

Survivors After Suicide

Your Path Toward Healing

A Program of Didi Hirsch Mental Health Services April 2013

The OC Team Says "Hello"



From left to right, Natalie Martinez, Jacquelyn Rivera and Sandra Yi make up the OC Team

The time has come and is overdue to officially introduce the Orange County Team. You may be wondering who we are and what we are doing for survivors in Orange County? We are a small office with big dreams of building upon our survivor support services. There are three of us to start and we come each day to our cozy office in Santa Ana with daily goals to reach out to our community and provide much needed support to Orange County survivors, just as the Los Angeles program has been doing for decades.

My name is Jacquelyn Rivera and I am the program coordinator as well as a licensed clinical social worker. I began my clinical journey first as a child and family therapist and transferred into suicide prevention and bereavement work in 2010, when our Survivors After Suicide Orange County program was getting its start. I am lucky enough to absolutely love what I do and to work with amazing people. With that being said,

the next person to join our Orange County team was Natalie Martinez, who is our bilingual administrative assistant. Not only does Natalie take care of all of our office needs, she is the very first friendly face that Orange County survivors see when they walk into our office. She knows every survivor by name and does everything to make each person feel important and comfortable. Our newest addition to the team is Sandra Yi, a bilingual therapist and marriage and family therapy intern. Sandra exudes a calming and comforting presence while she provides supportive services and outreach to the community.

Although we have three staff members who are based in Orange County, our fearless leaders, Lyn Morris and Rick Mogil, provide the guidance and oversight needed to provide these services. Before our office space was secured, before services were established and the first Orange County staff member was hired, there was a vision to expand and offer support for survivors beyond the borders of Los Angeles. Without the expertise of Rick and Lyn as well as help from many others in Los Angeles, we would not be where we are today.

You still might be wondering what we do. In a nutshell, we provide Survivors After Suicide eight-week support groups, monthly drop-in groups, short-term individual and/or family suicide bereavement counseling, community trainings and presentations on suicide awareness and intervention to children, adolescents and adults. An exciting component of our program is that we are working with community partners to provide these services in other languages, such as Vietnamese, Arabic, Farsi and Korean.

Please consider this our official hello handshake from Natalie, Sandra and myself, as well as an invitation to come visit us, should you ever be in our part of town.



Volunteer work on the suicide hotline helps survivor move on

By TJ Panzer

I will never forget that knock on the door.

I will never forget that knock on the door. It was not a typical UPS drop-off knock, but a you-should-answer-me-now kind of knock. There were two plainclothes policemen who wanted to come in. My mind immediately flashed to a news report I had seen about criminals posing as police officers or couriers. I did not let them in.

Exasperated by my refusal to open the door as I tried to keep the dog from running outside, the men asked if I knew Jerry. "He's my husband," I replied impatiently and asked why they wanted to know. I wondered if they were looking for clues about a robbery on my street. Instead, they told me he had died.

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Rick's Corner

I cannot believe it has been ten years since my brother Ed's suicide.

Ten years!

For nine years I have marked the anniversary of his death by going to the synagogue we grew up in to say prayers, mourn his loss and wrap myself in my grief.

This year I felt I needed a change, another way to mark this anniversary.

The first thing was to not call it an anniversary.

Webster's defines anniversary as "the annual recurrence of a date marking a notable event," but we usually associate the word with happy, warm, celebratory events—not death.

I have mourned his death and still grieve the changes it has brought to our family and within myself. Yet, I have learned to integrate my grief into my life, to allow it to blossom, not fester.

This year, I decided to celebrate Ed's life, his quirky sense of humor and his gentle soul by going out and devouring a big, juicy steak at our favorite restaurant. (Sorry vegans, I am a carnivore).

Maggie and I usually reserve this meal and location for our wedding anniversary in August and always request our favorite waiter, Jeremy.

But there we were on Jan. 29. Jeremy approached our table with a questioning look and asked "What's the occasion? Aren't you usually here in August?"

Before I could say a word, Maggie told Jeremy we were there to celebrate Ed's life and that he had died by suicide ten years ago that day.

Our conversations with Jeremy over the past several years have been

about his girlfriend, now wife, going back to school, our travels, what I do for a living (not why), his desire to do a photographic chronicle of Southern California architecture, Maggie's work in Burbank Unified School District and other "safe" topics.

