

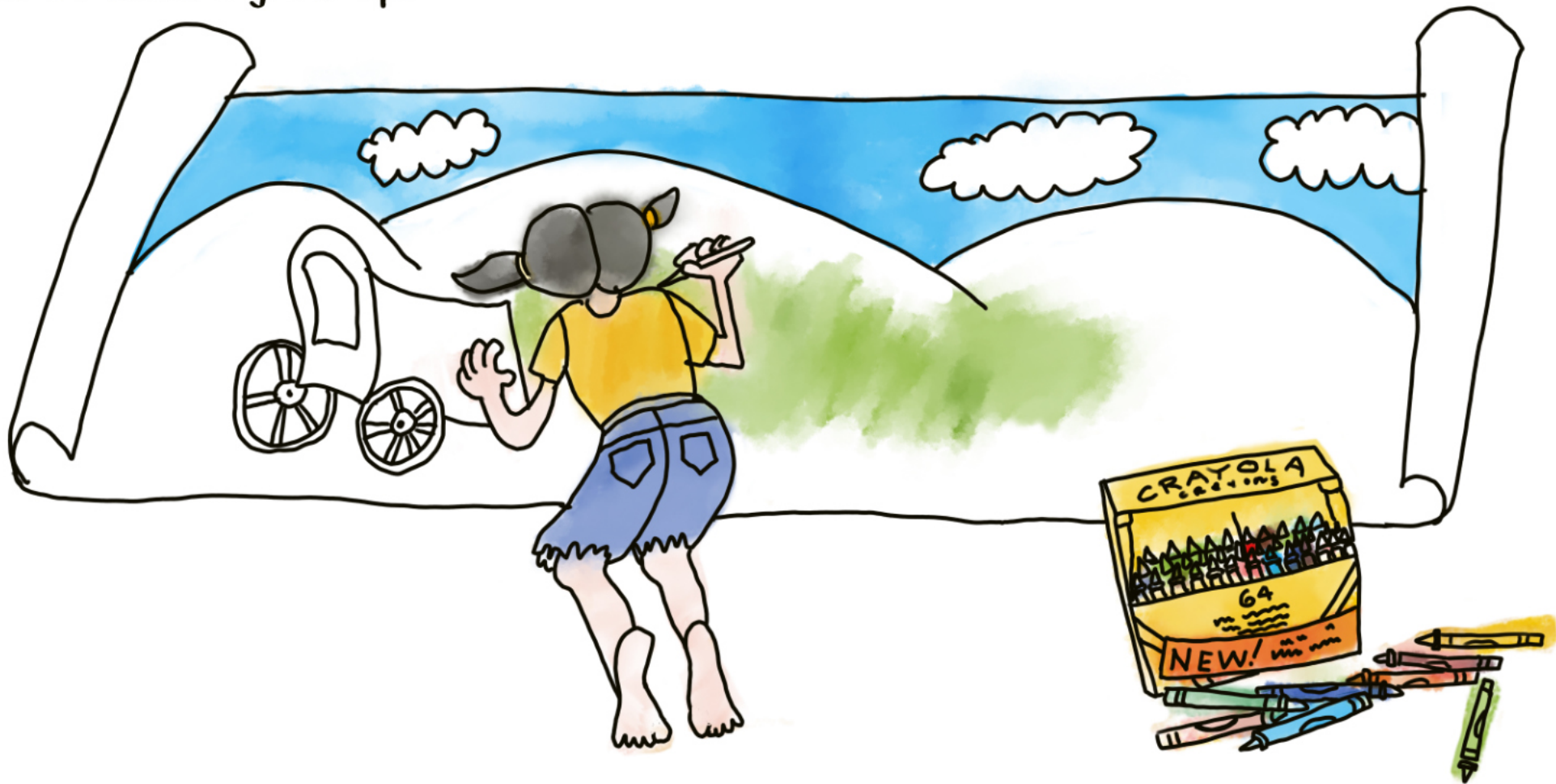


By Jeannie Mecorney

CHAPTER 1

Adverse Childhood Experiences

When I was young, I waited for
someone to ask me what I wanted
to be when I grew up.



