weighted Caseload methodologies, Court Filings and Population Growth. If you can forecast how many judges are needed and how many clerks are needed then one can discern how many court rooms are needed. First we project how many cases by case type are discerned. Each type of case takes an average time to process the case and then we can project Judicial Weighted Hours and Clerk Weighted hours for the year. Once we know how many hours are needed then we could project how many judges and clerks are needed for each year and make sure the facility can accommodate the projected demand for each court.

After I completed building all of the queries in Cognos 8, I was forced to give up all of my trade secrets, ordered by Kim. They just let me go and ushered me out of the building. George who was the lead on Juvenile queries and other District Court data remained; he always hid his secrets. Court Services was an awful broken team of 12 members; 10 members quit on their own moving to better jobs. We were never a true team helping and training each other like I had at Utah Transit Authority.

In about 2007 when I was falling apart with symptoms of M.S. and Sara had left me hanging as a sponsee, I started working with Betty as a sponsor. She was my mom's age and had a daughter who was my age. She was an angry battleaxe sponsor who whipped me into shape and forced me to do my program on awakening. But I didn't show her proper respect. I insisted on calling her in the morning at 8:30 AM when she said she wasn't awake yet. I was still living like a rebel without a clue breaking all of the rules at work, at home and in other relationships. It took my mom's passing and adult child step-work to break this habit. Especially after my pop's passed, my brother would insist I was a rebel without a clue.

Chapter 14: Disability

After losing my job I immediately reapplied for Social Security Disability, Disability with the State of Utah and Unemployment. Soon my Social Security was reinstated, and I was awarded State of Utah long term disability for 2 years on a psychiatric basis. The State of Utah didn't think my M.S. was disabling enough to continue on long term disability, so I sued. It took 5 years to be awarded a disability check from the State of Utah, and I only netted \$13,000. I used this money to trade in my 2002 Honda Civic for a 2010 Honda Civic with only 21,000 miles. For years I drove Toyota's, but when my Corolla DX had 135,000 miles, it started needing too many repairs, so I sold it and got my 2002 Civic in 2005. My boss Kim only replied when I was stressed out getting a new car that shit just happens and life just happens.

Immediately after being let go from the Utah Courts, I took a comprehensive neuropsychological exam which said I had the IQ of an imbecile according to

Dr. David E. I thought I needed to work to keep good healthcare benefits, so I enrolled with Vocational Rehabilitation but wasn't successful at finding work. Jumping through hoops to get back on Social Security Disability was successful, and I could comfortably retire and keep my health insurance from the state.

I worked for 5 years as a Volunteer at the Al-Anon information center until my knees hurt too bad to take the stairs. I also worked at the Alliance House performing statistics and writing articles for the "Club House Chronicle."

By July of 2011 I thought I had bugs crawling on my skin as a symptom of M.S. In the aftermath I have realized that it was just hair on my skin. I was at a meeting at the Sizzler Restaurant and caught my foot on the ground leaving and fell flat on my face breaking the fall with my left hand. My primary care doctor x-rayed my hand and said I had no problem but later my neurologist had a radiologist look at my hand and found a cracked bone in my left pinky finger; it was only a hair line fracture. Dr Diana thought I was having an M.S. exacerbation and treated me with Solu-Medrol IV drip followed by Prednisone. The prednisone threw me into a Psychotic Break, and my step-daughter was concerned. Dr. Glen thought I was in a mixed state. I went to University Neuropsychiatric Institute on suicide watch.

My left hand was swollen, and I continued to ice it. I was hospitalized on a weekend, so Dr. Joe wasn't treating me. It was my 7th sobriety birthday which I missed since I was sick. I was taking Remeron Sol Tab antidepressant which they discerned was making me manic and put me on Trazadone and Saphris which made me drunk and woozy. After a week in the hospital I attended an AA meeting at UNI and picked up my 7 years

of sobriety chip. Following discharge from hospital I kept falling and hurting myself while using Saphris and blood pressure medicine which I quit. Saphris causes insomnia.

The adverse effects from taking steroids ended my relationship with Betty, and I had deserved being dumped. I did find a dear sweet sponsor Peggy who had me write an autobiography of my drinking and was so nice to me. Later after Mom passed, Sara offered to work adult child step work with me and I stopped working with Peggy. On my step-son Barney's 40th birthday party at his mom's place, I tripped down the steps on the patio and broke my nose again. I waited 2 weeks to see my ENT doctor, and he said we waited too long and couldn't do a surgery. That fall I was in a hurry in the basement office of our home and tripped and fell hitting my nose, and the bleeding wouldn't stop. We went straight to the ENT, and he immediately scheduled a nasal surgery. This was very painful with large stints up each nostril that finally felt better when removed. This was in 2015, but I had been having terrible headaches since 2011, and the surgery didn't help the headaches.

