

Dead Stuck

One man's stories of adventure, parenting, and marriage,
told *without* heaping platitudes of political correctness



by Richard Mounce, DDS

Preface

“Teachers of Literature are apt to think up such problems as “What is the author’s purpose?” or still worse, “What is the guy trying to say?” Now, I happen to be the kind of author who in starting to work on a book has no other purpose than to get rid of that book and who, when asked to explain its origin and growth, has to rely on such ancient terms as Interreaction of Inspiration and Combination-which, I admit, sounds like a conjurer explaining one trick by performing another.”

Vladimir Nabakov (1899-1977)

Like Nabakov, I had a book inside me that I needed to get rid of. In writing *Dead Stuck*, I have spoken my truth on a number of subjects without hiding behind politically correct clichés and platitudes. My hope is that sharing the contents of *Dead Stuck* will resonate with those who can see themselves in some part of its varied subject matter. If this book helps others, even in some small measure, I will have achieved my purpose.

Dead Stuck boisterously describes how being a root canal specialist (endodontist) has provided me unique opportunities and challenges in my personal, marital, and parental relationships. It recalls how I once wore “girl repellent,” was addicted to world football, survived a flight diverted due to fire on the wing, and the mortal danger I encountered while cave diving. These stories are interwoven with a “life letter” I wrote my twin daughters, Alana and Bianca, as a keepsake at Christmas 2004. My life experience profoundly affected the advice I gave to my children. The contents of this letter are italicized in the text. In some detail, this letter provides the girls a road map to the decisions they will have to make and the abundant possibilities their lives hold before them. It speaks volumes to the mistakes I’ve made and how I pray they will learn from them.

The experiences related in the chapters of Part 2 (Marriage: “Come to Heal”) are a semi-autobiographical personal memoir. Some of this material is my personal history and much of it is not. The conclusions I draw in these chapters are mine. Readers must decide what they

believe and want for themselves. I have no intention to preach or tell people what to do. I chose the language and tone of these chapters to provoke thought, dialogue, and reflection.

What constitutes a marriage for one person or couple may be entirely different for another. Varying definitions of marriage bring different goals, expectations, and desired behavior, all of which may be contrary to mine. I write of marriage in the traditional manner of two people coming together with the intention to remain mated as monogamous partners for life. There are many routes to a destination, in this case, a happy and fulfilling long-term marriage. What is written describes my path. I encourage readers to compare notes as they walk on theirs.

A special note of thanks goes out to Fred Michmershuizen, my friend and primary editor. His suggestions and reflections were an invaluable resource. Vicki Cheeseman, Sierra Rendon, and Dr. Kandy Robertson were also an immense help in editing the second edition of *Dead Stuck*. I am deeply indebted to each of them for sharing their literary talents.

I take personal responsibility for all errors within: factual, philosophical, typographical, or otherwise. I write of God with the male pronoun. I could have referred to God as “She” or “Her,” and it would have been every bit as valid.

Blessings, peace, love, and light,

Richard Mounce, DDS
Vancouver, Washington, USA
March 2010

About Richard Mounce, DDS

Richard Mounce, DDS is a root canal specialist (endodontist) by profession. Aside from a private practice, he lectures and writes globally in his specialty.

He scuba dives in caves and frequently loses cribbage matches to his wife, Laura. Among many things, his life's goals are to have his ashes spread (legally or illegally) at Old Trafford, the home of Manchester United Football Club in England, and walk on top of the presidents' heads at Mount Rushmore in South Dakota.

