



SURVIVORS

after suicide

A Program of Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center

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Redefining "The Holidays"

Deborah Pikul,
Editor

Thanksgiving was *not* Thanksgiving for my family in November of 1990. My brother Jeff had just shot himself five days before. We tried to "do" Thanksgiving as we always had—

hauling down the fine china from the upper shelves, placing the matching silverware alongside the dishes. The house probably smelled delicious, though I don't remember it. I do remember the silence. I remember being sorely aware of covering up the empty spot—easy to do using benches instead of chairs, but impossible to ignore. I remember my mother, hands stuffed in oven mitts, easing the bird out. I remember my brother Dave standing at the butcher block with a carving fork in his left hand and electric knife in his right. Then, I remember the storm door swinging open and my three-year-old nephew bouncing in. He took one glance at that huge bird and exclaimed, "Holy cow, Dad, that's a big chicken!" And we laughed.

I never expected us to laugh that day. What a wonderful, welcome surprise. I hope that you will experience some pleasant surprises this holiday season. You may not be ready to look for them, but I hope that they find you. Then they can become part of how you define "The Holidays." ❖

The Angel and the Dragon

A Father Shares
his Son's Story

On November 1, 1996, Charley Aurthur committed suicide by jumping off a freeway overpass onto Interstate 10 in Santa Monica, California, a mile from the Pacific Ocean. Although only twenty-three

at the time, Charley was already a veteran of years of mostly hidden depression, five years of serious mental illness (manic-depression/schizoaffective disorder), numerous hospitalizations, and at least four other suicide attempts.

The first, when he was eighteen, had also involved automobiles. Charley was driving home after a camping trip to Yosemite; it was the summer after his freshman year of

college. Experiencing a massive psychotic breakdown that had begun suddenly two days earlier, in which thoughts of being God alternated with feelings of bottomless pain and destitution, Charley closed his eyes and took his hands off the wheel while speeding on a mountain road. The car was totaled but Charley, miraculously, walked away without a scratch—reinforcing his feelings of immortality. Three years later, again in the midst of a psychotic episode, he stabbed himself twice in the heart, again surviving against all odds. Two other failed attempts involved pills and wrist slashing.

This frightening level of self-destructiveness led one therapist, an experienced suicidologist, to say later that Charley

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2002, 6:30 PM - 9 PM

Save the Date—

SAS Annual Holiday Potluck

All are invited!

Please bring a photo of your loved one to place on a star. We'll use the stars to decorate the HOLIDAY REMEMBRANCE TREE.

Photos may also be sent in, and a copy will be used to decorate the star. See Calendar of Upcoming Events on page 6 for info.

Location: Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center, Culver City. Invitations and details to follow.



Master of Ceremonies Dan Butler, best known for his role as "Bulldog" on Frasier, waits by the finish line with Susan Celentano, survivor/therapist, at this year's Alive & Running 5K/10K Walk/Run.

See page five.

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.E.T.

Our Annual Summer Potluck was a wonderful success. We had approximately 40 that attended, bringing a variety of delicious foods and sharing a common bond that brought continued healing to all. We surprised **David Davis** with a Certificate of Appreciation acknowledging his outstanding leadership, professionalism and dedication to the SAS program. **Ester Bryant** led everyone in a "Getting to Know You" game that helped everyone meet someone new. **Kevin Gilmore**, age ten, won first prize for getting to know the most people. **Lois Bloom** held a beautiful closing ceremony that was emotionally touching. Please hold the date

for our Holiday Potluck on Saturday, December 7, from 6:30 - 9 p.m. Details and invitations to follow.

I would appreciate all co-facilitator and/or Telephone Support Counselor volunteers to let me know the year they began volunteering with our SAS program. You may call me at 310-751-5370 or email me at cchasin@didihirsch.org.

Thank you, everyone, who responded to lead the South Bay monthly drop-in group. I'm happy to announce that **David Goldberg** will be the new leader. A Million thanks to **Sam Bloom**, who so compassionately and diligently led the group for many years.

I am excited to announce the beginning of a new support group in the greater East Los Angeles area, more precisely, in San Gabriel. This has been an underserved area in the past and we are now able to extend our support.

