



This condition of my mind,
it comes,
and it goes,
and it comes back again.
So if I have nothing right now,
what do I have?
The knowledge
That it comes,
and it goes,
and it comes back again.

When things seem impossible .

Many times throughout my life I've convinced myself it was impossible to go on—and attempted to end my life. These are the things that have helped me through...

Trusting moments pass.

Trusting that those darkest moments do pass (poem above). There is something deeply consoling about the notion of endlessness—particularly if you're continually arriving at your own end.

“It was a long term solution
to a short term problem.”

Alice, from BBC series 'Luther', about her suicide attempt.



Talking.

Telling someone I was having thoughts of ending my life was a really tough thing to do—particularly when I wasn't feeling brave at all. I felt ashamed of my weakness and vulnerability. But from taking this risk, I've found that *I can* trust some people and that's been my lifeline time and time again.

Company in loneliness.

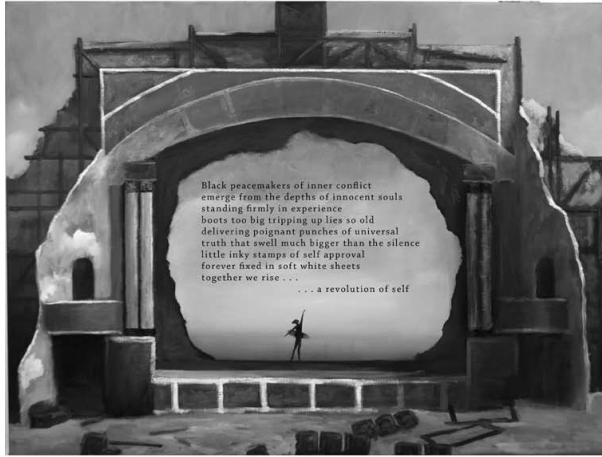
Although I had people around me who did care, that did love and support me, when I was in that space I didn't feel I could reach out—

depression robs you of your voice.
If you can't talk to someone else,
then talk to yourself.

Be your own 'saving voice'. The one that tells you you're worthy of life and you'll get through this and things will get easier.

Lift the burden.

I didn't want to burden anyone. I felt weak and insignificant and that my life didn't really matter and people would be better off if I wasn't around. That wasn't the truth or reality, but thinking that supported my want to end things. Reaching out in these times, even when it feels impossible, has been my life-saver. Beyond a distorted mind and moment the reality is that my death would be a far greater burden on those around me than asking for help.



H O L D O N

I held a young soul suffering
And my Achilles heal I bared
I hugged a breaking heart
And it punched right through my chest
I held a breath of deep despair
And shared a lifeless void
Surrendered to a stolen moment
And entered a sacred place
I allowed words to pierce my guard
And a trembling hand met mine
I shed a tear as pain took hold
And it softened another's fall
We sat with silence, moved with fear
And together we returned
We captured moments of relief
And I held the hand of hope.

I dedicate this poem, this book, to those special people who have shared with me their stories and pain, and in doing so, initiated an intense period of self examination through a complete re-write of this book . . . to discover that ultimately it is truth that sets us free . . . and to have the COURAGE to tell it . . .

Hold On.

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This poem emerged from a moment when I sat with a young person in a time of great despair. She risked trusting my presence in her dark space. I risked feeling a slither of her pain and the hopelessness from feeling I could do nothing to help her. Together we discovered hope. Some risks are worth taking.



When they don't 'get it'.

It's helped me to understand and accept that no-one could possibly know what it's like for me. My feelings and experiences were mine alone.

Even if people didn't 'get it'. Didn't say and do the 'right' thing, accepting someone's presence, to sit with me in that dark space, validated my existence - held me here.

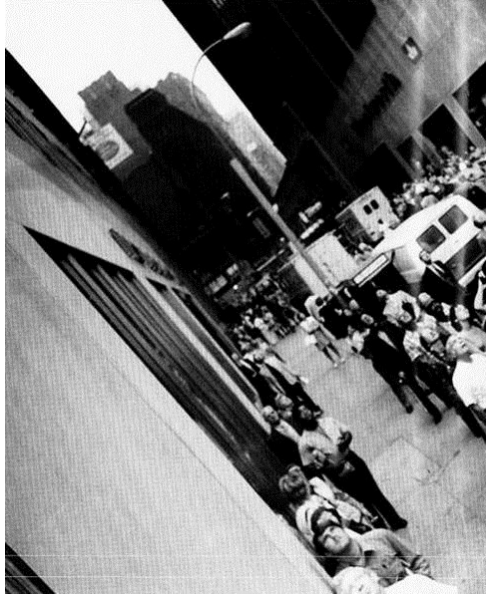
It provided a release from the despair and from the distortion of the mind.

Write it down.

Having more than one way to communicate how I was feeling helps me through dark times. If not through talking, then through writing—just getting the stuff out of my head and onto the page without worrying about spelling, grammar, or neatness. When it's there on the page I can then question and challenge it. I can also show it to someone when talking feels too hard.

Make an appointment.

The perception is that you have to have 'something wrong with you' to see a Psychologist or Psychiatrist. Not true. Everyone experiences times of hopelessness and despair and a different perspective from someone 'on the outside' of what you're going through is a smart option. I also take medication. Untreated depression has proven to be more harmful to my health than prescribed medication.



Up Above The World So High.

On the night you've gone to the dark,
 look to the black tinsel sky
 and see how small you really are.
 Let it shrink for a moment,
 the swell of emotion that engulfs you,
 anchoring you in your small and fleeting space,
 so you can feel the splinter of time
 that holds you here until the next.

Get out of there.

I use many different things to snap myself out of desperate states of mind - often just by moving. But getting out of where I am. Out of my room. Outside into the garden. Outside during the night looking up at the stars. It might be getting in the car and going to the beach or a drive. It might be walking around the block. It might be turning on some music.

Movement, or change of environment no only distracts me from my thoughts, it has a way of reconnecting me to the present—outside of my mind. It gives me the sense that I'm not 'stuck' and there is another place I can be.

Lifeline: 13 11 14

WHEN ANGER
SURRENDERS
S A D N E S S
B E G I N S T O
HEAL.
WITH EVERY SECRET
THAT IS SHARED
A NEW PATH IS REVEALED

Discovery

Out of the darkest of moments
arise opportunity.

Beyond the comfort zone
growth flourishes.

In the search for understanding
peace is restored.

When anger surrenders
sadness begins to heal.

On the face of reality
beam moments of truth.

From moments of truth
spill the essence of freedom.

With every thought that is questioned
a consciousness is awakened.

From every belief challenged
a new reality is discovered.

With every secret that is shared
a new path is revealed.

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