I had met my headache specialist Dr. Kathleen, and we tried 3 medicines which I was allergic to. Indomethacin and Topomax compromised my breathing. Gabapentin made me drunk and woozy, and I had to taper off it gradually because it gave me excruciating nerve pain. I had already tried this drug for neck and shoulder pain, and I had no pain relief. After I broke my nose in the fall of 2013, my neurologist tried putting my foot in an AFO Foot brace.

By spring I tried Balance Physical therapy with Dallen, and I improved and was able to stop using the foot brace. I was able to walk briskly for 35 minutes and was able to work

out an hour and a half each day including 30 minutes on the stationary bike and weight lifting, and abs, marches, kicking and balance exercises.

The next year my neurologist took my standard MRIs Head, Neck, Thoracic and Lumbar spine and found severe stenosis in my neck. She referred me to Dr. James for neck surgery. He recommended and performed a Bi-level Discectomy and Fusion. Before the surgery my hubby and I were traveling down 17th South just below 15th East and an old man made a left hand turn in front of us t-boning my husband's car totally it. I went to the hospital in an ambulance in fear I had hurt my back. After another MRI of the neck Dr. James found no harm from the accident. On December 31, 2013 I had the neck surgery and stayed overnight.

I hadn't recognized that the hospital didn't carry all of my medicine, so Mel went on a medicine run for me. I called Dr. James on his cell, and he authorized that I just can take all of my home medicine. I finally got some rest and went home just fine the next day. The next week I tripped and fell flat on my face, and I gave myself right trigger thumb that wasn't diagnosed and fixed for 4 months. This also threw out my lower back, and I did back physical therapy with De De, and this healed up just fine by June.

For my headaches Dr. Kathleen tried trigger point injections with nerve block with Lido cane which I am also allergic to. It sent shooting pain down into my shoulder and compromised my breathing. Later in 2014 Dr James PA Jonathan convinced me to try a Lido cane injection for my back which also interfered with my breathing. He thought that the U of U Neurology Office may have just hit a nerve.

My new primary care doctor is Dr. Daniel. Dr. Jared had given me carpal tunnel braces when I just had tendonitis in my hands. Of course how can a secretary keep her job with both hands in braces? He also prescribed Amlodipin for high blood pressure which resulted in heart palpitations and chest pain. Dr. Daniel also thought I had high blood pressure and tried me on Losartan which also made me unstable and triggered falls. He also thought it would be okay for me to take 4 Pepcid Completes which gave me kidney stones. I do fine on a reduced dose. Dr. Daniel wrote letters documenting my disability benefits for the State of Utah. At least I was awarded net \$13,000 from the lawsuit.

On July 25th 2015 mother fell asleep after a nice lunch with dad at 79 years old. We had visited earlier that year and watched mom who was just cooking to herself in the bedroom while Dad had a cataract surgery. She did die peacefully, and dad called and told me what happened. I made an art piece called Sweet Ginger and took a meal to dad. He was devastated and he didn't want anyone to know about her passing. I had only informed Steph but she gossiped and told my mom's friend Rosalina who called Del.

Del hooked up with my family Mel, and grandkids Bird and Rose at Ruby River Steakhouse. The family was happy that I treated them. Six months after mom's passing Sara offered to take me through Adult Child Step work to cope with her death. I read "12 Steps for Adult Children" and "Life Skills for Adult Children" and got over my many childhood issues surrounding my mom and dad.

Dad told mom's family in California that mom had an awakening in the morning and remembered that she had the best life with John and loved all of her family then passed

peacefully. Del didn't seem like himself and the following March he blew his wife Mary's head off and committed suicide. Apparently he'd come down with a Paranoid version of Alzheimer's. I attended the funeral in Nibley Utah and then visited Dad. These were difficult times in Cache Valley. Corey told a cute story about dad years ago when he was painting our house and Del reached out to grab dad's hand and dad rolled paint all down his arm.

