



It's Not All Coffee and Donuts

*A wife's version of the living hell,
of living with a cop that was shot.*

When I met my husband while he was seeking friendship from the internet; that is how he met me. One day in Oct of 2005 I get a strange message on my instant messenger. "Well if you're not going to talk to me then fine I will never message again." Of course I messaged back saying "Who are you and explaining this is the first time I knew of any message."

If I knew back then what I know today, I wonder if I would have ever answered at all. In the present time I am in a living hell that I know no sane or nice way of getting out. Let me start by explaining something's near the present day. My husband thinks he is dying and is telling everyone he is dying. Is it depression or is it a game, I am torn between the two, but I really do not know for sure.

After the initial message, David kept contacting me. He seemed nice and genuinely seemed to want a new friend. I had recently been threw some very bad times and wanted some new friends and to get on with my life and maybe even forget my past. I was just getting over a bad marriage where my ex-husband had slept with his own daughter while I was sleeping in the next room. Yes I am a very heavy sleeper and did not know about what was going on until my ex-husband and his daughter had a fight. My world had fallen apart and my son was away in the Army and I had not heard from him in 3 months. I did not turn my ex-husband at first in like I should have I instead tried to protect his daughter by sending her away to her grandmothers. It was only after I sent her away did I make the mistake in telling him to turn himself into a counselor or someone to get him help for what he did. Instead of going for help he left in the middle of the night and followed his daughter. I turned him in at that point but it was too late and he had skipped the state.

I did at that point become so depressed and I was all alone because I had allowed my ex-husband over the last two year to isolate me from all family and friends. He did this I am sure so no one could find out or if they did they would not believe me if I told them what I had just found out myself.

I tried to commit suicide just after he left. I have talked to the doctors and they all agreed that what I went through was like an instant insanity and did a dumb thing at the time. I did stop cutting my wrists when the bathroom tub was full of blood and I was fading into that time I wanted to sleep or pass out. I did stop myself before it was too late. And I swear I had heard my son's voice from across the oceans saying, "Mom, don't leave me" I got out of the tub and wrapped my wrists in towels and went to my bedroom to the phone to call my father. I passed out before making the call and woke up 2 days later. I called my father and told him what happened. He called the area police; he wanted them to take me to the hospital to get admitted for a suicide attempt.

The police arrived and did take me to the hospital. They stayed with me and I was under detention until the physiological doctor came in and told them I was not a threat to myself or others that I could go home. I called my father once I got home and he got mad at the system for not keeping me.

My son's friend arrived to help me after I left the hospital, until my son arrived from overseas. My father had gotten a hold of my son right away and got him leave to come home.

Before my son came home I was feeling depression and ugly. The ugly part came from months before I used a whiter for my teeth and every tooth in my mouth broke. I had all my teeth pulled and then had so much trouble with the dentures the doctor gave me that I could not wear them. And when I went back to get it fixed he would not see me as I still had a bill I had not been able to fully pay yet.

My son's friend while helping me with did something he did unconsciously that helped me more than even he knows that help my spirits and made me feel that I was maybe desirable to someone in this world. He did nothing more than help me to get cleaned up and his body reacted. Nothing ever came up it, except he lifted my spirits.

When my son arrived he helped me move myself to my brother's house in Austin. My father also lived in Austin and both my brother and my father helped me on the road to recovery. Within a short time I was lonely and looking for companionship as well as a new life where I could be happy again.

I moved to Llano into an apartment, I met new people but found I was still lonely. That is when I started chatting with people online and after a few not so good experiences I got the message that changed my life. One day in Oct of 2005 I get a strange message on my instant messenger. "Well if you're not going to talk to me then fine I will never message again." Of course I messaged back saying "Who are you and explaining this is the first time I knew of any message."

For many weeks David and I chatted only over the internet. He worked nights and I worked days. When I got home I would have about an hour of messages to read that came from David. He was entertaining and a happy man. I fell in love with his happiness and his need to be needed.

David told me all about his shooting and about his life. I realized a lot later in our relationship he never really did ask me about myself and for the first time in a relationship I really did not share too much. When it came to my past I mostly wanted to forget it. I did tell him the basics, but there were never any details. David did know that I had a terrible past and seemed to except that I wanted to forget it. Little did I know, at the time, that it was more because he did not want to know It was my past and it was not "all about" him.

One night David wanted to start talking to me on the phone instead of the internet. At first I did not want to do this do to hearing all the bad things everyone says can happen. But after him asking over and over I finally gave in and gave him my phone number. David was all excited when I told him the number and he explained the reason was the last of my phone number was his police badge number. He kept telling me this was fate and we were destined to be together.

When we talked on the phone mostly we talked about his shooting. David in January 3rd of 2003 had been working in the Police Department and responded to a domestic violence call. The call was at Denny's Restaurant and the dispute was between a Bouncer and a Stripper. My husband arrive with another officer and right away calmed the bouncer down and were heading out the door with him after convincing him he just needed to go home, when the Stripper says to the other officer, "He has a loaded shot gun in the car." At that moment the fight was on, the

bouncer punched forward to the other officer and then back with the elbow to knock David out. David was slammed backwards into a brick planter, injuring him. My husband fought the bouncer for four and half minutes. Normal bar fights are only about thirty seconds long. But this fight my husband at fifty-one years old was fighting for his life. The bouncer seizes David's pistol then stands over him and shoots him three times, hitting him in the chest, pelvic area and abdomen. The shot to the abdomen went in one side and out the other and then into the left arm.

The bouncer then turned his attention on the other officer. The bouncer emptied David's gun and the other officer had one bullet rip down between his vest and back. The bouncer beat the officer to a pulp and took his gun away. At this time David gets up even though he is beaten and shot 3 times and runs out of the restaurant to the hotel next door only to pound on the door to deaf ears. David's lungs collapse and he falls in front of the hotel's glass doors.

Answering the call another officer came to find David on the ground injured. Little did the officer know that the Bouncer was close behind him? Using the 2nd officers gun the bouncer shot this officer in the jaw. Suddenly a 4th officer arrives on the site and he rushes the Bouncer and the shots fire from them both. The officer takes several shots and the bouncer took 6 bullets before he finally collapsed dead on top of the officers.

The officers were all rushed to the hospital and they all survived but were in the hospital for a long time. During the whole shoot out the Stripper had taken off in her car only to show up later after it was all over. The Stripper was found later mysteriously sitting in David's hospital room for what ever reason, only to be booted out by David's family.

David at this time was still trying to get back with his ex-wife and he let her move back into his new house. This he claims was a mistake as later she left him and took him for everything he had.

Just before I met David on the internet, he had a meeting with the now 21 year old Stripper. David even told me that during this time he tried to get the Stripper to date him after they had talked all about the shooting, but that she never would go on a date with him. Now what 53 year old guy in the world would not at least try to get a cute young 21 year old girl to date him if he thought he had the slightest chance? When nothing developed that was when David searched the internet and found other ladies then found me.

Now I should have seen something and at least questioned them, but I was not in the best of shape yet and was just grateful for the happiness that David was showing me. David in some ways is a most friendly and happy man I ever met. The trouble is other women meet him and take advantage of his kind nature. The other trouble here is David eats up the attention he gets from the ladies to the extent of destroying his own happy home.

Am I sure that it is just the women taking advantage? I do not know. Maybe it is that my husband is just so macho that I never saw him as a two timer before. Either way it has not been an easy life or easy to live with once the truths come out. But I am an optimist and hopeful type person and I kept trying to see the brighter side of my husband, but over time it has taken its toll.

After talking to David on the phone for a couple weeks, David wanted to meet. At this point I had done an internet search on the shooting and read a lot about David. I had even seen a picture of David and shown my girl friend. My girl friend told me don't do it and that I could do a lot better given some time. She even tried to set me up on a blind date in hopes that I would turn my attentions away from David. But David was persistent.

David asked me to spend the weekend with him in San Antonio, and I finally agreed. I had been stressed at my work place and he convinced me that I needed a break from everything and that even though I had a nasty cold sore and run myself down that he did not care and would help me relax and enjoy the weekend. He told me his house was big enough that I could stay in one of the other rooms and he promised not to touch me in anyway I did not want. Also when he said I could hurt his career and life more by inviting me there than he could do to me, finally convinced me he was safe enough.

David met me in front of my work with roses, he also handed me some money claiming it was for my phone bill as he racked it up wanting to talk to me over the last weeks. The reason we met there was if anything was not right at the first moments I could just leave and he would not know where I lived. Well I felt it was still going ok and so we decided not to drive two cars to San Antonio so we drove to Llano to drop off my truck at my house then head to San Antonio. So far so good, once we hit San Antonio David stopped at Calendars a western store. He told me he indented to take me out to a place called Cowboy's Dance hall that night and I had told him I did not have any western clothes but I had maybe something that would do. He decided he wanted to buy me an outfit and boots. I allowed him to do this as long as I could later buy him something or pay him back.

