

No Excuses

Tom and Allison

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This is our story. We offer no excuses, simply an explanation of our journey.



Tom

I was raised in Capistrano Beach, one of nine perfect angels. Our house was never quiet. Sibling rivalry was alive and well. When I was six years old my father left for Vietnam. We wouldn't speak again until I was twenty-five. My mother did the best she could. She raised us with a Catholic upbringing, an iron fist and not much room for diplomacy or understanding. I was an angry child and my brothers nicknamed me Bulldog.



Allison

I grew up in Laguna Niguel. I was the youngest of four children. Both my parents were alcoholics and they were not “happy drunks.” Our home was filled with chaos and confusion, yelling, and things being thrown. I remember when my step-dad was in one of his rages and ripped off some cupboard doors, only to put them back up by morning as if nothing ever happened, and no one said a word. I learned to be quiet, not make any trouble, and oftentimes look the other way.

