



SOARING

MARCH 2010

THAT DAY BY "BETH"

Upcoming Events

*Creighton Powwow -4.10

*UNO Powwow - 4.24

*Talking Circle April 2010

*Cultural Competence
Training Mid-Summer

*Community Forums—
discuss health disparities,
barriers & gaps in health
services.

Interested? Contact
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Ext. 219

I never thought about suicide until that day, and I never could understand why anyone would want to take their life until that day. But, that day, I almost succeeded.

I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror and I couldn't feel my pain anymore. I took about fifteen Zoloft along with a bottle of liquid NyQuil and some hydrocodones. I thought to myself, "there, I took the Zoloft." I was prescribed the Zoloft to help me overcome post-partum depression. I had good days and bad days, and on the bad days, everyone badgered me about the pills. I felt like I didn't need those pills, I thought I was stronger than that.

I went to my mother's and that's where I fell out. It was unclear to everyone there what had happened until I had an empty bottle in my hand. They called the ambulance and was transported to the nearest hospital. I could remember the paramedics trying everything to keep me awake. Every time I closed my eyes, they took their balled fists and pushed down on my chest with their knuckles. Upon arrival, they gave me charcoal to drink, and that quickly cleaned my system out. I had to drink it, otherwise they were going to pump my stomach. I was in a daze and could remember arguing with my sister about what I had just done. There were police outside of the room they were talking about, "that patient that tried to kill herself." At that point, I felt ashamed of myself, but then I thought, "who cares? Who are they to judge me? They have no ideal."

After the pills came up, I came back to reality. It was like slap in the face. All I wanted to do was go home. My mother begged them to let her take me home, but they denied her request. I was in and out, and then I was alone. Alone and handcuffed to the bed. I

looked around and then seen the cop walking towards me and ready to take to psych ward to be held for 72-hours.

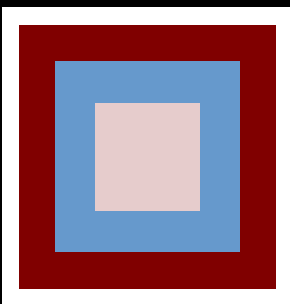
I struggled with him and told him that I didn't want to go there. I dropped myself and he picked me up. I dropped myself again, and he obviously didn't have the patience from me, so he drugged me. I felt like an inmate rather than someone who needed help. I entered the ominous ward and all I wanted to do was take it all back. I went to my room after being checked in and cried until I fell asleep.

Two months earlier, I gave birth to two beautiful twin girls. I went into premature labor and delivered very early, about 16 weeks early. One of my babies passed away because she was too small. My other baby girl needed intensive care for the first three months of her life. How do you prepare yourself for that? When you prepare yourself to give birth and go home with your babies and begin motherhood.

After burying my little angel, I had to tend to my miracle in the hospital. I never prayed before that, and after that I never prayed so hard in my life. I forgot about "me." There was nothing physically I could do for her, but be at her side most of the time. That's all I wanted to do. But, I needed support. I may have gotten it from other people, but the one person that I needed it the most from really didn't know how. My kids' father was there, but we never talked about what we were going through. He dealt with it his own way. We never talked about our little angel, even before we said goodbye. We didn't grieve together afterwards. I needed my grief to be heard, not ignored. Most of all, I just needed to grieve. Many people didn't know what it was like to lose a child,

so they didn't really know what my pain was like for me. I felt like I buried myself with her, my sorrow was heavy on me. With that, and a baby in the hospital, no support, life's obstacles on top of me, I felt like I couldn't do it anymore. I was vulnerable that day, with that thought that came to my mind that day, I did it. I was blank when it happened. I felt like my feelings and emotions were gone. I felt lifeless already, then, there was not more pain.