Jeremy's response to this new information about Ed was not what survivors usually experience. He didn't look shocked, afraid, trapped, sympathetic or even empathetic. He looked relieved and I thought to myself, "OK. Here it comes. I am prepared to be supportive and welcoming." I even had my card and the suicide crisis line card ready for him.

For the first time since we've known him, Jeremy shared an open, frank history of his own substance abuse, of his achieving seven years of being clean and sober, of meeting his wife in AA and, most importantly, of his encounter that week with a new member of AA who was struggling with feelings such as, "Why? What's the use? I'm not strong enough."

Jeremy knew instinctively, and had learned through the 12-Step program, what to say to this new member and was making a follow-up call with him the next day.

I gave him the cards, talked about other resources and told him to call me or the suicide crisis line if he needed additional support.

The exchange with Jeremy reminds me that things change—even grief. Sometimes we have to make changes to open ourselves to new ways of carrying our grief, not as a burden but maybe as a beacon to lead us in other directions or to provide comfort as we remember the sweet times.

Wherever you are in your grief, be open to change. You may be a beacon of comfort to others.

Peace and love,

Rick

Rick Mogil has been program director of Didi Hirsch's Suicide Prevention and Bereavement Services since 2007.

Resources for Survivors and Suicide Prevention

HELP LINES

**Didi Hirsch Mental Health Services
Suicide Prevention Crisis Line**
(877) 7-CRISIS or (877) 727-4747

**National Suicide Prevention
Lifeline:**
(800) 273-TALK or (800) 273-8255

TEEN LINE:
Hotline for teens staffed by trained
teens 6-10 p.m.
(800) TLC-TEEN

Trevor Helpline:
Suicide hotline for gay, lesbian, bisexual,
transgender or questioning youth
(800) 850-8078

RESOURCES

**American Association of Suicidology
(AAS)** (202) 237-2280
www.suicidology.org

**American Foundation for Suicide
Prevention (AFSP)**
(888) 333-2280 • www.afsp.org

Didi Hirsch Mental Health Services:
(310) 390-6612
OC: (714) 547-0885
www.didihirsch.org

Suicide Prevention Resource Center
(877) GET-SPRC (438-7772)
www.sprc.org or www.sprc.org/thespark
For a full resource list go to
www.didihirsch.org

NEWSLETTER

A publication of Survivors After Suicide,
which provides support groups for those
who have lost a loved one to suicide.
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Lyn Morris, LMFT

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You are welcome to reprint material from
our newsletter if you are a nonprofit support
organization that produces periodicals.

The Gift

By Rose Thompson

What can you do for me, you say?
You can bring me a gift, a gift today.

Say my son's name, say it loud and clear,
Help others to remember that he once was here.

Speak of his antics, his joys, his pains,
Talk as if he were here again.

Remind me of the laughter he brought to you.
Sit down and tell a story or two.

I'll let you do the talking 'cause it's ever so rare,
That you would bring him up—some won't even dare.

What gift could you give, what words can you say,
That would make my heart lighter as I face the day?

The song of his words, the music of his name,
How wonderful it would be just to hear it again.

This poem first appeared in
Trophies and Treasures: Living with Grief
by Rose Thompson.

Upcoming Events

American Association of Suicidology Conference

Austin, Texas
April 24-27, 2013

Didi Hirsch Mental Health Services Erasing the Stigma Leadership Awards

April 18, 2013

Survivors After Suicide Summer Potluck

June 1, 2013

Volunteer Work – continued from page 1

Some tiny part of what they had said made sense. I swung open the door, letting the dog run out, and numbly, in a trance, walked upstairs to the couch. I couldn't understand what they were saying. I heard "car," "LAX," "parking lot" and thought there had been an accident and his car had gone over the edge. In fact, he had driven his car to a parking lot near LAX, parked on the roof, then jumped to the road seven stories below. In the car was a note he had left for me, and his wedding ring.

Jerry never told me he was depressed, nor had he been diagnosed with a mental illness. Work was stressful, but that was nothing out of the ordinary. We were happy and healthy and trying to have a baby. He had a successful career, and we both had wonderful friends and family. We had everything going for us. I could not understand it.

I remembered all the other people in my life who had been affected by suicide: my step-sister's mother, my cousin's partner, my second cousin's son, my friend's dad, my friend's brother, my high school friend's boyfriend... All these losses made me curious about suicide. A year and a half had passed since Jerry died, and I knew I needed to find out more. I needed to find a way to help others. If this could happen to Jerry, it could happen to anyone. I needed to bring awareness to this cause.