David took me to a fancy restaurant where the owner of the restaurant said as we came in, "Oh, another girl, are you keeping this one?" David told him I was a keeper. After dinner we went dancing and had a very nice time. After coming back to his house we did actually share his bed, but nothing happened but sleeping that night. Ok maybe there was a kiss, but nothing more.

Over the weekend David and I enjoyed each others company and he introduced me to many people he knew. I was pretty neat listening to him talk to people and some he told them about his shooting. Also during this time he had opened his house to another officer that was working the rodeo. The man lived out of town and during the rodeo he stayed with David to save him the long drive everyday. His name was Miguel and I became friends with him as well. Miguel told me he was surprised that I came to stay the weekend and told him I did not know why I did, but I was having a good time so I saw no harm in it, he agreed.

Sunday night David asked me to stay longer. He also asked me to marry him as he thought we were meant to be together. I told him I had to go back to home because I had to go back to work in the morning. David said you are so stressed at work and you have been working so many hours. I had been work many hours the week before I had worked 65 hours and only would be paid for 40. Actually as it worked out I did not even get paid for the 40 hours. But I told him that maybe I could call in sick for one day as I really was stressed at work and would like one more day to rest. So the next morning I called to work and said I was not feeling good and needed the day off also explaining I worked 65 hours last week and was all caught up on my

work. My bosses reply was if I did not get into work right now I was fired. When I told David what she said he said, "Get a new job in San Antonio, the house is big enough for you and I have to pay the bills anyway, so it is not like you would cost me any extra money. You can even stay in the other bedroom if you like. No strings attached, you can stay with me. So let's go get your stuff front your apartment and you can move in." I thought about it for a while as he kept trying to convince me it was a perfect idea and then finally agreed. We spent the day driving to my apartment and picking up a few things for me to begin to stay in San Antonio.

I did not move into the spare bedroom, I slept with David. David and I tried to make love one time and he failed at getting an erection. He said it was a medical problem from the shooting and I never again perused that part of a relationship. I convinced myself that there was a lot more to a relationship than sex and if I had to do without it I could. During the first week I was in San Antonio, David worked night and Miguel and I stayed in the house and in the evening he and I would talk. The one thing that both Miguel and I talked about is how it seemed every conversation David had it was all about his ex-wife Penny and how bad she was to him. Miguel one night told David that he talked too much about Penny and maybe he should stop talking about her and concentrate on the new pretty lady he now was entertaining. After that you could tell he tried but he still talked a lot about her.

Two months after I moved in I got a job. I had made friends with the next door neighbor. David at first got mad at me making friends with her as he said he never talks to his neighbors as he does not want them knowing his business. I told him I needed friends and she seemed like an ok person to be friends with for now. Little did I know at the time that was the worst mistake I would make? I had confided in the next door neighbor about no sex life, but told her I willing to accept it, her solution was to go get myself a boyfriend like she had. I told her no, and I also made the mistake of telling her about my suicide attempt the year before as she later use that against me.

About eight months after we met David asked me again to marry him. This was shortly after I had to go to the hospital with bronchitis and had a \$2000.00 bill. So he kept saying if nothing else I would be covered under his medical. I kept thinking he was using the insurance thing as a back-up in case I said no. I told him I would marry him only after my son came back from Iraq.

David had surgery on his arm to take the bullet out of it and told me the one thing that scared him was being alone in the hospital. I was there the whole time and never left his side until they would not let me stay in the OR. I took good care of him after he got out of the surgery as well. After the surgery David would say he could not have sex because of his arm, but then we were not having sex anyway before then so I let him say what he pleased, and figured it was more a man thing, was why he was saying it.

In our tenth month my son came back for a 15 day visit from Iraq and during that time we got married. My son told me at the time he wished I would wait longer, but I told him it would be ok, and that I was old enough to know what I was doing. We had the wedding in our house. On my side I had my son and I asked the next door neighbor to be my bride's maid as not to offend either of David's daughter or daughter-in-law by asking the wrong one. I had invited my father and brother but they never made it. On David's side he had invited over 150 family and friends

and about 80 to 90 showed up. One the wedding night David did get on top of me like he was going to have sex then made some motion in that effect then rolled over and went to sleep. These actions made me cry, but no one ever knew I cried on my wedding night.

Well at this point life just goes on; we had our ups and downs like any normal married couple. We also have the times of getting use to each other and the things we do. David made me laugh most days and David talked incisively about himself and the shooting. It seemed like everyone I meet he would talk on and on about himself. He would call people and again talk on and on. At one point I tried to get David interested in On-line games that I liked and he did enjoy them for a while until people would not talk to him anymore. I found him one night calling one of the girls from the game and talking on and on about his shooting, then hanging up from her and calling another. Over time David became bored with the game and refused to even try a new one.

Everything seemed normal in my life except that David sometimes gave him the impression that he was a little too friendly with some girls. One in was overly friendly with was the young thing (stripper) from the shooting. He now suddenly was claiming her as his daughter, after I said one day was she not a bit too young for him. The other was the girl friend he had dated right before he met me. And the third was the next door neighbor he now said was his best friend where before he said he never wanted to know his neighbors. Still even with these things I just tried my best to ignore the things I felt I could not change and get on with my life.

One day things changed totally with the lady next door. I was outside smoking like I do most nights after David has gone to work and before I am ready to go to bed. When the next door neighbor Kate comes running over screaming at me, "I am not fucking your husband." I said I did not think she was and I knew she had a boyfriend that she was fucking all the time right under her husband's nose. She proceeded to keep screaming and yelling at me until I finally just turned away and went into the house and left her in my driveway. No sooner than I got inside and while still trying to calm myself down over this lunatic's attack, when my phones started ringing off the hook. It was my husband calling to ask, "What is wrong? Kate just called and said I was in trouble when I got home. Are you hurt?" I explain what just happened and he just said, "I will take care of it."

Over the next few days I would wave to the next door neighbor if she was out on her porch like I always did and she would turn head away after giving me a discussed looked, so after a few days I stopped waving and just ignored her every time I say her. Another neighbor came to me one day and told me that Kate had told the whole neighborhood about how I thought she was fucking my husband. I just told her I did not think that and that I don't know where any of this came from of how or why it started. After a couple weeks Kate took a job out of town claiming it was because her family life was so bad, which she had claimed the whole time I had known her. She claimed her kids and husband hated her. She of course did not tell me she was taking the out of town job, I only heard about it from my husband which seemed to need to tell me everything she said to him every time they talked. After a while of him going on and on about her everyday I told him I really did not care what she said or did I just did not want her in my life, because I thought she was crazy and would be the death of me or him or at the least she would destroy his career.

For the time she was gone everything was happy again and seemed wonderful. But she later returned home and that was when things did not seem as happy again. Again David started talking about her daily until I again stated I really did not want her in my life or to hear about her life everyday.

In May of 2007 I became sick, I was having stroke and seizure type symptoms I had terrible headaches. Well it all started with a rash on my face and David takes me to the ER and they gave me a steroid shot and steroid pills to take for the next ten days and sent me home. David then goes to Pennsylvania and I am so sick I barely make it home from taking him to the airport. I ended up sleeping the whole weekend he was gone. On May 5th I take myself to the Med Clinic where they say I have an ear infection. I take 3 days off work to recover sleeping the whole time. David comes home and two weeks later on May 17th, David Birthday, I go back to the Med Clinic because I am not feeling any better. I am told I still have an ear infection and I am given more meds and sent home to rest. I start getting vertigo and a pain in my head on the back right side. I don't tell anyone, but I do ask questions, I kept thinking that David would think I was stupid.

On May 19th we have a party for David and I am so out of it. I see Mickey, my biological father, for the first time in thirty years. My brother, his wife and his son came with him to the party. They all left that night and Mickey and his wife stayed the night at our house. During the whole party David spent all his time outside telling stories and chatting up some girls he had invited to the party. David was not interested at all in meeting or talking to Mickey.

On June 3rd we drove to ft. hood to see my son that was temporarily stationed there. David's driving was very bad and I could tell he at times just could not see and needed something done with his eyes.

June 4th took David to an eye appointment, and then I go to work. I start feeling very sick at work I eat something and start feeling better then work some more then I start feeling sick again and go home early. I wake David and ask him to drive me to the ER. They do a bunch of tests and then just send me home. During the time he was taking me I could not move my body. I was really scared and did not know what was happening to me. David seemed worried and even asked for a drug screening to be run in case someone had drugged me. The doctors said they could find nothing wrong with me and sent me home after I was able to move again. They told David and me that I may have had a stroke, but could not be for sure.

