

Cordless Bungee Jumping

A Memoir of Letting Go, Leaping and Leading All the Way

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Where it begins

The public reader opens with the table of contents, then stops at the approved prologue excerpt before Chapter 1 begins.

The letter was one page.

A handful of precise lines. Far too brief for twenty-one years of a career defined by intention, interruption, and necessary detours.

My fingers lingered over the keyboard.

Not doubt. I was certain.

The pause came from the weight of it all. Send meant final. Send meant the version of me formed by that world was finished.

Staying offered certainty. Leaving required nerve.

I cared deeply about the company. But I wanted more stretch. More challenge. A wider horizon with no handrails.

I knew that staying too long would teach me how to stand still. A fear greater than getting it wrong.

So once done typing, I signed. One quiet motion. Years of identity shifting from present tense to past.

Prologue, Cordless Bungee Jumping