I could understand why people would want to give up on life after what had happened. Sometimes life is hard, but I realized that God will never give you more than you can handle. There's a reason why we are here, sometimes things happen, "life" happens and you may lose sight of that but you will overcome it. I felt selfish because why would I take myself away from my baby girl that needed me the most. All I wanted to do was take her home with me when she got well and watch her grow up. Most of all, I wanted to be her mother. I forgot about her for that second. I apologized and begged God for forgiveness. I forgave myself. I realized I am blessed. I know that life gets rough, but there are people out there that have it worse than you for whatever reasons. There are people out there that succeed. I took this as a lesson learned. I want everyone to know that regardless of what is happening in your life, you only get one life. And whatever you may be going through, it gets better. Everything that happened to me in my life that brought me down to my lowest point, my mother always told me, it gets better. And she was right. Cherish and value your life. "We must embrace pain and burn it as fuel for our journey." Kenji Miyazawa.



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www.nuihc.com

DEPRESSION IS THE NUMBER #1 CAUSE OF SUICIDE

Does your child have the following

- Frequently sad, unhappy or in a bad mood.
- Trouble sleeping or sleeping too much
- Loss of interest in activities or “fun”
- Lack energy
- Trouble concentrating or making decisions
- Feelings of emptiness or hopelessness

These are all symptoms of depression and it is important to talk with your child and access help

School Liaisons are available to help!

Tami Maldonado-Mancebo

OPS-Project Director

Native American Indian Education

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SUICIDE PREVENTION

SIGNIFICANT WAYS TO PROTECT YOUR CHILD

- **KNOW THE SYMPTOMS OF DEPRESSION AND HOW TO ACCESS HELP**
- **ENSURE YOUR CHILD HAS SUPPORTIVE ADULTS OR FAMILY TO TALK WITH ABOUT PROBLEMS AND FEARS WITH**
- **GET INVOLVED IN THE COMMUNITY**
- **DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILD TO HAVE ACCESS TO “LETHAL MEANS”. TAKE FIREARMS OUT OF THE HOME OR KEEP THEM IN LOCKED CABINETS AND LOCK UP**

New project has big plans for first year

Phase #1-Pre-Assessment

- Organize a core working Group or task force. This group will begin carrying out assessment and planning process. This planning group (task force) can include any interested community member such as youth, elders, tribal leaders, mental health workers, teachers, community advocates, and University staff.
- Get support from the community. Make links with local leaders, community members, and concerned parents and peers.
- Develop an awareness campaign. Project will ensure community is aware of the suicide epidemic, symptoms of depression, and how to access services and support.

Phase #2-Community Assessment

- This project will screen 100% of Native American students served by OPS. The Teen Screen instrument is being used to assess depression, drug usage, and suicide ideation of the students.
- Volunteers will be needed to carry out this assessment. Mental health professionals and supportive community members will be present during screening to ensure a careful, timely response to any student struggling with depression is referred for services and support. Parents will have access to their child’s screening results (Parents will consent to the screen prior to screening)

- Confidential screening will be provided to all students.

Phase #3-Community Action

- Analyze student assessment. Review results and determine priorities for action
- Consult with the community through parent, student, community leader forums
- Develop a plan for action

Mascots That Honor Indians: The Audacity of a Dope
by Edouardo Zendejas

“I don’t understand the big deal about any of the Indian based nicknames. Why are Native Americans wasting all of their time and energy trying to eliminate symbols that invoke unparalleled pride, joy, and camaraderie?”

“I find it is pathetic that all this energy is being wasted on a mascot name. I really don’t get what the big deal over Indian mascots is about.”

These feelings are often expressed by students whose school athletic teams use Indian mascots, and who are opposed to the suggestion that they should change their Indian mascots. They claim they are racist caricatures that are offensive, disrespectful and perpetuate stereotypes and ignorance about Indian tribes and peoples.”

You just read a portion from Chapter 1 of Mascots That Honor Indians. The Audacity of a Dope by Edouardo Zendejas. The objective of this book is to provide students with information about Indian tribes and people and to suggest that using Indian mascots are not consistent with educational goals and objectives. Schools that continue to use Indian mascots perpetuate racism and ignorance. The practice and tradition of using Indian people as mascots must someday come to an end. All will benefit from an educational process based on mutual understanding and cooperation. This educational process is possible.

Permission granted by Edouardo Zendejas.

