

PREFACE

These combined stories give a glimpse of what it is to grow up in a very normal dysfunctional family. What you come to nervously realize only later in life is that people, especially the family kind, take on an inquisitorial role as you endeavor to figure out your own life. It is in the figuring that you begin to reckon what was normal, or at least representative of the norm, that standards become either acceptable or unacceptable later in life. And, that is where the “fun” begins.

In the case of my father, you will find that his struggle with alcoholism was his undoing throughout many of his otherwise reasonably sane life. At times life was fitful and unruly, but inevitably the family found a ritual of everyday living that brought sanity and stability back to the mix. Those were good times!

My brother struggled with various drugs, including alcohol. His story is tragic, especially in the fact of throwing away his family (whom we still keep in contact, although less frequently in past years). He was very talented, both musically and writing (mostly poems). I have included his writing with his story.

My struggle with pornography was one that crept up on me. Secret sins are so much easier to hide, hence they are secret from most everyone. But God knows, and I believe it was He who “took me out” and then “took me in” to experience His grace.

May these stories contribute to your life in a powerful and positive way that will aid you in your own pilgrimage during your short stay here on planet earth.