Carole ✨

Dear Lisa

Jackie Bowman
Tarzana, California

I can't believe that I'm writing this to you. The last thing I wrote to you was an e-mail the night before you died. It went unread. I wonder if, wherever you are, you will read this. I was going to call you that night, but I knew how much you loved to get e-mails. So I wrote instead. I now wish I had called, to hear your voice one last time. I wanted you to know how proud of you I was. You had seemed so much happier, you had found a good man, you had taken my advice and realized that time heals all wounds. The pain that held you captive was too much for words to repair or comfort. I knew nothing that I said or that your sister said was going to make you believe that you were meant to be here. Good things were in store for you. Someday the pain of losing your mother, losing your first love, and all the normal problems of a 21-year-old would eventually subside. Time would bandage the wounds. You just had to have a little patience. But I suppose you had us all snowballed. You were tired of the pain—it was too deep and unfathomable for you to wait on a silly thing such as time. Good God, it had been long enough and too much had befallen you. You walked around pretending to be happy. We eased up a little believing that you really were. I wish we could have seen that beautiful smile was masking the emptiness that was eating at your soul, and deep inside you were screaming with a searing pain. A poison called depression had reared its ugly head and taken over.

Since the first day I met you, I loved you. You were me and I was you. There was a ten year difference in age, but never had I met a woman that I had trusted until you. No one ever understood me or accepted me the way you did. You were different. We had traveled almost identical paths in life,

only with me traveling a little longer road. We had the same pains and problems. Almost anything you had been through or were going through I had already been there or was going there. We were so much alike we could finish each other's sentences before they came out of our mouths.

The last words you said to me were, "I'm so proud of you Jackie. Keep it up. We'll go to a movie this week." You were proud of me because I had just gotten out of the hospital after my own suicide attempt and I hadn't taken a drink or a pill in three weeks. I was shaky, crazy, depressed, but somehow functionable. And *you* were proud of *me*. You promised me that you would never do what I had just tried. You saw the fear I had caused so many when they didn't think I was gonna come off that respirator. I had just dredged up my own mother's suicide when I wrote her story and was still dealing with that. And that had you worried. I made it but would I try again?

So what happened Lisa? What happened on January 9th that made you leave me? What triggered it? What happened to you that made you leave me with all these unanswered questions? Why didn't you call that night like you usually did when the "feeling" hit? I try to understand that you were just done with this godforsaken world but I can't understand how you could leave me in such pain. And with nothing more than a short note: "Jackie I'm sorry—I love you." I scream, I cry, and I feel as if I'm dying right along with you. Everything reminds me of you. I have to fight back tears and swallow that ball in my throat day after day. Then there are the songs, and all of my memories of us having fun, sharing secrets, fighting then holding each other two seconds later, apologizing with "I'm sorry—I love you." There are the pictures where you look

continued on next page

Dear Lisa *continued from previous page*

so beautiful and happy. Now if I look closely, I can see a hint of sadness deep in the back of your eyes.

On that horrible day, your sister flew into my work and she was screaming. She fell to the floor screaming that you were dead. But it wasn't real. And here I was trying to be the strong one—but it just wasn't real. I drove her to your new boyfriend's house. We sped the whole way praying it was all a sick joke. It was all too surreal as if I was driving to my mother's house again when she had committed suicide.

When we got there and saw the yellow caution tape, the fire truck, and Mike's face, I lost it, as did your sister. Mike said he had gone to sleep on the couch sometime around 3 a.m. because you were kicking like you always did. He went back up to bed around 7 a.m. and there you were, purple, cold, with your blankie, and your diary. A diary that when later read was filled with so much pain that it ripped my heart out.

You thought no one loved you, yet 150 people showed up at your funeral. Looking at you lying there shattered me. It just wasn't you. And when I held your hand and kissed your cold forehead for the last time, it made me want to shake you and wake you up. Remember how I used to protect you while you were alive? Well I'm still doing it. And it took everything I had not to get into fights with people that I felt had hurt you and shouldn't have been there. For the first time since we had been friends, I could no longer protect you. I had to bottle it up and suck it down.

Of course I'm still looking for someone to blame. No one will ever understand me the way you did and I selfishly want you back. No one will ever accept me the way you did or understand the bad things I feel the way you did. I just wish that I could have done something to help you before it got this far.

