

OPINION – A woman's story: losing children leads to depression and thoughts of suicide

Suicide is a serious issue that affects millions of people daily. Typically thoughts about suicide are precipitated by a recent crisis – such as a recent break-up, financial problems, loss of a job, etc. – but they can also come about because of a long-term issues. Of course, mental illness and even poor physical health can be the source.

Worldwide around 1% of people die by suicide. According the World Health Organization in the 50 years since 1960, suicide rates have increased by 60%. The rate often cracks into the top ten causes of death globally. For each suicide, there are between 10-40 attempted ones. Coincidentally, though men commit suicide at a rate 3-4x higher than women, women attempt suicide 4x as often.

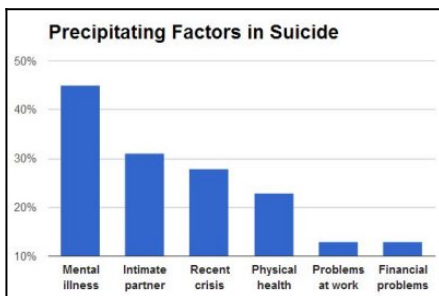
The following story was sent to us by a woman who wishes to remain anonymous. We share the story in the hopes that someone who may find themselves in a similar situation or who have had thoughts of suicide, will find hope through her story.

My name is Kylie, or maybe it's not? I'm a not so young and not so old 30-something mother and on June 3rd, 2015 I was going to end my life.

It sounds dramatic to read and for me, unreal to remember. It was such a short time ago that everything is fresh enough to recall every detail of how I felt and what actions played into how what should have been my last day. I suppose I am sharing

this with strangers to not only acknowledge this day to myself but maybe help someone else.

The week of May 31st was the worst week of my life. I'm uncomfortable with sharing all the details but despite a dedicated life that I've had for my children, their father's anger towards me resulted in me not being able to be with them for the first time ever. So few friends and family knew about this happening to me, and most still don't.



There are a variety of reasons people are led to consider suicide.
(Wikipedia)

I was at a complete loss on what to do and how to handle this. For most, even if it was a friend I'd council them to fight to see their children. That's exactly what my friend counceled me to do. The one friend who knew what was going on.

I just had no fight in me. Which sank me further into what I know now to be depression. Their father had always been my best friend. Despite the love loss between us many years ago we maintained a friendship that was unique and virtually unheard of. It was built out of respect and common goals. Both of us having been fractured from bad childhoods and not wanting the same for our children.

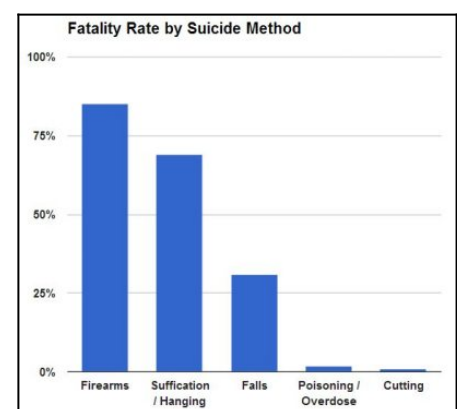
Now he has had so much animosity towards me that he wanted ties cut and that meant to him that I could not be with my children. Outside looking in, a unique spin on an old story of an abusive situation. The first night away from my kids was

numbing and unreal. It wasn't until the next morning that everything sank in. I wanted to walk to their rooms and check on them sleeping. Brush my fingers through my little's one's hair and pull the sheet up over them. To start breakfast, prepare school lunches. A routine years in the making had suddenly ended. I tried to reunite with them later that morning but was turned away. I was being punished.

After call after call, begging and pleading, I was told in a tone that I recognized to be sincere, that I would never be allowed to see them again. It sank in like a dull knife pushing through me. I told, what was once my best friend, that I could not live without them. He replied that I had a decision to make then.

I made the decision to die.

