

So... Who am I and how the hell did I end up here?

I'm so pleased you asked.

The short answer is, "I haven't a clue." It certainly ain't where I expected to be at the ripe old age of 47.

After saying that, the fact that I made it to 47 years of age, is in itself a minor miracle. It could so easily have gone even more wrong, so many times.

Don't get me wrong, other people have had it so much worse than I ever did, it's just that the life I have now, is so far removed from the one I expected to have. Know what I mean?

So here's the basics:

Born and bred in Dunedin, New Zealand, to two Scottish parents. One little brother (I use that term loosely, the dude's got to be at least 6 foot tall).

Father died when I was 6. Heart Attack. His second one. He was 35. (See why I'm pleased to have made it to 47?)

I was brought up by a strong woman who was thrown into a life that she didn't expect either. And her mother? Well, she had the life she probably expected (but may not have wanted), apart from those pesky world wars of course.

So, back to me. I'm boring myself now, so I'm going to cut this short. Here's the bare bones:

Left school at 15 and partied for a few years.

First diagnosed with Depression in my early twenties, but it probably started in childhood. I went through a phase of phantom stomach pains, which nobody could find a reason for, when I was a kid. And now we know that's one of the signs of childhood Depression. And I hit puberty around 11, and there was sexual abuse (minor compared to some) from a family friend. I know, I know, you're stunned I have Depression aren't you?

Oh yeah, and there was the miscarriage at 17. More about that later.

So I went through a few mindless, boring jobs, while partying. And I'm not going to bore either you, or me, with reciting the names of the many arseholes I fell in love with over those years. Loser's, the lot of them.

And then a miracle occurred and I fell into a job in mental health. That was when things started to get better. I had to attend Polytech for my new job, and that reminded me how much I enjoyed learning. So I started studying by correspondence and got myself a shiny Bachelor's Degree in Psychology.

I married a dude, who had been a good friend for 20 or so year's. He's what I call "my reformed bad boy." Although I often wonder just how reformed he actually is. We moved to Christchurch. Yep, four years before the earthquakes. Good timing was never one of my skills.

It sounds like my life was crap doesn't it? It wasn't all bad, I have a whole load of funny stories I'll probably share with you at some point. But, without doubt, the greatest pain in my life, is that I never became a mother. I don't understand it, I really don't. It's so blatantly unfair. I feel like a freak. Like I can't do the one thing that all other women can do. Even the ones that really shouldn't, do it. But that's how it is and here's where I am.

Or maybe not. If you're reading this, then you probably understand that it's near impossible to explain the pain to someone who is not in the same position. And, if you're like me, you probably don't want to talk about it anyway. It hurts. And you don't want people to feel sorry for you. And you don't want your friends to treat you differently because they know you're in pain. And you know your family loves you, but they just don't get it. How can they?

I hope I haven't lost you, I'm getting to the good bit, I promise.

Years ago, back when I still thought I would have children eventually, a very good friend, family really, said to me "I know why you don't have children yet. It's because if you had kids, you would give them all your love, and then the rest of us that need your love, would miss out." It remains one of, if not the, nicest things anyone has ever said to me, and I think of it often, especially when I'm really struggling.

But recently there's been a shift in my head. Oh, it doesn't hurt any less, and I will never understand it, but I'm not going to let it define me anymore. I've realized that part of the reason I so badly want children, is so that I can teach them all about the amazing things I've learnt over the years. So that all the crap, and pain, and misery, isn't wasted. And the good stuff! We often forget that sometimes we learn from the good experiences as well. So guess what? You're it!

This blog, this site, and everything I have to offer on it, along with everything I'm going to put on it in the near future, is for you. Well, yeah, and me. We all know that helping other people also helps us to help ourselves. If you check out my about me page, you'll see all the things I'm doing in my life now. A life that I'm really excited about. A life that has a purpose, and a reason, a shitload to offer anyone who's interested.

And you can too! You may not believe me, right now, but you can, I promise. And you can do it without hiding from, or denying, the pain of that one, huge, black hole, right in the middle of your chest. You, like me, can find somewhere else to put all that love, and some other way to express it.

Email me, fill in the form, book a consultation with the Countess. (Who is the Countess? You can find out [here](#)). Hell, you can even email me all the abuse you want to give to whoever did this to you, because someone must be to blame, surely. Just, for fuck's sake, don't let it be all you ever were.

When you're ready, you know where to find me.