I joined an eight-week Survivors After Suicide support group through Didi Hirsch Mental Health Services and was inspired by our co-facilitator. Her husband had died by suicide seven years earlier and she was working to make people more aware of the issue. I became interested in volunteering for the Suicide Prevention Crisis Line. I heard they offer extensive training and thought that this would be a way to learn more about suicide, not only to help strangers through their crises, but to help people in my personal life, too.

Many people discouraged me from volunteering at the hotline. They questioned how I could talk to suicidal people, how I could let myself be brought back to that terrible time in my life. One friend asked what I would do if I spoke to a caller who sounded like Jerry. "How will you not bring those emotions home with you?" she asked. I was concerned, too, but felt strong enough to give it a try.

I finished training almost two years to the day that Jerry died and have worked on the lines for the past few months. As part of the nearly 100 hours of training, we practiced role play situations covering all kinds of callers, including teens, mentally ill people, veterans, substance abusers and the elderly. Although I was anxious on my first shift, there was a lot of support. After calls, she debriefed me and the other counselors, who quickly came to feel like family. I left there the first day feeling good about making a difference, about helping to prevent someone from pulling that trigger or tying that rope.

It is an extremely humbling experience to talk to people in life circumstances that are so different from my own, who are in situations I could never imagine myself being in, such as being homeless, addicted to drugs, homicidal or a victim of molestation. I have learned great empathy and respect on the hotline—and how not to judge others. Most of the callers I have spoken to reported feeling less suicidal by the end of our call.

My volunteer work has given me a new perspective on Jerry's troubles. I can appreciate the overwhelming desperation that goes with depression and how people who have many reasons to live may also want to end their lives. I understand how people suffering from depression may want to stay alive for their loved ones, but also want peace from their anguish.

The night following my last day of hotline training I met someone and we have been seeing each other ever since. He supports and respects what I do and understands this work will always be a part of me. I recently took off my wedding ring. I can't say why exactly, just that it felt like time. I'm moving on.

Survivors of Suicide Attempts Have Often Lost Loved Ones to Suicide

By Kim Kowsky

Devon S. was only 12 years old when her best friend killed himself. Two years later, she overdosed on pills—the first of many suicide attempts and hospitalizations over the next 35 years.

The Inglewood woman was facing another extended hospitalization in July 2011 when she learned about Didi Hirsch's Survivors of Suicide Attempt Support Group. Devon joined the next eight-week group, and has participated in subsequent groups ever since.

No longer obsessing daily about suicide, Devon plans to undergo training to become a volunteer co-facilitator for a suicide attempters' group.

"My entire life I've felt I wasn't supposed to be on this earth. I always wanted to be dead," says Devon, 49. "I still struggle with major depression and probably will throughout my life, but I no longer think of suicide every day—not even three days in a row."

Devon is one of 5,000 people in Los Angeles County—and more than a million in the United States—who make suicide attempts each year. People who survive a suicide attempt often look online for support, but are distressed to find that most resources under "suicide survivor" are for people who have lost loved ones to suicide, rather than for individuals who have tried to kill themselves.

"Those who have survived a suicide attempt can feel like the forgotten survivors

and are often left feeling very isolated and abandoned," says Shari Sinwelski, MS/EdS, Associate Division Director for Didi Hirsch's Suicide Prevention Center and coordinator of its Survivors of Suicide Attempts program.

Launched in February 2011, the program for suicide attempters provides a place for people to talk openly about their struggles with suicide in a safe environment. Free and open to Los Angeles County residents at least 18 years of age, the eight-week groups encourage members to develop customized "safety plans" to help them cope with suicidal thoughts and feelings. Sinwelski has consulted with several agencies around the world that plan to launch similar groups modeled on Didi Hirsch's program.

Devon has many risk factors for suicide including chronic major depression, anxiety and a family history of alcoholism, abuse, and suicide. She says the groups have given her more support, strength, and hope than she ever expected.

"There's often a feeling of shame, fear, anger, and stigma after surviving a suicide attempt, discharging from the hospital, or even having suicidal thoughts," Devon says. "But in the group, we feel protective and supportive of each other. We genuinely relate to each other's struggles, and have incredible admiration and compassion for one another. The groups taught me how to cope in the outside world. I really feel as if God has handed me a miracle."