Your sister and I have become a lot closer, but it's not the same. I think she's trying to take care of me the way she took care of you. Almost every day she will just shake her head and tell me how much I remind her of you. Even with you gone she is still dealing with all the crazy "Lisa stuff," only in a different form. I am a constant reminder. I hug her every day and tell her I love her and I miss you every time I do. Your dad is slowly dying of depression. He won't leave the house and is drinking more than ever. Not a day goes by that I don't think of you, that I don't cry, that I don't wish I could pick up the phone and call you. And on some days I wish I was with you. I had your name tattooed on my ankle and I hung a beautiful picture of you at work. I'm trying to deal with it all but it is so hard. I can't eat, I can't sleep, and I'm agitated to the point of explosion. I try to find bits and pieces of happiness but they are few and far between. And of course

The Gift

*A gift, I'm told, you've left behind,
That I must seek and find;
But pain too deep, and missing you
Have blocked my open mind.*

—Iris Bolton, from "The Suicide of My Son," ©1977

The idea of any gifts arising from our loved one's suicide may have seemed inconceivable at first, but with time, they are revealed. Later in Iris's poem, we discover that the music her son composed became her gift. Susan Celentano, who lost her lover, Laura, 11 years ago, shares her gift:

Gifts come in all shapes and sizes. So they say. But the gift that was gradually revealed to me in the years following my lover's suicide did not resemble any gift I'd ever previously received. This one was cloaked in sorrow and it had sharp teeth. I cowered away from it, sad and timid and frightened.

For years during my journey through grief, I refused to really look at how Laura suffered. I experienced profound sadness when I acknowledged Laura as a lost soul, struggling against her own form, vulnerable and isolated, and most tragically, afraid to reveal her vulnerability, afraid to let others see her. My grief opened the door to Laura's world of painful exile and I walked toward the same destination.

Once I'd acknowledged Laura's pain, however, the face of my grief was altered. I began to talk, openly, to cry, unabashedly, and to expose my vulnerability and fear, without shame. I began to pull away from that which disabled Laura. I connected with kindred spirits and we helped carry each other's sorrow.

Laura was silenced by her demons and her fears. Awakening to this, I walked away from the precipice of exile and into a world rich in human kindness such as I'd never experienced before.

This is my gift—the capacity to open, rather than close; to go toward, rather than away from. I treasure this gift, born of loss (mine), tragedy (hers) and pain (ours). It is what was salvaged and it is good. ♡

I don't have you to share them with...

Well Lisa, I know you are finally at peace. You are finally free from your chains of pain. And you have finally found the happiness you had longed for your short 22 years of life. But I also hope you know that you left behind all of your pain for us to deal with and we miss you so much. Please take care up there and say "hi" to my mother. Once again, I'll see you guys when it's my time.

I love you.

Your best friend here and forever,

Jackie ♡

I Always Sleep Late on Christmas

Melanie Smith
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Somehow I always sleep late on Christmas. Strange, that's not how it used to be. Each year in anticipation of surprises left for me by the tree, I jumped from my bed at the crack of dawn. Now I always sleep late on Christmas. It just doesn't seem so important anymore to be the one whose feet hit the floor first, as it was when I would stand over my brother's bed and say, "Wake up! You can't sleep late. It's Christmas!" There is no one now to keep me from missing Christmas dawn because of too much sleep. That day is now lonely in a way. So I always sleep late on Christmas Day. ♡
Reprinted from The Compassionate Friends of the Valley, Dec '01/Jan '02

The Angel and The Dragon from page 1

had been his toughest case in forty years of practice.

Charley was survived by his mother, Lin; his father, Jonathan; and an older sister, Jenny. About a year and a half after Charley's death, Jonathan quit his job as a proofreader and copy editor to write a book about his son—and himself. The book, *The Angel and the Dragon: A Father's Search for Answers to His Son's Mental Illness and Suicide*, has just been published by Health Communications, Inc., in Deerfield Beach, Florida. It is a combination memoir and exploration of broader questions of mental illness and suicide.

"As every survivor knows," Jonathan says, "the suicide of a loved one raises many, many questions. Questions of why, questions of what if, questions of if only, questions of responsibility, questions of family history, questions of nature and nurture, questions of what one writer on suicide calls 'unresolvable guilt.' I try to deal with all of them without claiming to answer any of them."

Why bother to ask questions that probably can't be answered?

