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"Corruption is only as effective as the corrupt
-Diederik van der Veen

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Diederik van Nederveen



Trophy Husband

My time observing the 1% feeding on the 99%

Chapter 7 **Wedding Bells**

Utah and Japan, October 1995

Over the course of the next several months, Sandie tried to mould me to suit her needs and fit me into her Nu Skin world, and I did my best to accommodate. I was acutely aware that my life had become her life, that I was gradually being absorbed into her carefully controlled universe. It was an amazing universe, there's no doubt about that, a remarkable demonstration of what's possible on a materialistic level when vast sums of money are exercised and put to work through planning and creativity.

I felt as though I'd become part of a complex machine that governed the lives of the Tillotson family circle. The problem was that I was making no real contribution to it. Of course I had designed the Deer Valley home and had done some odd jobs around Sandie's other houses, but I no longer had a career or a paying job of my own, and it was difficult to avoid the feeling that I was sponging off of Sandie. Sandie tried to comfort me by assuring me that her money was ours and I shouldn't worry about such petty matters. She said I should just enjoy our time together and adjust my viewpoint to make it work.

I was not a man who looked for security in the traditional sense. I was restless and I loved adventure. I sought out new experiences and never backed down from a challenge. I was macho in that sense — very competitive, impulsive, maybe even too daring at times, but I never failed to achieve my goals, and aiming for them always led to unforgettable memories. Why else would I leave Europe, go to the US, live on a shoestring, and struggle to get into the movie industry, one of the hardest of all businesses to break into, unless I was driven to do so? It was crazy and impractical, especially since no one I knew was insane enough to drop everything and move to another continent to start a new life.

It's many a man's dream to act in Hollywood films and TV shows, and I had done that now, just as I had sailed around the world before my thirtieth birthday. In some ways that was an even crazier dream since sane people don't voluntarily sail through storms that are so violent that the crashing waves tear off your raincoat and freeze you half to death. To me, sailing the North Atlantic through hurricane-strength winds was a way of proving to myself that by holding fast to the wheel and braving the storms I couldn't be beaten while screaming like a drunken Viking "*Bring it on!*" It was just so incredibly powerful to feel the deck shudder and my muscles ache. It made me feel alive like nothing ever before. Then there were the trips through Kenya and Tanzania on a motor bike, sleeping in the wild, pursued by lions and hyenas when I snuck into a national park at night and conducted my own private safari. You'll never know fear until you're awakened in the middle of the night by the roaring of a hungry lion standing up on his hind legs right below your hammock, clawing at your rear end and blasting you with his terrible hot breath just three feet away.

I had plenty of experiences like this, and they had made me tough and resilient. They had proven to me that I could do anything I set my mind to. I had looked death

in the eye and had held my own against the brute forces of nature. But to enter Sandie's world and be stripped of my self-reliance, to be forced to depend on her charity and live in her shadow, was as daunting as any challenge I had faced.

* * *

In May, just a few weeks after Sandie and I had started seeing each other, we traveled to a resort in Hawaii for a Hawaiian Blue Diamond incentive trip. During a break between meetings, we were sitting in our hotel room when she turned to me and said, "You know, we can't be dating like this. We need to get married. It's important that you think about this, but don't take too long. I'll take care of the planning."

"Are you sure about that?" I asked.

"Of course. It's not good for Nu Skin for us to be running around like this. I'll make some calls."

"Alright," I said. "If that's what you want. Then let's get it over with." We hadn't talked about this before, but I could understand that Sandie needed to make our relationship legitimate. She was a high-profile businesswoman under constant scrutiny, and Nu Skin needed her to project the right image. A proper marriage would make it okay that we were sleeping in the same bed. But if the motivation to marry me was to save appearances, I wondered how she could have openly dated all those other guys before me without causing a stir. She never answered my questions about that. In any event, that's how Sandie delivered her romantic proposal. She made some calls, and the wedding was scheduled for October 28. Invitations went out, a photographer was hired, and Sandie went shopping.

As the magic day approached and tension mounted, my mother and sisters flew in from Holland. My friends David and Sebastian flew in from L.A. Sandie's kids were warming up to me, and I made a point of spending time with them. I even took them to Kenya for a two-week excursion before the end of summer so we could get to know each other better. They seemed happy to see some potential stability in their mother's life. The fact that their father Craig was always welcome to show up and be in their life made accepting me a lot easier. Everything seemed to be falling into place.