Helping Others Help You... Ten Rules for Self-Healing

By Ruth Jean Loewinsolin

1. Tell your friends to call you often. Explain that after the first couple of months, you'll need their calls.
2. Tell your friends to make a specific date with you; none of this 'we must get together for lunch!' Remind them that you're bound to have 'down' times and their patience with you will be appreciated.
3. Tell them to please feel free to talk about the person who has died and don't avoid that person's name.
4. It's important for friends to understand that you may appear to be 'doing so well', but on the inside you still hurt. Grief is painful, tricky, and exhausting.
5. Ask your friends to care, but not to pity you.
6. Make it plain that friends and relatives should treat you as a person who is still in command and can think for yourself.
7. Tell your friends that it's all right to express their caring. It's okay for them to cry; crying together is better than avoiding the pain.
8. Let your friends know, too, that it's all right to say nothing. A squeeze or a hug is often more important than words.
9. Let people know that they can invite you to socialize, but that you might decline.
10. Ask your friends to go for walks with you. You and your friends can walk off feelings. Walks promote conversation and help fight depression.

This article from the website of The Compassionate Friends in Mt. Vernon, Ohio was adapted for our newsletter.

**For more information on Survivors of Suicide Attempt groups contact:
Lyn Morris, LMFT, 310-895-3205**



Survivors After Suicide Memory Quilt

Our quilts are displayed at suicide-related conferences and other events. You can share your pictures and sentiments by dedicating a square in a Survivors After Suicide Memory Quilt. A \$20 fee covers the cost of material, labor and postage necessary to create your visual tribute. You will receive a cotton square and instructions on how to proceed.

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

Please send the material and instructions to me at:

Name: _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone Number _____

email _____

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

Mail to: Mary Halligan, 21422 Grant Ave., Torrance, CA 90503
Or call Mary at 310-316-4392 for more information

New Voices Welcomed at the Holiday Potluck Gathering

By Sylvia Boyd

When our daughter, Lorna Boyd, asked us to accompany her to the Survivors After Suicide's annual holiday event, I was a bit concerned about her father's reaction; he is very unresponsive to any talk about our grandson Evan and the six-year-old tragedy that changed our lives forever.

I, on the other hand, attended one of your meetings a year ago with Lorna and found it very helpful. Of course, that's because I always want to talk about Evan with anyone who is interested.

During the evening, after the potluck dinner, when various relatives and friends got up and spoke about their loved ones, I truly had not thought of speaking at all. Even after six years I cannot talk about Evan and keep from crying. I didn't want to inflict that on anyone. However, one woman spoke of the fear she had that her loved one would be forgotten, and she struck a very strong note within me. I know that if I keep talking about him, people won't be able to forget him. That will keep his memory alive.

So, I did get up and speak. I really felt I could hold it together for a few minutes to say how strongly I agreed with this person. I hate that I couldn't, as hard as I tried. I really wanted to tell them about the five-year-old Evan who explained patiently to me why a baby snake's venom is so much stronger and more dangerous than an adult snake's venom. I was not able to get that far.

Evan was 25 when he left us. He had posted messages on his website that appeared daily for many months after his passing, and no one knew how he had done that. He'd left no real note, so these messages were very important and meaningful to us because we heard what was going on in his head and heart. I still rue the day they finally ended, on his 26th birthday. In fact, a dear friend who belongs to a Bipolar group in Florida asked Lorna's permission to read the website messages at their meetings. She said how much they helped her in trying to understand her daughter's illness.

I am so thankful that Lorna has found your group. It is so good for her to have people to talk and listen to. Also, her father did feel good about attending the gathering and I'm pretty sure I saw some tears in his eyes. That's a good thing.

Editor's note: Our Winter Potluck on Saturday, December 15, 2012 included about 80 survivors. In keeping with our tradition, we lit three candles – representing the past, the present and the future – and listened to SAS Advisory Board Member Marilyn Nobori read "The Gift," a poem by Rose Thompson. To give each other the gift of "remembrance," which was our theme, we painted the names of loved ones on river stones, stood in a circle and passed our stones to the right so each of us could hear our loved one's name read aloud by someone else.



Messages, Thoughts and Coping Strategies

Do you sometimes encounter an "enlightened message," some meaningful thought or experience, that helps you cope on difficult days?

