

Prologue

I want to run away somewhere but I don't know where. Sitting in the car park at the big new state of the art shopping centre right in the heart of an area that is full of unemployment and drug dealers. Such a weird place to be, built on what used to be Bellarmine secondary school alongside a really rough housing scheme nicknamed 'The Bundy'. I wonder what happened to all the people I knew that lived here. Although the car park is well lit it's such a dark wintry night - not that late really, 7.00pm. I have this gut wrenching feeling of hopelessness and panic not knowing whether I want to live or die. I'll have another cigarette even though I gave up five years ago, I feel a bit woozy; don't know whether it's the cigarettes, or the devastating feeling of impending doom and gloom. I've got to try and clear my head or I could make catastrophic mistake, but I can't, my head is spinning and my mobile phone keeps ringing, I let it ring and go on to voicemail. I feel so bad when I listen to the messages from my dear friend Millie who will be frenetically worried about me, and I know the two eldest of my three children will be phoning her. God knows I feel such a burden to them all. Millie has been with me every step of the way on this emotional roller coaster, I know if I return her calls she will try to persuade me to go over to her place. I want to be there, but then I don't. Do I phone her back or do I head for the Erskine bridge that I so often have a vision of me jumping over - into the ice-cold water, it is 3rd February and Scotland - rainy Glasgow to be precise - its like a big sponge even in summer. I decide to phone her, but I can't speak to her for crying I tell her I will come over just to get her off the phone "Oh God, someone please help me - tell me what to do".

With the battery almost flat I phone the Samaritans, don't know where that idea came from; a lady called Angela speaks to me with the voice of an angel, perhaps she is, maybe God sent her - heaven

knows I have prayed to them enough the last two years, I know one thing for sure she stopped me from heading to the bridge that night.
