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Springwood Qld 4127

*Caring, Support, Awareness, Education*

**Telephone Help Line 24/7: 1300 767 022**

**Issue No. 2**

**March / April 2013**

## When I Was Suicidal

*-- Kim's Blog "Words By Kim"*

*As a qualified psychologist it was my job to help other people overcome their suicidal thoughts and feelings but who was going to help me overcome my own death wish?*

### **Suicide**

People often feel they would not be suicidal if only life, or other people, would treat them better but suicidal thoughts and feelings run deeper than that. Why else would people who seem to have everything commit suicide? Why else would a psychologist who had all the answers she needed to help other people overcome their despair find it so hard to overcome her own?

What you are about to read is merely the story of one person's private battle with her suicidal thoughts and feelings. It is not advice. I am making no recommendations about what other people should, or should not, do. We are all individuals. This is the road I travelled but you are not me and you may need to take a different road. If you find anything in my story useful for your own journey feel free to take it with you but, please, leave anything you feel was not helpful behind when you go.

### **Here is my story**

I'm told the first time I talked about wanting to be dead I was only seven years old. I made my first attempt on my own life when I was about the age of ten. I tried to stab myself but only ended up with bruising because the knife was too short and too blunt to penetrate my skin. Nobody ever even knew I had tried.

I tried again a few years later by drinking a cup full of floor cleaner. I vomited it all back up and to this day I am not able to use lavender scented cleaning products. Once again nobody even knew I had tried.

For a long time after that I settled for just doing dangerous things like crossing the road without looking or hanging from the bridge near my home using only one hand. If I lost my grip and fell so be it.

My next attempt involved packets of pain killers. I swallowed several boxes, about 200 pills in all and ended up in emergency having my stomach pumped. The doctor told me he had no time for people like me. He said he spent years of his life learning to save people and resented wasting his skill saving someone like me. He said people like me, who tried to throw away their good health, made him angry because so often he was forced to stand by and watch as people who desperately wanted to live died.

He said I would be doing him a favour if I did not try again until I was certain I would die so nobody else would have to waste their time saving me. I gave him my word that the next time I tried to commit suicide I would not fail. He said "good, make sure you keep your promise". I was 15 years old. I kept my promise.

All the years that followed I never stopped wanting to die. I just could not think of a way to do it that was fail proof. I made one more attempt when I was about 18 and visiting someone who had a gun. He told me he always kept the gun loaded so I shouldn't muck about with it. I took the gun, put the barrel in my mouth and pulled the trigger but he had lied. The gun was not loaded.

When I discovered I was pregnant I put my death wish away. I wanted the baby and it did not seem fair to bring a child into the world with no father then orphan him by killing his mother. I decided I would raise my baby and, when he turned 18, I would buy a gun and some bullets and kill myself then.

It was a good plan but, like a lot of good plans, it had some flaws. The first occurred when, soon after the birth of my son, I became a born again Christian. God forbids murder and that includes self-murder.

*Continues on page 6...*



Picture from <http://www.christart.com/clipart/>

## 2013 Meeting Dates for the Annerley Support Group (Brisbane)

Friday fortnightly at 7:30pm

March 1, 15, 29

June 7, 21

April 12, 26

July 5, 19

May 10, 24

August 2, 16, 30

## Management Committee

**President:** Cherrie Cran

**Vice President:** Donna Cumming

**Treasurer:** Darrin Larney

**Secretary:** Jennifer McMahon

**Fundraising Coordinator:** Sam Ingram

**Members:** Mark Williams & Anne

## S.O.S.B.S.A. Support Group Meetings

### Brisbane Support Group

DrugArm Auditorium  
473 Annerley Road, Annerley (Cnr Fanny St)

Fortnightly from Friday 4th January 7:30 pm

Contact 1300 767 022

### Cairns Support Group

Cairns Red Cross, Douglas House  
198 Grafton St, Cairns

2nd Tuesday of every month at 7:30pm.