Tuesday and Wednesday I stay home from work again and go to appointments to help find out what is wrong with me. Thursday and Friday I start getting confuse and getting bad migraine headaches. Saturday is a good day; I can ride in the car without getting dizzy. The headaches are gone and I can think again. Then again on Sunday I again woke David up as I was hurting so bad with a headache I could not think.

The next day David said, "I wish you would talk to Kate about this, as she is a nurse and I don't know what we can do anymore." The next time I saw Kate out front I swallowed my pride and asked to talk to her. She seemed concerned at first and came to my house to talk to me. Little did I know I just fell into a trap? She told me that it could be many things that were wrong and

gave me some leads to look up on the internet. The next time I had an attack I woke David and he ran and got Kate. Next thing I know Kate is taking me to the hospital all the way downtown. The whole time driving she is saying, “You need to commit yourself, tell the doctors you tried to commit suicide before. You need to stay away from home and leave David.” I overhear her telling the doctor that I need to be committed because I tried to attempt suicide before and she felt this was another attempt or a result of the attempt. I tried to call David when I was able and she took my phone away from me, telling me I did not need to bother him now I just needed to stay at the hospital and leave him alone. Kate tells me, “You have a failed marriage and David is leaving you. Your son is also going to hate you and not take care of you. I did not have the strength to fight her. I shut down everything, I can’t think, all I can think of is how much I want David to come help me. The doctor gave me something that should have knocked out a normal person but it did not knock me out. So he concluded Kate was right and it must be a steroid over dose or something like that and admitted me into the hospital. Well after a short hospital stay they said I had a stroke and then sent me home.

Within a day of being sent home I had a massive attack that started with a headache. David was at work and I called him and said, “I am having a bad attack do I need to call 911?” He said he would be right home. By the time he got home I was in a full blown body shaken attack. Now I do believe now that part of the attack was being so scared I was having another stroke so soon after I was told I had been told I had a stroke. But I did not realize this until days later.

I was again admitted into the hospital. During my hospital stay I was given all kinds of test including a Psychological one and they could find nothing wrong with me. The psychological doctor even proved I was not insane or crazy.

The whole time I was in the hospital David did not call any of my family to tell them I was even admitted. I called them myself to tell them what was happening. David only came to visit me once a day for 15 to 30 minutes, except the one time he brought Kate with him to visit me they stayed 15 minutes with me then had a 2 hour lunch then came back and they both yelled at me for 15 minutes in front of my father that came to visit that day, then they left together. David never asked my doctors anything about what they thought I had or what they thought the problem was. David never even talked to the nurses. David did tell me everyday he came that Kate was over at our house everyday keeping him company. Like this was supposed to make me feel better? All I wanted to do was go home upon hearing that news.

Finally they released me saying they could find nothing wrong so it had to be mental, even though the psychological doctor said it was his opinion it was not mental. I got out of the hospital on June 23rd two days before my birthday. The day after I got out of the hospital, David insisted on going to the flea market and walking and walking and that was when I asked him for Mimi. Mimi was a 6 week old puppy that weighted 6 oz. I returned to work on Monday and I talked to my boss at the time and she suggested going to an internal medicine doctor that her husband had been seeing. I figured it could not hurt and made an appointment. He examined me and said he wanted me to see “his” neurological doctor for a 2nd opinion. Upon seeing the neurological doctor and telling him the whole story and all about the headaches, telling him just like all the other doctors. He asked where the headache started and I told him in the back of my head. He pulled up my hair and said, “Well did anyone look at this large bump in the back of

your head?" I told him no one did even when I told them there was a bump. He told me he would fix me up right away. He gave me a shot into the bump on my head and told me it was a pinched nerve at the base of my spine, to go to a massage center and get the spine massaged. I went to a chiropractor and never had a problem since.

Well life went on for a few months with no major happenings, just David seemed to be talking to a lot more girls all the time and the stripper was invading my life a lot more. Then one day, David let the stripper move into our house, he did not even asking me if it was ok. He said it was going to be for only two weeks and then she would be gone. I did not like her moving in but for some reason felt I could not say anything without causing a fight with my husband and I had just been though so much with being sick that I just let him move her in and only stating how I did not like it.

While the stripper was staying out our house, David yelled at me for moving her items from one table to another. David yelled at me when she asked for my last soda and I said no get your own. I could do nothing right as far as David was concerned with this stripper in the house. What was supposed to be two weeks turned into 3 months of a spoiled brat living in my house. The reason he let he move in the first place was because her rich boyfriend and her had a fight. 3 months later we moved her into her own apartment where her job as only 100 yards away. Only to find within 1 to 2 weeks she had moved back into the rich boyfriend's house and he had bought her a \$75,000.00 car. She has since made the comments that as long as he keeps buying me shoes I will stay with him. This should give you a clear indication of the type of girl she is.

My son comes home for a visit and all seems great except one day David suddenly says he has to go overnight out of town to a nephew's that I had never heard of before. When I question him about it he gets mad and states he will not go. Then just as suddenly he claims he had to go out of town on business. Well nothing seems right about all this and just before he goes I decided to look into his e-mail and see if there is an e-mail about this trip as he stated that was how he was informed about having to go. To my shock I did not find anything about him needing to go out of town, but I find to my horror, an e-mail sent by the next door neighbor that was nothing but nude pictures of her. I confronted my husband about this before he went and he yelled at me and somehow turned the whole thing as my fault because I looked into his e-mail.

He did go out of town even though I asked him not too. And the whole thing seemed very strange and not right. Even his attitude was not right or normal. I looked into a few things and found he was calling her right after he left. I was sure he was calling her to say he was now on his way, as he had forgotten something and I caught him a few seconds before he left again. He did not even kiss me goodbye like he normally would have. Next I saw on the phone logs that he had called her first thing in the morning and then an hour later he called me to tell me he just had breakfast and was on his way home. So I figured the call to her was to say, stop at that restaurant ahead, as I they were both in their own cars. They had also gone to the town where she had taken the traveling nurse job as well. I stayed home from work that day and was all upset, my son agreed that something was going on and it was not good.

I waited all morning for him to come home. He had stopped off at my work first only to find me not there and called me. I told him to just come home and we would talk about it. He rushed

home only to arrive at the exact same time as Kate drove in. I was furious and totally mad. We had a big fight. He kept saying he did not do anything and he told me he was devoted to me. I wanted so badly to believe him I just stopped fighting. My son asked me to come home with him, but I said no that I would stay here for now. Later I looked at the bills and found the charges for his trip, which he never was reimbursed for by the company he claimed, sent him there, and I found that dinner cost him \$60.00 and breakfast cost him \$23.00. Breakfast for my husband and I both has never been more than \$20.00 no matter where we have gone. And the place of the dinner restaurant was not a fancy place, and there is no way it would cost \$60.00 for one person to eat there, I checked and the dinner was for two meals. I vow never to trust him again, but never to talk about it either.

Now a few months go by and I find the stripper showing up in my house from time to time when I am not there and I find the next door neighbor has been doing the same. When I am not around there seems to be a lot of women in my house. At my work the owner decides to sell the business and I don't like the new owners, so I decide to try to go into business for myself. This also allows me to stay at home a lot more and see what happens.

A week after I start my own business one of the officers from the shooting is killed in a motorcycle accident. My husband suddenly decides to retire. He call everyone and tells everyone how much money he is getting from the police department for retiring. Now the girls really seem to be coming out of the woodwork and coming around the house and calling all the time. And why not here is an old man with money. I make my husband reinvest a large part of the retirement and then things seem to calm down a bit, except he ran up all his credit cards then start using mine for his expensive Christmas presents.

Christmas day my husband's son informs his dad, that if he calls the stripper his sister one more time he will choke him. I was so glad to hear this and hoped he would after Christmas have nothing to do with that stripper anymore. And that was almost the case until a couple weeks later.

My husband can home sick from work on Thursday January 10th 2008. He was white as a ghost and went straight to bed. He would not eat and complained of a stomach aches. The next day he stayed in bed all day but he would eat peanut butter crackers and drink water. He did not complain a lot just got up to go the bathroom and back to bed. I checked on him often only to find him sound asleep.

Saturday came around which is our normal day to go to breakfast and errands. He got up and said he wanted to go so we left to the little Mexican restaurant he liked. All seemed fine except he said he was getting a headache once in a while. He was driving and we went to the post office and bank and on the way home he ran in to the curb on the road which was so very unusual for him. This should have been my first alert that something was wrong as my husband is a trained driver and never comes close to hitting anything. Ok maybe close but never hits it. We both blew it off to him not feeling up to par yet and he said he was tired and so we went home and he went back to bed and slept until the next day, except for snacking on food once in a while.

