



SURVIVORS

after suicide

A Program of Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center

JULY/AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 2002 • VOLUME 15, NO. 3 • PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

Déjà Vu All Over Again— Surviving Multiple Suicides

Richard Breland
Loganville, Georgia

Sandy Martin were; I had no idea what AAS and SPAN were. Nor did I care. In an instant my life was changed—not once, but twice.

My education began on November 1, 1999, with a message on my answering machine from the mother of my stepson's 16-year-old girl-friend. "Darlene or Richard, this is Cindy. Please give me a call as soon as you get in."

I called Cindy back immediately. She answered and said, "I just got home from work, and Holly told me Mike had a gun and said he was willing to die for her."

When my wife arrived home a few minutes later, I told her about the conversation. Darlene went into Mike's room

I never thought about being a survivor of suicide even though the son of a dear friend ended his own life in December 1998. This was something that happened to other people, not me. I had no idea who Iris Bolton and

and found a letter he had written to Holly. It wasn't a suicide note, but it showed how far his obsession went. We provided that note, some recent photos, a description of Mike and his car, and the license-plate number to the police. We then began the task of trying to find him.

We called his cell phone. We called Holly to see if they had a "special place" they went to. We tried to get names and numbers of people he might call or places he might go. All to no avail.

Early the next morning, the police came to our home. They had found Mike. He had gone to the far end of a movie theater parking-lot, sat on a curb, and shot himself with a shotgun he had purchased the previous day.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 2002 • 11:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

Save the Date —

SAS Annual Summer Potluck

All are invited!

The location and details will be announced through a future mailing. Please save the date!

Everything Except the Dance Card

Anonymous

rebuilt on the same lots. Ours was built by a merchant marine. It had crystal doorknobs, mahogany doors and trim, things he brought from abroad to build his house with. To me, as a child, the doorknobs were scary, the way the light danced around on them against the dark wood of the mahogany doors. You'd think they'd be beautiful, but to me, they weren't. My mother died of an overdose of sleeping pills in that house, in 1967. I was six years old.

We lived in the big victorian house, on the corner. Most of the houses in our neighborhood burned in a major fire in 1914, and were

The day she died, I thought I awoke and saw my mother in the robe she wore in the morning. It was a deep pink color, kind of a cheesy sixties quilted robe, a housewife robe, early polyester, probably highly flammable. Hadn't she been standing at the stove just a moment ago, cooking breakfast? The truth is that I awoke to screams of horror from everyone else in the family, and I don't really recall the order of events that morning. Maybe she had made breakfast for us the day before. Maybe I only wished that she had been cooking breakfast that morning.

At some point, we all (my two brothers, my father and myself) gathered at her bedside. Is that when my father made me touch her? I was the only one who dared, I was the

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**SAS exists to help people resolve their grief and pain in their own personal way,
and to help them move forward in their lives, positively and productively.**

The SAS Coordinator's Column



Carole Chasin, M.A., M.F.T.

We are excited that this year's **Annual Summer Potluck** will be a BB/Picnic, to be held **Saturday, August 3, 2002, 11:30 a.m.-2:00 p.m.** All are invited, including the family. The location and details will be announced through a future mailing. **Please save the date!**

We are continuing to keep in contact with the Coroner's office, the Beverly Hills and Los Angeles Crisis Response

Teams and police departments. This will help provide the support new survivors need at the initial stage of their loss of a loved one.

We still need a leader for the South Bay Monthly Drop-in group held the 3rd Monday of each month. If I get a few people interested, a rotation basis could be developed if one person can't make a monthly commitment for the whole year. Please call me at 310-751-5370.

Anyone wondering how to speak with a child following a suicide can call me for information and recommendations on materials/books.

Have a great summer! ☘

Fullerton Museum Center Exhibition

Art Heals, Art Works

August 4 through September 22, 2002

Can art be a psychological tool for catharsis and healing? Is it the making or the experience of art that heals? Can the exhibition of works of art contribute to the healing of a community?

In response to these questions, the Fullerton Museum Center in Fullerton, California, will host "Art Heals, Art Works," August 4 through September 29, 2002. Artist and suicide survivor Janice DeLoof, in organizing this exhibition, sought to create a forum where she and others could see how the honesty that the art-making process demands might initiate healing. The exhibition shows the work of 16 participating Southern California-area visual artists, invited by DeLoof to share their art and their process of dealing with tragedies ranging from illness and death to addiction and abuse. The exhibition will showcase a wide variety of concepts, styles, media and approaches to art and healing, and gives fascinating insight into how working artists use art as a part of the healing process. As diverse in their techniques as in their experiences, these artists demonstrate how the basic human instincts for creativity and invention can function with great power through art.