Contact Fran on 4045 2955  
or 0407 695 891

### Bundaberg Support Group

Neighbourhood Centre  
111 Targo Street, Bundaberg

2nd Wednesday of every month at 10:30 am

Contact Peter on 4155 1015

### Mackay Support Group

Gordon White Library Meeting Room  
54 Phillip Street, Mt Pleasant, Mackay

2nd Saturday of every month at 2 pm

Contact Renee on 0412 448 805  
or Kim on 0430 186 149

### NEW BRANCH! Gladstone Support Group

The Gladstone Neighbourhood Centre  
105 Toolooa St, Gladstone  
2nd Thursday of every month 10am - 12pm

Lifeline, 25 Off St, Gladstone  
2nd Wednesday of month 6:30pm - 8:30pm

Contact Michaelle on 0413 121 512 or  
[gladstone@sosbsa.org.au](mailto:gladstone@sosbsa.org.au)

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### Annual subscriptions for SOSBSA 2013

Pensioner / Student	\$20
Adult member	\$30
Family	\$50
Not-For-Profit Org.	\$50
Affiliate Business	\$100

Visit [www.sosbsa.org.au](http://www.sosbsa.org.au) or contact [secretary@sosbsa.org.au](mailto:secretary@sosbsa.org.au) for membership form or to renew.

Memberships help pay for printing, copying, mailing and our telephone help line.

### SOSBSA PhoneLine

## Volunteers WANTED.

We are looking for expressions of interest regarding volunteering for our 1300 help line for 2013.

Training will be provided.

Contact [secretary@sosbsa.org.au](mailto:secretary@sosbsa.org.au) or 1300 767 022 for more information.

# President's Report



*Hi everyone well the year is off to a start and we held the AGM in February. The 2013 committee is listed on page 2.*

We welcome a couple of new members – Anne is a new committee member and Sam is our Fundraising Coordinator. Sam has already been working on ideas and I'm sure that she's going to have a huge impact on SOSBSA. We also welcome Mark back.

We'd like to thank our auditor Mark Larney who provides this service for us at no charge – it is very much appreciated.

Our facebook community has risen to over 2,200 and there is always a lot of things happening on our page. If you aren't already connected with our facebook page, you will find us by searching 'SOSBSA'.

Our facebook page has become an online support group and many come to our page as the only source of real support that they have due to the lack of physical support groups outside of major cities. Our facebook community reaches across the globe with many coming from outside of Australia. We are reminded every day of how important this online support is to people and how effective it can be.

There has been updates made to the website so that you can now join or renew membership online and also make payment through paypal for membership and donations. We will be adding items for sale, starting with our dove pins and our grief's little emergency kits. So keep an eye on our website.

As yet we haven't had our first committee meeting with our new committee, and when we do we will be able to provide some information about what the plans for 2013 will include.

Looking forward to a productive 2013.

Love and peace to all of you

*Cherrie  
x x x*

**Time is too slow for those who wait,  
Too swift for those who fear,  
Too long for those who grieve,  
Too short for those who rejoice,  
But for those who love, time is Eternity.**

Henry Van Dyke

It doesn't need a  
special day  
To bring you to  
my mind  
For days without a thought  
of you  
Are very hard to find.



## THANK YOU

Thank you to **all of our new and renewed members** and for all generous donations. Much appreciated. xxxx



## SLEEP

December 12, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Up and down,  
smoking and eating.  
A good night's sleep  
always fleeting.

Drifting off  
into peaceful oblivion.  
Pictures and memories  
come unbidden.

Instantly awake  
with a feeling of dread.  
Can't believe  
that you're both dead.

Flashbacks too real  
to close my eyes.  
What ifs and whys  
lie in a pile.

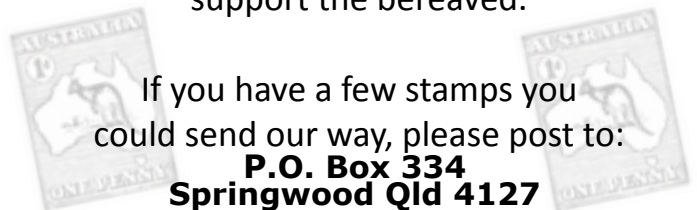
TV on, TV off  
trying hard not to think.  
In comes my cat  
and on my shoulder he sleeps.

Waking at dawn  
after a brief 4 hours.  
Tired all day  
running low on power.

Coffee alone  
thinking of you.  
Trying to be strong  
but always blue.