On Sunday we had scheduled a family breakfast with all his brothers. My husband is normally the life of the party, but this morning he was very quiet and on the way to the restaurant I yelled and he came within a fraction of an inch from hitting a parked car on the right side of the road. As soon as breakfast was over he claimed he was tired and was having headaches and wanted to go back to bed. He also complained of being disorientated and this scared me. I tried in vain to get him to let me take him to clinic or somewhere to be seen by a doctor. Of course being a Sunday it normally meant the ER and he did not want to go. I told him if he was not feeling better in the morning I was taking him to our family doctor whether he liked it or not.

On Monday January 14th 2008 my husband had a large stroke, but in some respects was a very lucky man on where it was located in his brain. My husband and I have not slept in the same bed for a couple of years now. Partly due to him working nights and his snoring he choose to move to the other bedroom. I always wake up before him so I was awake and on the phone working when I hear him coming down the stairs. He gets mid stairs and waving his arms wildly and out of his mouth he says “ARRR ARRR ARRR.” My husband could not talk. Immediately I knew something was terribly wrong and told him to sit down. He shook his head in defiance and beckoned me to follow him. He took me to the bathtub and we played the game of charades for him to tell me he could not turn the shower part of the bathtub on. I knew it would take me a minute to get dressed and I wanted time to call his doctor about it and he seemed ok except for speaking and he was mentally slow, so I let him take his shower and I got him some underwear for when he got out.

At that point when I was away from him I was in full speed and in a panic. I knew something had happened to him in the middle of the night and at that point I prayed it was not a stroke. The doctor tells me he will see him right away and I rush across town to his office. After examining my husband he says, “Why did you bring him here he needs to be in the ER. I think he has had a stroke, and he does not seem in danger at the moment but, I can’t do the tests needed to find out how bad it was, they will also give him something to help him to maybe not have another one.” The Doctor called ahead and I drove him to the ER down the street.

The whole day seemed fifteen minutes long at the end of it but it was filled with many things going on. While he was in ER I first called his son then his daughter and if my memory serves me right I called his mother. I stated right by his side the whole time. I knew he was scared and so was I. He and I played charades as I seemed to best know what he was trying to say to let the doctors know what they needed to know and where asking. For six hours he could not say any more that the word “ARR” except when he got so frustrated and would say “damn it” very clearly. The first time I heard him say “damn it” I knew he would get better with time and therapy. This was something I knew from working with a neurosurgeon in my past.

The doctors confirmed he did in fact have a stroke and they started the admission papers and told me he would be staying in the hospital for a while. By this time we all determined that with the stroke he had only lost his speech and right peripheral vision and the doctors confirmed with work both should come back if he worked on them right away. So I made some calls and asked family and friends to please come visit him in the hospital and make him talk because the faster and more he did the better he would become, but to please do not over tire him as the doctors did tell me he needed a lot of rest as well. I called the Red Cross and got a message to my son in

Iraq and asked if he could come home as I felt I needed some help as well. It took him 3 days to get home.

I asked my husband if there was anyone else he wanted me to call like maybe Julie (the stripper from the shooting he seemed close to) he said “Do not call her” and this was also something he said very clear and very strong. He was adamant that no one was to call her.

Several times during all this I would break down and cry but I tried to be strong for my husband and I did not want to scare him so I left the room for a few minutes to cry and come back. The last thing I felt was strong and all I wanted was to cry and cry, but I knew I had to at least look strong for him. I honestly at this point can not say who showed up that first day in the ER and the admission time. I am pretty sure his son came and his daughter was sick at home and I remember calling her a lot to keep her informed. I also remember being on the phone so much my ears hurt. I also remember looking at the clock one moment then next I looked it was hours later. I knew at that point I was in shock and knew people were talking to me and I answered but it was like I was not really there. I remember lots of hugs and tears and worry and being very scared and like part of me was gone. I was use to me being the one that he took care of and now I had to take care of him. My world was crashing before me eyes and I could not believe it was happening.

I remember Jeff asking me if I would have them operate on his brain if it was a tumor and I said “I would need a lot more information than I have now to determine what is best for him.” I remember Jeff’s mother being there and others and Jeff being on the phone a lot calling people. Unfortunately with the shock of the whole thing some things about other people are very blurry, the thing I remember most is worrying about him and praying he would be ok.

Finally it was late at night and everyone went home and I spent some time watching him sleep, the nurse suggested I go get some sleep as the hospital chairs were not comfortable and I needed my sleep. So after a bit, I drove myself home to get some sleep. Two hours after I lied my head down I woke drenched and all sweaty. I got up cleaned up a bit and fed the puppy and drove back to the hospital. He was sleeping and snoring but it was so good to just sit and listen to him snore.

One of the first things he did that morning was said “I know you and Kate are not friends,” and then he pouted and cried while saying, “But she is my friend and I want her to know I am in the hospital.” I felt sorry for him and it was the worst moments for me, but then I made the biggest mistake in my life at that moment.

I called Kate and said,”I know you and I have not gotten along but David wanted you to know he was in the hospital and had a stroke.” Immediately she started screaming and yelling at me and I just said, “He just wanted you to know, Bye.” I cried and regretted immediately what I had just done and wished I had just told him I called but then never did.

Within ten to thirty minutes after making the call his son calls and says,” The cat is out of the bag and Julie knows and is coming to the hospital.” Julie arrived about the same time as Jeff. The first thing Julie says as she wiggles her ass in the room is, “Why didn’t you call me, I needed

to be called, I am family and you did not call me.” Then immediately shoved me out of the way and climbed all over my husband like she was his wife. I suppressed my disgust over his reaction to her and told myself not to cry and that I could cry later when I was alone.

I soon found out that Kate had called her, and that Kate also called the ex-wife Penny, which David always acted like he hated. I also was told Kate would be coming by to visit him the next day. Once I found out Kate would be coming I told my husband I was informed she would be coming by tomorrow he said, “When Kate gets here you need to leave.” I was crushed, but again suppressed my hurt but left the room for a while to cry.

During this day a lot of people called and asked about my husband and I asked them to stop by for a little bit to help him talk as that seemed to be what he needed at the moment to help his speech. I also reminded people that doctors say he also need to get some rest as well, so please don’t tire him out too much.

At one point I walked in the room from having a smoke break and Julie was in the bed with him and he was rubbing her butt. I bit my tongue and said nothing, as I watched my husband playing in the hospital bed in front of about fifteen family and friends members. The doctor came in and got very mad at me for letting so many people bother my husband while he needed to recover. There were sandwiches and chips and sodas all around the room and it was like a party going on. I will admit the sandwiches were came from his work friend in order to get me to eat as I had not eaten at all and that was his way of trying to get me to eat.

After the doctor left and pulled me aside to ream my ass about his visitors, I came into the room and my husband now had his hairdresser in the bed with him rubbing her butt. This time I did not get mad I just pulled her off his bed and said I needed to talk to my husband right now. I told him some of what the doctor told me about his condition and how he needed to take it easy. I was pushed away after a bit by others coming in and wanting to wish him well.

At this point still no one had really left and if they did they were just replaced by others coming in. This is when my husband announced to the room full of people that the hairdresser was his mistress and her friend was also his mistress and then he said in a depressing sounding voice, “Oh I guess that is my wife.” Then smiled again and said, “Where are my other mistresses?”

I could not think of anything else to say as people were looking at me in shock but, “Honey, I think your getting tired, I think you need to rest now.”

He yells at me,” I am not tired so leave me alone.”

At that time people start to say goodbye to him and some just leaving. All that was left in the room, as I stood by the door saying goodbye to people, was my husband and his mistresses as I left into the hall and cried.

After they were gone I spent some time in his room helping him and the watching him sleep. I drove home and took care of a few things I needed to do at home like giving the puppy that was going trough her first “in Heat” time some attention. I slept for two hours again if that and was

woken in a sweat and worried about my husband and got cleaned up and drove back to the hospital. I watched him sleeping and dozed in a chair in his room when I could. The nurses came in with his meds and breakfast and all. My husband wanted to walk around so I asked the nurse and she said it was ok as long as I was with him. We walked the floor two times around. In the middle of breakfast he suddenly said he has to go to the bathroom. This is something he has never done before in the whole time I have known him. I happen to notice he had the cell phone in his hand as he went into the bathroom, but I blew it off as maybe he did not realize he picked it up. That was at 6:15 am. After he came out of the room he said, "I need you to go to the bank now and get me something out of the safe deposit." I told him, "It is too early to go to the bank I will do it later." He repeated this request five to six times over the hour and a half.

At 8:10 am my husband goes into the bathroom and then the nurse came in all upset and said, "I have a problem. There is a lady named Kate out here requesting for you to leave Mrs. Evans so she can visit with your husband alone." My husband comes out of the bathroom and I tell him what the nurse just said to me and he says at first in a quiet tone, "that's not right.", then he suddenly says, "You stay here and I will meet her in the hall." I was so hurt over what he said the day before about me leaving and now again with the hall bit, that I jumped up grabbed my stuff and said, "I was leaving because I was not going to stay here and cause conflict, call me if you ever want me back." I ran out of the hospital leaving the nurse with a distressed look on her face and balled my eyes out. I drove around and cried and cried. A friend called and I talked and bawled and bawled.

