


Falling with wings a mother's story pdf

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Falling with Wings: A Mother's Story is an audiobook based on the novel by Dianna De La Garza and Vickie McIntyre. It was released by Macmillan Audio on March 13, 2018. Read By Skip to content Meredith has affiliate partnerships. These do not affect editorial content, although Meredith may earn commissions for products purchased through affiliate links. Demi Lovato's dark family history is revealed in his mother's new biography, Falling with Wings. Dianna De La Garza had big plans to become a country music star, but her life went in a different direction from her dreams. He developed an eating disorder early to gain a sense of control in his rigorous upbringing. As she continued to struggle with the image of the body and her obsession with being perfect throughout her adult life, she also faced other difficult situations. Her husband and father of her two eldest daughters, Dallas and Demi, had problems that plagued the whole family. He tackled it using alcohol and pills, creating a lasting addiction. Falling with Wings contrasts that tumultuous story with the thrills of seeing her daughters escape to Hollywood to become strong, strong young women. The full story of De La Garza will be available on March 6, when the book will be released. But until then, the author has shared with EW an exclusive preview of the prologue, where she delves into the darkest struggles she and Demi have experienced together. "It's time to start a new chapter in our lives", concludes the prologue. "Our family's survival depends on it". And pre-order Falling with Wings here. There are days when you get out of bed and immediately know that everything is going to slide downhill. This isn't one of those. My certainty is that my mood is as bright as the sun streaming through the window of my Los Angeles home. For the first time in months, I'm not in a hurry to spend eight hours at another film studio or listen to my attorney go through the intricate details of another contract. My only concern is getting to the airport to catch the flight back to Texas. I'm going home! A real Southern girl always seems at her best, but I stay longer than usual in front of the mirror, checking every detail. No mascara stains, hair's fine, just a little lip lining. I've been dreaming about this day for so long. I want everything to be perfect. Satisfied, I run out where the car service awaits me with a shiny black sedan. Out of nowhere, a cold breeze passes me, grabs my long red locks and pulls them in every direction. I laugh to the road. "Good morning, sir", I squeeze to the driver. "LAX, please." In the afternoon, I'll finally be in my family's "safe home" in Colleyville, Texas, a from Dallas. Just over two years ago, my husband Eddie and I packed our bags and headed west to help our girls, Dallas, Demi, Demi, Madison pursued her career as an actress and singer in Hollywood. We left full of optimism, our dreams pointed to the stars, even though many told us we were crazy. Today, I can finally say, "I told you so!" So many amazing things have happened that sometimes I'm afraid to wake up at the stroke of midnight and find out it's all a dream. My middle son and one of the two children from my first marriage, Demetria Lovato, better known as Demi, is about to become a legitimate star. Thanks to Disney Channel and Hollywood Records, she has become a popular actress and promising new recording artist. The whirlwind of recent years, filming Camp Rock, acting in her TV show, and opening concerts for the Jonas Brothers, has catapulted her into the limelight. At the thought, I shake hands together to stop the rush of nervousness that jumps from my stomach to my chest. Sometimes all the changes are too much to understand. As happy as I am to be back in Texas, it seems weird to me to leave without my kids. My life has been about the needs of my daughters for so long, I feel like I forgot to pack something essential. But I won't be alone. My dear friend Lorna is joining me, so we can accompany us to our 30th high school reunion in a day. I have so much to say to her, I suspect we'll talk and laugh after midnight, just like we used to do as teenagers. As I open the door to our old house, the past comes back to greet me. Every step through the marble entrance echoes in a disturbing stillness as I smile at the familiar monuments of life we have left behind. The same assortment of framed paintings, mostly resembling Monet from Eddie's bachelor days, still clings to the walls. There are no pictures of my children anywhere, a quirk that reflects my lack of taste for home furnishings, which is number 257 on my priority list. It's sad to admit it, but our home has changed little in the decor since the day my girls and I moved in 1996. A perfect example is the one to my right, where the same eight wooden chairs stand like soldiers