

WHEN LIFE IS GOING NOWHERE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By

Patrick Quinn

“Rising from the ashes starts with believing.”

—SMS Novel Interactive

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Finally, I would like to thank all of my readers for taking the time to read this book. I hope that my story will inspire others to open themselves up to new experiences and possibilities, and to never give up on finding love.

With heartfelt appreciation,

Patrick

INTRO



Welcome to my autobiography, a journey of self-discovery, love, and the pursuit of happiness.

As man in my 30's and 40's, I had everything I could ask for: a successful career, a comfortable lifestyle, and the freedom to live my life as I pleased. Yet, despite all of this, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing. I was a happy and secure bachelor, but I sensed a void in my life that I couldn't quite put my finger on. It was as if I was living a half-life, going through the motions but not truly experiencing all that life had to offer.

This led me to begin exploring the world of online dating. I never would have imagined that this simple decision would change the course of my life forever. It was through online dating that I met my future wife, Juvy, and it was her that I knew was my missing piece. Despite the distance and the challenges of a long-distance relationship, I knew that I had to pursue this connection and see where it would lead.

So, I took the leap and traveled across the world to meet her, and it was the best decision I ever made. I was finally living my life to the fullest, experiencing true love and happiness. Our journey together has been filled with ups and downs, but through it all, we have grown together and learned to cherish every moment.

This book is not only the story of how I met my wife, but also the story of how I discovered that there is always more in life to pursue, even when life seems to be unsatisfying. It's a story of hope and perseverance, and the realization that true happiness can be found in the most unexpected places.

I hope that by sharing my story, I can inspire others to take a chance on love, to not settle for a life that feels incomplete, and to always keep searching for that missing piece. Life is a journey, and it's not always easy, but it's worth it. So, join me on this journey and let's discover together the beauty of living a full life.

CHAPTER ONE



The year was 2013. I had recently reached 49 years old, and I was enjoying every day of my life to the fullest. I was making the most of my single status. I lived in my own apartment. Even though I wasn't dating very much at the time, I was still making the most of my life. My interests ranged from history, particularly American history, to the cultures of other countries and various facets of spirituality. I studied all of these areas of study. I look back on my life and wish there was a key turning point where I could have taken some time off to relax. For some reason, I had begun to examine my life from a number of different perspectives. And I was under the impression that I ought to alter my

lifestyle and establish roots, but I had no desire to do either of those things. I believe that I needed God or some other higher force to point out the path that I should take.

That must have been back when Facebook was in its infancy. I mean, it was huge, but not as big as it is now by any stretch of the imagination. In addition, I joined Facebook in 2009 to continue communicating with a friend who had previously worked at the DCMS. Little did I know that this decision would ultimately change my life.

I had come to live in Arizona a few years prior with the intention of moving back to the East Coast eventually. It would appear that a lot of people are blown away by Arizona in regard to its beauty, comfort of living, and job opportunities.

COMFORTABLE BACHELOR

I led the life of a typical bachelor by doing things in this manner. I would decide on a location, then go there. I had no interest in dating or going out to nightclubs because

my priorities were elsewhere. I would just select a location rich in history, travel there, and then stay for an extended period of time in order to absorb as much information as possible. That was the source of my enjoyment: gaining new insights into life, the cosmos, and spirituality, and generally simply being open to everything.

Baseball games and other sporting events are some of my favorite things to watch. I would go to the ballpark an average of fifty times every year. When I lived in North Carolina for a year, I became really close with one person who lived there. Over the course of our time together, we attended a number of baseball games. I went away from Major League following the strike in 1993. And even during the strike, I would be attending minor league games for much lower costs than the major leagues. Even though we don't attend as often as we used to, my wife and I still like going to baseball games. The year before, my family and I went to see the Diamondbacks play at Chase Field.

DATING AS A BACHELOR

I only ever dated one person seriously. Her name was Jill Olin. While I was attending college, I had a job at Dominick's, where she worked as a cashier. She was a few years older than I was. We had a good start to our relationship, going strong for the first six weeks, but then she ended it with me, claiming that I am too possessive. I suppose that as a result of that, I became somewhat uninterested in romantic relationships.

