

investors. I remember lying in a fetal position next to a telephone on the floor of a hotel room. I had to call one investor after another to tell them that their money was gone. It was so painful that I curled back into a ball on the floor between every call.

I remember feeling so alone. My partner became ill, and during this time I felt as though most of it was left to me to handle. It became necessary for my kids to move to Chicago to live with their dad. Some of my friends wouldn't even be near me during this time, as though failure and the pain I was going through were contagious and they didn't want to catch it from me. I remember packing up my remaining possessions into my car and wondering where to go. I recall dropping a few coins into a parking meter and thinking, *Well, this is all the home I've got, this parking space right here.*

One friend took me in and let me live in his lower floor apartment in Topanga Canyon outside Los Angeles. The apartment opened up onto a patio with a sparkling pool, and beyond, panoramic views. I spent some quiet time in this peaceful setting thinking and healing.

As painful as they were, my losses helped frame my future. Losing all my money made me realize I had gotten off track. At first the stock options system had served a purpose: to raise money for the school. But we'd gotten caught up in the moneymaking "game." Stock options in and of themselves added no value to the world; our only reason for being involved was to support the work that *did* add something of value.

It was a painful loss, but it helped me discover something. After I lost all my money, most of my possessions, and even a few of my friends, I still had myself. I could lose everything and still be okay. I'd survive. Today, I'm less afraid of losing, because I've lost it all before and I know I can get through it. Since I'm not afraid of loss, the fear of losing no longer has the power to cripple me. I don't