Two hours later my husband calls and said, "Kate was here five minutes and the Chief was here for over an hour, but you can come back now." I told him I would be back in a bit that I was at the bank. I cried some more then headed back that hospital. As I walked on the floor the nurse stopped me and I asked her how he was doing and she said, "Well that lady was here for way too long I think and seemed to upset him and the Chief of Police was here for five minutes. What is the Chief of Polices name again?" I told her his name as I realized that my husband had just lied to me.

I was upset but was determined not to show it. I went to his room and no sooner than I got there I see Sandy and then a few minutes later three of my husband's friend's show up that he worked with in his past. Sandy and I go to the doorway so he can visit with his friends a bit. While Sandy and I were talking the Physical Therapist came into the room and asked my husband if he was ready to walk around. He did not say a word, I looked at him and he looked dazed and tired. I told the Physical Therapist that he had just had a pill to make him sleepy and that I took him for a walk this morning. She said ok and started to walk out of the room I turned and hear someone behind me say, "I think he is having a seizure." I looked around and saw his face was all blue. And I ran to the nurse's station and screamed, "He is having a Seizure, Help Him!!" I ran back into the room to my husband and tried to hold him. I freaked as Sandy tried to pull me away and then out of the room. I cried I prayed I cried some more. I totally lost it.

I got myself together and called his son and daughter and mother and I am sure I scared them as I was so scared I was loosing my husband. It was also front most in my mind that the Bitch Kate had something to do with it. I kept remembering me telling him months ago that Kate would be

the death of him and it sure looked like it was happening now. I am sure I kept telling everyone to keep that Bitch away from him. I did not want her near him and how I felt it was all her fault.

They gave my husband meds for the seizure, and I could hear him screaming from inside the room while I was in the hallway where I came back to because I could not stay in the visitors room Sandy had taken me too. I had not been able to even tell him I loved him before the seizure. I did not want my last words to my husband to be angry and about the Bitch. I thought my husband was dying. I prayed to god to take me if he had to but let him live long enough to let me tell him I loved him. One of the nurses watching over him in the after seizure state motioned to me to come in the room as he was calming down and let me hold his hand and tell him I loved him.

My husband was taken to ICU due to the fact after the seizure his vitals had dropped and his blood pressure dropped very low and they could not get it back up. They wanted to run a lot more tests but could not until he was stabilized. The doctor called me in and woke my husband asking him who I was. My husband said, "Wife." The doctor said that was a very good sign.

The ICU visitor's room was over run with family and friends even a friend of my husband's brought in a special doctor to over see his condition. The doctors kept telling me to tell the family and friends that he needed rest to recover. I re-laid the information as I got it from the doctor.

Julie came to hospital and marched into the room just as Jennifer, his daughter, was checking in to see if her father was awake. And Julie shook my husband and pulled his face towards hers and yelled, "Look at me, Look at me, Can you see me? You have to know I was here." Jennifer got all upset and left the room in tears.

The visitor kept streaming in and the nurses and doctors started chewing my ass saying I needed to stop letting everyone come in the room while they were working and to stop letting people wake him up as this was critical to his recovery, they also told me how the hospital policy is only two visitors at a time. I was worried about my husband's condition and at that point did not care what everyone else thought about me, as we were talking about my husband's life at stake. I started to tell people that he could only have two visitors at a time and if he was asleep they could not go in the room and wake him.

Everyone finally left at 7:30 pm and I asked the nurse if know that all were gone and he was sleeping soundly at this point did that mean he would have no more visitors if I was to go home and get a bit of sleep. I had only gotten 4 hours sleep in 72 hours and needed to try to sleep. She said not until after 10:00pm would she not stop anyone from coming in and visiting. So in order to protect my husband's life I sat in his room forcing myself to stay awake until 10:00pm to make sure he was not disturbed.

During all this mess in ICU, Jon arrived from Iraq. When I took him into the room, David's face just lit up like a Christmas tree and he smiled really big and said, "HI Jon." Later Jon told me he was in the room when David told someone, "Oh I thought Jon was my other son that is in the military." David does not have another son in the military so I have no idea what David was

talking about, I can only figure he said that just to hurt Jon's feelings. During Jon's stay, he was in David's room several times, and each time David said rude and mean things about me to my son or whiles my son was in the room. One time when I was coming in with Jon after getting him some shaving gear David says to Jon as Jon is handing him the shaving gear, "Are there condoms in there? I will need a lot of them while I am staying here." My Son already knowing, from the big fight we had the last time he was home, that David has not even touched me in years was surprised to hear him say that.

I drove home talking with a friend all the way so that I could stay awake. Once I got home I lay down to sleep and I think I dozed off only to wake one and half hours later to a nightmare of my husband's seizure and sweating and drenched in sweat. I got up and quickly got ready to go back to the ICU ward to check on him. When I got there he was sleeping and I quietly pulled up a chair and listened to him breathe and snore. After several hours of being there my husband suddenly wakes up and says' "Kate, Kate, Where are you?"

I got up and went to him and said, "She is not here, but I am here with you."

He turns to me and says, "Oh; it's you", in a disappointing sounding voice.

I force the tears back, I wait for him to fall asleep, and I go out of his room and walk the halls and cry.

I came back and was talking to him about the seizure and telling him what the doctors were telling me about how he needs to rest his brain and that they were on my ass about to many visitors at one time.

My husband yells, "Well I want to talk to Jimmy and have him fix it, I want many people to come see me."

I told my husband I was going to go to the bathroom and would be right back. I called Jimmy and simply asked Jimmy if he could talk to David as he is getting all upset about not being able to have more than 2 visitors at a time and the doctors are on my ass and I can't handle it anymore. He tells me to go back to his room and call him back and then hand him the phone.

I dial the number and try to hand him the phone, David asks who it is and I said, "It's Jimmy you said you wanted to talk to him."

I could tell by David's face that Jimmy must have been chewing him out royally. After a while of not saying anything and just listening David throws the phone back in my direction and yells, "Get out of here, and leave me alone."

I start to cry but somehow manage to put the phone to my ear and I hear Jimmy telling me to just walk away for now and that he is mad and not to worry about it and let him calm down.

After I talked to Jimmy I called Jeff and Jennifer and told them what I just did and they both said they agreed with what I did and were behind me 100%. Jeff even said now you know what it

was like for me during the shooting but I had the press to deal with too. Jeff and Jennifer both said to leave him be and control the visitors from the waiting area.

As people arrived I just simply asked if they could visit him in twos as the Doctors and nurses are saying and that if he was sleeping please do not wake him as they say it is critical that he gets his sleep. At this point I am beyond 96 hours with 6 hours sleep I can tell I am getting dizzy I am at sometimes confused. People are talking and I can't hear what they are saying at times. My son arrives from Iraq and I don't even notice him until he is right next to me. I am so tired and stressed and hurt and confused and I think still in shock that when the doctor again tells me I need to keep the visitors under control, I tell the doctor, "I can not do as you ask me anymore, if you want something done then you need to do it yourself."

David was transferred out of ICU that evening. He still wants nothing to do with me and is letting it show openly to everyone.

During the day Family and friends are coming to me telling me what is going on in David's room. I am told he has Julie in his ICU bed I am told that her hands were up his legs where they should not have been. I am told that David and Julie should get a room it is so bad in there. I at that point can't even look at Julie when she comes to talk to me.

During the morning I had called a few special people I could find there phone numbers Eloise being one and asked them if they could stop by the hospital for a few minutes as a surprise for David to cheer him up some.

After the transfer and David are settled in and everyone finally leaves David totally stops talking and turns his head away anytime I say anything. I finally tell him I am leaving that I need to go home and get some sleep as I have been here 22 hours a day everyday and I am totally tired. He says; "Whatever!" and then yells at me about wanting his phone. I said ok and left. I cried all the way home.

I actually got a couple extra hours of sleep I think tonight. Jon was following me home to make sure I could make it home safe. I slept for I think about 4 hours. I went back to the hospital and David was Furious with me for some note on his door that the doctor had put there. I told him I had nothing to do with it, that the doctor must have done that. He yelled at me to tear it off the door and I refused. He screamed, "Where is my God Damn Phone, I want it now." I threw the phone on the bed and said, "Go ahead call the Bitch."

We sounded like children, him saying I did not call her, and I saying I know you did don't lie to me. We repeated this several times when he finally lied to me and said, "Ok I called the number but a man answered and I hung up." At that point I already knew he called and talked to her for 3 minutes so I knew he was still lying to me. So I said I was leaving and would be back later and left and cried and talked to a friend to help me get back on track for when I went back to his room.

I called Jeff and Jennifer to tell him what the doctor did with the sign on the door and Jeff tells me to just leave him alone today and don't go back in his room at all today.