## Call for Stamp Donations.

Thank you to those kind people who have sent in a few unused stamps for us to use. It all helps to keep our costs down so we can use our valuable funds in other ways to support the bereaved.



If you have a few stamps you could send our way, please post to:

**P.O. Box 334  
Springwood Qld 4127**

## Mourning Dove Pin

Purchase one of our beautiful pewter Mourning Dove pins to honour and remember your loved one.

Price: \$8 each  
(+ \$3 postage)

Please submit any orders & cheques either by mail to:  
P.O. Box 334  
Springwood Qld 4127

or by email to  
[secretary@sosbsa.org.au](mailto:secretary@sosbsa.org.au)



# When Someone Takes His Own Life

-- Norman Vincent Peale (*Guidepost Christian Magazine*)

In many ways, this seems the most tragic form of death. Certainly it can entail more shock and grief for those who are left behind than any other. And often the stigma of suicide is what rests most heavily on those left behind....

And my heart goes out to those who are left behind, because I know that they suffer terribly. Children in particular are left under a cloud of differentness all the more terrifying because it can never be fully explained or lifted. The immediate family of the victim is left wide open to tidal waves of guilt: "What did I fail to do that I should have done? What did I do that was wrong?" To such grieving persons I can only say, "Lift up your heads and your hearts. Surely you did your best. And surely the loved one who is gone did his best, for as long as he could. Remember, now, that his battles and torments are over. Do not judge him, and do not presume to fathom the mind of God where this one of His child is concerned."



A few years ago, when a young man died by his own hand, a service for him was conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Weston Stevens. What he said that day expresses far more eloquently than I can, the message that I'm trying to convey. Here are some of his words:

"Our friend died on his own battlefield. He was killed in action fighting a civil war. He fought against adversaries that were as real to him as his casket is real to us. They were powerful adversaries. They took toll of his energies and endurance. They exhausted the last vestiges of his courage and his strength. At last these adversaries overwhelmed him. And it appeared that he had lost the war. But did he? I see a host of victories that he has won!

"For one thing, he has won our admiration, because even if he lost the war, we give him credit for his bravery on the battlefield. And we give him credit for the courage and pride and hope that he used as his weapons as long as he could. We shall remember not his death, but his daily victories gained through his kindnesses and thoughtfulness, through his love for family and friends, for animals and books and music, for all things beautiful, lovely and honorable. We shall remember not his last day of defeat, but we shall remember the many days that he was victorious over overwhelming odds. We shall remember not the years we thought he had left, but the intensity with which he lived the years that he had. Only God knows what this child of His suffered in the silent skirmishes that took place in his soul. But our consolation is that God does know, and understands."

*"There is no suffering greater than that which drives people to suicide; suicide defines the moment in which mental pain exceeds the human capacity to bear it. It represents the abandonment of hope."* - John T. Maltzberger, M.D., past president of the American Association of Suicidology, practicing psychiatrist, and teacher at Harvard Medical School.

# When I Was Suicidal *cont...*

-- Kim's Blog "Words By Kim"

*Continued from page 1...*

Four years later I got pregnant again. I not only had to wait for my second child to turn 18, I had to wait until I was desperate enough to disobey God. The final flaw in my plan did not become apparent until my children got older.

Over time it became obvious, even to me, that my children loved me. I realised it did not matter how old my children got they would always want me around. My daughter said things like "I will be lucky, I will have my mum to help me with my kids when I have them", and my son said things like "My wife will be lucky, she will have my mum to help her if she needs it". It became very clear they did not agree with my belief they would not need me after age 18.

When my son was 10 we finally got in touch with my husband's first child. He was part of our lives for a few short months and then he committed suicide. I watched the impact it had on my family. Just eight years later my son said he was thinking about following his step-brothers example and we had to send him for counselling to prevent him from committing suicide too.

What would he do if his own mother committed suicide? All the doors to that escape seemed to close one by one. Suicide became harder and harder to plan. I needed to be willing to disobey God to start with. I also needed a fail proof method in order to be able to keep my promise to the doctor and it had to be a way that would appear to be an accident so my kids would never know it was suicide.

I felt trapped and angry. I felt God had literally condemned me to a life sentence for being born or something and it seemed so unfair.

