

*Broken Brain
Better Life*

A Short Memoir

By

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Broken Brain ~ Better Life

PART 1

I THOUGHT MY LIFE WAS OVER

November 12, 2012

Early on Monday, around 9:00, the phone rings. It's a pretty short conversation and I reply to the person on the other end of the phone, barely able to maintain my composure, "Yes, a week from today, Monday, November 19th, I'll be there. Thank you. Thank you so much!" I hang up the phone and literally fall to the floor in tears, sobbing uncontrollably – the flood gates wide open – ***I have a job! I am going to get my life back.***

Three years earlier...

November 4, 2009

November 4, 2009, is a date that will live in my memory forever, in perpetuity, until the cows come home – however long *that* is. It's a weird saying, I don't know what it means, but I'm sure it's a very long time. That is how long I will remember November 4, 2009. That is the day my life changed forever.

At first, I thought my life was over. Later I felt that maybe it would just be different. And then I realized my life might actually be better. But we'll get to that later. For now, it is safe to say that on this day my life definitely changed forever.

Three weeks earlier...

October 15, 2009

It all began about three weeks earlier on Thursday, October 15th. I had a headache; nothing too unusual, just a headache. I was working late again, as always, leaving the office around 10:00 p.m. after a typical 12-hour day. I had a headache, no big deal, so I went home and went to bed.

When I awoke on Friday, I still had a slightly nagging headache but felt that I could motor on and get myself to work for another 12-hour day, which was a pretty normal schedule for me for more than two decades. After all, it was Friday, the weekend was about to begin and then I could rest. Surely I could get through the day with a headache.

I guess you could say I'm a workaholic. At the time, I was a Director of Information Technology for a major TV network and movie studio in Hollywood. The pressure of this job was, by itself, grueling, but when added to the ridiculous company politics, people vying for each other's jobs, meanness, and the generally bad behavior that surrounded me, it was at times unbearable. I

could tell that my boss didn't like me and I never really understood why. I've always been an over-achiever and my work has always been stellar. I don't know if it was because I didn't subscribe to the latest fashion trends or wear Louboutin shoes, but we definitely had problems. I didn't hire into her group originally, as my team and I were reassigned to her after my previous boss left. It only took about two days and ten minutes to realize I would never fit into her group and she would never accept me or my staff as equals to the other employees in her department. My team and I always felt like the unwanted step-children and it seemed she was the evil step-mother. I knew it would be a battle from day one – I like comfy shoes!

So like I said, I awoke on Friday morning with a headache but managed to get myself to work because I had a new computer system that just went live a few weeks before and was having some problems that I wanted to make sure got handled by my team. I have an awesome team of 15 people (some local and some offshore) and they do a fantastic job but I still wanted to keep my finger on the pulse of the project, so even though I didn't feel well, I went to work. I somehow managed to get through the day and went home and straight to

bed.

October 17, 2009

Ahh, Saturday is here. It was a tough week and I was really looking forward to sleeping in. When I got up I noticed that I still had a headache. I didn't give it much thought and figured it was probably just a long overdue stress headache that I was so entitled to because of the crazy work hours, the system upgrade from hell that just went live after a year of work, the boss who hates me, and the fact my boyfriend of the past three years lives an hour away and I travel every Saturday morning to spend the weekend at his house with him and his daughter, usually returning home late on Sunday nights between 8:00 and 10:00 pm.

My life is so busy that I have no free time, no downtime, no rest, and there is no home maintenance going on at my house – at all! There is also no time to wash my car, clean the house, or water my plants. I love my plants and I have a very green thumb. There are more than 30 plants in my house; some are small and sit in the kitchen window and some look like they belong in the Amazon rain forest. One philodendron is massive

with leaves a foot long and the vines growing 15 feet up the walls toward the cathedral ceiling in my living room. It's really beautiful. The plant itself is in a huge pot in the corner by the fireplace where it gets perfectly filtered sunlight through the white sheer curtains. As it continues to grow, I add little white cup hooks to the wall and drape the vines over them. The entire wall around and above the mantle is covered in foliage and is spectacular. My indoor jungle is healthy, green and wonderful, and it can take as much as two hours to water and care for it each week, but lately, I have not had time. My life is so busy that the laundry and house cleaning happen randomly sometimes at midnight when I get home from work. I wonder if my neighbors can hear the vacuum cleaner at midnight. What do they think? Do they wonder if I'm nuts? Or if I'm on drugs or maybe just drink too much coffee? I don't know and I've never asked.

Over the past few months, things had really gotten bad. I was so busy and the chores were really neglected. Nothing at home was getting done and I only managed to water the plants every couple of weeks. Every day when getting dressed for work it was like looking for a needle in a haystack to find clean clothes among the piles of

laundry. Which piles were clean? Which piles were dirty? It became hard to distinguish one from the other. The clothes that did get washed somehow stopped finding their way upstairs to the closet. Since I have to go through the laundry room to and from the garage to go to work, over time I found myself just getting dressed in the laundry room, which did seem to save some time. No more fishing around in laundry piles. Yay! I got dressed from whatever was in the dryer or hanging on the drying rod and the clothes at the end of the day went directly in the washer. When it was full, all I had to do was put in soap and turn it on. I had long ago given up on sorting the wash loads by colors and ironing. Wrinkle-free permanent press fabrics were my only option.

So, there I found myself reduced to getting dressed for work in the laundry room and all my plants were dead! That should have been a sign that I was headed for trouble. But I ignored the signs and kept up this pace.

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Thanks for reading. I hope you enjoyed this excerpt and will go and get the book.

*Stay strong* ♥ *Live well* ♥ *Be happy!*