A Panel Discussion, "Visual and Verbal Tools for Surviving Trauma," will be held on September 21st from 2:00-4:00 in the auditorium. Panelists include Andrei Novak, M.D., F.A.P.A., Kathy Pearson, Sam Bloom and Lois Bloom, Carol Caddes, MFT, Carol Goldmark and Cheryl Ekstrom. There will be 30 minutes for audience discussion and questions. The gallery will be open before and after the panel discussion with a poetry reading from 7:30 to 9:30 in the auditorium.

For more information about the exhibit and exhibit-related programs, please call 714-738-6545. The museum is located in Downtown Fullerton at 301 N. Pomona Avenue. ☘



Before Their Time Memorial Songs and Music—Volume II

Michael Whitman discovered how powerfully music can aid the grieving process when a close friend composed a memorial song for his family the day after

Breck, his oldest son, died of suicide. Michael's first collection of songs released in late 1999, and in response to grateful listeners, he has produced a second volume.

Michael once wrote, "I didn't care why music helped me so much—I was just grateful to have found a non-prescription stabilizer for my emotional rollercoaster." *Before Their Time* serves as a musical resource for comfort and to promote healing.

The songs on this album range from plaintive melodies (Karen Nash's "Didn't You Think Anybody Loved You?") to delicate piano compositions (Jacqueline Schwab's "O'Connell's Lamentation") to some interesting surprises, including a poem brought to musical life by the sweet voices of the Indianapolis Childrens' Choir (Malcolm Dalglish and the Ooolites, "Epitaph"). This 17-track album finishes with the late Eva Cassidy's rendition of "Over the Rainbow," a song made dear to many at the Suicide Prevention Center after Cecilia Urwin sang it in honor of Lois Bloom (founding editor of this newsletter) at last year's holiday potluck dinner.

All sales revenue from *Before Their Time* benefits Hospice Vermont-New Hampshire, which also produces the albums; the National Hospice Foundation; the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention; and the NH Youth Suicide Prevention Association. Almost \$25,000 has been distributed from sales of Volume I.

Before Their Time can be ordered by credit card at (800) 447-3803 at \$15 for CDs and \$10 for tapes, plus \$3 shipping and handling. Song clips, liner notes, reviews, and more information can be found on the Internet at www.before-theirtime.org. Mail orders may be sent to Before Their Time, PO Box 222, Lyme, NH 03768. ☘

Déjà Vu All Over Again *continued from page 1*

Following Mike's death, I read everything I could find about suicide. One of the more controversial debates concerns whether suicide runs in families. Evidence shows that it is depression—not a “suicide gene”—that causes certain families to suffer through multiple suicides. Also, the suicide of one family member may not have any bearing on another relative's condition. My paternal grandmother took her own life before I was born. I don't think her suicide put me at risk: she was in her late 70s and suffered from terminal cancer when she killed herself.

My wife's situation was different. She and her son had a very close relationship: he was her only child. Also, she had lost a brother to suicide when she was 13. I suspected that she was not going to be able to survive this.

I took a leave from work to spend as much time as I could with her, then returned to my job. My wife was scheduled to return to work, but she never made it. On June 5, 2000, she went to the same spot where Mike died. Using an identical weapon, she ended her own life.

Survivors of multiple suicide face challenges that are unique. First and most obvious is the fact that our lives have been shattered by suicide more than once. Both losses are devastating. It doesn't matter if the losses are separated by weeks, months or even years. The second loss triggers memories of the first one as though it just happened. (I've been unable to find any studies concerning multiple suicides and the time between losses. I've talked with other survivors of multiple suicides, and there doesn't appear to be a pattern concerning time.)

The grief process for survivors of multiple suicide is also distorted. Sometimes, I feel as if I'm suffering one loss with two distinct paths of grief. Other times, I feel as if I'm suffering two losses with two separate paths of grief. It's difficult to reconcile—to integrate—these thoughts within myself.

Another problem that survivors of multiple suicides face are the emotional conflicts that arise in the grief process. Sometimes, the feelings I have about one loss are opposite what I'm feeling about the other loss. When I'm at peace with one, I'm angry with the other. I may feel guilty about one, even though I know I did all I could for the other. It's possible to come to grips with one and not the other.

