My Red Boots.

Why My Red Boots? Because I couldn’t come up with a catchy title that could embody the painful intensity of divorce, the weekly schism caused by the 50/50 custody sharing of my two daughters, the helplessness over having another woman raise your daughters in ways you would never dream, frustration over the needy ex-wife, the heartbreak of not being able to fulfil your daughters wishes of getting back with their Dad and worse, not wanting to, ever. How, even when drowning in all that emotional wreckage it is possible to navigate through the flotsam and the jetsam and reach the surface. To forgive yourself, to accept your part, take responsibility for what’s yours and stop beating yourself up about the stuff that isn’t. To love yourself, to find a love so profound and so true that it makes you catch your breath thinking about it the wonder of it. To be given the honour of raising not just two, but five incredible daughters in a very complex situation remedied only by the most simple of acts, love, compassion, patience and let us not forget humour and bucket loads of organisation.

My red boots symbolise the rescue of self from a soul destroying circumstance to the freedom found in finding the courage to be yourself and honouring your truth, no matter how much that truth hurts.

Dr Clarissa Pinkola-Estez has said for her that "wisdom is whatever works".  This is true for me also. I am no expert, I have no degree, no letters after my name my greatest claim to intellectual fame was that I got put up a grade at school only to fail abysmally thanks to the double whammy of those most fatal of teenage girl attractions, boys and surfing.  Although that being said when I was suffering a particularly harrowing bout of late teen depression my Mum booked me into a psychiatrist, he tested me as a doctor must and his results indicated that nearly 20 years ago my intelligence was in the national top 5% of something or other.  His advice to me was to go to university, use my brain, discontinue the new relationship I was currently in as I wasn't emotionally stable and take this medication.  So I did what any semi suicidal lass terrified out of her mind would do.  I got an office job, kept the boyfriend but took the meds, for a bit, I didn't have utter rebellion in me.  Then.  Twelve months later I moved south, took another crappy office job, married the non-prescribed boyfriend, ditched the meds and had two daughters. After almost ten unhappy years of marriage I rebelled again, I wrestled with the lock of my gilded cage, opened it and flew away.

I am still flying, still rebelling, in my red boots.