The morning of October 28 began with Sandie's friend Becky arriving early to help Sandie do her hair and put on her wedding dress. She looked very sweet and beautiful. She really wanted this, and as far I could tell, she had true intentions to make this marriage work.

The wedding took place in Sandie's living room, which was spacious enough to accommodate the event and the reception afterward. Having the wedding in Sandie's house made it an intimate, relaxed, family-oriented affair, with about forty friends and family members in attendance. Sandie had asked her business partner, Nu Skin CEO and co-founder Blake Roney, to perform the ceremony. He was an ordained bishop in

the LDS Church and the perfect person to sanctify our marriage for the benefit of Nu Skin. Image was everything to this company, and Blake was a pro at manufacturing a polished, wholesome image.

As the guests mingled, one of Sandie's friends played the piano, and another sang. We took photographs with family members in and around the beautiful home and gardens, and everyone was happy for us. It was the first time I had ever worn a tuxedo. The shoes were so slippery I nearly fell on the stairs. My mother gave a surprise video presentation on my life and some of my humble accomplishments so that Sandie's friends and family would know something about this mysterious stranger who had only recently intruded into Sandie's life. She showed pictures of the yachts I had skippered, the home I had built for her, my school projects, and other things a proud mother feels the world needs to know about her son. She talked about my schooling, my work in Hollywood, the honor of being named *Cosmopolitan* model of the year for 1990 in Holland. I thought it was very sweet of her to do this. It was the first time I had heard her talk about me like this in public, and I felt I had a new awareness of what she really thought of her darling little boy.

Among the guests were Sandie's financial advisor, Lee Brower, and his wife. Lee had worked closely with Sandie for several years but had not yet met me. From several paces away he took a good, long, calculating look, then turned to his wife and whispered, "He is so *young*!" A friend overheard her say, "Yes, but darn cute. He looks like a nice guy." I'm sure one of the things on Lee's mind was the fact that this nice young guy about to become Sandie's husband had not signed a prenuptial agreement. It never occurred to me, and I wouldn't have done so if Sandie hadn't insisted that we both sign one a couple of weeks after the wedding. The document was at least fifty pages long, and I never even bothered to read it, much less hire an attorney to advise me. Why should I when I thought Sandie and I were destined for eternal harmony? It would later turn out that when things got complicated, Sandie secretly absconded with my copy of the prenup, so to this day I still don't know what its contents were.

Sandie entered the room. She was beautiful and, to my surprise, nervous. I'd never seen her like that before, like a little girl. She was adorable. It made her seem approachable and human. I felt I could actually connect with the deeper feelings that she normally hid from view, far beneath the surface of her calm exterior, as if she kept them in a box that only she had access to.

I looked in her eyes and she looked in mine. There was a true love there, a warmth embracing us. My hands were tingling. We knew we were doing the right thing. I was full of hope and couldn't wait to live our life together.

Blake started the ceremony, and Sandie and I were given the rings. She was so nervous that she almost slid the ring on the wrong finger. It was a standard Mormon ceremony, but we had written our own vows, and I pledged to take my role as

stepfather seriously, to stand by Sandie's children and help them in any way I could. The rest of the ceremony was honestly a blur.

Before I knew it, it was over and we were officially married. I was elated and bursting with love for my beautiful new bride. The world was all before us now. We signed the marriage certificate and laughed and talked at the reception.

We spent our first night together in the Park City condo, away from other people. As we drove up to the condo, a twinge of insecurity arose within me. It occurred to me that we were starting our marriage by going to a place that Sandie and Craig had built, a place where they had spent time together and planned to embark on a life of their own. We were going to sleep in the same bed that she shared with him. As we slipped under the black silk sheets and held each other that night, the notion entered my mind that it would take me, her fledgling new lapdog, a whole lot more than simply to lift my leg in order to make my mark.

* * *

The very next day Sandie and I flew to Hong Kong for a couple of days and then on to Japan for two huge Nu Skin events. This trip would serve as our honeymoon, and for me it was the first time seeing Japan, Nu Skin's most important overseas market.