Death became a friend I was forbidden to embrace but I spent a lot of time wishing death would come and take me. I searched the internet for ways to kill myself that would look like an accident and be impossible to survive. Every time anything happened that I didn't like I would be overwhelmed by a desperate longing to die. Anything would set it off ñ a stubbed toe, being unable to find something I had misplaced, the arrival of a bill ñ any negative feeling or event provoked intense anger at being forced to go on living and a desperate longing to die.

A range of things happened in my life during those years. Good things ñ having the kids, getting married, going to university, getting my degrees, buying my own home, opening my own business, learning so much about life, people, myself. Bad things happened too- having an abortion, divorce, losing jobs and losing my home because I was not able to pay the mortgage.

None of those things had any impact on my death wish. It was always there in the background. No matter how good things were I would want to be dead the instant I felt a bad emotion- frustration, anger, sadness, disappointment. Over the years the death wish just got stronger and stronger and I became more and more desperate to find a way around the obstacles that were preventing me from killing myself.

I wasn't afraid of hell. As far as I was concerned I was already in hell. I just didn't want to do any kind of harm to anyone else. I didn't want to distress my kids, traumatise whoever found my body, or hurt God's feelings.

*Continues on page 7...*



The moment that you died  
my heart was torn in two,  
one side filled with heartache  
the other died with you.



I often lie awake at night,  
when the world is fast asleep,  
and take a walk down memory lane,  
with tears upon my cheeks.



Remembering you is easy,  
I do it everyday,  
but missing you is heartache  
that never goes away.  
I hold you tightly within my heart  
and there you will remain.



# When I Was Suicidal *cont...*

-- Kim's Blog "Words By Kim"

*Continued from page 6...*

Over those years I worked as a psychologist. I helped people find solutions for their own problems, helped them stop feeling suicidal, helped them learn to enjoy their lives but I couldn't do the same for myself no matter how hard I tried.

Not too long ago I was in the best position I have ever been in. I had bought a house and owned it free and clear. I opened a private practice in my home and it was doing very well indeed since there was no competition within a 200 kilometre radius. I was paying off a brand new car and all was better than it had ever been in my whole life.

It made no difference to my death wish. One day I couldn't find my house keys and instantly I longed for death to rescue me from my miserable existence. I was so tired of constantly wanting to be dead. So tired of God never answering my pleas to be allowed to die but, once again, I begged him to let me die.

He must have been just as tired of hearing that prayer as I was of praying it because this time he gave me a mental picture of myself. In it I was carrying a heavy bag. On the bag was printed the words "Reasons Why God Should Let Me Die". Inside the bag was every bad thing that had ever happened to me from the tiniest to the most traumatic.

I felt God saying I was carrying the bag because I had the mistaken belief I would be released from life once I collected enough reasons to convince God to let me go. He seemed to be telling me I was never going to be able to convince him to let me go and I would do better to throw the bag away and start carrying a new one around. A bag labelled: "Reasons Why God Should Let Me Live". I somehow knew that everything I added to the old bag made the load on me heavier and harder to bear whilst anything I might add to the new bag would lighten my load and make my life easier to bear.

It wasn't hard to decide to throw the old bag away. It was unbearably heavy after so many years adding every single tiny thing that ever went wrong in my life to it. I was so tired of constantly finding myself on my knees begging for death that I was willing to try anything to put an end to it. Now God seemed to be telling me the day would never come when he would be OK with me killing myself. I realised I would never be able to justify suicide to God no matter how many bad things happened to me. The door was shut and always would be. It was time to stop knocking on it and looking at it and thinking about it.

I made the decision to drop the old bag and pick up the new one. I spent hours and hours trying to think up just one "Reason Why God Should Let Me Live" to put into the new bag. In the end I could only come up with one. "So I can finish treating the people who are coming to me for help right now."

It didn't seem to make all that much difference because the next time something went wrong I was back on my knees begging to die and once again God seemed to talk to me. I got another mental picture. This time it was a picture of death himself as I was seeing him. My mental picture of death was of a warm, caring, helpful being. One who could pick me up in his arms and rescue me from my misery if only God would let him. I pictured him standing there ñ strong and friendly ñ wanting to help me and able to help me.

Suddenly God seemed to wipe away my image of death and replace it with his own.