But no one did.

**THEY-are
after ME!**

When your dad suffers from what the experts in the 1950's said was paranoid schizophrenia, family life was a bit chaotic



My Name is...
**Pleading
Mom**



My Name is...
**Raging
Dad**

ALL OUR NEIGHBORS ARE ENEMIES!

Many mornings before we went off to school, Dad would line us up to let us know who was the enemy de jour.

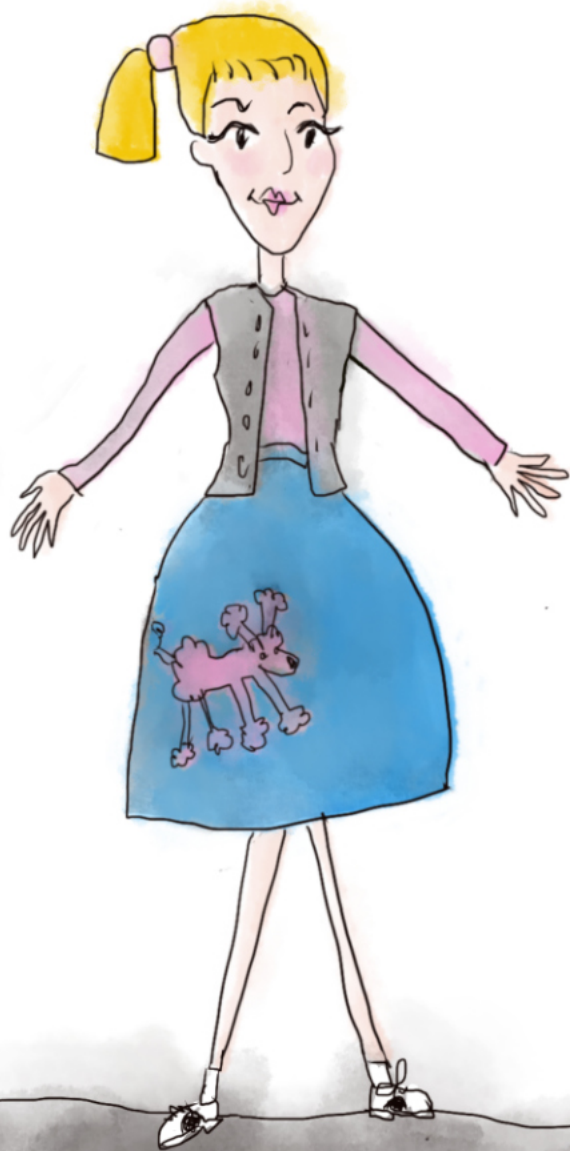


WATCH OUT FOR THEM AND
TELL ME WHAT THEY SAY !!!



Constantly jingling
coins in his pocket.

