



Somebody's Angel

INTRODUCTION

When you read my story, your first perception of me may be that I'm a spoiled, bitter, vengeful woman, telling personal secrets and bashing my ex-husband. The things I'm going to share with you don't initially portray us favorably. Whose personal life would? But, they're critical to the purpose of this book and serve to explain how I got from 'there' to 'here'. Many of you are having your own life changing challenges and may not know how to approach a solution. So, I'm willing to bear my soul with the intention of giving you some insights as to how you too may be able to solve your problems.

My ex-husband was a very complex person. He was a very strange combination of likable and unlikable characteristics. I am strong and decisive, the kind of person you'd want to have around in an emergency. He was both dependable and undependable. In other words, if he made a promise he'd keep it, but he could also change his mind and break his word, when you least expected it. It was sporadic, he'd go for long periods of being reliable, and then for whatever reason, he'd flip to unreliable. To him, his behavior was ok and he didn't care whether it was a problem for those that were hurt or disappointed by his treachery or betrayal. For years this was a side of him I didn't see. I admit it; I was in denial, blinded not only by my love for him, but by my desire to be loved by him. I wanted a life with a partner who gets me, understands me. You know what I mean, whether we like to admit it or not it's there, somewhere, just beneath the surface. In my ex, I believed I'd found the best of all worlds. Then one day I woke up, and the reality of who he really was, was staring me in the face. In that moment, I realized we had nowhere to go but down, and down we went. But, before we get into the *down*, let me give you some background.



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My ex was a strange combination of complexity and duplicity. Most people would probably describe him as a 'curmudgeon'...a kind of gnarly man, with some polish. As he got older though, it was more gnarl, and less polish. Either you liked him or you didn't, there wasn't much in between. The lines of who liked him and who didn't were pretty much drawn between the sexes. As time went on, I realized most women didn't like him. They tolerated him because of his relationship with me, or his relationship with the men in their lives. The more time I spent with him the more I began to realize a lot of men had the same contempt for him. You see he had a mean streak, and this hatefulness manifested in the most unusual ways.

For instance, he had an unusual sense of humor, he often favored telling off color and offensive jokes. They weren't overtly offensive, he was careful not to directly insult anyone, but he'd often incorporate cutting, spiteful remarks into them, he'd even go so far as to use his 'sense of humor' to traumatize those around him. He once told me about a prank he'd pulled on his secretary some years ago. He was leaving town on business and thought it'd be funny to play a 'prank' on his secretary. So, he killed (yes killed) a mouse, put it in a plastic bag and hid it in his drawer at work. After reaching the airport, he called his secretary and asked her if she'd look in his drawer for something he'd left behind. I can almost picture his face now as he waited on the line for the inevitable scream that would signal his 'success'. He didn't have to wait long upon seeing the dead mouse she screamed in terror. It was exactly the response he was hoping for. He was so satisfied with the success of his 'prank' he could barely control his laughter. He never once gave a thought to his poor traumatized secretary, nor did it dawn on him that he'd actually killed a living creature for a laugh. He killed a mouse as a prank. WHAT???



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Needless to say I wasn't the least bit amused. Had he told me this before we were married, there wouldn't have been a marriage. Not only was it a red flag, it was bells, whistles, and a marching band to boot. But, I was in-love and love is blind, deaf, dumb and sometimes stupid, and I was completely convinced that he would *never* do anything like that to me. After all he loves me, right?

Yes he did, he loved me and I knew it, and I thought he loved nothing in this world more than he loved me. I thought wrong, there was one thing 'P' loved more than me and anything else, and that was WINNING. There was nothing in this world more important to him, nothing he loved more than WINNING, NOTHING! Outside of a few worries here and there we were happy. We dated for a year before marrying and during that time he showed me his best qualities. Somehow, he managed to keep up the front for a long time. It was a beautiful romance, a storybook wedding, and for awhile a wonderful marriage. He knew how to be a wonderful person, when he wanted to be. We were happy, and when we were out amongst friends it showed. He was so good to me. It all seemed so perfect, my friends thought I was the luckiest woman in the world, and so did I. We had our ups and downs and our relationship by definition wasn't 'perfect' but it was the best relationship I'd ever had, and I was determined to make it work, no matter what. As a matter of fact things were so good at this time, I couldn't see past it, and I wasn't about to tolerate any naysayer's. Even when the naysayer, came in the form of my daughter.

In fact, she was the only one who had any suspicions at all. My relationship with 'P' was the catalyst for a difficult transition that took place between my daughter and me. She and I experienced a breach between us that neither was prepared for. She voiced her reservations about my relationship with 'P'. I didn't listen. At the time, I



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had my reasons for not taking her 'advice' to heart, but that is another story. Back to my relationship with 'P'. I didn't begin to see the dark side of him for a very long time. In retrospect, there were little signs of the trouble to come but I didn't see them as deal breakers. No, the deal breakers wouldn't happen until about four years into our marriage. In time, I'd find out how important it was for him to win and to what lengths' he'd go to, to secure his win. When it came to winning this man gave the term 'ALL IN' a whole new meaning. But, we'll get to that later, for now I'd like to stay on point.