I saw a cold, uncaring being who stood before me offering to turn me into food for worms. He leered at me and promised me defeat and humiliation. He would carry me away from the sunlight and chocolate to darkness and failure. His touch was the ice cold touch of nothingness and he cared less about me than he did about the worms he planned to feed me to. His arms were wide open but I suddenly felt no interest at all in running into them. Somehow I knew his embrace would only hurt me.

It was one thing to long for death when I saw him as someone who would rescue me from my misery and take me to a place where I would no longer have to suffer. It was quite another thing to consider running into arms that would take me to a place where I would become food for worms. I realised death cared little for me. He didn't mind if he had to torture or torment me to take me out of the world. I saw quite clearly, Death was NOT my friend!

The image helped. I still wanted to die but I became a lot less interested in meeting up with death himself. I did not like his lack of concern for how much I might have to suffer in the act of actually dying. Little things that went wrong did not seem to be as important as they had before. I wasn't willing to endure the uncaring touch of death because of lost keys any more. Since I no longer had a bag to add those little things to I began to try and just shrug them off and forget them. "Sh\*t happens but so does sunshine!" became my mantra at those times.

The time spent on my knees begging for death was considerably reduced by these two realisations but there were still times. I still felt I was unfairly sentenced to "life". I still felt overwhelmed with a longing to die whenever things went wrong for me and I still always hoped God would set me free from life sooner rather than later.

My final escape from a life long death wish came a few weeks later. It was only just in time to save my life!

One night I lay in bed puzzling over why it was proving so hard to break the habit of turning to thoughts of suicide whenever I was in distress. It made no sense to keep thinking about suicide, to feel such a desperate longing to commit suicide, after all the years I had spent trying to break free of those thoughts and feelings.

Over the years I had used every tool in my therapeutic bag from CBT through to thought stopping and self-hypnosis. Now it felt as if God himself had stepped in to try and help me get rid of this obsession and still I was suffering.

*Continues on page 8...*

# When I Was Suicidal *cont...*

-- Kim's Blog "Words By Kim"

I had reached a point where I knew I was never going to try and kill myself no matter what happened so why was I not able to stop wanting to?

God seemed to give me another mental image. This time it was an image of me at age 10.

I saw my young self standing in the kitchen. A little creature appeared to be sitting on my shoulder. The creature seemed to be pointing at the knife and encouraging me to pick it up and use it on myself. As I picked up the knife the creature stood up and got excited. Then I saw my 10 year old self ram the point of the knife into her belly and, in that same moment, the creature leaped onto the tip of the knife and disappeared into my body.

I felt God saying a demon had entered me the day I attacked myself for the first time. He seemed to be telling me the name of the demon was Suicide and he was the reason I could not stop wanting to kill myself.

It made sense so I asked God how to get rid of the creature. I was afraid because I had read about possession and demons and how dangerous it could be casting them out. I wasn't sure I believed in any of it but I was desperate to put an end to this cycle of misery.

I felt God telling me the demon entered me with my permission but, when I became born again, it no longer had the right to remain in me. It was there simply because I had never kicked it out. I decided I was definitely going to kick it out now but God stopped me and told me to think long and hard first.

He reminded me how small the creature was when it entered me. He said I was just a child and the demon had grown along with me. He reminded me of the biblical warning about not letting a demon back in once you have cast it out because if it comes back it will come back bigger and stronger and will bring several other demons with it.

I felt God saying if I cast the demon out I must never raise my hand against myself again or I will end up worse off than my current situation. I decided I was willing to commit to a promise to never raise my hand against myself ever again if it would set me free from the compulsive, obsessive, wish to kill myself.

I felt it was a promise I would be able to keep so I asked God how to cast the demon out. He seemed to be saying it was easy. All I had to do was repeat a prayer out loud. I prayed the prayer out loud and, a few seconds afterwards, I sighed. Part of me knew the demon had ridden the sigh out of my body but I felt no different. I rolled over and went to sleep.

Over the following days it began to dawn on me that something really was different after all. Things happened, things went wrong, but my reaction to them was slightly different now. I didn't feel the need to grit my teeth and chant my mantra about sh\*t happening any more. I seemed to be able to just shrug them off and accept them.