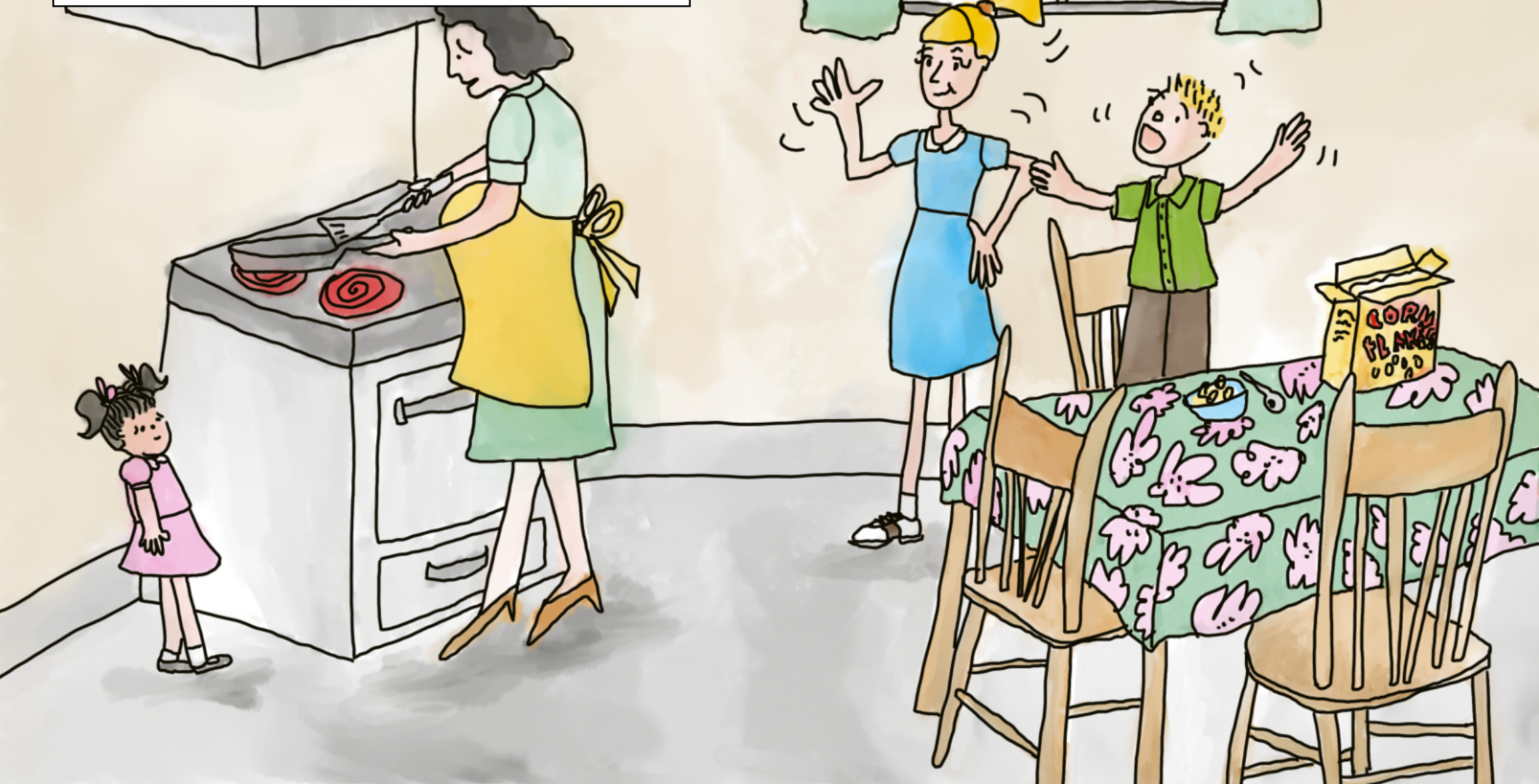
Children who grow up in dysfunctional families can fit the classifications of



hero, scapegoat, clown, and the silent one. My older sister and brother took turns being the hero and scapegoat. I was the clown and my younger sister was the silent one.



I have a few memories before age five, but the first day of kindergarten is vivid. There were three of us kids and it was about three months before we moved from Richmond Annex, California to Lafayette, California. Mom was nine months pregnant with my younger sister and she was rushed to cook breakfast and make lunches for my siblings. I remember a lot of tension and I wondered why my dad was still sleeping. Didn't he have to be at work? Everything seemed more important than my first day of kindergarten.



We quickly outgrew that house in Richmond Annex and moved farther into the suburbs. Dad was making a good salary as a research chemist and my parents bought a new house in the white flight area of Lafayette forty minutes away.



