

Dear Suicide Survivor:

I share these words with ultimate respect. You will find yourself unable to answer the questions that tear at your soul. Please be careful during this time. Keep your heart open as you run against the wind. You will have difficulties.

My husband committed suicide on January 28th, 2008. He was a wildland firefighter for almost 30 years. Call it love or call it fate, we met at the World Trade Center Recovery Efforts (9/11). We were happily married a few years later at West Hampton Beach, Long Island, New York.

In this time, you will be weary and your journey to recovery will be long with many winding turns. Nobody, except you, has the ultimate control of your life. Only your internal strengths and time will guide you. Be very careful, you will be an emotional wreck tested by your own internal demons each day and night. Goodbye to your lover. Now you are the black sheep of the family. You will dance with demons in your own soul. Your fire inside will rage with passion of uncertainty. Darkness will fall and you will try to run. Running to nowhere, looking and searching for peace.

During this journey you will be lonely. You will cry a lot. The pain will take time to subside. You will wonder, which path is true, the one that leads to nowhere or the one that leads to somewhere? Whichever path you choose it will be the one for you. You may find some answer(s), only to play confusion on your emotions. People will watch your play even when there is nothing left to say. Be careful don't play the game too long.

Forget what you think, suicide is both a selfish and courageous act of willpower. You will call out at night, to yourself, to God, to an unknown listener. Unfortunately, there are no answers. With all of your hopes fading away, there will only be questions of uncertainty and clues left behind.

And here you are, seems like yesterday, but it was long ago. You have nothing to prove. Running against the wind, trying to find it. Then it comes to you. Life is simply made up of decisions and roads. One road may lead to diamonds, one road may lead to coal and the last road will leave you cold with everything you are told. Some days you will be the windshield, some days you will be the bug. In your heart you will wonder, which road to follow. The road that leads to nowhere may be the road that leads to you. In your journey you will travel far only to find out who you really are. Can you find the fire inside?

As a survivor, you must find strength and peace deep within your sole to travel the journey. Nobody else can provide the internal peace you so desperately need. You will try to run, but can't run far enough. The memories will play games on your mind during this lonesome journey. You will think about the nights before. Your thoughts will wonder. It will tear you up. You must not blame yourself, and yet sadly, there is no one to blame.

I have spent many waken hours thinking about my husband. I have written letters but never sent them. I think about life with him, but realize I am just pretending. I sit and I wonder. My husband is nothing but ashes blowing in the wind. His ashes come and go through storms of rage. Nothing lasts forever. Love slipped away and rips at my heart. I am the hawk who survived the dive.

You will be lonely. It will be hard to be you. When people see you they won't know what to say. You will think too much. You will dream and realized they won't come true. You will show weakness and wonder if this is okay. Every minute of everyday you will face the cold hard facts. You are now someone who used to be. You will not know who to be. You will learn to live in the moment. Nobody will know how it feels to be you. Some friends will come and some friends will go. The little things in life will mean the most. Life will seem short. Life will seem long. You, too, will realize the elements of the future are unknown.

You will learn what makes you uncomfortable. It will be difficult to share your story. Every heart is different. You will learn when you feel comfortable and trust with whom you are conversing. You will learn to talk about suicide. People don't like talking about suicide. People will be afraid to talk to you.

Often, I think about the times my husband and I spent together teaching, working on fires or at home watching the sunset. think about our dreams and the love we shared. I think about the passion. I think about the happy times and the sad times. I cry often. I get mad often. I getsad more often than not.

Its pretty simple really, some days will be better than others.

My husband was a very generous and loving man. Unfortunately, my husband was a very troubled man. He carried demons deep down inside his soul. I did everything to get to them. I dug deep. But, demons we all have, hidden beneath our ego, not to be exposed for fear of failure. Too scared to acknowledge them, too afraid to let them be known. How do you know?

People will have a hard time understanding the hard cold facts. My husband was an emotional man, but secretly he was afraid to let others see the darkside of his internal emotions.

I was his wife and tried to succeed the demons. And after all the dead ends and lessons learned I did not succeed. Now I have to live with the results. Running against the wind. The past is the past. I have courage in the present and pray for the future. I cannot change the past, but only of what is to come.

In your recovery time, please be careful, as your innocence may, at times, slip away. The waves of suicide survival will be more than a difficult situation.

The evening of January 28th was the worst day of my life. I am happy to be alive.

Goodbye to you, honey, think of me I will be here. God Bless the survivors.