When I came back I see into check with the nurse to see how is was doing and the door was open and I see the Bitch in the room with him. I am upset and leave again, but my son goes into the room to let him know I was here but left and to call me if he wants to see me. Later my son comes to find me sitting in my car crying and I guess it upset him badly that he said he will be right back and he left a while and came back. I just cried the whole time he was gone. When he came back he said Jenny wanted to talk to me. She started telling me I needed to stop crying and go back smiling. I told her I was not ready right now. While she was talking at me, the Bitch shows up and Jon was doing his best to keep her off me I jumped in the Car and locked the doors so she would not get at me as I felt harassed and threatened. I dialed 911 but as Jon and Jenny seemed to be handling it I did not hit send. She left then came back in her car and I was scared she was going to ram me with her car if I got out of my car.

The Bitch was crazy. Jenny tells me she is Looney. I just said, "Now you see what I have had to deal with."

After Jenny left and the Bitch drove away, Jon says, "Mom, I am sorry but I think I upset David. I asked him if he still loved my Mom. And if he did maybe he might want to think about reconfirm that love and also tell him the truth about what is going on."

He told me he stepped out of the room and everyone was saying goodbye and then the Bitch went in the room alone and then David started to cry and he then came down to tell me what he did and make sure I was ok. After I found out what he said I reamed his ass and told him this was not the time or place to be worried about all this.

Finally everyone leaves and for the first time today I go to the room as someone tells me he has asked for me. And for the first time the nurse actually lets me go into the room this time. Most of the time the nurse told me he was sleeping, only to turn around and I would find someone coming out of his room when she just turned me away.

Jon tried to apologies to him and David said "Whatever." Jon left the room and David tells me, "Everyone told him Jon had told him he was worthless." I told him that is not what Jon said at all, but I was not there. I asked him who told him that and he would not say. After that he just stopped talking to me at all, unless it was an order to do something for him.

I went home and cried all night and talked to friends to help me deal with the whole thing. My friends told me to just spill it all out and get it out or I was going to stress out so bad I would be in the hospital with a heart attack or stoke myself.

Saturday I went to the hospital and he ignored me and just kept saying rude and mean things to me if he talked to me at all. So I would go see him and then leave and walk the halls and cry and come back when I felt I could take getting slapped again over and over. Every time someone would come in the room he would get all happy then soon as they were gone he would act like he hated me and be mean to me again. Again I did not sleep but I stayed in bed and tried to rest as I could tell I was beginning to get sick myself with something. I was afraid I would get sick and not be able to take care of David or bring him home if I was to get sick.

On Sunday I decided not to go to the hospital no matter how much I wanted to and forced myself to stay home and clean and do laundry and play with the dog and talk to my son who had come all that way to help me and take care of me and was now feeling bad because he felt he had made matter worse than before he got there. I got to the hospital at noon and his mother was sitting in the room. David would not even say hi to me. I forced myself to be happy as I could for him. David was also ignoring his mother but she just kept on talking as if he was listening. Actually she and I talked mostly while he watched TV and channel flipped the whole time with a scowl on his face. Finally Nat came by, which Nat had come by everyday while David was in the hospital to check on him. At about 1:30 to 2:00pm Jeff came by and asked everyone to leave the room so he could talk to his dad. And said he was going to ream his ass. After he was done talking to David Jeff came out and reamed my ass too and told me to just go away and leave David alone today to think about everything. Jeff also told me this Kate and Julie thing had totally pissed him off. David had only a few visitors this day as he slept a lot and the nurses would not let anyone in the room while he slept including me. I stayed for hours walking the halls and talking to friends and crying a lot.

Finally I told him I was going home and it was early and he pouting and said, "Whatever." I knew he was having surgery in the having a pace maker put in and I wanted to be there for him. I knew David had a few visitors in the evening and I was pretty sure Kate and Julie both had been there. I even suspected Penny might have even been there, but no one actually told me this.

Monday Morning I get to the hospital and David's mother comes too. He goes in for surgery and I tell him I love him and he does not respond back. During surgery I sit with his mother as she tells me that David is acting just like his father did sluts and all. I am so embarrassed I want to just cry.

The doctor comes out and says all was fine and asked me who Mr. Happy was. I told him that was him because he reamed David's ass first. I saw David being wheeled in the hall and went to see him. The only thing he said to me was, "Are you the only two that came?" I said, "Yes." Then he proceeded to pout.

I stayed in the hospital all morning sometimes in the room and sometimes walking the halls. I was always checking on David and making sure he had everything he needed. David at one point, either the night before while he was sleeping or the morning of the surgery he lost his phone. Well the fates were not on my side and he was even madder at me than ever and I had nothing to do with it. I did everything I could to figure out where the phone had gone and tried to find it. I sure did not want to pay for another one if I did not have too. After a while I decided that it was just best if I left as I was not making his mood any better and he needed to rest after surgery so I check on him from afar.

Tuesday Morning came around and the doctors mentioned he could maybe go home today if he had been good the day before. When I arrived, David informed me that he was going home with Julie. I finally broke all the promises I made myself not to get upset in front of him and cried and told him some of the nasty things he had said and done to me and that if he really felt this was what he wanted to do then I was leaving. He then says, "Wait you have to sign me out of the hospital." And I snapped back, "I will not sign you out for any other women." I wrote my

number on a piece of paper and said “Call me if you change your mind.” Then I walked out and went to my car and sat there for a while. After a while I get a call and all he says is my father is here in his room.

Come back to the room and I say nothing at all while in the room, when my father leaves I leave with him and talk to him a while. He was the one that convinced me that I needed to shallow my hurt and go back to the room and see what happens.

I went to the floor and told the nurse when she asked me if I was excited to have him coming home, that I was not sure he wanted to come home with me and he told me that he did not want to go home with me. She told me to come to the room with her and she would ask him and we would see what he had to say.

When she asked him who he was going home with and she asked him a couple of times. He stated he was going home with me. I did not know if he was just saying that to get out and then leave me or what. I did not get the feeling he wanted me around him at all. I was told the nurse asked him if he was always this grumpy.

On the drive home I could tell he did not want to come home with me. And I kept waiting for the boom to lower. I was so stressed and so hurt at this point, but at the same time I refused to give up and walk away.

David when he got home he went to straight to his computer and then to bed and ignored Jon and I totally. I just fed him and gave him his pills before he went to bed. David slept in my bed and I am pretty sure this was a ploy or a show for my son, as David had not slept in my bed for over a year now, except when someone came to stay the night.

The next morning he gets up and does not even try to see about taking his pills. And says he wants to go to Jim’s for breakfast. He had a ham omelet he want it with cheese but I asked about the cheese and he pouted and said no cheese.

After that I took him to the post office and bank and then to get him a new phone. Once he got his phone I handed it to him and went outside to smoke and before we even got out of the mall Julie was calling him back. He tells me he wants me to drive him to her house I said no she was coming over to the house anyway. Then he wanted me to drive him to the hairdressers and I said that he just needed to just call her, now that he had his phone. He started telling everyone he was dyeing. I was getting very worried.

As soon as I got home he sent me out on his errands. I was afraid to go and take Jon with me because I was not sure he was going to be there when I got back or if he had decided to shoot himself or something. Before leaving it was get me this, do that and ordering me around so much I felt like a darn Maid Servant.

When I got back I find both the hairdresser and her friend sitting on my couch with my husband.

I started to cook dinner, and felt like I was a stranger in my own house. Later Julie arrives and it is like a darn party and I am the maid servant. Julie is cooking other food as she did not want to eat what I made. I even had to clean up her mess. I was so mad but no one but Jon could tell.

David takes Julie up to the computer room and they spend an hour and a half closed in the room. I figured when they were coming out that David would be packing and leaving with Julie, but he did not. At 9:00 pm to 10:00 pm they finally left. And David went to bed without even saying good night.

Today when I got up I started writing this and continued through the day between cooking, feeding and serving his majesty.

Today David worked on getting all his girl friends number including his ex-wife Penny. I am so tired of being hurt.

Its one thing in life to make a fool of yourself about things in your life it is totally different when someone makes a fool out of you.

So for the next few days while my son is still in the house David treats me like his maid servant and spends the days calling his girlfriends and sleeping or sitting on his computer hibernating.

On Saturday David informs me that he wants to eat barbacoa tacos, which are totally bad for him. At this point I had decided I can not control him and what he eats. I know he has to decide for himself so I drive him to the Mexican restaurant. He eats the taco like he is stuffing down his late meal. It pains me to see him this way, but I know there is nothing I can do about it if I want to keep what little sanity I have in my life.

Jon is leaving today to go back to Iraq. He is very worried about his mother and what he has to leave her in. I try to let him know I will be ok somehow. I don't want him worrying while he is so far away. His biggest concern is if something happens to me that no one will tell him.