Nu Skin Japan commenced operations in April 1993 and quickly became a major success story for Nu Skin in Asia. In the previous year some \$30 billion worth of goods and services were sold through direct sales in Japan, making it the world's largest direct sales market, about twice the size of the US market. Not surprisingly, several other MLM firms also entered the Japanese market in the 1990s. Over a million Amway distributors recorded \$1 billion in sales in Japan for 1992, for example, and a local company, Pola Cosmetics, sold twice that amount the same year. Avon and Mary Kay Cosmetics soon followed. Because of the success of several MLM companies there, *Business Week* published an article on May 31, 1993 about Nu Skin's entry into that market in which Leron Lee, a retired baseball player and a major Nu Skin distributor in Tokyo, predicted that "Japan will be Nu Skin's biggest market." Statistics from Nu Skin's 1997 annual report, announcing 297,000 active distributors in Japan generating revenues of nearly \$600 million, proved Lee right.

What accounts for the success of MLM in Japan? Part of the answer involves similar social networks already in place. "Organizations from college clubs to tea ceremony schools provide ready-made distribution frameworks," wrote the author of the *Business Week* article. Another likely reason is that many Japanese consumers preferred high-priced, high-quality prestige items, unlike many Americans, who are often shopping for bargains.

On the first morning of the Tokyo convention, Sandie started getting ready with the help of two hair and make-up artists who made her look glamorous and radiant.

When she stood up on stage smiling down at me, I could feel her enjoying her success. I was trying to imagine how amazing it must be to be admired by literally hundreds of thousands around the world for the hard work and risk it took to get there. Sandie was at the height of her career, and she deserved it because of her enormous drive and organizational talent. She radiated confidence and energy, and I was proud to be her husband. In many ways I felt honored that this woman on stage, at the prime of her life, loved me and had chosen me to tag along. I saw how easy it was for her to relate to people and command their respect.

As I scanned the huge Tokyo Dome, overflowing with Nu Skin fans, failure seemed impossible. An overwhelming energy permeated the scene. What could ever stand in the way of this enormous volume of human potential? These people were not just distributors, they *lived* for Nu Skin and would defend it with their lives. Their entire existence revolved around this company and its glowing promise of riches and success.

The moment Sandie, Steve, and Blake walked on stage, the entire arena roared as if they were greeting rock stars about to whoop the masses into delirium. The president of Nu Skin Japan, Mr. Takshi Bamba (aka “Bambasan”), solemnly introduced the Nu Skin dignitaries and handed the microphone to Blake. Blake squinted against the glaring lightshows like a captain scanning the shoreline for the harbor. A swell of orchestral music fired up the already frenzied masses, only to have Blake’s calm, welcoming voice settle them back down into a disciplined class of eager pupils, ready to absorb every detail of an important lesson. He began by thanking everyone for their hard work, which had propelled Nu Skin to unprecedented heights, and he told an inspiring story about the company’s recent success, punctuated by the never-fail doctrines “Don’t sign up dishonest people” and “Never give up!”

The applause mounted as Blake handed the microphone to his brother Brook, who struggled through a product presentation that frustrated the translator. It all eventually worked out when the translator smiled and bowed, and everyone clapped when the Jumbotron flashed images of the new line of Nu Skin products, some of which had just been introduced in the US. Sandie then approached the microphone and gave Brook an encouraging smile, and a flash of relief crossed his face. Brook gladly stepped aside to let Sandie present a new product that had been specially developed for the sensitive skin types of the Asian market.

From the front row of the Tokyo Dome, I couldn’t help but think of the company’s humble beginnings that Craig, Sandie, and others in the Tillotson family had told me about. For them to be earning hundreds of thousands of dollars per month — in Sandie’s, Blake’s, and Nedra’s case even more — must be an enormous boost of confidence. At that stage of the game, all I could see was that everyone who had fallen under the Nu Skin spell was happy, thriving, and wildly optimistic about the future. All their efforts were focused on boosting recruitment, expanding the company, and reaping the rewards.

We broke for lunch, and I walked to the lobby to meet up with Sandie, who was taking a while to emerge from the enormous high-security stage. As I stood waiting in my suit and tie, crowds of happy distributors passed by throwing glances at me filled with reverence and adoration, as if I had played a part in the Nu Skin phenomenon. “You husband Sandie,” a brave middle-aged Japanese lady said. She handed me her business card and told me, “You call! I am Blue Diamond three years!”

“Okay, I will remember! All the best to you.”

Sandie joined up with me, poised and glowing. The crowd that followed in her footsteps swarmed around us like giggling school children, reaching out to shake her hand and exchange business cards. She said all the right things, sincerely wishing them success. Nu Skin’s image depended on good public relations, of course, but she really seemed to care. She too had walked in their shoes, working hard to make it in the Cambridge Diet Plan years before founding Nu Skin, and her experience helped Nu Skin grow to become a giant.

