Colton Mingledorff

Professor Nancy

English 121

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“The Autoarticle of Colton”

 Waking up this morning at six a.m., the time that I had an alarm set for; I reached over and hit the off button; I was simply too tired to think about getting up and beginning an autobiography. It is a few hours later now. I caught up on some much needed rest, and finally hauled myself up and into the shower. I love my new shower, spacious but still cozy. Let’s talk about the way I got this shower that I love so much, the reason that I have a nice shower is a big part of who I am.

My name is Colton Mingledorff. I just turned seventeen on August twenty-second, two-thousand-ten. Recently, I relocated my residence from Spring Valley where I lived for the past 13 years to the small, quiet community of Carbondale, Colorado (specifically in River Valley Ranch affordable housing units). My reason for moving was that my house, well my mother’s house, is being cleaned out and prepared to be sold. My aunt Lynn, cousin Amy, and cousin Jared are all up there right now packing and cleaning. My sister Ashley did things of that nature and much more all summer. I was sad to see her go; she left more recently, unable to tolerate much of aunt Lynn’s intensity. You may have asked yourself by now why it is that my mom is not cleaning or packing her own house to be sold…

Well that’s sort of a long story actually; it begins about seven or so years ago when Gerry Michel entered my life for the first time. One Christmas Day when I was younger, my mom decided it was a good time for me to meet her new boyfriend Gerry. This didn’t bother me too much because my mom had been dating different guys around the valley for five years or so. I think she was searching for Mr. Right and just never quite found him, until Gerry. I was always excited to meet a new friend of hers although I was pretty young still, maybe around ten. Long story short they stayed together, and eventually Gerry moved out of his house in El Jabel (giving it to his nine year old son’s mother to live in) and into our place three miles past the CMC campus in Spring Valley.

The house truly was beautiful. Blending with the landscape well, the house was externally modest. On the inside however, it truly reflected my mother’s life, full of her artistic artifacts (not archeological) as well as her colorful pastel and oil paintings. The outside was not neglected by any means, both my mom and Gerry strived to keep the place looking great and in working order. To this day I regret not helping half as much as I could have. Gerry in particular took pride and pleasure in working around our eight acres, building staircases, moving literally tons of snow, battling the endless waves of field mice, building an irrigation system for the flower beds, etc.. Gerry truly had good intentions in all aspects of his relationship with my mother. I (must) believe that they were right for one another. They shared many many qualities, being eccentric artists especially. I realize this is my mom’s story more than my own, but trust me, it relates.

Gerry had always liked to do internet research, mostly because he likes to be informed (I do too), but he does not trust most traditional sources of information (not discrediting the one he used, just assuming it was not traditional). Thus he tends to study more obscure topics. One of those topics was the Rife Machine. The Rife Machine is an alternative form of medicine; using a frequency generator that comes with a large booklet of frequencies to set it to for just about any disease or injury you can imagine. The theory behind the machine: Every particle in existence has a certain frequency that it vibrates at, even the particles of disease. Thus, if you use the right frequency, you will theoretically destroy the disease (like a tumor for example).

Last year, I began research for a senior paper, in doing some research I ended up reading a book named The Ancient Secret of the Flower of Life by Drunvulo Malchesidek (I doubt that’s how it’s spelled) it is an extremely far out read. Point being that in this book I read just a little snippet about the Rife Machine (I wish I had the book here so I could properly quote and cite it). Essentially it said that the frequencies Rife (the creator of the machine) published for cancer cell destruction specifically, were slightly off, stating that they in fact cause/proliferate tumors rather than destroying them (that’ll teach you a lesson in playing with alternative medicine). I do not know how much truth lies in this claim, nor do I know if the Rife Machine even does anything. I am just recounting what went on and what I saw/ know.

### My mother died at about three a.m. on January 5th, 2010 her name is Carol Rothrock. Melanoma was the beast she faced, facing it with the entire lower half of her abdomen. You may still be thinking about the Rife Machine thing and wondering how that relates, be patient.

