

Main Character Dialogue

I am an ordinary family man who made an extraordinary choice. You are welcome to decide for yourself if you think I did the right thing. I really don't expect you to fully understand. I have discovered that even if we had an opportunity to walk a mile in someone else's shoes, we probably wouldn't fully comprehend why they did what they did anyway, and we likely wouldn't make the same decisions that person made, simply because our approach would be from our own perspective, through our own personally colored glasses. Still, I think it fascinating to get the inside story, to know what really happened, and then to make my own assessments based on truth. Was my reality truth?

Mine is a true story, but not for the faint of heart. The last two weeks of my life I found myself immersed in a dark but peaceful solitude, consumed with calculated preparation, having determined my own fate. As I recount this tale, I invite you to walk with me through the depths of my intimate journey and delve into realms rarely exposed. Laugh and cry with me as I reminisce over flashbacks of my life that led me to my last breath. Hate me if you will, but remember, this could happen to anyone. I ask you; what will you take away from my story? Will you become more aware, more fearful, more spiritual? I hope that when all is said and done, you will feel more passion and respect and reverence for life...and maybe even make up for what I've missed out on.

DAY 14

SUICIDE JOURNAL ENTRY:

"What would you do if you knew for a fact that you had but 2 weeks to live??!! Cruise the world, rob a bank, steal a car, fulfill your sexual fantasies, be angry, be happy, be sad? It's tough to say unless you are actually there. But let me tell you, you will never be so tempted in you[r] life. Every thought imaginable has presented itself to me, but I never took heed. Let's face it, dying or not, these are every day temptations..."

Once I started thinking about the next two weeks, I was surprised. I had a lot of work to do...to prepare to say goodbye.

I thought a lot about my states of chemical imbalance and my mindset during my periods of warped reality. Sometimes I could feel myself snap out of the imbalance and come back into a semi-normal state in an instant, but other times coming back to reality was gradual. Nevertheless, when I found myself back in the normal realm of cognitive activity, I couldn't quite comprehend what happened while I was off in la-la land. More often than not, when I came back to my senses after being in an imbalanced state, I could not recall the intensity of the events that had occurred, nor could I even remember some of them.

As Donna would explain my behavior and what I said during my altered reality, the report seemed surreal. I usually minimized the experience and chalked my wife's emotional turmoil up to her vivid imagination. I saw her version of what happened while I was imbalanced as a huge exaggeration. There was no way anyone could explain it to me; I couldn't fully understand it.

If I had to describe the phenomenon of being chemically imbalanced, I would say that the transformation of thought and the transportation of mind and soul are like shifting into another dimension of reality. Everything I experienced was real to me in the warped moment and yet was hard for me to bring back to a full awareness once I was not in that "place" of dysfunction anymore. My reality while imbalanced, compared to an outsider's reality, was like night and day, mine being the blackness of midnight.