gathered around our table, guarding the Waterford crystal kept in a nearby barrack. The window area, I whisper to myself. But I have no desire to stop, no desire to touch any memory. My feet know where they're going. When I reach the formal sitting room, often referred to as "the landfill", I finally feel the force of gravity. Within seconds, I am floating in an orbit of pleasant memories. The oversized room, with its couch tucked in, two Kool-Aid-stained wingback armchairs and a mahogany coffee table ruined by mysterious sculptures that no one ever admitted, was always the happiest room, and magic of the house. For years, I joked that it was the boundary between the place where the serene and beautiful ended and madness began, especially because of a great assortment of musical equipment that isqueezed in every corner and cranny available. There are two five-foot Madison Tower speakers, two oversized monitors, a giant Marshall 4x12 stack, a sixteen-channel cabinet and a Yamaha P80 performance keyboard, all purchased by Eddie off eBay right after Demi and Dallas were accepted into Linda Septien's Vocal Productions Master Class, which now looks like eons It does. I shake my head, trying to decide if the conglomeration of equipment makes it look more like a depot or a prop lot at Universal Studios. Surely, you just need to make an anxious bona fide hoarder! Only the vaulted ceiling gives the room some spaciousness. But honestly, the irrigated conditions have never bothered us because every inch has been adapted to our dreams and every fiber has invaded with our energy. I remember proudly that every time the bell rang a joyful confusion, making each of us run and jump over obstacles, as if we were training to be Olympic obstacles. Now quiet, it's hard to imagine that this room was once the epicenter of our family's existence. By day, the room was full of laughter and chatter; by night, things were always disintegrating. That's when the bass cacophony of torpor, screehy microphones, and high-pressure voices always spiral out of control. Negotiating peacefully was not exactly in our bag of strategies grabs, so more often than not, we resorted to yelling at each other. I can still hear our passionate lines, like ghosts coming out of the darkness. . . . "DALLAS!" Demi screams, leaning against the banister from upstairs and stumbling into the living room. "Tone it down! I'm trying to write music." But you've had the room for two hours. "Dallas shoots back, waving a sequin-covered sleeve in the air and blushing as red as her lipstick. "Now it's my turn!" Then everyone boasts about the next round of Dallas voice which will be ten times Stronger than before. Madison, who could never fall asleep in a quiet room, is the sound asleep on the couch, oblique to the drama around her. "Everyone needs to go to bed", I screamed from the kitchen. "It's almost ten o'clock." But Dallas never gives up without a fight. "It's not fair", he complains. "I just got here". Eddie, who has work in the morning, chants his mantra from the master bedroom, "GO. . . . BED!!!âYou heard Eddie.â I come out of the kitchen, listening to the stomping on the stairs as Dallas resigns to the fact that the bargaining is over. âYou're always too long a shift.â Dallas hisses as he walks past Demi's room, unable to resist yet another push back. â Whatever, Demi grows up before throwing some guitar riffs for emphasis. One, two, three, count quietly before blowing, "Don't make me come there". It's the final blessing. It finally merges into a peace. When the bell rings, my dreams disappear. "Come in", I exclaim to Lorna, standing on my So I can hug her. "I have so many things to tell you. "We barely walk around the living room before I start babbling about my girls. "You'll never believe this", I tell her, "but Madison's role in Desperate Housewives has been renewed for another season; Dallas is busy doing the vocals, and Demi is in South America with Eddie on Camp Rock 2 Tour with the Jonas Brothers. Out of breath, I grab Lorna's hands and gently squeeze her fingers. When will you have time to sleep?" Lorna barks, throwing her hands in the air and shaking her golden hair as that old familiar smile filters through her face. "Are you ready?" he asks. "This way", I say, taking her to the kitchen. We're on a mission, and it's time to strategize. "Bless your heart", I sighed. "Your roots must be made. "Then do it!" he asks. "Well, I could", I reply, "but I could turn your hair orange". "There's one thing I can do for you, I'm making fun of you, waving a pack of fake eyelashes in the air. Lorna tries to put her eyelashes on it, but she wobbles, which makes us both a little dizzy. He's still struggling to let the past go. "You're fabulous", I exclaim. We drink to our success and chat, even thinking about whether we should rent a limo to take us to the class reunion. Sometimes we throw questions back and forth like