"Because they're there," Jonathan says. "The current 'medicalization' of mental illness and suicide, the fact that many people believe it's all clinical depression and brain chemistry, has, I think, tended to shut down or delegitimize certain areas of discussion with a kind of top-down pronouncement that 'it's nobody's fault.' Which may or may not be true. But I believe that many, if not most, family members and significant others of suicides brood over these questions anyway. Denying their 'askability' only drives them underground. So I decided to brood publicly."

One particularly rich source of material available to the author as he composed *The Angel and the Dragon* was Charley's own writings. From the time Charley was ten he

kept diaries, and from the time he was fifteen he kept a fairly regular journal. Reading it after Charley's death, the father began to get a new appreciation of the depth and complexity of the son's inner life, the depth of his feelings and (too often!) suffering, in a way that had not been possible earlier.

"One of the reasons it wasn't possible," Jonathan says, "was that Charley didn't talk to me or anybody else about a lot of the things that were happening to him. He only talked to his journals, which I would never have read without his permission when he was alive. Another reason was my own flawed personality, particularly a tendency toward rigidity, an inability to see Charley as a truly autonomous individual rather than merely a younger and slightly more confused version of me—which he was in certain ways, but not as much as I thought.

"I didn't know, for example, that he had started having minor manic episodes when he was fifteen that were precursors to his first major psychotic break, which at the time I thought had erupted out of nowhere. But it hadn't. I also didn't know that he suffered from chronic insomnia. As a kid I'd had a hard time going to sleep myself and I thought Charley's sleep problems were like my own—bothersome sometimes but no big deal. But Charley's insomnia was a lot worse than that, and I think it was largely responsible for the onset of his psychosis."

And then there's the question of *why* the trouble sleeping. Nowadays insomnia tends to be medicalized like everything else, Jonathan says, seen as a neurological condition to be managed with medication. "But I think Charley's sleeplessness was largely a function of deep anxieties," he continues. "Anxieties about his identity, his talent as an artist, his future, his sexuality, his place in the world. I tended to write it all off as adolescent angst—again, seeing him in my own image. *I'd* survived, hadn't I? But it was obviously something deeper. Besides being kicked off by insomnia, all of Charley's psychotic breakdowns involved a kind of super-grandiosity, a god complex, which I think was his way of trying to square the circle of those anxieties, to leap over them. But again, neither I nor any of his therapists—and he had some good ones—ever really dealt with the whys of the insomnia and the anxieties. Wasn't it all just a chemical imbalance? So Charley was left to suffer alone, even when he was surrounded by people who loved him. In some ways that may be the worst solitude of all.

"That's the story I wanted to tell—to get beyond the physical—in my words, and in his. He was a great kid, and I wanted to present him to the world. I have a feeling he'd like that." ♡
The Angel and the Dragon: A Father's Search for Answers to His Son's Mental Illness and Suicide, HCI Books, 2002, \$12.95; available at bookstores, on Amazon, and from the publisher's website, www.hci-online.com.

SAS Annual Summer Potluck



Carole Chasin surprised David Davis with a Certificate of Recognition. It read: "On this day, Aug. 3, 2002, we would like to commend you for your outstanding leadership, professionalism, and dedication to the Suicide Prevention Center's Survivors After Suicide Program."



Ten-year-old Kevin Gilmore won first prize and got to know several people with the Potluck's "Getting to Know You" challenge.



Jay Nagdimon holds his new daughter (and youngest attendant at one month and one day old), Corinne Nagdimon Leong.



Dan Passe and Jocelyn Collins grill up hotdogs and chicken.

Alive & Running 5K/10K Walk/Run



September 22, 2002

669 participants helped raise money for the Suicide Prevention Center of Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center



↖ above left: Stephanie Head and Nick Cordero.

↑ Lois Bloom (center) with grandsons Matthew and David, and daughter Lisa.

↙ left: Linda Anderson and Robin Polito-Shuffer.

↑ Jonathan Aurthur signs his newly-released book, *The Angel and the Dragon*.