My art work was abundant, and I lined up an Art Show at the Downtown Main Salt Lake City Library in "Special Collections" My peacock was the center piece for the Art Show, and my hubby paid me for the ink painting which covered all of my costs for framing my artwork

Chapter 15: Family & Healing

After travelling to Philadelphia in 2018 to visit the grandkids, my right hip started to hurt, and I was in too much pain to sleep. We were there to celebrate the Bar Mitzvah and Bat Mitzvah for Shimon and Amalia. The ceremonies were great, and the kids were impressive. Sara and two of Barney's friends and I went to the Philadelphia Museum of Art walking up the steps like Sylvester Stallone ran in the film Rocky. Afterword we walked around downtown and went to the Rodin Exhibit. Following the trip home my hip got dramatically worse, and I scheduled the hip replacement right before dad passed. Later next year I took an Acrylic Painting class with my dear friend Betsy. The art piece that I painted seemed to be inspired from my dad.

We had visited dad in March, and I took him homemade strawberry shortcake with a whole fresh bowl of whipping cream. We always took a care package of a wide variety

of frozen foods including lamb shank, salmon and goodies. Helmut and Zigfreid were still alive, but Helmut was sick. The night before we had arrived dad had been in too much pain to sleep in his bed, and his health was worse. He was too infirm to keep his driver's license, and Cousin Danny would take him to Dr. Appointments and make grocery runs. Thank goodness my brother came to town when dad's health got worse, and dad understood my hip pain. After dad passed, Bryan and I split up the estate amicably and spent two whole days together. I immediately contacted dad's estate attorney Fred who help Bryan and I resolved our differences. Bryan and I split our expenses from the estate for travel and food. I took copies of the will to Wells Fargo bank and made sure to follow it to the letter. Bryan was so thorough on orchestrating all of Dad's finances and sent me pdf files on all his work and just did a great job.

My right hip replacement went smoothly, but I wasn't well enough to attend dad's celebration of life. I didn't set a boundary with my brother on when to have this event. I thought I was well enough to attend, but my hip went totally out, and I couldn't make it. Right before my hip surgery, I wrote an obit for dad with my brother's support, and we put it in the invitation to the celebration.

By the end of August I could walk around Silver Fork Lake up Big Cottonwood canyon, and I could meet with Bryan on estate affairs. We sold dad's place and moved all the furniture out. I asked my brothers family to do most of the cleaning and preparing the house and packing. They did such a good job, and I was so thankful. I probably should have shared more of my mom's shell arrangements with Natalie, but I gave my brother the best Conch shell. The dogs would mess up the garden house TV room where dad

liked to hang out; Thank goodness Alexa was able to get the stench out. Bryan put the puppy's down since they were old and sick, and there was nobody to take care of them.

Later in September I had my left hip replaced, and the surgery didn't go as well at Intermountain Healthcare. They gave me Lidocaine in the anesthesia, and when I woke up in recovery, I couldn't breathe and came home promptly. I hated that hospital and the surgery wasn't successful. The hip still hurts like before the surgery.

In fall of 2019 I started having flank pain and came down with Kidney stones. I had been to the emergency room, and the CT showed the stones. Later the pain got worse. I had been drinking water to flush out the kidney stones, and I went back to the ER and they kept me in the hospital since I had depleted my sodium. I finally went home the next day. Shortly after Dr. Peter, my hubby's urologist, blasted my stones and put in a stint which I pulled out by accident, but I felt much better.

My brother, Natalie, and Alexa and my sweet hubby met for a holiday meal at Market Street Grill, and we had a nice time together. Mel sprang for the dinner. Auntie Barbara had sent me some family pictures of mom which I shared with Bryan who was overjoyed to see since he keeps all of the family genealogy. The following January Bryan had Bell's Palsy which he thought was triggered by his shingles shots. Bryan stopped by our place to bring me back the pictures with a patch on his eye. We had a pleasant visit, and on my 60th birthday in February we met up with friends at Ruby River Restaurant. My cousin Lynn and her hubby Steve and Lisa and her hubby also celebrated with us along with step-daughter Sara. On another family get together with Lynn and Steve I had given Lynn her mom Evangeline's dressing gowns from the 1940's. Anna Marie had

given these to me at lunch along with a precious family book. This is when dad told me the story about the robbery when Evelyn died. I also gave Lynn my favorite book by Carl Jung called "Psychology and Religion" which I confiscated from dad. It was her mom's book. I had found my higher power reading this book.

The rest of 2020 was pretty uneventful, but by December Bryan asked me to finalize one remaining issue with the estate stock. I ran around too much trying to help with this and inflamed my left knee. By February 18th I had my left knee replaced, and at home I fell going out of the bedroom and screamed for my hubby and crawled out to the living room. Later on I found I had given myself a Liberal tear in my right shoulder. My home health therapy and physical therapy were slow to heal and get my mobility back with two months of therapy at Balance and Body physical therapy.

By July 13th of that same year I had the right knee replaced; Orthopedic Dr. Michael had done the surgery on both knees, and I healed much quicker on the right and didn't need any physical therapy.

