



A Support Group for Survivors of Suicide Loss
8310 Ewing Halsell Dr. San Antonio, TX 78229

October 2009

Volume VI

For this month's newsletter I would first like to mention that the Out of the Darkness community walk is quickly approaching. If you have not registered please do so, and get the word out so that we may have a successful walk!! For those of you who will be participating for the first time, you are going to have an awesome experience. The walk is emotional and uplifting at the same time. So get registered and have a great time!

S.O.L.O.S Support Meetings
Date: The 1st and 3rd
Wednesday of every month
Time: 7:00 to 8:30pm
Location: Ecumenical Center
8310 Ewing Halsell
San Antonio, TX



COMMUNITY WALKS
American Foundation for Suicide Prevention
Eisenhower Park
October 24, 2009
Registration starts at 9am
Walk begins at 10am
You may also register online
www.outofthedarkness.org

Help Lines

National Suicide Hotline: 800-SUICIDE
Teen Line: 800-TLC-TEEN
Trevor Helpline: 800-850-8078
Hotline for gays, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, or questioning youth



Untitled

By Pam Duke, TCF

We made it through the summer;
another season has passed.
When I look back now, I did not think
I had the courage to reach this point in
time.

The worst may not yet be over,
but things seem better than yesterday.
I've realized it's alright to wish for you
- daily ... and nightly.
It's my prerogative as your parent.

I do not have to look forward to the
seasons coming soon,
but I will ... because I know it's what
you
would want me to do.
Just please know, I still love you as
though
you were in our home.
That love will never die.

*Lovingly lifted from TCF Idaho Falls Chapter Newsletter,
Idaho Falls, ID September 1994*



CHECK IT OUT

NEW BOOK

IN HER WAKE : A CHILD PSYCHIATRIST
EXPLORES THE MYSTERY OF HER
MOTHER'S SUICIDE BY NANCY RAPPORT

NEW MOVIE ON DVD

SHRINK

STARS KEVIN SPACEY WHO PLAYS A
DEPRESSED PSYCHIATRIST WHO LOSES
HIS WIFE TO SUICIDE.

The Talking Pumpkin

By Mary Cleckley, TCF, Atlanta, Georgia



Halloween always was a special time at our house. When my son was a year old, my husband got out an old intercom set he had packed away and with its help created a special pumpkin – one that talked! Our son was intrigued by it, as was his sister later and all the neighborhood children who came and discovered our unusual pumpkin. Eventually the word spread and parents came miles out of their way so that their children could talk to our pumpkin. We continued the tradition over the years. My husband always handled the chatting with the visitors from his comfortable chair in the den. My job has always been to not only hand out goodies, but to also make sure the little ones know he's a friendly pumpkin and not to be feared when they come upon him for the first time.

We went through all the stages over the years with our own two children: believing (like in Santa Claus and the Good Fairy), doubting (I'd like to believe, but something's all wrong here and the voice sounds awfully familiar), discovery (if I look under the leaves, I can see where the wires come out of the house!), to joining in on the charge and even speaking for the pumpkin sometimes.

The first Halloween after our son died, we found it was no longer a favorite night and we couldn't bring out the talking pumpkin. We had a plastic one instead of the usual carved, real pumpkin, intending to get through the night as quickly as possible. The memories were too painful, but we had failed to realize how much the children would miss him. They approached our house as usual, yelling hello to the pumpkin and were disappointed when he didn't answer. I told the kids he had laryngitis and they left candy for him to help get better soon.

The next year, we returned his voice and have had him ever since. I relive many memories on Halloween night. I see everything from the little ones with stars in pumpkin and believe, to the blasé older ones who have a need to let the world know they're too old for such foolishness!

I know we are creating memories and some years down the road, a young father or mother will tell their child about a talking pumpkin who only came out on Halloween night at the Cleckley's. That thought has helped make Halloween a special night again for us; one that gets us in touch once more with our children in all stages of childhood. The memories of old and simple times do bathe and soothe the painful scars of more recent ones. For you, too, I hope.

Reprinted from TCF South Shore Chapter Newsletter, Fall 2000

A Lesson from the Geese

by Karen Dunne-Maxim

I found this parable in a journal, Month Review (published by the New Jersey Developmental Disabilities Council) and thought it said a lot about why survivor groups work. You might want to reproduce this for use in your own groups.

Have you ever wondered why migrating geese fly in a V formation? As with most animal behavior, there is a good reason from which we can learn a valuable principle of mutual aid.

- As each bird flaps its wings, it creates an “uplift” for the bird following. By flying in their V formation the whole flock adds 71% more flying range than if each bird flew alone.
- Whenever a goose falls out of the group formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance of trying to fly alone, and quickly gets back into formation to take advantage of the “lifting power” of the bird immediately in front.
- When the lead goose gets tired, it rotates back into formation and another goose flies at the point position.
- The geese in formation honk from behind to encourage those up front to keep up the speed.
- When a goose gets sick, wounded, or shot down, two geese drop out of formation, follow him down to help and protect him. They stay with him until he is either able to fly again or dies. They then launch out on their own, with another group or catch up with the flock.

October 1993

BLIND

*By Marian Morgenstern, Port Washington, New York
In memory of her brother Allen Goldberger, who lived from July 30, 1950 to January 6, 1997*

WHY DIDN'T I SEE THE WOUNDS?
HOW DEEP THEY WERE!
WHY DIDN'T I HEAR THE CRIES?
HOW LOUD THEY WERE!
WHY DIDN'T I FEEL THE PAIN?
HOW SHARP IT WAS!
WHY DIDN'T I SENSE THE END?
HOW INEVITABLE IT WAS!
WHY CAN'T I FIND PEACE?
HOW SALTY THE TASTE OF TEARS!

October 1997