Longtime SAS member Lois Bloom shared these at the 2012 holiday potluck gathering:

- Rocky, our dog, gives us unconditional love.
- Pain isn't always obvious.
- I had the opportunity recently to speak to a homeless man. I actively listened to him and I believe we were both helped by the conversation.
- My favorite line from "Les Miserables," is: "To love another person is to see the face of God."
- When I miss my son, I say his name out loud over and over again. Today was one of those days!
- It's been 30 years since I last hugged my son on Dec. 13, 1982. When I miss his hugs too much, I hug myself and pretend I'm hugging him.
- The people we have loved never really leave us. They live on forever in our hearts and minds, casting radiant light onto our every shadow.

If you have some enlightened messages, thoughts or coping strategies to share, please send them to Rick Mogil at rmogil@didihirsch.org.



IN MEMORY OF

Alex
Beverly Blum
David Davila
Joshua Erman
Marty Harris
Julia
Ken
Amir Manssor
Matthew McAfee
David John Modjallal
Ed Mogil
Harry Nelson
Aiko Nobori
Molly Rielley
David Alan Slater
Debbie Lynn Slosberg
Robert K. Smith
Leon Soschin
Tanya
Brandon Toh

IN HONOR OF

Alex's Family
Julian Asea
Carol Dales
Charlotte Fletcher
Pam Klufft
Jeff Laughrey
Stan Lelewer
Alexander Lewis, Jr.
Janine Lichstein
Nicholas Lloyd Luecke
Johnny Lynch
Aiko Nobori
Laura Ornest
James Perrasw
Christopher Robrecht
Isabelle Rothbard
Todd Rubin
Brandon Toh
Laurie Woodrow

Shared Losses Nurture Friendship and Surfing Life

By Michelle Linn-Gust

Sam and Lois Bloom are the reason I bought a surfboard.

When they picked me up at the airport in July 2012 to begin one of my first trips to Los Angeles to stay with them, a friend called me while we were in the car and asked if I was going surfing. I had been hitting the waves a few weeks before in Australia but didn't think it would be possible in Los Angeles. That morning I had been tempted to throw my bikini in the bag but at the last minute opted not to. I had every reason not to surf.

But when I mentioned this to them, Lois turned back to me from her seat in the car and asked, "Why not? It would be easy for you to go surfing."

Not only was she right, but she and Sam facilitated me renting a board and wetsuit, stopped at TJ Maxx where I found a bikini to wear, showed me where Rat Beach was located (ten minutes from their house in Palos Verdes), and handed me the keys to their van so I could drive to the beach myself in a car that easily stored the board.

While our relationship has transformed over my multiple visits, especially because my custom surfboard hangs in their garage with a contraption that Sam created just for it, we are bound by our suicide losses. Yes, we talk about suicide, Sammy, Denise, how we have changed, the mutual people we know, but we laugh a lot and share where our lives are now and reflect about how we got here.

And we do it around my surfing adventures. I walk out the door in the morning as they are getting up and when I return, Sam calls from the couch, "Did you get up on any waves?" When I don't give the appropriate response, he threatens to sell my surfboard when I'm not there.

On my birthday, when he took the van with my board in it to the hospital for an appointment, it was Lois who grabbed her purse and Rocky, their little white dog, and out the door we went to find Sam. Lois drove me to the hospital in her pink bathrobe where she sent me to find Sam and we switched cars so I could surf that morning. I felt as though I were late to school because dad took my car and mom was driving me to find him even though she wasn't ready for the day herself.

The day I picked up my surfboard, we took what I called the first of our "family outings" to pick up my board in Redondo Beach. I wrote the bulk of my book, *Conversations with the Water: A Memoir of Cultivating Hope*, at their dining room table.

Yes, Sammy and Denise brought us together. My sister has facilitated many relationships in the past twenty years. Sometimes it feels like they appear from nowhere but really they are orchestrated by something larger than us. Whatever it is, I'm grateful for it. Without Sam and Lois I wouldn't have the surfing life I've dreamed of since I was thirteen.



Gingerbread Men Ice Cream Sandwiches or Grief in the Frozen Novelty Aisle

By Kate Lyon Osher

For much of my relationship with Greg, we lived in different states. I was in California, finishing graduate school, while he was in Colorado furthering his career. We did our best to see each other monthly and often rang in the holiday season with my favorite Gingerbread Ice Cream Sandwiches. They came out every Thanksgiving and stayed through the end of January. I often stocked up, so my stash would last as long as possible. I don't remember who made them, and they were probably made of things we can't pronounce, but they were delicious. I ate them during finals, while writing papers and whenever I wanted to feel like I was eating Christmas.