Maybe it was fear or a slight awareness of this decision that had me text a friend. Maybe it was purely to distract me as I carried out my intentions. I believe that was it. My friend Josh made me smile. He made me feel comfortable for being who I was and he was the only one of my friends who knew what was going on. I can't remember what I was texting him about, but obviously gave up too much information. He asked if I wanted to hang out and I did, which made me feel worse. How dare I think about hanging out with a friend instead of embracing this misery I deserved?



*If you have been
having thoughts of*

*suicide, please call a
suicide hotline:
1-877-870-HOPE.
(Wikipedia)*

I walked over five miles with the intentions to see my children one last time. I stopped with two miles left, and called their father to ask if I could see them. I told him that it would be for one last time. He understood what that meant, but he said no.

While I pleaded with him on the phone I saw Josh out of the corner of my eye. As I ended my call Josh handed me his phone and said it was for me: the Crisis Center. Really?? I didn't think for one moment I was depressed. All my thoughts felt sharp and clear. Suicide was a depressive act but ending your life was something different. I was spiritual, religious. Life didn't end because your heart stopped beating. My life would go on and I could be with my kids again. Protect them in a way I couldn't do while in my body.

The Crisis Center asked to see me and I told them I would see them tomorrow. I wasn't completely lying...I could have dropped in on them just not in the realm they'd like me to be in. Nightfall was my plan. I couldn't live through another night. I was going to let the water take me. I gave the phone back to my friend. He ended up sitting with me and guilt sank in. He had a lot to do and I was interrupting his day. Another selfish act on my part.

He told me "This is where I need to be." or something like that, and it didn't make me feel better. I would have felt less guilty had I known he was setting me up at the time. Short lived random chit-chat made me feel better...time with him. Then I felt worse for feeling better. He nodded at something behind me and I turned to see. A police car. Instantly knew what he had done and I was so hurt. How could he? This would ruin everything! The officer made me go with

him and despite my hurt and anger I saw that my friend was just as hurt. This is what I did to people.

It was a short ride to the hospital and I knew I had to put on a great act. I knew what they would look for in me and I needed to be just the right amount of angry and just the right amount of funny. I needed to be the exception to the rule of the people they brought in for such a thing. Section 12. "It was all a misunderstanding." They couldn't know about the situation. Even a bit of it. They couldn't know that I was ripped from my children or I'd have reason to be depressed. I made a million jokes through the hours I spent in the ER. Small talk as well. They didn't pick up on the fact I refused to eat and that I hadn't eaten in days. They didn't see the times I went to the bathroom to cry. Thankfully they couldn't read my mind and how I saw a loose part on the stretcher and wondered how much force it would take to press it into my neck. That would be too messy and not on my terms.

After urine analysis and blood test and after a doctor chit-chat, a counselor came to see me. I lied to her. I lied well. But she couldn't and wouldn't take my word for it. She needed to talk to someone that knew me. Damn. She wanted to talk to Josh. Damn, damn. She wanted to talk to my children's father. He lied well to her. Kept the conversation short.

However my friend did not. When she repeated to me what he said to her and how distressed he sounded something flicked in my brain. Dear God, I really hurt him. Now, if I did this he'd never understand that there was nothing he could have done. How can I do this tonight? I can't. Damn. They released me and decided that it was a misunderstanding.

A series of events afterwards I was able to see my children again. My life wasn't over. But am I better? Not entirely. I was able to reason out ending my own life as if it didn't matter. I was able to accept not fighting for not only the right to live but to be able to see my children again. I was

not without resources. I destroyed a friendship through my actions. With someone who cared enough to try and save my life. I destroyed a part of myself as well. Despite only one person knowing the truth. Only one person knows who Kylie is. I need to make sure that she keeps her head above water. I found a counselor. I found resources. My battle is an uphill one, but I have my strength now. I just needed more time than I could give myself. Time that a friend gave to me. I am forever grateful.

If you have decided your life is not worth living, I implore you to call a trusted friend or family member or call a suicide hotline: 1-877-870-HOPE or 1-800-273-8255. "Sometimes you just need a little more time than you could give yourself to find light at the end of the tunnel. "-Kylie"
