



SOLOS

SURVIVORS OF LOVED ONES' SUICIDES

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

January 2010

Volume IX

I hope everyone had a safe and happy holiday, and a Happy New Year!! For this first newsletter of the new year, I have included a letter written by our very own member of SOLOS, Mary Anne Garcia. In the past I have collected articles from different sources, but I am proud to have this letter submitted by Mary Anne. Thank you Mary Anne and your family for sharing your story!!!

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



We may not be able to make the sun shine for you, but we can hold the umbrella

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

TIME

By Ginni LaRoe, Carmichael, CA

*I feel like I'm drowning in a sea of despair
Is anyone out there, anyone that cares?
Someone to hold me ever so tight
Help me through this day and one more night*

*I'm in a fog just wandering around
No exit anywhere to be found
Seems like a river I have cried
Why take your life, why suicide?*

*They say time takes care of grief
With time will come relief.
The sun will shine, I will smile
Laugh? Yes laugh after awhile.*

*I prayed for an end to my sorrow
He gave me strength
To get through tomorrow.*

*With all the tears, pain
And guilty feelings
I've managed to come to a
Wonderful healing.*

*Now after these few years
The warm breeze has dried my tears
Washed my face in warm sunlight
At last I know, I'll be all right!*

“My Jono”

**By Mary Ann Garcia
January 2010**

My son was Jonathan Anthony Garcia born 2-22-85. Jonathan affected so many lives the day he chose to leave us, he turned his back and never looked back; that was Jonathan once he set his mind to something there was no changing it, to bad it had to be this.

Jonathan had so much talent with graphic designing, he could change anything on computer that you needed, he could put my face on a different body, it was fun watching his work and often surprised people at his job with different looks for the day. He had so many people that loved him; the pouring out of family and friends, during his rosary and funeral was amazing.

Jonathan loved to write stories, he had a talent for writing since he was young. He wrote a story in 1st grade that I still have in his stuff and I thought to myself “who is this kid and where did this imagination come from”, he wrote about aliens, dinosaurs, spaceships and as an adult his stories were well “lost in translation”, this is the best way to put it. I would always ask him if I could read his stories and he would always tell me “no mom you really don’t want to read them, when I am gone read them, then”. I would always think by that time I won’t even be able to read, not really knowing I would be reading them now. So many people looked forward to his writings this was not just a poem here and there, there were novels, series of stories that went on over years of time; his mind was always going with new ideas for his writing, some very dark.

Jonathan loved to make puzzles, as a child we were a military family and our pass time was to sit as a family with music on and make puzzles on the dinner table never knowing how much he enjoyed doing this until he was an adult. He would buy all kind of puzzles one that comes to memory were his “Where’s Waldo” puzzles, I would sit there and watch him focus on pieces and be able to match them so quickly, the puzzle that also comes to mind is a puzzle he bought online which had 18,000 pieces. I thought he was crazy but he bought it and he finished it, he documented his amount of time per day that he worked on this puzzle. On weekends he spent 12hours a day and during the weekdays, about 8hours a day; and he had a full time job. He wanted very little help from others to put it together, he wanted to do this on his own. In the end of it all he spent over 800 hours putting it together and finished it. The finished size of the puzzle was 9ft by 12ft, I still have not been able to figure out where we are going to put it.

Jonathan loved music he loved to hear it, sing it, perform to it, and write it, along with his brother who is a drummer. They started their band when Jonathan was 18 and performed in our back yard with over 100 of his friends. He printed out concert tickets for everyone to have before they could get in the gate they were called “Mynd Over Matter”, he was awesome to watch perform. He put so much energy into his performances, at the end he would be so “out of it” sometimes he could not function for the next few days because he was so drained from his energy. I always thought “oh my god who is that boy” he was crazy on stage ripping his shirt off and his shoes and his pants and throwing them out to the audience, he would perform in his boxers and the rest of the night was so memorable and will be forever his talent, he was amazing.

Jonathan loved Walter, a stuffed penguin that he made come to life on computer, he took Walter everywhere he went. This was his child, he had parties for Walter's birthday and had a cake for him and people came over and brought Walter gifts. I tell you this guy's imagination could reel you in hook line and sinker. We chose to keep Walter with us when we buried Jonathan we were unsure to give him Walter or keep him. I am glad we kept him, later we found a letter from Jonathan that asked his dad and I to please take care of Walter and not to forget his birthday Oct 11, so this year his brother Christopher had a party for Walter.

Jonathan married in Oct 2008, to Amanda and her son Jace, which they are now a part of our lives forever. He was so happy that day and I will never forget when we had talked about the mother son dance he was like "are you serious I have to dance with you" and I told him "you have no choice" when the day came to dance with me it is something I will never forget we danced to "Just remember I love you" by Firefox old band. He held me in his arms as we made fun of each other dancing and then he said to me "mom, I want to thank you for everything you have ever done for me, for never leaving me, and for always being there I will never be able to repay you but just know I am so grateful for having you in my life". I think back now and I wonder was he saying "goodbye" to me then and I just did not know it.

Jonathan was diagnosed with depression and Bipolar II when he was 17. He hid it very well, he had some good days and bad days, so many people have said he was always so happy how could he have committed suicide well "surprise" he did! A sign of bipolar is to manipulate anything and anyone you want and Jonathan did, he was very good at it. As parents we knew he was falling apart at the seams even his brother realized something was wrong. I would go to his home and find him in bed in the dark, he covered all the windows to block all the light, I would at times have to bribe him to get out of bed to be able to eat. He did not want to drink or eat sometimes for days, he shaved his head and just started becoming very distant from us, he began pushing people away once he decided he was going to die, another bipolar sign. He was fighting his anger and demons that he could no longer control he was afraid that it would get the best of him and it did.

Jonathan died April 16 2009, I will never forget that day. He came to me that morning to tell me he was having a lot of pain that he could no longer handle it, he informed me that he had taken over 20 hydrocodone pills the night before with the intention of not waking up, but he did. I held him in my arms while on the floor and we both cried, he said he loved me and then raced down the stairs and out the door, I followed and tried to stop his car, but I could not and this was the last time I saw "My Jonathan".

Jonathan took his "leap of faith" 45 minutes later onto a highway filled with rush hour traffic, never will I ever forget that day.

Jonathan chose to walk away from life and relieve his pain, but part of him is still living. Later on the day Jonathan died, and we were asked would we like to donate tissue or organs of Jonathan. There was not a lot to think about we said "yes" right away and we found out a few months later that he was able to give sight to two people who had been unable to see. They did two complete cornea transplants thanks to Jonathan, I will in time search for those people, but as of now we have left it alone.

Jonathan still lives in these two people and in us.

To have known Jonathan was to love him and he was loved by so many he will never be forgotten.

We love you Jono.

Note: Mental illness, Bipolar, Depression is a disease that there is no cure for it, if someone you knew had cancer would you walk away from them because of it? Then don't walk away from someone who has a mental illness they need you too, to help them fight!!!!

Thank you Mary Ann, and to your family for sharing your story.