Surviving the Holidays

HOLIDAY PROBLEMS—ROADBLOCKS

Overwhelming sense of loss
Overwhelming emotions
Being alone
Traditions that have changed
Triggers (“land mines”)—reminders of your loss—music, cards, greetings, etc...
Others’ expectations
Lack of energy & lack of “holiday spirit”
Negative associations with holidays
Previous history of disappointing holidays or unhappy relationships

from www.survivingsuicide.com, 9/02

HOLIDAY SOLUTIONS—STEPPING STONES

Plan ahead
Have a backup plan
Embrace the feelings—both good and bad
Realize it doesn’t have to be the best holiday ever—just get through it!
Find something different to do
Go to a buffet instead of fixing the big meal
Leave town
Take the pressure off—don’t fake it
Have reasonable expectations of yourself and others
Add something to your tradition that honors your loved one—light a candle
Create whatever holiday you want

Calendar of Upcoming Events

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23 **AFSP’s 4th Annual National Survivors of Suicide Day**

Many sites, including Los Angeles. SAS Coordinator Carole Chasin to be a featured panelist in New York. See: www.afsp.org.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7 **SAS Annual Holiday Potluck 6:30 p.m. - 9 p.m.**

At Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center in Culver City. Please join us and bring a photo of your loved one to place on a star for the Holiday Remembrance Tree. If you would like us to create a star ornament for you, please send a photo to Susan Celentano, 19634 Ventura Blvd., #303,

Tarzana, CA 91356. A copy will be made of your photo, and your photo will be returned to you the night of the Potluck. Invitations and details to follow.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8 **The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting**

Light a candle for all children who have died. 7 p.m. around the globe.
See www.compassionatefriends.com

FEBRUARY 7-8, 2003 **National Organization of People of Color Against Suicide (NOPCAS) Annual Conference**

This year’s conference will be held in Denver, Colorado.
See www.geocities.com/nopcas.

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.

Contributions 6/5/2002 – 9/9/2002: A million thanks for your generosity!

IN LOVING MEMORY OF:

Amy N. Anderson from Annette L. James-Rogers

Andrew Bravman from Mr. and Mrs. Mike Bravman

Bill Pease from Beth Page

Brian Franklin Rose from Dale K. Rose

Carol Pierce Soukakos from James Goodall

Christopher Denny Zeisner from Mary Kate Denny

Chuck Anderson from Linda Anderson
David Chavez from Maximina and Robert Tacata

Dougie Sweet from Nicole Blythe, Doris Carter, Regan L. Mangas, Christine and Lee Merry, Erica S. and Brad Watkins, Jack and Pauline Maxwell

Edouard Botwick from Ms. Barbara Minkoff

Fritz A. Kubacky from Gretchen Kubacky

Hanspeter Pertschi from Patricia and Gary Hansen

Heather Anderson from Ruth Cupo; Martini Iosue & Akpovi, CPAs; Janet Spiegel

James Brian Benak from Bernice P. Benak

Jeff and Chris Pikul from Deborah Pikul

John G. Price from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Price

Kenneth R. Keating from Barbara Keating

Kurt Boettcher from Carolyn Boettcher

Madison L. Owens from Loretta Owens

Mary Kay Bergman from Dino Andrade

Mort Crawford from Jilliene F. Schenkel

Pandora Dalrymple from Henri Wadsworth

Robert M. Curry & Peter Jones from Kita S. and Peter Curry

Shelton Pearson from Mary Pearson

Sherry Levinson from Burt and Anita Levinson

Stephen Lelewer from Mr. and Mrs. Stanley D. Lelewer

Tony Ross from Richard Ross, Ph.D.

Dan from Melinda Hines

Stephen LeRoy from Gloria LeRoy

Dick A. Bantz from Diana Gillespie

Laura Wilson from Susan Celentano

IN HONOR OF:

Burt and Anita Levinson from Sylvia and Frank Cooper

Corinne Nagdimon Leong from Jay M. Nagdimon, Ph.D.

Joshua Erman from Andrew Erman

IN HONOR OF Stan Lelewer’s birthday from Jeri Weiss

Important Phone Numbers and Resources

HELP LINES

Suicide Prevention Center Crisis Line:
Toll free in LA County: 1.877.727.4747

Suicide Prevention Center Crisis Line:
Outside LA County: 1.310.391.1253

Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center:
1.310.390.6612

Trevor Helpline (Suicide Hotline for gay, lesbian, bisexual and questioning youth): 1.800.850.8078

National Suicide Prevention Crisis Line: 1.800.SUICIDE (800.784.2433), 24 hrs., connects with local certified help

RESOURCES

AAS — American Association of Suicidology (professional training/education/research/prevent/survivors): 1.202.237.2280, www.suicidology.org

AFSP — American Foundation/Suicide Prevention (research & education): www.afsp.org, 1.888.333.2377