We joined the other VPs for lunch, after which the spectacle resumed. I escorted Sandie up the steps, led her on stage, and turned around to face the enormous crowd gazing up at me. Cameras flashed and people clapped as I returned to my seat, while behind me Steve, Blake, and Sandie reached center stage to begin the distributor recognition ceremonies.

The show went on. It reminded me of the Super Church I once visited in Columbus, Ohio, except that instead of using religion, Nu Skin influenced people’s thoughts and actions through well orchestrated messages, sales gimmicks, great-looking products, and dreams of material riches. In Ohio I was hosting a sales booth at the Arnold Classic when the winner of a fitness competition came over and asked me if I’d like to accompany her to her Mega Church service that Sunday. I agreed because I had never seen a non-denominational church with a congregation of five thousand, and she promised me “it will be lots of fun.” It was her way to find out if I was “into it” and if I wanted to get to know her better.

On Sunday morning she picked me up and took me to church. The feel-good sermon by a charismatic preacher in a trim double-breasted suit burst out over us through enormous speakers accompanied by sound effects and an amazing light show. I was shocked to see a religious worship service packaged as a commercial crowd-pleasing spectacle with a priest in the role of performer and salesman, drumming up customers for his up-beat brand of prosperity theology. This church even had its own television studio to market and distribute the product. I looked around the auditorium and saw a sea of happy faces soaking up the message that they too could find the answer to all of life’s questions, and a small contribution would be appreciated.

After the service, thousands of well-dressed men and women mingled outside the auditorium. Moments after my host wandered off to meet up with someone else, a friendly young woman approached me and asked if I was single and looking for a partner to build a family. This cavalier way of handling major life decisions was very

different from anything I had ever encountered. I was relieved when my friend returned, grabbed my hand, and took me off to show me the rest of the church campus. But when she too asked if I was ready to date and settle down in Columbus, I couldn't get out of there fast enough!

The Tokyo convention was a vivid dramatization of the impact Nu Skin was having on millions of people worldwide. Some of the Japanese Nu Skinners reminded me of the officers and crew of a Japanese submarine I had visited in Singapore in 1988, when it was explained to me that the Japanese morale is made of iron. After showing me around the cramped quarters of his enormous submarine, the Japanese commander mused on his nation's role in the Second World War: "American weapons were made for hard battle and were superior in quality. If we had those same weapons, we could have annihilated the Americans in one day. But unfortunately we didn't have them and we lost the war." When I asked him how they managed to survive on a day-to-day basis, he said, "My father and his entire battalion subsisted on raw fish and grass for six weeks while the well-fed Americans bombed us 24/7, but when the Americans landed on our beach, my father and his men out-performed them in hand-to-hand combat." This was exactly the spirit that the leading Japanese Nu Skin distributors had put into action, just like their ancestors during World War II — "Never give up!"

* * *

Sandie and I left the world of Nu Skin behind to spend a few days in the foothills of Mount Fuji. The limousine driver who had taken us all over Tokyo drove us to the train station and told us that he supported President Truman in the war. He was glad Truman dropped those bombs. "It saved many of my friends and my brother." I had always wondered what the older generations of Japanese men think of that dark episode in history. "Millions would have died if the emperor had continued the war against the Americans and the Russians, who had also declared war on us," he said.

What little I knew about Japanese culture at the time I learned from a tough and extremely disciplined Japanese marine and kick-boxer back in Singapore whose high tolerance for pain had impressed me when we kicked around on the beach. He was a better fighter. I only subdued him because of my physical size. He jokingly called me "Anton the Giant," referring to Anton Geesink, a Dutchman who was the first Westerner to win against Japan in the heavyweight open class Judo competition in the 1964 Olympics by beating the Japanese favorite, Akio Kaminaga. Many insisted that Anton's great height of 6' 6" and his heavy build were the dominating factors that led him to win a record number of international titles, a notion I support given the fact that his opponents were technically just as good or even better but a lot shorter and thus lacking the all-important feature of leverage. It hit me that whether you kicked

butt as a wrestler or became a Nu Skin clone, leverage is what it took for the few at the top of the pyramid to earn the big money from the masses below, the thousands and thousands who filled the largest gathering place in Tokyo.