The difficulty is that this changes almost on a minute-by-minute basis. If I'm able to feel the same way about both of them at the same time, I'm having a good day.

The guilt associated with my stepson's death was much greater than I ever associated with my wife's death. I was fortunate enough to have met Iris Bolton and had already learned a tremendous amount about suicide by this point.

Although I felt that I failed my wife, I came to the conclusion that I did all I could to help her. I didn't feel as much guilt with her death.

When the police told me my wife was dead, I didn't have to ask a lot of the questions. I knew the answers already. I accepted her decision and felt a sense of relief that she was out of her suffering. I knew that this had nothing to do with me. After her son's death, she was in great pain. She was a shadow of the person I married. The note she left me acknowledged that. She wrote that I deserved more than she could ever give me again.

I did, however, become angry with her son for “making” her do this. As time went on, my anger with her son diminished and I became angry with her. She had seen the pain we were both in following the death of her son, and yet she added to my pain. That was a cruel thing to do. Her comment about my “deserving more than she could ever give me again” added to the anger. That was MY choice to make, not hers.

The pain of losing two family members was almost too much for me. Last year, about three months after my wife's suicide, I began making a plan to end my own life. I decided that I was going to hang myself in my office on my birthday. The day before, I began writing a suicide note.

I wish I could explain what made me write the letter I did, but I can't. What was intended to be a suicide note became a letter of resignation. I still have all of the drafts and read them. They remind me not only of where I've been but where I am today.

I don't think that it was a coincidence either that I met other survivors of suicide at hearings about the Surgeon General's “Call to Action” during this same period. They have become my closest and dearest friends. Instead of going home to an empty house, I spent the evening with these friends. I learned that I can make a difference.

Many factors have motivated me to go on and try to make meaning out of all of this tragedy. I believe that what I have learned from this can help other survivors. I believe that my wife has given me a gift to try to turn this into something good. At the same time, I'm motivated by the fact that the father of my step-son's girlfriend knew about Mike's threat and failed to make an effort to seek intervention.

What motivates me to speak out for my wife and her son isn't really important. What is important is that I am still here to speak. ♣

*Survivors interested in networking with Richard can email him at rbreland@bellsouth.net. Reprinted with permission from *Surviving Suicide*, a quarterly newsletter of The American Association of Suicidology, Fall 2001. www.suicidology.org.*

In April, **Dr. Norman Farberow** received the **Roger J. Tierney Award for Service** for time and efforts given to advance the American Association of Suicidology's principle, growth and development. Dr. Farberow could not be present for the 35th Annual AAS Conference, which was held in Bethesda, Maryland this year. Dr. Jay Nagdimon accepted the award on Dr. Farberow's behalf.

left to right: Marilyn Koenig, Ester Bryant, Cynthia Wong, Jay Nagdimon, Susan Celentano, Sam Bloom, Lois Bloom, and James Barrett



Everything Except the Dance Card *from page 1*

youngest, and I didn't understand. I have a memory of her chest, seeing it blackened. I told myself it was too much mascara. What an odd thing to think. I don't remember touching her, but my brothers tell me I did. I do remember the pink robe. She wore it over a thin white cotton nightgown, so I guess she had slept in it. Why would she sleep in her robe? She lay there on the side of the bed by the door, and we stood there in shock. I'm sure my brothers were crying. Maybe I did, too. My brother says my aunt and the doctor were there, but I don't recall seeing them.

Someone rang a doorbell downstairs. There was panic in the house. My father went downstairs to answer the front door. It was an ambulance or emergency vehicle of some kind. Why did it take so long for him to get down there, to the front door? Someone said he fainted. I saw him on the first flight of stairs, as I looked through the panes of glass in the hallway door, and saw him hanging on the railing. His legs weren't working, he wasn't making it down the stairs. Time passed. It was probably too late anyway.

Next, I remember looking down the granite steps in front of the house, the same granite steps that were warm in the summer when I sat on them to watch the Heritage Day Parade go past. In the spring and summer, the grand steps were lined with stone pots filled with red geraniums. It was only late March, but the first day of spring had already passed, so I don't know if the geraniums were out yet. They were taking her down in a stretcher, covered in a white sheet. I wondered if she would come back, and I was confused and frightened by everyone around me. No one held me, I stood alone, not noticing that I was alone. It was the first time I became completely numb.

