

A Prayer to You
by Jean Lefkanic

My tough time was the first three months I had my operation.

My family was there for me, even from the time I had prep time with the doctor, until my discharge from the hospital.

I told my sister to call Jaime to see how I was doing.

I received stacks of get well cards to the ceiling.

Unity Place is a good place filled with compassionate people, and I appreciated all the get-well cards received from them and the giant poster. It was a nice gesture and brought me a lot of cheer.

I had a home health aide helper for three months, and she meant a lot to me. Thank you, Jaime and Unity Place for all your concerns. To this day, I will never forget you. Now a year later, I am so glad this operation is over, and I thank you for your prayers. Amen.

Depression
by Donald Breen

It is not I am having a bad day
Or my best friend moved away
Work was tough today

Every day is a bad day
You are always sad even when you are happy
Moods are out of your control

You smile and wave and say hello
Just to keep people from knowing
You do things to try and change it does not work

You look at the people you love
And are filled with joy
But the sadness is still there.

You take med's they don't cure it
You talk to people it does not go away
You cry for no reason

I write so you know you are not alone

Poem of Mental Health
by Nikki Stein

Desolation has sewn its seat within my soul,
Shattered fragments refuse me to be whole.
From the darkest depths I have lost my role,
The inner anguish has been taking its toll.

Tears flow down my face in desperation,
Figuring out who I am is my aspiration
Masculine? Feminine? I required consultation,
My attempts at being myself yielded devastation.

Buddha said only through suffering we reach enlightenment,
Pushing through the pain has been my accomplishment.
Deriving myself through my journey I have found Nicole,
Never before in my life have I been in control.

The Fight Through
by Lyn Regan

Beaten
As I feel
Hands protect the face
But blow by blow
Breathe
Block
Protect
Again and again
Breathe
Listen
Quiet...then song
Breathe
Hands lead the feet
One step
One song
One voice

Untitled

by Paul T. Sasso

Mental Illness means to me the word *tricky*. It is quick, fierce, and downright scary. Although I found out with the proper medication and treatment things become clearer.

Your medicine may be taken repetitively, but take it with pride because it helps you to stay on top and win in life!

In the art of recovery, we have to day. Only to live for beautiful and great tomorrows.