On the way to Mount Fuji, looking out the train window, we passed some villages that reminded me of Dutch towns. The Japanese had erected life-size windmills and Dutch buildings, planting them strangely out of place in the middle of the Japanese countryside. I had heard of Nagasaki Holland Village, where they have recreated more of Holland than anywhere else in the world. I started leafing through our Nippon travel guide and read that in the early seventeenth century the Japanese government had warmed up to early Dutch traders because, unlike their Portuguese Jesuit predecessors, the twenty-three Dutch sailors who floated into Nagasaki bay in 1600 aboard a ship from Rotterdam called *De Liefde* (“Love”) hadn’t come to convert anyone. Those half-starved sailors cared only about food and starting trade relations with Japan, which eventually led Holland to replace Portugal as the only Western nation allowed to trade with the emperor. This agreement lasted until 1854, when the United States forced them to open up to the rest of the world.

Traces of those early relations can still be found in the modern-day Japanese language. Of the original 3000 Dutch words borrowed into Japanese, 160 are still in use today. They call it *Rankaku* (“Dutch learning”), and when I read about it I walked around Japan with very different eyes and spotted lots of references to Dutch culture and architecture that I never knew existed. When I learned of their history, I instantly felt a bond with these early Dutch sailors who found a lot more than rice and Saki on the rich islands of a war-torn Japan.

Sandie couldn’t get excited about these traces of Dutch history. She was more concerned about my lack of desire to take her to bed. She had good reason to be worried. I was trying to find ways to avoid having sex with her. I thought about it and decided it had to do with seeing her on stage. As I sat there in the Tokyo Dome basking in her shadow, I felt so insignificant and useless. She was in charge of everything — the marriage, the homes, the travel plans, the dining schedule, everything between waking up and bringing her to another orgasm at the end of the day. It was all part of her grand plan. We had been married about a week or ten days, and now it hit me. How did I not see this coming?

It didn’t turn me on to be with someone who had her hand around my scrotum like a vice. I guess I was suffering from post-marital stress. I dealt with it enough to keep her from choking me to death, but the spark had started to fade the moment I realized the enormity of what she had become. Everything revolved around her. My needs were acknowledged only so long as they didn’t interfere with hers, but they were not something she could develop an interest in. I was also not assertive enough to take her aside and say, “Let me teach you how to navigate the stars or how to read a map, calculate a position,” or “Let me teach you how to use a camera, paint faux marble, or do any of the other things I’ve done to make a living.”

She loved shopping and traveling, building and decorating houses, and she was quite good at it. I hated shopping unless it was to buy something for others. Christmas was Sandie's favorite time of year. Then she shopped for everyone else, and she was generous and thoughtful. It was wonderful to see her come to life during the weeks leading up to that joyous day. But in Japan, before our first Christmas, I didn't know that yet. We met in February and were married in October, and all I knew was the Sandie who ran Nu Skin and pursued her own pleasures.

A few days after our side-trip to Mount Fuji we returned to Tokyo. I took a few hours to walk around and ended up at the calm water's edge of Tokyo Bay. With my back turned to the incredible buzzing of activity, I remembered longing for the sighting of land at the end of one of my four-week ocean crossings. The first yacht I skippered, the *Libertad*, was, like *De Liefde*, registered in Rotterdam. That parallel aside, we never starved at sea thanks to the invention of fishing tackle and canned food.

The peaceful calmness of the water contrasted with the troubles in my head. I really didn't know Sandie all that well and felt anxious about what was to come. She was the woman I loved and admired, but there were moments when I felt miles apart from her, unable to connect, and a chill ran down my back, the same feeling I had whenever I steered a yacht without knowing absolutely how much distance there was between the keel and the rugged reef below. Of course, I would go slowly and any damage would be limited to a few scratches of the paint, but it was still unnerving to move into an area unaware of what was to happen. During storms I was forced to sail for days between huge rocks and shoals relying on pure intuition, passing rocks with a few feet or less to bear. A relationship shouldn't produce feelings of uncertainty and fear of the unknown. There was something looming beneath the dark water's surface.

* * *

Shortly after our trip to Japan, Sandie's mother Doris fell and broke her hip. Complications led to a long hospital stay. I went to visit her regularly, and when possible I brought along her grandson Derek. One day I went by myself and took her flowers. She opened up, eager to speak about the past, her years living in New York state, and her life before the Mormon Church. She told me about her love for singing and how she used to play tennis. These conversations gave me a completely new understanding of who she was and what she had sacrificed for Sandie's father Charles and his obsession with the Mormon faith.