### During the summer of 2009 my mom was working her ass off trying to support herself, me, Gerry (who worked but not significantly) and Gerry’s son Jordan (he only lived with us part-time). Carol built and owned her landscaping business from the ground up, and she was quite professional. She had many affluent clients around Basalt and Carbondale, and she really did make her own way. The thing that sparked her landscaping career was starting out working for another woman when we first moved here (Dee Strack, Big Jakes mom), which over time evolved into her own business. She suffered from a severe amount of pain in her lower back and stomach. Attributing it to the gardening, she thought little of it, fighting though the pain until the season ended. Finally my mom decided to have a colonoscopy; the camera reached her appendix and burst it. Gerry rushed her back to Glenwood where she received an emergency appendectomy.

### At this time I was involved in drug abuse and being a reckless young rebel. Basically running around doing what I wanted to when I wanted to, moderating myself enough to stay alive and out of jail, but not significantly beyond that. I admit, I thoroughly enjoyed that mindless, reckless, youthful vigor that consumed every day back then. I went to check in on my mom who was still recovering at the hospital, with my girlfriend a day or two later, it was the first I had heard of her hospitalization. I visited her again to see how she was, but had no idea what was actually happening inside her bowels. I visited again the next day and, saw that she slowly seemed to be getting better, I also asked for some money. Later in the day, I spent that money on acid (I do not recall if that was my intent upon asking her, I hope not). I proceeded to go to The Grand Illumination in Redstone Colorado, a ceremony whereupon they will line the town’s only street with candle bags and light a giant bonfire at one end of the town. I had taken acid before this night, but I had never taken two hits at once. Well, that was clearly a mistake. As the night progressed, I started tripping so hard and so fast that I basically lost all concept of everything I had ever known. My mind was blank. I was still able to walk and talk to a certain extent, but I looked like a drunkard, and my mental state was downright surreal.

### Our friend Nathan gave my girlfriend and I a ride back to her house where I proceeded to really lose it. Not in a physical sense, but just to the extent that my ultimatum, mentally, was that I was the God, and that all of reality was just a creation by me, of me, and for me. It was an insane experience, and I have no interest in going into further detail or ever doing it again. It placed a huge amount of stress on my relationship with my girlfriend, not just because of what I put her through that night, mostly it was because of the way that I was thinking and how acted for the next few weeks after that.

### I did come down off my god hallucination after a few hours once the drugs were properly metabolized, however my mental state was fragile, and almost schizophrenic. I was rambling pretty consistently and trying to make sense of ordinary things, tripping out on language, and most of all I was aware that I was not normal. At the time I never specifically put it together that it was from the acid trip, somehow. I simply did not know what to do about it and did not have the mental capacity at that point to do much besides smoke cigarettes and play videogames. I stopped going to school some days and when I did I wasn’t fully there. I started getting into fights with my mom; furthermore I could barely think straight.

### My girlfriend left town to visit family in Iowa and that was our first big separation as a couple, which was not good considering my mental status at the time. My mom and I got into an argument because I didn’t go to school one morning. She had been lying low, trying to recuperate from her appendicitis surgery, and her recovery was not going very well from what I saw. During that argument, I forget the specifics, she asked: “Can you spell CANCER?!” I feel like it was downhill from the moment my mom left for Grand Junction, but even now with her asking me if I could spell cancer I barely got the message because my head was in a cloud. I felt and still feel to this moment like such an asshole, I brought it out of her in an emotional outburst, when she couldn’t even bare to tell me under normal circumstances that the doctors had diagnosed her with colon cancer the day of her release from her appendectomy.

### I do not blame the Rife Machine for giving her/ for the proliferation of her cancer, nor do I blame myself for being young and so dumb (I really do blame myself in part). But every day I regret that this is that way things are. I hate the fact that my life has taken this turn. Such a devastating loss at 16 may prepare me better for the day when my next loved one is snatched from me in a storm of sound and fury. Do not misunderstand that allusion, the sound and the fury only relating to the metaphorical storm of emotion and that of people, there was no sound or fury in relation to the snatching, nothing but cold pain and regret.