handfuls of confetti. What should we wear? How should we fix our hair? Who are we going to impress? And, yes, let's also admit that we hope to be better than all cheerleaders of the past. I confess embarrassingly that I resorted to tanning and Botox just to look "very good." "Isn't that what you do before a 30th meeting?" I laugh. Just as Lorna and I start talking about the collection of Demi heirlooms I'm donating to our class auction, my phone pings. Looking down, I see it's a message from Demi. "Hmmm, I wonder what she wants?" Messaging between us is not normal when she's on tour. And while I haven't told anyone, our communication has been hampered lately by a burst of teenage anguish that stretches between us like the Grand Canyon. Demi's text sends a shiver down my spine, provoking my knees. "What's wrong?" Lorna shouts. I can hardly breathe as the light in the room fades slowly. I'm trying to talk, but I can't. As if I were trapped in a bad dream, I fight against the greyness and read the message again: "I'm sorry beforehand".The words electrify every nerve in my body, telling me that Demi is in serious trouble. Oh, I pretended everything was okay with my friends and my relatives, too, but it's not. For a few months Demi has been oscillating between cheerful and sad, as if his moods were altered by the thrust of a Sometimes the darkness in her eyes frightens me, and even her night adventures don't slow down. Clearly, this is something terribly wrong. A sudden flashback increases my anxiety. A few weeks earlier, I had entered Demiâe's room to wake her up so she could go to Hollywood Center Studios to shoot Sonny with a chance. I remember how quiet she seemed, but when I touched her gently, I froze. Next to her on the clean sheets was a bloody rag. I felt like someone had slapped me. Demi, Demi! Wake up, I screamed, afraid she was dead. He woke up surprised, his eyes clouded with fear. Why? "I cried, my hands were shaking. "I can't... I shouldn't have, he stuttered, eyes wide open and full of tears. "Oh, God, I won't do it anymore. I swear, I'm so sorry. While we were holding on, I wanted to believe her. So is Eddie. But the problem was not new. Demi had started cutting his wrists long before that morning. Once we realized that, we had a family reunion and decided to hire a life coach, thinking that if Demi solved the problems behind the cut, he would stop. And he did. Everything seemed fine until I saw those bloody rags that morning. Despite the alarms going off in my head, we put the accident aside. We didn't have time to talk. As Demi ran to the studio from one door, I went through another door to bring Madison, my youngest, to the set of Desperate Housewives. From that moment on, the program of Demiâe Â! Â! Â! an endless series of photo shoots, press interviews, set-ups and footage that left little time for discussions. Pressures from industry consumed not only Demi, but me too. As a mother and watchdog, my job was to stay in control and not let anyone down. Many people â music reps, TV directors, castmates and directors â depended on Demi to be strong and do his job. Nothing was just a family matter anymore. Leaving wasn't an option. A wave of regrets descends upon me as I realize that I sent Demi away that terrible morning with nothing but a hug and a few silent prayers. Guilt strikes me in the heart. How could I be so naive? Why didn't I do more? "Oh, God, what have we done?" I cry, watching Lorna's eyes widen. A slow tremor vibrates at my feet and then rises to my chest. My whole body hurts when I remember a disturbing dream. The nebula sequence involved Sammy, one of Demi's favorite makeup artists, who carefully applied foundation and shadow to my daughter's face. As Sammy bent over to apply the finishing touches, I suddenly realized that Demi was lying in a coffin. The dream was so real that I jumped down from with tears coming down my cheeks. The dream, the bloody rag and the text... suddenly lead to a terrible conclusion: my daughter will take her own life! I pick up the phone and frantically start pounding Demi's number. "No response?" Weep. Was that her? Did your hotel room take a handful of pills? You cut too deep? The questions go through my head so fast I can't think. "DIANNA!" Urla Lorna. What's wrong? What's going on? His words seem far away, a mere echo in comparison to the thoughts that rise up and crash around me. No, God, don't let him kill himself! I tried Eddie's number, again, and again, but he's not answering either. With my eyes closed, I mentally urged Eddie to run into Demi's room and save her, but my heart's heartbeat tells me I'm already late. No, no, no! Don't let that happen. Suddenly, a roll of memories begins to play, and I see my sweet girls laughing and playing each other in the courtyard, then sitting at the dining room table while helping them with their homework, and finally, clinging around the television as they