There was a funeral, she was in a casket, but it was

closed. My father said he couldn't stand to look at her. A few flowers were around—nothing memorable, a few people standing about. I wore my little black plaid kilt skirt, and my dark red shirt that had a white Winnie-the-Pooh embroidered on it, from the Sears Winnie-the-Pooh collection. People talked to me, I was polite. Then there was a black car, I guess it was the hearse, that took her through the wrought iron gates, to the right, then to the left, then to the left again. Under a big tree. That tree is still there. That was the end of it, she was gone. Turn right, turn left, turn left again, she's by the big oak tree. At the time I didn't know why I was memorizing those directions. I didn't return there for 10 years, and I had to find it myself.

I might have been taken out of my first grade class for two weeks, that's the number that comes to mind. My tall red-headed teacher with the beehive hairdo (we called her Barrett the carrot) came and knelt down near my little chair and said she was sorry to hear what had happened, but she didn't seem awfully sincere to me. I told everyone I cried for two weeks. In truth I didn't cry at all, and was ashamed of that. Shouldn't I have been crying since my mother was dead? I'm supposed to cry. When offered sympathy, I told parents and kids in the neighborhood that I never had a mother, so I couldn't miss her. Can't miss something you never had, I'd say. Sympathy seemed shallow and annoying to me, I wanted to dodge it whenever I could.

Dad drank in his room with the door closed. We sobbed and screamed outside his door the night he threw the bottle against the wall and smashed it. Something like vodka or gin, a clear alcohol. He yelled awful obscenities about her. I was terrified. I was afraid that house would kill me next. He told us she was a tramp, a slut, a whore. He told me that I

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Contributions 4/2/2002 – 6/4/2002: *A million thanks for your generosity!*

IN LOVING MEMORY OF:

Mary Kay Bergman from Dino Andrade

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Larry "Sunny" Spila from Francine and
Guy Righter

Jerry Taylor from Toni V. Coleman

Did you miss the 2002 AAS Annual Conference or Healing Conference? Maybe you just couldn't get to every session. Go to www.suicidology.org to purchase audiotapes of conference sessions.

Calendar of Upcoming Events

JULY 25 - 28

2nd Annual Yellow Ribbon Conference

This conference is for adults and youth, and will be held in Westminster, Colorado. Faces of Suicide quilts to be displayed. For information see: www.yellowribbon.org

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3

SAS Annual Summer Potluck 11:30 a.m. - 2 p.m.

All are invited, including the family. The location and details will be announced through a future mailing. Please save the date!

AUGUST 4 - SEPTEMBER 22

Art Heals, Art Works

At the Fullerton Museum Center, Fullerton, California. See page two for more information, or go to the museum's website: www.ci.Fullerton.ca.us/museum

AUGUST 17 - 18

Out of the Darkness

A 26-mile overnight walk for suicide prevention from Fairfax, VA to Washington, DC. Call 1.800.825.1000 or visit www.BeThePeople.com

AUGUST 23 - 24

Partners in Recovery

NAMI California Conference 2002.
See: ca.nami.org

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Art Heals, Art Works — Panel Discussion, 2 - 4 p.m.

Visual and Verbal Tools for Surviving Trauma will be held in the auditorium. Sam and Lois Bloom are among the panelists. There will also be a poetry reading from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. See page two for more information, or go to the museum's website: www.ci.Fullerton.ca.us/museum.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Alive & Running 5K/10K Walk/Run

Didi Hirsch's annual race to benefit the Suicide Prevention Center. See registration form on the previous page.

Lifekeepers Memory Quilt

We want the world to know our loved ones lived and deserve to be remembered. All 50 states have come together in this joint effort to educate the world for the need to reduce the incidence of suicide. The two existing quilts have been displayed at national meetings, and we are currently putting together a third. A \$20 fee covers the cost of material, labor and postage necessary to create your visual tribute.

Yes, I want to create a quilt square to honor:

Send the material and instructions to me:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone Number(s): _____

Enclosed is my \$20 check or money order made out to Catherine Montgomery to cover the cost of material, labor and postage.

Mail to:

C. J. Montgomery, P.O. Box 948, Redondo Beach, CA 90277
or call Catherine at 310.316.2527 for information.

Everything Except the Dance Card from page 4

was just like her. How could that be? I was only seven years old, I didn't even know what those things were. We were forbidden to discuss her with anyone. We were afraid to bring the subject up with our father, and with each other. We weren't allowed to grieve or visit her grave. She was buried in an unmarked grave.