I guess you could say that I had never really gotten into dating that much. Through online dating, I went out with a couple of different people while I was in college and lived in Virginia. In the end, I had zero interest in pursuing romantic relationships. I was content to be alone myself and to live my life in the manner which I found most enjoyable.

BEGINNING OF CHANGE

My life as a bachelor would slowly begin to change due to a defining moment in my life. I began to feel disconnected and isolated. Although I was part of a spiritual community in D.C., I felt like there was something

that missing in my life. I remember feeling “I want to change my life.”

I was in a unique situation because, at the time, I was a devoted bachelor, but I wasn't dating. I was just enjoying life. I had a negative reaction that caused me to re-adjust my life perspectives. Basically, I was kicked out of my faith community that I devoted myself to for over three years of my life. The leader and I had a falling out and she was a pretty significant figure in our community in D.C. at the time. She was part of other groups that I was also a member of, and she got all these other groups to kick me out also. It was really a turning point. I said, hey, something needs to change. I need a complete change. This was when, I began to seriously consider and believe that I wanted to become devoted to a single woman, living our lives as well as we can.

But in order to understand how I met my wife, it is important to know a little about my past. Journey with me down memory lane.

CHAPTER TWO



In order to understand me, you first must know my family. My mother's full name is Ellen Jane Quinn, and she was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, on July 5, 1947. Richard James Quinn, Jr., my father, was born on July 2nd, 1949 in the city of Chicago. Jamie Charlynn Quinn is the name of my younger sister who is also a Quinn. The first of November in 1976 was the day she was born.

STRANGELY UNIQUE

I was always a peculiar child from my earliest memories. Despite the fact that I have an Irish name, the majority of my family background is German. My mother is one hundred percent German, whereas my father was one-quarter Irish. At the time, all of my grandparents had passed away, with the exception of my father's father. He was known professionally as Richard J. Quinn Sr. and was born in 1927.

My mom graduated from Creighton University with a degree in mathematics. However, she worked in tax systems for what is now known as Unocal Union76. Then she switched jobs because businesses kept getting acquired by larger companies. Circle K was her previous employer up until 2020 when she finally decided to retire.

My father attempted to complete his education by enrolling in college but never did. His main interest was in history. In Chicago, he operated a gardening and carpet cleaning company under his own name. When I was a junior in college in 1993, my parents uprooted our family from Chicago and went to a new city. Because the company where my mother worked was acquired, they were only in Texas for a year and a half before moving to Anaheim. They stayed there for close to two years before moving on to a new location after another company was acquired and she found herself in Arizona in 1996 or 1997.

My father had only been living in this country for approximately a year and a half when he was diagnosed

with colon cancer and passed away. Since then, my mother has been staying with us.

I was the first child of my parents. Over the years, my sister and I have had both highs and lows in our relationship. Our connection is not what it used to be at this point. We enjoyed a successful three years prior to the arrival of my wife here. That didn't work out. I have no idea why that is. Both of us had a strong will. The bond between us is not too strong at the moment. There was a period in my life when we didn't communicate for approximately seven years. Even though we weren't too far apart geographically (she lived in New York and I lived in Washington, DC), we never managed to cross paths throughout that time period. It was probably a mixture of personal issues on both sides that led to the breakup.

GROWING UP AS A YOUNG BOY

My youth was filled with joy. I spent much of my childhood in Bartlett, Illinois, which is located in the

northwest suburbs of Chicago. We were just a regular family from the middle class.

My dad had a great sense of humor. He never stopped doing impressions. But dad never stopped treating me like a tiny child, regardless of how old I got, even when I was a teenager. He never failed to act as though I was between the ages of six and eight. However, our personalities were extremely comparable to one another. Therefore, my father and I did not have the same viewpoints.

He did a wonderful job at imitating Ronald Reagan as well as Bugs Bunny's character Marvin the Martian. I never invited any of my friends over because I was too ashamed to let them witness my father behaving in such a manner in front of them.

My mom was the one who called the shots in the household. She was a stickler for the rules. The decisions were made by her. In that regard, she played the role of the straight woman and ensured that everything ran smoothly.