Then someone broke into my house and stole the spare key to my car. The car was not insured. I still had two and a half years worth of monthly payments to make on it so life took a serious turn for the worse as I frantically tried to find a way to stop the thief from stealing my car and leaving me with big problems.

It took me almost two days to sort things out and get insurance reinstated on the car. I lay in bed and realised not once in the preceding days had I considered suicide! A few hours later I heard my car door slam. It was the beginning of a nightmare that went on for an hour and included five people fighting me for possession of my car. In the end I was holding the door to my house closed while they threw themselves at it trying to get in to get the key to the steering wheel lock. The incident cost me my car, left me suffering post traumatic stress disorder that forced me to leave my home, my business, my hopes and dreams and even made me question if there was a God.

I suffered a lot of trauma through those hours and the days, weeks and months that followed. Many times I wished I was dead but not once, not one single solitary time did I feel the old familiar obsession, the yearning, the compulsion to commit suicide!

When the demon of suicide was booted out he took his adoration, his obsession, his love of himself with him.

There were times during that experience when I did think about suicide. The darkest time was when I questioned the very existence of God. Suddenly I did not believe it mattered if I suicided. In my distress I stopped caring if my kids would know I had killed myself and I picked up another knife and looked at my wrists.

There was no compulsion. I wasn't longing to commit suicide. It was just an idea. Something I had a right to consider. I toyed with the idea of making just a little cut to see how much it would hurt. I could just run the blade over my skin lightly but, as I thought about it, I felt the presence of something dark and strong breathing over my shoulder.

Instinctively I knew if I let the blade of that knife touch me I would be lost. The old compulsion would return and I would not be able to resist it. If that happened I would kill myself for certain. I was exhausted from lack of sleep, terrified of every noise, in the worst state of mind I have ever been but I knew right then that I did not want to be a quitter. I did not want to be beaten. I did not want to commit suicide. Maybe there was a God and maybe there wasn't. Maybe there are demons and maybe there aren't. None of it mattered to me then as much as not going back to that relentless obsession with suicide.

I put the knife down and I walked away from my death wish for good.

I can't say I have never thought about dying since then. I have thought about it when times have been grim but the idea pops into my mind then just as quickly leaves. I am still not afraid to die but I never long for death the way I used to any more.

On the other hand I am now able to enjoy little things like sunny days or a warm bed on a cold night. My bag of "Reasons Why God Should Let Me Live" is filling up real fast and everything I put into it makes me happier and more content. Life no longer feels like a sentence, a punishment for being born. It feels much more like a gift these days.

**From Kim's blog "Words By Kim", <http://www.wordsbykim.com/quicklinks/When-I-Was-Suicidal.html>**



# Other Suicide Support Groups

If you would like to add your suicide support group to this page, please email [secretary@sosbsa.org.au](mailto:secretary@sosbsa.org.au).

## Sunshine Coast

### Head High Young People Living Beyond Suicide Support Group

Maroochy Neighbourhood Centre  
Fifth Avenue, Maroochydore  
Linda —5479 0394

Meetings are held last Thursday of the month at 4:30 —6:30pm.

### Caloundra Living Beyond Suicide Support Group

42 Croydon Avenue  
Currimundi

Jeanine and Ron —5491 7452

Meetings are held every 1st Monday of the month at 10:00am-12 noon.



## Gold Coast

### Lifeline

2791 Gold Coast Road  
Broadbeach  
Monthly: 1st Friday of the month  
Time: 6:30-8:30pm  
Phone: 5579 6000

## Chermside

### Lifeline Brisbane North

766 Gympie Road  
Chermside  
Monthly: First Tuesday of each month  
Time: 6:00pm—8:00pm  
Contact: Lyndall Stafford  
Email: [enquiries@uccommunity.org.au](mailto:enquiries@uccommunity.org.au)  
Phone: 07 3624 2400



### Also

Lifeline facilitates an 8-week closed therapeutic group for the bereaved by suicide (daytime at Chermside and night time at Fortitude Valley).  
Contact: Lyndall Stafford at above phone number or email address.