watch and sing the cheerful theme songs for Barney & Friends and Rugrats. Every scene goes through me like a flash. I'm losing my baby, I try Eddie's number again. "Hello," he replied, his voice is too calm, too flat. "Eddie!" I cry, "Where is Demi?" "He's here. "Beside me," he says with his teeth tightened. Typically friendly and cheerful, Eddie's answer gets me nervous. Clearly, he doesn't want to talk. "Are you okay?" I ask, trying not to scare, even if the look on Lorna's face tells me that she's worried too. "No, not really," he says, frustration that draws on every word. "What's going on?" "Not now!" snaps. "I can't talk." Oh, no, no, no, no. He didn't just say that. And so emphatically, like you're bothering him. "Oh, you'll talk," I say. «You will tell me immediately what is happening». Only then do I feel his enchanted breath. "We are on the plane," he begins. There was a fight, and she punched one of her dancers in the face. It's serious. Did he hit anyone? My mind can't put together the pieces of Eddie's story, but I know that whatever "Demi just killed" is good news. I look at Lorna and mouth, «He's fine». "Eddie, don't worry, I say a little too optimistic. "We can make it." Silence on the other side of the phone is not really golden. The truth is, I'm rocked to the marrow, but also relieved. Demi's not dead, and that's enough to convince me we're gonna fix this as a family. After all, that's what we always do. But I can already feel the weight of everything I've tried to keep together that I get out of hand. I wonder if we've waited too long to understand the scope of our problems. "This Hollywood dream is not going so well, I finally confess it to Lorna. None of my family knows, but Dallas just left the rehab. He's fighting with .inadequate and ignored because of the sister's successes, and madison is a victim of bullying on the internet for his weight, which according to the press is all my fault. «I stop, twisting the fabric in my hands. "But it's Demi that I'm more concerned. He often fights depression. And I'm pretty sure all the parties that go to are full of drugs and alcohol. Lorna has a very kind look on her face, which confuses me. My family is everything for me. All I've ever wanted to do is help them, and yet I feel guilty almost every hour because I don't know how to do it anymore, to every admission, my perfect world begins to crumble. None of this is nice, but hearing my voice recognizing the problems of our family releases the knot stuck under my chest cage. "Dianna, you've always put your children in the first place," offers lorna, but I shake my head. I can't ignore that our family needs help, especially demi, which is lean, exhausted and in a very dark place. This last crisis means that all our previous attempts to help her reduce her commitments, hiring life coaches, making speeches of encouragement and punishing are nothing more than a very serious injury. now is the time of the intervention. but while doubts and questions about what we can do begin to multiply, I start crying like a child. lorna looks at me as I step back and forth, delusional as a madman. "What did I do wrong? How could this happen? Do you know how much we love her and support her? then my mind turns a reverse to u. "Why did he hit someone? Did that girl provoke demi? «Sfinito, the bottle that the career of demi is probably over. The sky jumps up and grabs my back. - Good God, Dana! It'll be fine. You still have it! She's alive. Everything else will be added by itself. His words punish my heart, making me even more emotional. five years earlier, Lorna had lost her son, Trent, in a Halloween joke that went terribly wrong. Tragedy was hard for us, too, because Trent was like a brother to my girls. That's when I realized. lorna never had a chance to save him. At least we have a chance to change things. "We'll be fine," I say at lorna, trying to look strong. "We will arrange everything," but as I head to my bedroom, one step after the other tiring. I know without doubt that magic is gone. There will be no happy ending to our Hollywood success story, no magic want to erase mistakes. It's gonna take much more than faith to change our lives, but I know it's where I have to start. "Dear God, I whisper, send us the help we need." Even if I say seriously, I have no idea how long or how hard each of us will have to work to change their lives. I can't understand the emotional layers that hide our problems or my mental health in degradation that intertwines our family's problems. Only one thing's for sure: he won't be attending that 30th high school reunion that seemed so important a few hours ago. It's time to start a new chapter in our lives. Our family's survival is at stake. © Copyright EW.com. All rights reserved. Printed by this link is to an external site that may or may not comply with accessibility guidelines.

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