I spent the last few hours that Jun had in San Antonio with him at the airport. They let me go back with him to the gate. We had lunch at the airport. We talked about how somehow everything will be ok. David spent the time I was away calling his girlfriends and having his girlfriends visit him at the house.

On my way back home I get a call from David. All he says is where are you I am hungry. Pick me up some fried chicken and hash browns from Bill Millers. I told him if he would like to get dressed I would drive him there.

At Bill Millers I selected a salad and David had greasy chicken and greasy hash browns and green beans in a greasy sauce and pie for desert. I lost my appetite watching him eat all the bad foods. After dinner we made several stops trying to find him a pacemaker bracelet, but the places were closed.

When we arrived home he played a while on his computer then went to the other room to sleep. For the first time since all this started I actually slept for more than 2 hours at a time. I slept for 8 hours. I got up and went outside for a smoke. Yes I still smoke and have not even tried to quit as this so far has not been the time to even try. Then I went back to bed and dozed for an hour before getting back up.

I have over the last few days talked to many people about what is happening to me. Most ask me why I stay. Most tell me they would never have put up with it. Most say it is bazaar. Most are worried about me living under these kinds of conditions. Even some of what I know and have talked about came from other people telling me what was happening or calling me to ask me about what they saw.

I could have left David, but I had come to the conclusion that I would feel worse about myself leaving him when he is not well, even if it is a big game on his part.

The last day in January I take David to the Heart doctor. David yelled and yelled at me about my driving again. During the visit he lies to them and I told them the truth, no he does not listen to me no his diet is not good. He tells them it is my job to do his diet and they tell him no it is his. He asks me to leave the room while he talked to the PA. As I walk out the door I hear him ask, "How soon can I have sex?" I am shocked as he has not wanted sex with me in 3 years and claims he was just never interested in sex. So why the question about sex? When I get back in the room the PA will not make eye contact with me where as before I left she made eye contact often. I know at that point the sex question was not about sex with me. I take him home as he claims he is tired and wants to sleep. He tells me I need to run some errands for him pay a bill and get his new medication. Well I do not go all the way to the one bank to get a check I just write a personal check to the mortgage company after getting the medication and then head home only to find him sitting at Kate's house. I was furious and my blood pressure I was sure was sky high. I would not talk to him and the first thing he said was, "How did you get done so fast?" I said nothing. He knew I was mad and kept trying to get me to talk to him and I stayed silent except one time I said, "You hurt me." Later he blurts out I only went outside to look at the trees and she was there so I only stopped to talk to her for 5 minutes. Well I am not stupid and I looked at the phone records and found that she called him as soon as I was out the door. She obviously saw me leave and then called him and he went running over to tell her what they told him about how soon they could have sex again.

I am so tired of being lied too and to never be able to trust my own husband, the man I am suppose to trust most in my life with my life. I am not sure I could ever trust any man again in my life. This one man promised me the days when we first met that he would never give me a reason not to trust him and now I find he is no different than any of the other 4 husbands I had. I can never trust him.

Friday I spent most of the day out of the house working. When I got back I find he had called the Bitch as soon as I left and later called Penny 3 times. He lies to me again saying he was in bed all day not feeling well. My question is in bed with whom?

Saturday he is not talking much we go to breakfast he is Mr. Grumpy. I take him to the house and I go to a seminar, when I get home I tell him all excited I think I got two more clients. He grumbles something with an attitude of I don't care. He asks to go to the movies I look it up and if we hurried we can just make it. We made it, the whole time he never says anything to me, and it is just me talking to him.

The only thing he does is, yell at me about my driving. After the movie we go to Wal-Mart and he walk away from me making it so I have to follow him. All it reminds me of he how master treat slave where they have to walk 3 steps behind them at all times. We go to Sear and he does the same thing, Yell at me while driving then walks ahead of me like my master. Well coming out of Sear I make the comment, "I think I need to change my name." He says, "To what." I tell him, "Slave, because that is how you are treating me." All he says to me after that is, "Take me home."

So now what do I have to look forward to? Well either he will really consider what I said and change a bit, or nothing will change, or he will want a divorce or separation. I keep getting the feeling that someone is coming soon to either kick me out of my own house or take him away. Only time will tell at this point.

Well after a few hours of home on the computer he came down and said, "I am sorry, but I just get so angry and I don't know why." I tell him, "I have been dealing with this for days and just could not keep it inside anymore." After that he becomes quiet. Later we find out his brother-in-law might not make it threw the night. David has a sleep study to do, so after dropping him off I go to the hospital to visit his Sister.

I get home and to sleep at 1:00 am and try to get some sleep. I wake at 3:30 thinking I should be called at any time according to the nurse the study was only six hours. I fall back asleep after checking the phone to be woken at 6 am. All he says is, "Are you going to come get me?" One the way home he tells me he called twice. I told him he did not. He said, "Yes I did, I called you and Kathy next door answered the phone. I told her to come get me and she told me she was at work." What could I say at that point but, "No you only called me once."

After getting about 3 or 4 hours sleep David wants to be driven to see Donald, his brother-in-law. He does not yell at me about my driving, but he makes rude comments and downs me about my driving. We spend a couple hours with his sister and brother-in-law. During the visit he suddenly needs to go visit two girls he says he is related too, but at the mention of the names they are strange names to me. I decide to go out front and smoke and ignore how he is acting. After the drive home he wants to go home and he just watches TV all night.

Monday he has an appointment to get an ultrasound on his neck. He actually does not yell at me or down my driving for the first time. I am impressed. At his appointment I get to watch and on the screen it sure looked to me like there was a big blockage on the right side. We will find out on Thursday what the doctor has to say.

Tuesday I went to work and was gone most the day, during the time I was gone I could tell he had not been asleep the whole time as he said. One time was as soon as I was out the door to

work; he was on the phone to the Bitch. I went to lunch with Lisa and brought him home some great food and good food for dinner. I actually felt pretty great while I was away working and I actually felt happy, until I started to drive home. During the drive home I started to feel depressed and miserable again.

Wednesday I took the day off work as I asked David the night before if he wanted to do something to get out of the house. He had said he wanted to visit Donald in the hospice. I got up early as normal and David slept in until about 9:30 -10:00. When he came down the stairs he said, "I don't feel like going, I am tired." David then spent the rest of the day either in bed or up on his computer just listening to music as far as I could tell. When I try to talk to David he does not respond and if he does he only says what he has absolutely has to. So I spent all day working from home, I did not even turn the TV. During dinner David did come down and he turned the TV on during dinner then after dinner he went right back upstairs. Until 30 minutes before he went to bed for the evening.

At one point I asked him why he seemed all tired and he said, "I just want to get out of here." I said, "I told you I took the day off to take you where ever you wanted and you refused to go anywhere. I tried very hard to get you to do something today" He comments, "I was tired and not feeling good."

David goes back into the hospital for a surgery to help him not have a stroke. While they are prepping him they take his blood sugar count. STOP!! They stop everything and admit him into the hospital for 470 blood sugar count.

The next to come is the HELL days. This time when David starts his bitching I leave to my car or even leave to go home. I am told that David is telling everyone how bad of a wife I am. David has "his girls" coming and going at all hours of the day and night. David wants nothing to do with me. The day of the surgery comes and they then try to do the next surgery and they had problems. The doctor tells me "If it was not for the pacemaker your husband would be dead" I go to see David and he Yells "Get out" "Get Out" "I don't want you" I leave and all I can do is cry and call his kids. The kids take over and I am not even allowed to see my husband for days.

When I do get to see my husband he says, "I am sorry but that is the way it is. I didn't want you then, but now that I have decided to change hospitals I need you to help me." "My kids are getting me into a better hospital" "I am going from the roach motel to the Ritz."

During the whole time he was in the first hospital the 2nd time I refused to bring in his cell phone, due to the fact he lost the other phone and it cost us a lot to get him another and would cost even more the next time. So during that time I had less problems with at least one of the "girls" That later changed as soon as she found out he were he was. I walk into my husband's room to visit him before work one morning only to find them in the room together with the door closed.

When I saw her I said, "You need to leave now". David says, "No she can stay." She grins with a look that says "I WIN". I say, "No she needs to leave as I need to talk to you alone." Needless to say David and I had a fight at that point. Both of us had our blood pressures going up. The witch girl friend even made the nurses open the door so that she could hear what we had to say to

each other. One of the last things David said before I left was “You were not suppose to be coming this morning.” As if that made it ok for him to have a date with his girl friend because I was supposed to be somewhere else.

I was hurt so bad I just wanted to die instead I called my mother and she flew in to stay with me. She helped me get myself back together and also helped me deal with David when he first got out of the hospital. She got to see firsthand what an ass he was making of himself.