During 2020 through 2021 I had discovered the technique of Mind Body Bridging and completed readings on "Anxiety", "Stress", "PTSD", "Anger" and "Addiction". The first book was "Mind-Body Workbook for Anxiety: Tools for overcoming Panic Fear and Worry" By Stanley H. Block and Carolyn Bryant Block. These are methods my hubby uses to treat his patients. I can feel my butt in my chair and hands in my lap and just breathe and listen. This technique is so healing. I can escape my requirements and depressors, fixers and storylines and be one with my natural functioning.

My new Therapist Valerie was a gardener like my mom, and I am went through transference with her, so I absolutely adored and hated her. I took my sweet hubby with me, and we made progress in our relationship. In her office I discovered the magazine Mindfulness.

My art is abundant, and I have started painting in acrylic in addition to drawing and painting in ink. My hubby and I attended a lecture featuring Cognitive Functioning by Marsha M. Lindham who was a cutter and mentally impaired but healed herself and became a renowned Ph.D. psychologist. She kept all her issues private until she wrote a book disclosing all of her foibles entitled "Building a Life Worth Living." This book inspired me to write a memoir openly revealing all of my past issues which I overcome daily.

I enjoy my daily prayer routine which covers pages 83 to 89 of the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous. This elucidates the 9th and 10th Step Promises and sets off my day. On page 88 of the Big Book it says "We conclude this prayer and meditation with a prayer that we be shown all through the day what our next step is to be that we be given whatever we need to take care of such problems. We ask especially for freedom from self-will and make no request for ourselves only. We may ask for ourselves; however, if others will be helped. We are careful never to pray for our own selfish ends; many of us tried to do that, and it doesn't work; you can easily see why."

My next prayer is from The Al-Anon Just for Today Bookmark. I also review everything I learned in my last and third time that I completed an Al-Anon fourth step inventory. My favorite part of the bookmark is "Just for Today I will be agreeable I will look as well as I

can dress becomingly, be courteous, criticize not one bit. I won't find fault with anything nor try to improve or regulate anyone but myself."

My life just travels from one predicament to the next which is completely normal.

According to Dr. Tim I have chronic pain in my head, neck, thoracic and lumbar spine caused by my M.S. The progression of my Multiple Sclerosis is halted by taking Copaxone, and if I'm careful with my injections, I don't have any complications.

My body hurts everywhere, and pain pills help sometimes but not usually. I constantly have knee and hip pain but I can still look at the bandaged spot and let the light in and art is my solace. From the beginning of my sobriety I quelled my cravings for alcohol and worked my program in a way that guided my recovery. I'm always searching for the proper role model for my recovery and Sharon is there for me. I'm happy to have a team who inspires me to grow. I'm just recovering and trying not to let this tear me apart inside. I know that the promises work for me. I'm able to hang in there and get through this one second at a time, one minute at a time, one hour at a time, and one day at a time.

Most recently I tripped and fell on the ice fracturing my shoulder which has been my worst pain ever then later fell down stairs. On ice I need to have someone hold my arm with my balance issues due to my Multiple Sclerosis. I was entirely black and blue, and the x-ray at the emergency room showed a normal shoulder, but an MRI a month later showed the fracture. I had to take Percocet for 4 months, but I'm finally off of it. For my recovery I have been resting as much as possible, this has been hard, but I am finally able to work out again as usual. Relaxing, resting and healing are my forte, and I'm

better all the time. Every hardship is a lesson, and I grow and learn more each day. Breathing into my abdomen and saying the word “Emma” relaxes my jaw and relieves headaches. Feeling my butt in a chair and the aliveness throughout my body tends to heal my ailments and works well for me. I can look at the bandaged spot and let the light in; the light comes not from without but from within. I can coddle my inner being and higher self shutting out the ego. Forging a healing relationship with my dear hubby Mel, family, and friends is helpful. I am happy to be alive, lively, and energized. I can pause when agitated and doubtful and ask for that right thought or action constantly reminding myself that I am no longer running the show humbly saying to myself many times each day “Thy will not mine be done”. The ninth step promises in the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous remarks “Self-seeking will slip away. Our whole attitude and outlook will change. Fear of people and of economic insecurity will leave us. We will intuitively know how to handle situations which used to baffle us. We will suddenly realize that God is doing for us what we could not do for ourselves. Are these extravagant promises? We think not. They are being fulfilled among us – sometimes quickly sometimes slowly. They will always materialize if we work for them.” This is my healing recovery story, and I hope it helps others in their becoming sound and healthy.