Compassionate Friends/South Bay, LA: 1.310.368.6845

Compassionate Friends, Inc. (parents grief): 1.630.990.0010
www.compassionatefriends.org — chat room 10am-11:00 pm

NAMI — National Alliance for Mentally Ill:
www.nami.org 1.800.950.6264

NAMI-California: ca.nami.org, 1.916.567.0163

NOPCAS — National Organization for People of Color Against Suicide, Dr. Barnsi: 1.512.245.8453

SPAN-USA — Suicide Prevention Advocacy Network:
www.spanusa.org, 1.888.649.1366

SPAN-California: 1.310.377.8857

SAVE — Suicide Awareness/Voices of Education (depression and suicide information): www.save.org

The Surgeon General's Call to Action 1999, download from:
www.spanusa.org

Yellow Ribbon Suicide Prevention Project, Light for Life International: www.yellowribbon.org, 1.303.429.3530

INTERNET SUPPORT

www.suicidepreventioncenter.org: OUR WEBSITE, Survivors After Suicide Newsletter, current issue

www.friendsforsurvival.org: Friends for Survival, Inc., Sacramento, CA

www.webhealing.com: articles of interest

www.griefnet.org: grief support; a system that can connect you with various resources

www.1000deaths.com: SOLOS survivor support and suicide prevention

www.onelist.com/subscribe/parentsofsuicides: support for parents of suicides

www.geocities.com/Heartland/Hills/9689: L.A.R.G.O., Life After Repeated Grief: Options (Sascha Wagner)

www.geocities.com/nopcas: National Organization of People of Color Against Suicide (NOPCAS)

www.twotoomany.com: SAS Editor's website, lost two brothers to suicide

www.spanusa.org: helplines, prevention information and resources for mental health, etc.

www.beforetheirtime.org: a musical resource to provide comfort to people after the death of someone close

www.siblingsurvivors.com: Michelle Linn-Gust's website

www.survivorsofsuicide.com: a website dedicated to those who have lost a loved one to suicide

www.nameastar.net: Name a Star's Memorial Star™ can be given as a memorial in remembrance of a loved one

Of the estimated 264,108 people who visited emergency rooms in the year 2000 reporting self-inflicted poisoning, cuts, gun wounds and other injuries, 158,466 had likely been suicide attempts.

—Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, May 2002

The Suicide Prevention Center's Public Education Program

In its ongoing efforts to educate the community regarding warning signs, risk factors and interventions to prevent suicide, the Suicide Prevention Center made presentations to the following schools and agencies between May and August of this year:*

77th Precinct Clergy Group
Little Tokyo Service Center
CANDE Conference
Catholic Charities
Asian Pacific Counseling & Behavioral Health Service
Little Tokyo Service Center
Spirit Family Services
Variety Boys and Girls Club
Southeast Youth Council
San Gabriel Valley High School
Washington Middle School
Chester Nimitz Middle School
University High School

El Monte High School
Peninsula High School
Spirit Family Services
Peninsula High School
Youth Conference, Northridge
WLCAC Y FAM Accountability
HIV Task Force
University of California, Los Angeles
Bienestar La Casa, East L.A.
Widney High School
Bienestar Hollywood Center
Cambodian Family Services
Bienestar Human Services
Neighborhood Youth Association

77th Precinct Clergy Group
South Central Family Health
Los Angeles County Office of Education
El Camino College
California State University, Long Beach
Meeting of the Minds Conference
Center for Disease Control
Loyola Marymount University
California State University, Los Angeles
St. Michael Adult Day Health Center

* Agencies visited more than once are so listed.

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You are welcome to reprint material from our newsletter if you are a nonprofit support organization that produces periodicals. We do require the item include the author's name and title and the following:

"Reprinted with permission from the Survivors After Suicide Newsletter, a Program of the Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center: Suicide Prevention Center, 4760 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230"

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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Culver City, CA 90230
(310) 751-5324

SAS Program Number:
(310) 751-5370

Crisis Line Number:
(310) 391-1253

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Editorial Board: Lois Bloom; Samuel C. Bloom; Carole Chasin, MA,MFT; David Davis; Norman Farberow, Ph.D.; Jay Nagdimon, Ph.D. Special thanks to Carole Chasin for proofreading, and to all others who have assisted in producing the SAS Newsletter.

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