With some difficulty she told me of losing her first husband, who crashed into the New York Sound during a training flight, and of the loss of a young son they had together who drowned near their home on Long Island. During our third meeting the topic turned to religion, and she asked if I had ever considered becoming a Mormon. I told her I had only a superficial acquaintance with the Mormon belief system, and I

asked her what her thoughts were on the subject. She looked at me for a few seconds, as if assessing my sincerity, and told me she had been converted by her husband Charles. “So are you a true believer now?” I asked. She answered dryly that it didn’t matter. She noticed my smirk, as in “Come on, you can do better than that.” I saw a mischievous glimmer in her eyes, and I asked her point blank, “Do you think any of those stories in your Mormon bible are true?”

“It doesn’t matter ... I believe because that makes everything easier. It’s what Charles feels is right, and I have no reason to go against it. It’s not worth the trouble.”

She sidestepped the question further by speaking about Sandie. In an apologetic tone she explained that she and Charles had done their best to raise her according to sound Mormon doctrine, which she felt had failed to keep Sandie virtuous and out of trouble. She intimated that the Church had not been very effective in helping them raise their daughter properly, and she apologized for giving me a less-than-perfect wife. Startled to hear this, I told her that Sandie and I were getting along great and everything was just fine; she had nothing to apologize for.

From the sound of my voice she could tell I was taken aback. She went into a confused diatribe about how she and Charles had tried to keep Sandie safe but that “terrible things happened that were out of our control.” I had no idea what she was referring to, and I asked her why she felt Sandie’s behavior was her responsibility. She answered, “Sandie didn’t listen to us, and Charles and I couldn’t protect her from her own spirit.”

I wasn’t sure what she meant by Sandie’s “spirit,” but I gathered that it had caused a rift between Sandie and her parents. I then recalled that Sandie had once told me how, during her childhood back on Long Island, her mother went a whole year without speaking to her. She never told me why.

Shortly before we got married, Sandie and I took a trip back East, and she took me to her childhood home and neighborhood. She told me how when she was twelve, she would hide sexy clothes at a friend’s home so her parents wouldn’t know about them. She would walk out of her mother’s front door in the morning dressed conservatively, take a detour to her friend’s house, and arrive at school looking like a ... well, a lot *less* conservative. We drove past a spot where she said she was thrown from a motorbike when the driver she was with didn’t see a chain blocking access to the beach. She could easily have died. That wouldn’t be the only traumatic experience to befall her during her youth. The family home burned to the ground when Sandie was in her teens, and nearly all their tangible memories were lost, including photographs, toys, and clothes. There was also an incident in which she was taken on a ride with some guys who abused her. She wouldn’t say exactly what happened, but whatever it was, it may have changed Sandie’s way of looking at men forever and left a mark on her early development, possibly leading to a hardening of her character.

I was grateful for Doris’s insights. It was important for me to know something about Sandie’s upbringing. I expected it would help me understand her better, now

that I was aware she had rebelled against her Mormon parents and retained deep emotional scars from some unspeakable teenage trauma. She brought shame on her father, who climbed the ladder of the LDS Church to become a bishop and assumed duties that took him away from his family, which he left in the care of a dysfunctional mother, who suffered from her own traumas. After losing the love of her life, Doris had ended up with a stern chauvinistic husband whose iron discipline was conditioned by his puritanical German immigrant ancestors. Much like his own father, Charles didn't tolerate anything out of the box, certainly nothing that would tarnish his squeaky clean image among the Long Island Mormon community. I could also now see how Sandie's parents had had an impact on her brother Chuck, who was sent to the army to be "straightened out" and who eventually, like his father, became an accomplished carpenter. Chuck would later help build most of the homes Craig and Sandie owned after making it big in Nu Skin.

Not long after our last conversation, Doris Neaman Bolstridge died when complications led to an embolism. Whatever Doris's personal struggles entailed, the way she dealt with them didn't improve her relationship with her daughters, certainly not Sandie, who resented her like the plague and only out of obligation paid any attention to her at the very end of her life. Once the early joyful months of our marriage wore off, I came to realize that neither Doris nor Sandie was capable of showing much emotion. There were dark secrets to this woman, the woman I now called my wife, and it would take me years to realize their true nature.

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