###  One night, I stayed up all night playing videogames and there was a giant snowstorm over the whole area, the next day I got into a verbal conflict with my mom’s boyfriend Gerry. It was a product of me being crazy and him trying to moderate between my insanity (trying to get a bunch of work done in deep snow) and how it was affecting my sick mother. She was using the Rife Machine lots around this time… So in short, after leaving home and another two nights of sleep deprivation, I ended up in a mental hospital in Grand Junction. I remember the experience of being there vividly, you may ask me questions about that in person, but I do not think the specifics of it are significantly important to who I am. I remember speaking to my mom via telephone from the mental hospital while she was at home dying of cancer. Her advice was to dance to show them that I was mentally sound (it was a good idea). I was still mentally unstable, and while speaking to her, I decided to test the people who had me locked up to see if I was talking to them or to her. I asked her randomly in our talk what my cat’s name was because I knew only she would know; she helped to name him. She was so stressed out by everything and messed up on Vicodin that she drew a blank. I immediately responded: “You’re not my mom!” and slammed the receiver down. I will never forgive myself. And I am sure that made her so sad and crying, it breaks my heart to admit it. I suppose this was not my fault in a sense, but at the same time it so was, and I feel in my heart that it was just one more push toward my mom just letting go… All the stress I caused her, all the worry and disappointment, not to mention all the good times we could have had together, I carry all of these things. And these things are far more important to who I am than skateboarding or what state I was born in.

### I spent seven days in the mental hospital, and got out just about a week before Christmas, which was a really tough week, being back in reality and things like that, the week after was the killer though, no pun intended. I at least got to show my mom that I was a functional human being again, I think she died feeling at least somewhat at rest regarding her youngest child. On about the 29th of December my mom went back into the hospital, that week was a blur of family, friends, hospital waiting rooms, lamentations, and uncertainty. The first thing that happened when I started school again after winter break was a phone call, literally before I even made it to class after I was in the building. This has truly been devastating through and through. If you’ve never experienced a loss like this in your like please do not attempt to sympathize or to understand, just wait until you must feel what I have felt.

### I was born on August 22nd, 1993 at 4:15a.m.. We lived in Bluffton, South Carolina at the time. My dad had to drive the mad dash in the middle of the night over the state line to the nearest hospital which was in Savannah, Georgia. We lived in Bluffton for the first few years of my life and like most I only have a few shards of memory left from that period, namely my dad blowing up firecrackers outside the carport, and riding my plastic wheeled cart down the ramp at the church. Our house there was right on the costal May River, surrounded by marvelous marshes. My mother was an artist and she did many beautiful paintings of these areas. One thing I still regret to this day is that in her last few years she was working so hard that she didn’t even have time to paint for fun, she really enjoyed being creative in other outlets (designing gardens & dancing) I suppose.

### We soon moved to Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, and I began preschool at Sea Pines Montessori School. The house in Hilton Head was newer, (the old one had a bullet hole in the wall from the civil war) and more exciting as far as I was concerned, also it was right on the beach. My mom taught me how to rollerblade, played tennis with me, and took me to the beach a few times every week. I still carry just one specific object from this time: an orange toy truck. I found the truck one day when my mom and I were doing cartwheels down the beach (we did that sometimes for fun). I remember pausing my cart-wheeling to examine some wooden posts protruding from the sand. Spaced about 3 feet apart and in bunches of 3, extending out into the blue-gray Atlantic Ocean nearby. I stooped and looked in the little holes around each of them that were caused by the tide ebbing in and out and eroding sand, there I saw an orange truck with a blue decal on each side. It had a windshield and no windows, four large hard black plastic tires and was only a bit rusty with a few spots where the paint had chipped away. My mom caught up and commended my find, I was very pleased with it, and I have it in my possession to this day. It holds a special meaning for me now especially since my mother and I shared that moment. I do not know the specifics of my parents’ divorce, just that it happened around when we moved to Colorado, but I do remember eating buttered toast with my dad in his bedroom, separate from my mom’s at our house in Hilton Head.

