

the back page. Sheth LaRue, senior MDiv.

I was home from college with a returned engagement ring in hand and a shattered heart in my chest. I was hurt and felt utterly rejected - not just as a potential partner, but as a human being - and there seemed to be little options for me to move forward. How could I go on? How would I live my life from here on? Who am I without her? What purpose do I have outside of that relationship?

I was in an unknown space full of fear, anger, and sadness and I didn't know what to do with any of it. I labored in the summer sun and hoped to sweat out my heartache. I began drinking alcohol to dull the pain as best I could. I stared at the blood I had released as I held the razor blade, welcoming the feeling - the first I'd had in days. I didn't know what else to do - while I didn't want to die, I didn't want to live, and that was a weird place to reside in life.

In a moment of clarity on a warm afternoon I'd told my mom that if I didn't talk to someone I was going to end up doing something I might regret later on. It was the first clear understanding any of us had had that I was contemplating suicide, and as I had that brief conversation with my mom I felt a relief I hadn't felt in months. We ended up going to my primary care doctor and my mom helped me speak, telling the doctor what was happening in my life. We were referred to a therapist and again, my mom helped me speak as we checked into the office.

At first I couldn't find the words to speak - I was afraid to admit something was wrong...I was afraid to admit I needed help...I was afraid to admit I couldn't function any more. Thank God for mothers who listen to the heart of conversations. Thank God for doctors who can guide toward healing. Thank God for therapists for reframing, redirecting, relearning.

This world is hard, and sometimes we go through things that make it even harder, but we can trust God to take care of our needs. And God takes care of our needs by putting people in our lives who can actually hear our cries for help. God takes care of our needs by calling people to the vocation of therapist who can help us in these difficult times. God takes care of our needs by walking with us in those darkened moments. If you need help, seek it out - talk with a family member or friend...or Sarah in the student affairs office... or a trusted professor...there are so many people who can go with you in that walk!

May God give us eyes to see that we're not alone, bravery to seek help when we think we need it, and voices to speak when we need to.

much love. sheth.