We stayed in a neighborhood that was only a few blocks away from my primary school. It was never necessary for me to ride the bus. When I got to middle school and high school, I used the bus because it was the most convenient option. When I was younger, I was a total nerd. I was the target of a lot of bullying. I was a person of few friends and engaged in some questionable behaviors throughout that period of my life.

Even though I had friends, I wouldn't describe our relationship as particularly close until the final year of middle school. I was fortunate enough to make a few close friends while I was in high school, and we have more or less maintained our friendships ever since. We'd get together and play Nintendo. Actually, we would watch my other friend who was much better at it than we were. Because he was the most talented player, we wanted him to get the most playing time possible so that he could prove his worth.

We used to have fun by going to arcades, miniature golf courses, and other similar places. We never enjoyed doing anything that could be considered juvenile. We had no involvement with gangs or anything else of the sort and we were not involved in anything unlawful or criminal.

My best friend back then was also and still is my closest friend. I took the role of leader for our somewhat small group. Because there was a group from a game called Ghost and Goblins, and there was a character in that game called The Big Boys, we decided to call ourselves "The Big Boys from Nintendo."

We connected over games and the group. That was our very own personal game, and the three of us played as a trio. Because he was the oldest, my friend eventually acquired his driver's license and he began taking us to arcades and or miniature golf courses to goof around.

My closest companion was Christopher Allen Townsend, who was a friend of mine in middle school. When we met, I was in the seventh grade, and he was in the

eighth. Mark Allen Navratil was the other one of my closest friends at the time. On the same day as my sister's birth, December 5th, 1971, he was also born. On November 1, 1974, Mark was born. I always saw this as a strange coincidence that I thought connected us in some way. Mark would later pass away in the year 2010, as a result of diabetes-related complications.

VIVID MEMORY

A journey to Texas with my family in 1981 stands out in my memory. This was a trip to visit with members of my father's side of the family that we hadn't seen in a long time. That was the very first vacation I can remember taking with my family. I was in my early to mid-teens.

When I was a kid, my parents took me to see Graceland for the first time. My dad was a serious Elvis Presley fan. We went on some tours of historical sites. When we were going back, I recall that my dad wanted to see the spot in Dallas where John F. Kennedy was shot. It was the most uninteresting journey I've ever been on. The

only thing that was there was the grassy knoll. Following that, in 1983, we vacationed in Florida. We had the opportunity to go to Disney World and ride the locomotive little coaster. I can recall the look on my Dad's face when he learned of the trip because my mother had kind of tricked him into attending. What was his response to that? Let's just say he didn't enjoy it.

DAILY ROUTINE AS A YOUNGSTER

My regimen included looking at the newspaper and watching the evening news every day. My grandfather always read the newspaper first thing in the morning, paying particular attention to the news and sports sections. I suppose you might say that I continued that custom in his footsteps. Before I could read it, I had to make sure he was done first. I made several attempts to read it before he did, but he never let me.

Baseball was one of my dad's favorite pastimes. The Chicago Cubs were his favorite team. Because I wanted to be different from him, I chose to root for the Chicago Red

Sox. On many other issues, we couldn't have been more different from one another.

STILL PECULIAR, BUT STILL PATRICK

When I was in elementary school, one of my bad habits was picking my nose and eating gross things like boogers. As a result, I was bullied rather frequently. When it was time for recess, I'll never forget how everyone would go outside and have a good time, I would stay inside at recess and read encyclopedias, starting with the letter A and working my way through the alphabet.

I wanted to compile a list of all the parks in the world, so I decided to contact different places and inquire about the names of all the parks in each city. And I was provided with such a list, calling each park on the family phone, racking up hundreds of dollars in long-distance phone charges. The amount of my mother's phone bill was over \$400 higher than what she had anticipated it would be. And I'm quite sure I have over three thousand or four thousand parks on my list.

In addition to that, for some reason, I would also do this with poetry. For instance, I would like to record every piece of poetry that I've ever been exposed to throughout my life. And I even dabbled in poetry myself. I performed rather well.

END OF SAMPLE

PHOTOS

