## NSW

### Lifeline Harbour To Hawkesbury

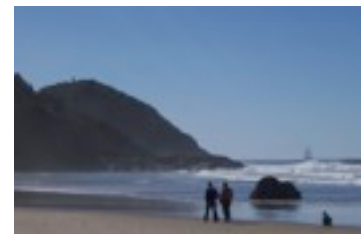
4 Park Ave, Gordon, NSW  
Monthly: 2nd Thursday of the month 7-9pm.

Phone: 02 9498 8805

Email: [admin@lifelineh2h.com](mailto:admin@lifelineh2h.com)

### Lifeline MidCoast NSW

Sherwood Road Port Macquarie.



Meetings held on the 4th Wednesday of the month.  
Contact Lee-Ann on 02 6581 2800 or email [lifematters@lifelinemidcoast.org.au](mailto:lifematters@lifelinemidcoast.org.au)

If you wish to receive this newsletter via email, please contact us on [secretary@sosbsa.org.au](mailto:secretary@sosbsa.org.au).

# In Memoriam

If you would like an 'in memoriam', please send an anniversary record to SOSBSA, P.O. Box 334, Springwood 4127 or email to [secretary@sosbsa.org.au](mailto:secretary@sosbsa.org.au).



Loved one lost to suicide: **Miles Alastair Liddell**

Your Name: **Jeanette**

Date of Birth: **11th September 1991**

Date of Passing: **10th April 2010**

Message: **Time seems to have stood still for us and we can't believe it's been three years since you left us. You may be out of our sight, but you are never out of our minds. We miss you and we love you.**

Loved one lost to suicide: **Steven Dunn**

Your Name: **Rosanne Ehrlich**

Date of Birth: **29th January 1953**

Date of Passing: **2nd April 2012**

Message: **Miss you so much, Love you xx**

Loved one lost to suicide: **Christopher Cahill Nagle**

Your Name: **Lee-Ann Foord**

Date of Birth: **17th October 1963**

Date of Passing: **30th March 1990**

Message: **Chris would be 50 this year if he was still alive, he died way too young but not in vain. Chris, as your sister, I work to educate others in how to help people who are struggling to stay alive- it's one way for me to make sense of your death and I hope what I do honours you. I know that we all think about you every day- you gave my life purpose.**

Loved one lost to suicide: **Brock Joseph Nicholson**

Your Name: **Narelle Schonhardt**

Date of Birth: **18th June 1986**

Date of Passing: **28th March 2010**

Message: **Three years have gone since you left us Brock, we just miss you so much, we will love you forever. Love from Mum, Harley, Kodie, Roxy, Matt, Slater and Kailey xoxoxoxo**

Loved one lost to suicide: **Carl-Christian Vogt**

Your Name: **Sibylle Lynch**

Date of Birth: **7th April 1991**

Date of Passing: **20th April 2011**

Message: **You left us too early in your young years. You helped everybody else in any situation and told them there is always an end of the tunnel, but you had other rules for yourself. Lies, dishonesty and abuse had you struggling with life. We all miss you and love you in our hearts forever and wish that you found the peace and righteousness that you were yearning for. So sad that you kept certain things to yourself and you were always a perfectionist. R.I.P. my little son and love you always. Mum.**

Loved one lost to suicide: **Bede John McMullan**

Your Name: **Cherrie Cran**

Date of Birth: **20th September 1990**

Date of Passing: **10th April 2010**

Message: **Missing you forever- forever loved and cherished. Love Mum and Sinead xoxo**

**For everyone whose anniversary of their loved one is in March / April.** On this anniversary of your loved one's death, may you remember the best experiences you shared, the most meaningful words that were spoken, the happiest moments you had together and the comfort that has given you the courage to go on.

## National Helplines

LifeLine: 13 11 14 (24 hour)

Mensline: 1300 789 978 (24 hour)

Suicide Callback Line: 1300 659 467 (24 hour)

National Hope Line: 1300 467 354 (24 hour bereavement support)

Beyond Blue: 1300 22 4636

Kids Help Line: 1800 55 1800 (24 hour)

SANE Helpline: 1800 18 SANE (M-F 9am-5pm)

## QLD

Standby Brisbane 07 3250 1856

Standby Response Service 0438 150 180

(24 hour mobile crisis response to suicide bereavement.)

Sunshine and Cooloola Coasts 0407 766 961

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