Part of the reason I was unable to see the person he'd become was because inside this very hard, driven tyrant was a very sensitive, warm-hearted individual struggling to get out. The battle between the two personalities raged on endlessly whether he was sleeping or awake. I can only imagine what life was like for him, inside. I knew that he manipulated people because control gave him a feeling of power and security. To me he was like an eight year old boy, fighting his way home from school everyday. I've always felt that behind the mean-spirited, deceptive behavior, was a very frightened, terribly insecure little soul whose only tool for handling challenges in life was an emotional mallet. Trust was an unfamiliar emotion for him and no matter how hard he tried, he never quite learned to have faith in anyone. This lack of faith and inability to trust would one day cause our demise. 'P' was deeply fearful and highly motivated by it. So motivated, that he unwittingly manifested that which he feared most...to die alone. No matter how hard the people who loved him tried to prevent that from happening we couldn't, he wouldn't let us. He was far too obsessed with being in control. It's that whole winning thing again. But that my friends, is also another story...



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Part I

Chapter 1

It's 11 am, Saturday morning, April 15th, and the doorbell just rang. Who could be ringing my doorbell at this hour? We weren't expecting anyone. We haven't had any guests for awhile. We've been moving so much lately we've lost touch with most of our friends. My daughter and I just moved into this place a month ago. It was our third move in 18 months. So much has happened in the last couple of years I hardly recognize this life as mine, but it is. Well, to be honest, I had a pretty good idea of who was at the door, and I was right. It was a process server. He was bringing me an unlawful detainer notice, another one. I was expecting it, I hadn't paid the rent yet and I was being evicted...again...for the second time this year. Mind you, it's only April. I did mention we'd just moved in, didn't I? Yeah, that's right...we'd barely been here a month. By now you must be thinking, how can you be evicted twice in four months? Are you the 'Biggest Loser' or what! Well, before you rush to judgment and assume the worst about me, you need to know the facts. So, let's begin.

I don't have to tell you it's a sad one, but it's an amazing one, too. Some of it's hardly believable, but I swear on a stack of bibles that it's all true, verifiably so. It's a story of jealousy, deception, power struggles, manipulation, abuse and life spinning out of control. It's also a story about dreams coming true, fabulous success and triumph over great adversity. Does that sound like a tag line for a movie? Perhaps, but it isn't. It's a true story of a real life...mine! In a very short time my, life went from one of joy, affluence and prosperity to hardship, destitution and depression, as I was thrust into the frightening world of financial ruin and isolation...lost in a void somewhere 'In Between'!



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Between. Dictionary.com defines it as: in an intermediate space, position, or time, in the interim, during an intervening period, in the meantime, in an intermediate situation.

These are all good definitions, but they don't quite describe what I'm referring to. For me, *Between* is defined as: A state of suspension, nowhere, non-existent, adrift, invisible, disconnected. Yeah, that's more like it. These words are more descriptive of what life is like after catastrophic life events destroy everything you've known and depended on. Divorce, death, abuse, financial ruin, career loss, eviction, these are just some of the things I've experienced this year. Now, that said, here's what happened.

I wish I could tell you there was a 'beginning of the end', but I can't pinpoint it. It seems like I just woke up one morning and found everything spiraling out of control. There were no drugs or alcohol in the mix, though I can't imagine how it could have been any worse if they had. No, 'P' and I didn't self-destruct on bad habits. Our end was driven by old-fashioned jealous, divisive behavior, emotional abuse, double-standards, betrayals and cruel, heartless intentions. In other words, the typical stuff you find in your everyday soap opera. Except, this was not a soap, it was my marriage.

When you think about it, maybe they're one and the same. Perhaps that's why we love the soaps so much. Maybe they're closer to real life than we realize. Now, I'm the first to admit, I was in denial. I couldn't believe my marriage had become the stuff of daytime drama, but it had. My reaction was to try to fix it, to work it out. But, little did I know then, that it wasn't just a phase we were going through. I had



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no idea that this was to become the 'norm' for us. To this day, I'm still amazed at what happened between us. It seems like an incredible nightmare of two people having an experience together, whose views become so divided that one sees day and one sees night, while viewing the same sky.

I saw our marriage as beautiful adventure, an opportunity to love, share and explore our potential as a couple and as individuals. 'P's view was different. In his mind, he was the one who should grow and explore, while I sat back and watched. So, when I decided to pursue my dream of changing careers, he went into a tailspin. He saw it as too risky. He was sure that if he didn't reel me in, we'd end up in financial ruin. But, it was my hearts desire and I was determined to do it. My enthusiasm was overflowing, his fear was overwhelming. Together we cancelled each other out!