When I was a teenager my father hung the pink robe in my closet. He put her luggage in there, too, and her black suede coat. I found her hat and shoes in the basement, and tried them on. I opened the luggage and found things inside. There was a dance card, a bra, and some other things. I still have the dance card. It's blank except for a love note written on the front inside of the cover, from some old boyfriend named Dale. The luggage smelled funny. I believed that's what death must smell like. Like old cosmetics from 7 years before. Why would he put those things in my closet? It felt like he planted death in my closet, he made me remember her smell, he left her things for me to touch. The robe hadn't even been washed. I put it on to see what it felt like, examining the small stain on the front. Probably something left from cooking breakfast.

Years later I found her jewelry box. It had that same familiar smell, of old cosmetics. Now nearly twenty years had passed since her death. He gave the jewelry box to me, and he gave me her gun along with the bullets for it. It was a tiny pistol she could fit in her purse, for protection he told me. I went home, loaded the pistol, locked the bedroom door, and put on all the jewelry. The young man I lived with pounded on the door, begging me to come out, then he called my brother. After a couple of hours, they talked me out of the room. "Put on the jewelry, pull out the gun, we're gonna have a whole lotta fun." That's a song my brother made up afterward, it was like a take-off on a Country Joe & the Fish song, one they sang at Woodstock, about Vietnam. Pretty funny when you think about it. I sold the gun. Wonder why my Dad gave that to me? I found something my father had written about her one day, on his desk. It said she was as ugly in death as she was beautiful in life.

So that's where I left off for a while, until I had a dream, several years later. In my dream she followed me around an old house full of antiques, gilded clocks, figurines and fine wooden furniture. She was wearing the long black suede coat. I was afraid of her until we sat down near each other. I asked her if my Dad had killed her. She told me no, that he didn't do it. Then I reached out and touched her, and she was cold.

I'm on my second marriage, and I have two children. Both girls, oddly enough. Like I would have the slightest clue as to how to raise children properly, especially girls. I know my

husband and daughters love me, I must love them back, but I'm still numb. If something happens I know it'll come then. I don't want anything to happen to any of them, they have good lives. I can't protect them enough. Maybe that's why I don't feel much. I do what is expected of me. People don't tolerate me very well, I'm lonely and want friendship, but I am unable to empathize or listen closely enough. It comes off as self-centeredness, and I can't very well explain all of this to them, so I give up on it. I've probably disappointed those people that have made an effort to be a friend, but never intentionally.

Unexpectedly, I fell in love with someone in my late 30's. I don't know what it was about him, maybe he had my mother's eyes or hair color or smile. Maybe he's just the first person I've loved since she died. Maybe it's because he's completely inaccessible, forcing me to relive the loss every day, and I take on the responsibility for it. Back then, nobody took responsibility, she bore the blame, but she couldn't come to me and explain what had really happened. I wouldn't associate the two, she and the man I'm in love with, except that I'm so terrified of losing him. My heart pounds every day. I want to look for him to make sure he's alright. I want to touch him to make sure he's still there. I want us to embrace so I can feel his warmth. I want him to stay warm and safe. He doesn't understand why, to him I'm clingy and intolerable. It's only because I'm still scared.

The smell of the old cosmetics lingers heavily in my senses, but I've gotten rid of everything except the dance card. ♣

Editor's note: For those who do not have a Survivors After Suicide or other support group within a reasonable distance, other forms of expression are needed. This author does not live close to any of our groups, and chose to unburden some of her pain through writing. We thank her for her courage in sending us her painful story.

A Rainy Day

*I'm looking out through this window
That separates me from the rain
I see droplets, thousands of droplets
As they fall to the ground
Moments later, I not only see
Thousands of droplets
But also, feel them as well
How did these droplets
Come through this window
That separates me from the rain?
I then realize—
The droplets I saw through the window
Fell from the sky
The droplets I felt, came from my heart
As they fell through the windows
Of my eyes*

—Josie Shahabi
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Also include the issue date and year the article appeared. Kindly send us a copy of any reprints for our authors to the attention of Deborah Pikul, Editor. Thank you.

View this newsletter online at www.suicidepreventioncenter.org. Click on Bereavement.

SURVIVORS AFTER SUICIDE NEWSLETTER

A quarterly publication of Survivors after Suicide (a support group for those who have lost a loved one to suicide), a program of the **Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health: Suicide Prevention Center**
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