

sneak in and take him over to her house to play, just so we could get a little extra sleep. We played jokes on one another. One night Don came home late and brought the hotel band with him. The band quietly set up in our neighbors' living room, and at precisely 3:00 AM, struck up a lively tune.

Marriage was what I wanted at that point in my life, and what all my friends were doing. The role of wife and mother was alluring, and was the norm at the time. It didn't occur to me that there were other choices. I was happy for a while—I adored my husband and children. I did love being involved in my kids' lives, and Don was supportive and fun to be with. I had a gratifying life as a young wife and mother. But something started growing inside me, a feeling of wanting to venture out into the world and do something more.

I noticed that my father, also in the hotel business, took far greater pains to teach the trade to my husband than he'd ever taken with me, although I'd been involved in the business too. I began to realize that nobody seemed to see the potential in me; nobody recognized that I could make a contribution beyond caring for my husband and family. I was a pleaser, there to support the dreams of others. I can't remember anybody asking me about my own dreams.

I had married very young, and the only dreams I had expressed were the ones that involved being a wife and mother, and my family *did* support me in those dreams. Part of having support for your dreams lies in expressing them so that people can support them. But no one encouraged me to do anything beyond my stated goals of wife and mother.

I became depressed and began searching for a way to fulfillment.

I applied for a job at Hawthorne/Stone, a local real estate firm. This company was a high-octane, success-bound place with