Things went on auto pilot for several months after my mother left, at least for me. My days were filled mostly with depression, hurt or a void. David would only talk to me if he absolutely had too or if one of his girls were not available to talk to and he needed to talk about general stuff. Mostly all he did was complaint. Mostly all I did was the same, complained to friends about how bad it was at home. Then I start noticing that David would start talking to the people I was talking too and then suddenly they did not call anymore or were more distant than before. After that it even had gotten to the point that I guess I just gave up and put all my concentration and effort into my business because at least with my business there was the reward of being paid. David spent all his time calling “his girls” and sitting in front of his computer with “his girls”

During this time frame David met and started a new friendship with yet another “girl”. I guess you can say some of what was happening was also my fault as well. I just stopped wanting to know. The more I turned away from seeing what was going on the more David threw things up in my face.

David was obsessed with telling me all about his relationships with “his girls”. Then suddenly he stops saying anything about them at all. He suddenly stops talking to me all together, except for, “where do you want to eat?” then the whole time during dinner he says nothing and most the time if someone was in the restaurant he knew he would even leave me alone at the table to spend his time with them. Before going into the hospitals, he would at least introduce me to the people at the restaurants.

For a year before April time frame David and I talked about what we were going to do for my 50th Birthday this year. I told him I wanted a big bash, something I never have had in my life before. We also talked about going to my mother’s but as she came here “he” decided we were not going to do that.

One day in April David announces, “I was going to do you a surprise party for your 50th birthday, but now that I told you I don’t have to do anything. Then the next day he starts inviting people to his 57th birthday. He invited all “his girls” except for one. He had a very large party for his birthday. Then the next few weeks he had a house full of people. He would have a family day and then invite “his girls” to the family day. He invited 2 of “his girls” to father’s day. For weeks I am humiliated in front of friends and family with how he acts with “the girls” in front of everyone. People start looking at me with “I am sorry looks” I just shrug and leave the room. I even spent a few times in the bathroom crying.

I have Jaw surgery scheduled and I am scared. David had nothing to say except. “Get over it.” Then suddenly it was “(Girls name) needs my help” “(Girls name) needs to talk she is upset”

“(Girls name) wants me to come over and help her” then he was gone. If he was not gone helping or talking to his “girls” he was on his computer even more. If I walked into a room where he was he would leave and go to another room. The day after my surgery he convinces me in a weak state of mind to go and fix “his girls” computer. He left to go buy here stuff for her computer at one point. Little did he know “his girl” liked to talk. She says things that make me sure now that something is going on between them. And then he invites her to dinner with us. Then after dinner he goes on and on how he was so please that I would help “his girl” and how much she needs him.

On Monday I tried to go to work and was totally exhausted when I was driving home. Once or twice I felt I really needed to pull over but kept on driving knowing soon as I got home I could lay down. As I started to pull into my driveway, the Bitch from Hell was in my garage with my husband, almost standing on top of each other. I peeled out and went down the street and parked in a nearby parking lot for 1 ½ hours. I could feel my blood pressure was shooting so high that when he called in an anger voice I did not want to talk to him yet. When I did come home all he could say angrily was. “I didn’t do anything wrong.” I tried my hardest to be normal and I asked him if he was hungry he yelled “NO”. I went to bed.

My 50th Birthday, David did buy me a present, but it was presented more like a guilt present than a birthday present. Then right off the bat he asks me if I am going to work. I asked him he I had too? He says no then we can go to my mother’s for her birthday. The way he put it was suddenly it was not my birthday anymore but only his mother’s.

Before going out to his mother’s house we went to breakfast like normal days we did not go to work. I could tell he really wanted to talk about the Bitch girlfriend and then suddenly he said, “What was I suppose to tell her? That my wife says she is not allowed to come over to my house?” All I said was, “That is exactly what you should have told her, and no I don’t want to talk about it.” While at his mother’s one of the stitches broke and he takes me to the dental clinic. While I am in the dental clinic he spends his time in the truck talking to “his bitch girl.” Then we when on a few of his errands which included me buying his more tools for his new hobby he does not spend any time doing any actual hobby work on. Then for my special 50th Birthday Dinner he takes I to “Luby’s” I have a small bowl of Jell-O and cry threw dinner.

After recovering from surgery, I also overhear remarks like; (husband to friend) “Why are you so jumpy?” (Friend to husband) “Kathleen is near”. One of “his girls” was invited over to the house while I was sleeping and trying to recover. Another time while waking up from sleeping I hear David talking very load while he was on the phone. He says, “Don’t worry it will not be long. Kathleen will be gone soon.”

Suddenly I am really scared. Gone how? Is he planning on kicking me out? Killing me? In my weakened state he could do almost anything. I decide it is time to at least speak up. I start trying really hard to talk to him to find out how bad things really are. During that time I am really upset but ask questions and all I really wanted to hear was, “Yes I love you” but he can’t even say it when I push and push for it. I just go off and cry my heart out. I feel all is lost. I just want to die. I take a few extra pain killers not to die, but to go to oblivion for a while and sleep.

On Monday I go to a study I called about. It was a study for hot flashes, as I have been having more and more trouble with them lately. I am told that “yes” my emotions are on edge during this time, but after talking to them about some of the things that were going on in my life at the moment, they told me that the Menopause “yes may have made me more emotional but, no it would not cause the stress to start with.

I decide to use that to let David off the hook if he wanted to be let off the hook. I went to dinner with him and forced a conversation. I even asked him to help me in dealing with this. Again all I get from David was, “You are on your own” then he goes home and hibernates with “his girls” in his computer room.

Tuesday I still try to talk to him, not wanting to give up so easy and run away like I had done before. While babysitting his grandchildren he would even ignore them to talk to “his girls” well I did get upset and start watch him closely and when I went to walk out once after helping one grandchild, then I suddenly turn around only to see his hands fly off the mouse like it burnt him, because he saw me turn back around. Well I did look a lot harder at the computer this time and noticed an incoming message from whom else but “His Girl” I then pointed out to him saying, “You have a message there aren’t you going to read it?” He said, “No it doesn’t matter.” I say sure it does” come on open your message and let’s see what your “friend needs.” To my surprise he actually opens it. I read it too. All I can see is a part where is he asking her for pics. And her telling him yes she would send some.

Of course I get mad and storm out and he gets mad because he got caught yet again. But we have grandchildren all over the house so I immediately calm myself and start only paying attention to them and if he says anything I tell him “Later” He went to bed before the grandchildren went home so there was no later.

The next day he goes back to work and it is our Anniversary. I did not feel there was anything left to celebrate about. So I decided to at least get through the day the best I could. I did not feel well all day, due to the Jaw surgery still and not being able to eat any solid food even after 2 weeks. I went to the store and got him a card and a large gift card then delivered them to his truck at work, then proceeded to turn my attentions to work and visited all my clients and by 2 I was very tired and near my own office so I went there and laid down for a nap.

When I got home Julie was at the house. All I wanted to do was go to bed, but David had to guilt me into going to take Julie out for her birthday. So I went and watched everyone else eat while I did not. David did not even get me a card for our Anniversary no nothing. Instead of calling me that day he spent the day calling and messaging “His Girls”. So much for a Happy Anniversary. I think I would have rather he had totally forgot than to act the way he did. When I got home I went to bed.

Well today at year three and one day. When David gets up he starts calling “his girls” before he even leaves the house. I can’t help but wonder what is up with that as normally he waits until he is on his way to work or I don’t know about it. I decide I don’t want to hang around the miserable house and I go to my office and I spend the day doing some work and just some goofing out writing and some surfing the web and even taking a nap. I still feel poorly and I am

pretty sure it is due to my terrible diet at the moment. It is getting closer to the end of the day and I do more and more not want to deal with going home tonight. I am pretty sure I will just end up going home and going to bed.

Well things went from bad to worse, even though I never thought they could get worse. Now he does not talk to me at all and when he does come home he wears head phones all the time to avoid talking to me. I know I am getting so depressed now, and I need to get away.

Well it is July now and it has been seven months after his stroke. I had promised my son at six months I would decide what I am going to do with my life with David at that point. The time has come and things are getting so bad. I decide to leave. I left during the day, and it took David two days to even realize I was gone.

Now my life with David is over, and I realize what a fool I was giving my heart to a man that does not know what love is. Or even cares about anyone but himself. David was so in love with himself he could never see what he has done to me, or done to others that cared about him.

After David finally asked for a divorce, I was actually relieved and could rebuild my life again. The last thing I heard about his reason for getting a divorce was “God told me I had to get divorced.” I never knew God was a young girl that worked on this earth as a hairdresser.

Final Note and Farewell to this life:

I am now not depressed anymore that stopped soon after I walked out. I am smiling again and writing poetry again. I have met many new friends that I enjoy their company and they enjoy mine. And I keep telling myself that I will never let one person control my life and feelings ever again.

“Sometimes you have to lose something
to get something better”