

CHAPTER 1

FROM DENIAL TO FEAR

My life had been crumbling for years. I paid scant attention to the timbers eaten away by doubt, despair, and the fatigue of the constant activity I sought for support. I didn't know what to do with the holes in my life, so I pushed forward with a myriad of projects and hobbies until I teetered toward the edge of life as I knew it. I clearly remember the last day I felt well, before my body gave up and my world ripped apart.

Paul and I left for Quebec City on July 2, 1992. I liked to go there during the Independence Day holiday. It was cooler and I could avoid the fireworks and crowds near our home in New Jersey. A year earlier we smiled as we turned our faces toward the sun at an outdoor café, ate homemade apple pie and listened to a jazz concert in the park. This year we bought sweatshirts and umbrellas to counter the cold and drizzle and were silent as we ate French fries covered with peppery gravy.