



I was managing a department that was responsible for the payments the company made. These payments were made everyday, in millions. The computer systems had to be working or our reputation would go down the tubes. I also felt responsible for some of the people who weren't coming up to scratch on our team. I worked late hours and took work home. After fourteen years, this anxiety over work got to me. It played havoc with my relationship. It came to a head just before Christmas. My wife and I were not speaking. She had gone out. I think she went shopping. Despite the freezing cold, I went out to make a garden path. I furiously dug, carried, mixed and laid cement for about five hours. I was hoping, praying something would happen. That I would get a heart attack or something. I wanted to get away from the pain. I wanted everything to be over. I went upstairs to the bedroom, where there were some pills. I swallowed them all and lay on the bed, exhausted. I don't know what happened, but the next day I woke. My wife didn't say anything about it. I can't remember how I got to a doctor.

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