No matter what was happening in our lives, those gingerbread-ice cream sandwiches made everything better. When we couldn't love each other any more, we had those treats. When things were not so great, and we did things that hurt each other, or made hurtful choices, they were a sweet peace pipe that meant all was forgiven.

When the first holiday season rolled around after Greg died, I dreaded the decorations, the tree, the lights and the joy of Christmas. I would have happily moved into a dark cave and hibernated until January 15. When my mom started to prepare for the holidays, I went looking for those gingerbread-ice cream sandwiches to see if I could eat my feelings away. When I got to the frozen aisle where they had been stocked for as long as I could remember, I was shocked to discover they weren't there. I searched the aisles and asked a clerk stocking shelves if she knew where they were, but she had no idea what I was talking about. Finally, I spoke to the the store manager, who informed me that the company wasn't making the treats anymore. They would not be getting any gingerbread-ice cream sandwiches ever again. Ever. With that, I felt colder than I've ever felt standing in the frozen foods section. And then, out of the depths of my being, I started to sob. While the clerk and manager of the grocery store in my hometown where I had shopped all my life

looked on, I dropped to my knees and blathered about gingerbread men. The manager pulled out his walkie-talkie and other customers gathered. The security guard called my parents and a few minutes later, my father was beside me, explaining that I had suffered a significant loss, that the holidays were going to be hard, and if they could all just give me a minute, we would be on our way.

My tears weren't really about gingerbread men ice cream sandwiches, although I miss them like crazy every year. They were about love and loss and the finality that comes with knowing the life you had isn't the life you have any more. They were about looking at the past – the good, the bad, and the ugly – and knowing I had to deal with all of it if I wanted a chance at any sort of future. I would have to make a new path for myself out of the unfamiliar. I would have to accept that Greg and the Gingerbread-ice cream sandwiches weren't coming back.

Since that day, I have learned to enjoy gingerbread-ice cream sandwiches in a different way. I now bake my own cookies and slather some vanilla bean ice cream in between. They are not the same as the original, but they don't have to be. The memory of the old treat remains, but it doesn't render me a sobbing mess in the middle of a grocery store with security on my heels. I've had to make many adjustments since Greg died. Of course, I still remember and miss him, but I can look back now and not be consumed with gut-wrenching sadness. I let love in again and it made me whole.

In looking for new gingerbread-ice cream sandwiches, I now have a wonderful life with love and laughter and a husband who prefers brownies over gingerbread and little boys who cry when they bite off the heads of their gingerbread pals and love those ice cream treats as much as their momma does.





4760 South Sepulveda Boulevard
Culver City, California 90230

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SAS Group Meetings

Everyone who has completed an eight-week Survivors After Suicide Support Group is invited to attend scheduled monthly meetings at any of the locations listed below. There is no charge.

Monthly Drop-In Groups

San Gabriel Valley

Meets the 4th Wednesday of each month from 7:00 – 8:30 p.m. Meeting dates: May 22, Jun 26, Jul 24, Aug 28.

San Fernando Valley

Meets the 2nd Saturday of each month from 11:30 a.m. – 1:00 p.m. Meeting dates: May 11, Jun 8, Jul 13, Aug 10.

West Los Angeles

Meets the 3rd Wednesday of each month from 7:00 – 8:30 p.m. Meeting dates: May 15, Jun 19, Jul 17, Aug 21.

Santa Ana

Meets the 1st Wednesday of each month, 6:30 – 8:00 p.m. Meeting dates: May 1, Jun 5, Jul 3, Aug 7.

South Bay

Meets the 2nd Sunday of each month, 11:00 am – 12:30 p.m. Meeting dates: May 12, Jun 9, Jul 14, Aug 11.

Eight-Week Groups

For 2013, our eight-week support groups for those who have lost loved ones to suicide will take place on the following schedule:

Group 2: Late June/Early July • Group 3: Late August • Group 4: Late October.

Groups meet once a week for an hour and a half for eight consecutive weeks, with locations in Sherman Oaks, Culver City, Redondo Beach, San Gabriel and Santa Ana.

For more information on weekly and monthly groups, please call
Los Angeles: Rick Mogil at (310) 895-2326. Orange County: Natalie Martinez at (714) 547-0885