### Just after my fourth birthday, a beach boogie boarding party (I got a classic red tricycle), my mom and I packed up, and moved to an apartment in El Jabel, Colorado for the winter. I remember pushing snow around with my same plastic wagon I rode back on the church ramp in Bluffton. Soon we found a house to move into, up in Spring Valley, the house that I just recently moved out of due to a series of unfortunate events. I spent 13 long fruitful years (give or take a year at my dads) living with my mom at 4346 County rd 115. I basically lived there my entire life, and I had so many wonderful experiences on that eight acre property. What I’ve literally carried from that time is extremely limited, in terms of physical objects, the two pillows we always had on the couch, three of many beanie babies from childhood, my bed, two lamps, my clothes, my toiletries, and a couple of boxes of miscellanea. Most of what I carry is memories and lamentations, as I explained earlier.

###  After Sea Pines Montessori school my next educational experience was at the Mt. Sopris Montessori School in Carbondale, Colorado. I carried from there a lot of friends, all of whom have gone different directions now, but I still recognize all of them when I see them around town, and I think about how we used to hang out as young children. This trend did not change much until about seventh grade, meaning that today I still chill with some friends I made in seventh grade. I began first grade at Crystal River Elementary School, however I was not in a normal class. I was in a Montessori classroom that my classmates parents and mine, had pushed into the public school system, God knows how. Again in second grade at CES, we pushed a Montessori classroom into the public system, but by that time the class was diluted with non Montessori learners, and it was sort of a nightmare to try to accomplish much. I will be damned if we were not pioneers for the Ross Montessori School though. My teacher that year was Mark Ross (the man who the new Montessori school has been named after); he had also been the headmaster at Mt. Sopris Montessori back when I was in pre-k there. May he rest in peace. Mark Ross died of heart attack roughly six years ago. Montessori schooling truly helped me to be the person I am today, in that it gave me problem-solving skills for life, taught me how to be independent, and gave me a chance to explore the world physically and metaphorically at a young age.

### Third grade was at Carbondale Community School for me. It is a public charter school, meaning that they are a public school who do their own curriculum but still have public enrollment (although there’s a waitlist and a lottery because of demand). I made a lot of friends there, and I still talk to only about two of them on a regular basis and maybe another ten on Facebook occasionally. I loved that school, and still do; in fact I love it significantly more now that I am done going there.

###  Growing up is a trip☺. Freshman year I spent living with my dad and going to CRMS. It was an enriching experience, mostly in that I got to see into the world of CRMS and find it to be an entire sub-community within Carbondale. CRMS also gave me a good academic introduction to high school, I have to apply myself now in CMC courses about as much as I was then (the age difference makes it relative). Not to mention all of the extracurricular activities one gets involved in there, it is incredible. Three quarters of my sophomore year I, spent at RFHS, which was a very interesting year for me. Quite frankly, I did a fair amount of drugs that year. Mostly as a result of drug abuse I decided to leave RFHS, and went to a different school, my mom happened to be friends with a teacher at Yampa Mountain High School and she helped get me in there. Do not get me wrong, Yampa is not full of kids that left public school because they did too many drugs, save for the fact that is true for an insignificant percentage of the school (myself at the absolute least). Yampa is just for kids that choose not to deal with traditional public high school. Junior year was not much better than sophomore year as far as what I got done regarding school work, but it was also the year that my mom died, as well as the year that I was incarcerated in a mental health hospital due to a temporary psychosis induced by sleep deprivation, post negative acid trip (I’ve mentioned that).

### This past summer I spent working at farmer’s markets selling soup and baked goods, and during the week, I was normally making soup also. Besides that I chilled with my girl friend whom I am crazy about, skateboarded, saw some friends, played lots of videogames, and spent a ton of time driving. More recently I registered for CMC and started school, and well now we are here…