Bobbie & Grampa's
Safe House
Richmond Annex



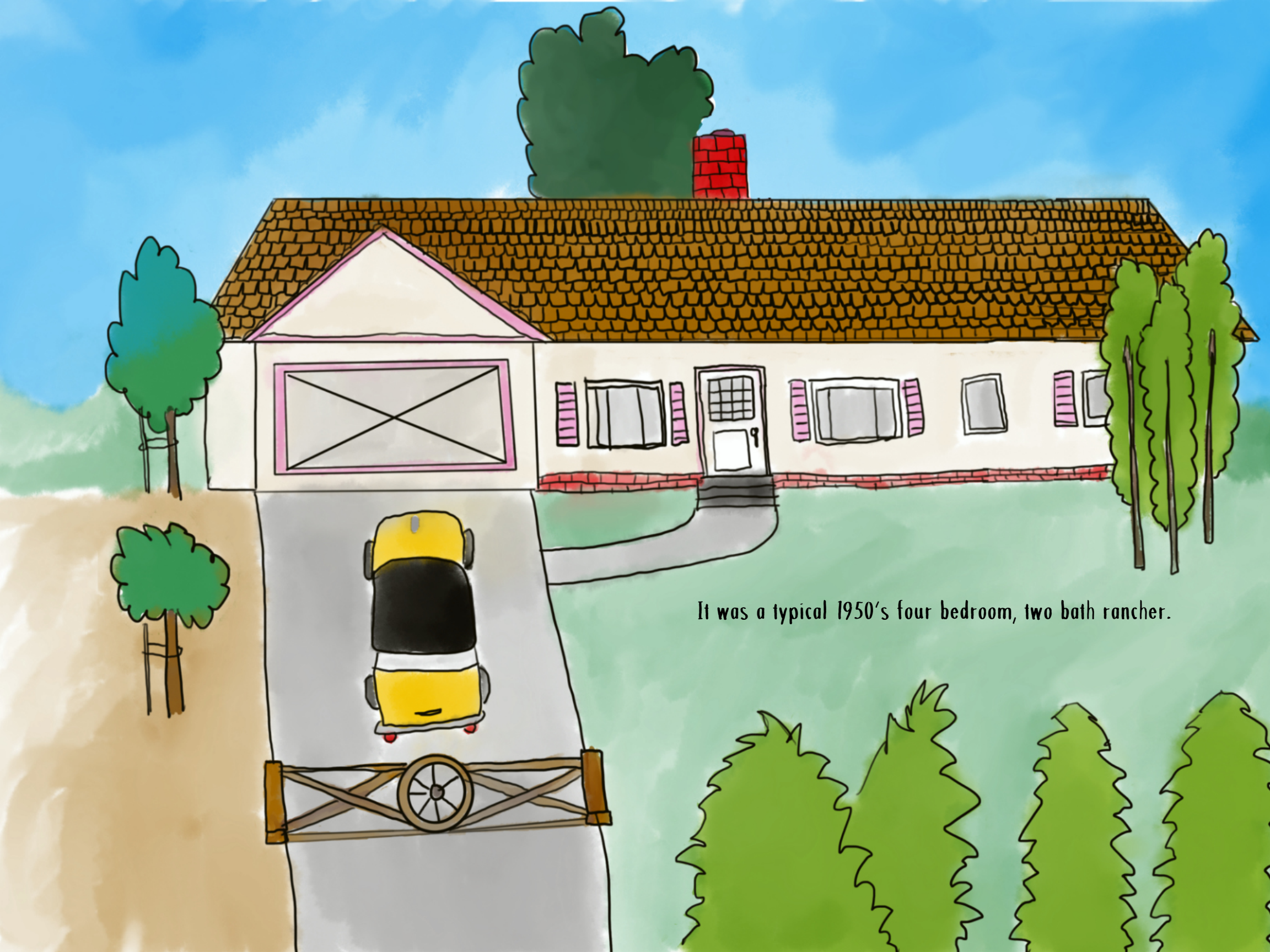
San Francisco
Bay

San
Francisco

East Bay Hills

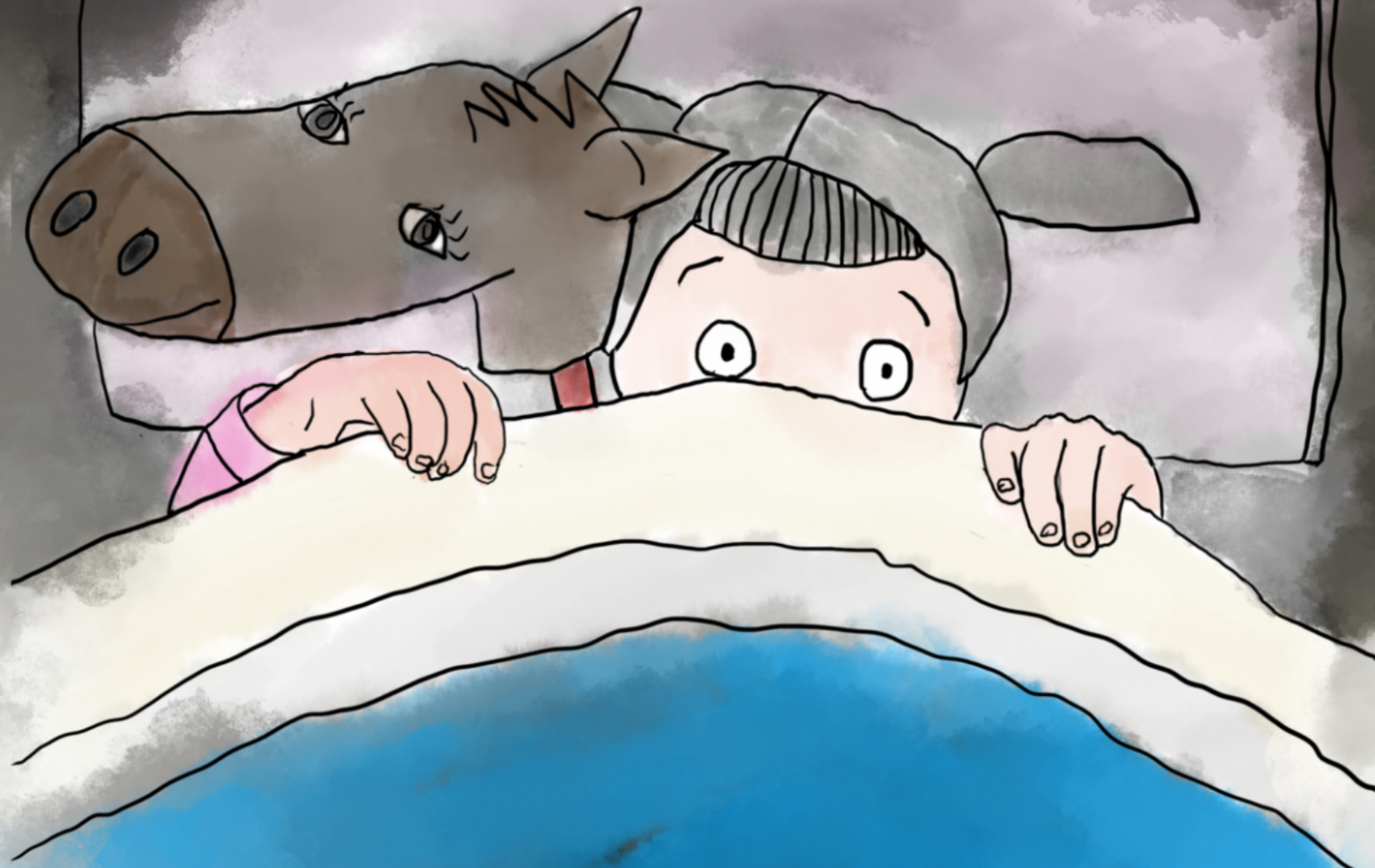
Lafayette
House





It was a typical 1950's four bedroom, two bath rancher.

Shouting, pleading, and fighting came from my parents' bedroom at night. It scared me and I wanted to make sure my mom didn't die.



So I gathered myself up, climbed out of bed and knocked on my parents' door.



I said I had a nightmare.

Mom always made sure that I slept on her side of the bed away from my dad.



I really believed I stopped the fighting.

My sister recently told me a story about one night when my brother was 12 or 13.



He woke up in the middle of the night to hear my parents fighting.





Dad was shocked into stopping, but Mom's response must have made him feel so dismissed, so unseen, and unheard.

I always thought if I could smile broadly enough or tell good jokes I could keep a lid on my dad's erratic and violent behavior.

