

Letter

Hello Mom,

Do you remember those pictures that if you stared at them long enough your sight may accidentally reveal a completely different picture in a much more subtle format?

That is similar to what I have experienced with life in the last two years.

My marriage died and all of the beliefs connected to it were called into question. Living in a most unhappy way with my soon to be ex-wife for 6 months waiting for her bankruptcy to complete so that the divorce could go through.

After the divorce I spent a good amount of time despondent. For over six months I was unable to answer the phone, read mail or leave the house without suffering through bouts of fear and depression that often had me very close to ending my life. This of course compounded my lack of money issues.

I was in a state, doubting all of my beliefs moving in a world where everything seemed surreal and frightening while I helplessly circled the drain waiting for the end.

I met Christie, she lived out loud in a way that reminded me of all the good parts of playing as a child. There was life in her and she offered to help me navigate through that which I believed was lost already, my life.

After twenty three years of sobriety and fifty years of life it was time to surrender what I think I know and actually investigate my thoughts.

It was at this point that I took an inner backward step and found that I had backed out of what I thought was me. I was watching what I now refer to as the character of Rick. A collection of uninvestigated borrowed thoughts interpreted by ego and presented as truth. "I am this kind of a guy and guys like me think this is good and that is bad we like stuff like this and we don't put up with any of that" blah blah blah.

Once seen, I became highly allergic to the constant barrage of thoughts feeding the game of smoke and mirrors designed to divert attention away from who am I.

As this realization worked through the landscape of my inner world changed.

Things that were important to the character of Rick: status money, fame, toys have lost all their appeal. The stuff that was my life's collection, is garbage. My deep insight, my rare and unique point of view, my toys, my anger, my skills all empty.

During this time I also passed an extremely difficult four month unpaid training and certification process in order to get chance to work for a big new corporate

client. I used what credit I had left, stopped paying the cards and mortgage and managed to secure one of three spots offered in the country after six months. Here's what I won: for no pay I am on call 24/7 for hospitals that are between 2 and 5 hours away round trip. In order to maintain what is needed to be available for the job, I work 20 hours a week. I get \$20, the affiliate company that I work for gets \$20 and the corporation bills me at \$160, I am assured that this is normal. I have no promise of hours or pay.

So I work 20 hours a week to maintain what is needed for the job, so that me and 98 others can push a consumer driven economy for the upper 1% to feed their wasteful empires that turn the days of our lives into monoliths of greed that produce a never ending variety of the same distractions that we buy with the little bit of money occasionally left over, so that me and 98 others can...

I have been treading water my whole life.

A year ago I had experienced more than I could ever be expected to handle and believed rick would soon fold in some dramatic fashion.

But there has been no rest and no quarter, there may be no limit to the amount of pain I can endure.

I wake up and try to hope that I can make it through the day without receiving the news that will make me crumble.

The silver linings are occasional stolen moments with Christie when both of us are able to get a lull in the crippling fear that is our daily life.

I want so badly to believe that I can find a place in this world where I fit in.

RADI