

THE SURVIVOR'S GUIDE TO SELF EXECUTION

“Suicide is a permanent answer to a temporary problem.”

Suicide isn't any type of answer.

“Suicide is a permanent solution for a temporary problem.”

Suicide isn't any type of solution.

Killing yourself is SE - Self Execution.
and the act will always be greater
than the cause!

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S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones

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The Survivor's Guide to Self Execution

by
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Even as I write this lives are needlessly being lost all over the world from people killing themselves. My goal is to present suicide a new way in hopes to reduce the casualties we see and give the people who gained knowledge from this the ability to give strength to others in pain.

If you are thinking of harming yourself, call someone! A family member, a friend, a hotline or emergency services in your area.

“Every living person is a story and how your story is told or remembered is entirely up to you.”

I’m sure my concept of self execution replacing the word suicide has been thought of many times. Yet basically the topic is that elephant in the room everyone sees and doesn’t speak about.

You can’t mollycoddle a topic and make change...

Recently they have changed many suicide hotline names to “crisis lines” toning down suicide. Suicide has already been toned down for years. It’s been glamorized in books, movies, songs and many other places. The word has been around since the year 1650 and has never evolved.

In an example “PTSD” was originally “shell shocked,” “battle fatigue” and several other names before PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder) emerged. A clinical name with an acronym which people understand when they hear it.

I’ve taken Self Execution and given it a simple acronym: SE

As far as suicide I hate some of the quotes they toss around to someone in pain:

“Suicide is a permanent answer to a temporary problem.”

(Suicide isn’t any type of answer)

“Suicide is a permanent solution to a temporary problem.”

(Suicide isn’t any type of solution)

Killing yourself is SE, Self Execution, and the act will always be greater than the cause.

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I've had many discussions with people on my SE concept and they have ran scenario after scenario by me trying to find a cause that would justify killing yourself as not a form of SE.

The most used was terminal illness, for a note I am not a doctor or a medical professional I'm just an everyday guy who's had way too many suicide or SE related episodes in my life.

As far as terminal illness I had a couple great friends that were my father's age that I grew up around and learned many things from them.

Unfortunately each of them after being told they had terminal cancer chose a twelve gauge shotgun over life.

Was it SE? Was the act greater than the cause?

Did they end their lives to avoid future pain and suffering only to hand it down to the ones they loved?

Behind the hearts, souls and minds of SE survivors of lost loved ones is that pit, a hole that will never be filled, one that was built with love and care for a person who died prematurely by their own choice and unfortunately leaves a legacy of pain in which family members and friends also contemplate or even commit SE themselves.

We don't do well with pain. Trust me, I know, and we have even a harder time with loss...

This won't be a giant volume. I plan to keep it brief and to the point.

My intent of this creation is simple: Change a mindset, change a life.

Hopefully there will be things you read where you stop and think, "I never thought of it that way before."

Guilt

We all know what guilt is: that feeling I should have done something or I should have tried harder, or I shouldn't have done that.

Seriously, if any victim of SE was able to come back would they say, "I'm glad I killed myself?"

I've chatted on the net for years with many people from all walks of life and I have run across many in pain and turmoil along with those who attempted SE and didn't die.

Generally they get to one question and that is: "Why am I still here?"

My suggestion is to tell others it's not the path to take, then they ask, "So what should I do?"

I say take all that pain, anger and guilt turn it into strength and help others near where you were. Personal testimonials are always more powerful than technical manuals.

Loops

"What's a loop," you might ask. It's that demon circuit running over and over in your mind, the one you hate, the one you don't want to think about, yet over and over it plays when the right conditions are present. They are generally caused by triggers stored in your subliminal mind. All five of our senses can cause triggers that cause trauma and pain which causes conflict in which it's said causes the "fight or flight" response.

In the Air Force they taught me "An obstacle is something you see when you take your eyes off your goal."

The right to be able to live, love, learn then leave at the end of a long life is basically the desire of all. Yet we know this experience we call life is filled with detours to that quest.

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As far as the pains in life and pain in general many people talk about and believe no one has ever had a life as bad as their own. Consider this: if the greatest pain you've ever had is a paper cut and your friend's greatest pain was a broken arm, which of you suffered the worst pain?

Neither! It was the greatest pain to each. You can't compare your pain to another and say who hurts worse. Everyone has their own personal experience of life.

The Common Core of Experience

"The greatest communication barrier known to man is the common core of experience." It's a very real and valid quote I learned in the Air Force also.

Speaking of "I," how do you see yourself?

Before you answer give this poem a brief read:

EMOTIONAL EYES

Look deep in a mirror and you may not see
the way your face looks exactly to me.

Now that I've said this, what goes through your mind
is how could I see you in a different design?

When you look at your reflection that's in the mirror
you have emotional eyes showing things that you fear,
things that have been ingrained in your brain
from a life of emotions that brings your eyes pain.

They tell you each day that you're getting old,
and never forget the bad things you've been told.

Things like you're stupid, fat, or you're ugly.

Emotional eyes are a Curse, don't you see?

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It's hard to overcome these illusions of self.
They can hurt your life and hinder your health.
I suppose the best thing that you can do
is to Love Yourself and see the Real You.

I have several hundred poems and quotes I've written. It's been a great release and I like the fact some find comfort in my words. In many circumstances people all over the world have said, "These aren't your words, they're mine!" Or, "You give me words to thoughts I had all of my life that I couldn't find the words for!"

As I was saying, writing was a release for me. Here's a poem about writing for a release:

CAGE THE RAGE

I can write my thoughts in a diary and hide the darkest secrets of my life.

But as for some that can't download somewhere their life's so filled with strife.

Removing the veil of secrecy is hard for us to do.

If you can't download your pains the Demons control you.

You can try a therapist, a psychiatrist or a priest,

but just a simple diary could be the best at least

Life is never easy even if you're rich beyond control,

But we all have secrets that can tear at each one's soul.

Hard times will often happen with pains you can't forget.

Understanding this will tell you to find the best outlet.

We all know how the past can become an endless

page,
and how it can trigger us to feel anger, hurt, and rage.
Search deep within to find your one true self,
and trap your Demons in your diary so high upon your
shelf.

A common core

Do believe you can find a common core with a six foot four over four hundred pound fat man age 59 with no teeth that's a disabled veteran with PTSD and Bipolar disorder, and is heavily medicated for both, who sits at home basically twenty-four seven, who's been married and divorced three times, that has four awesome kids that avoid him like the plague?

I didn't write that for sympathy nor empathy just showing you a part of the big picture of my life.

My escape is the internet. I had a friend say once, "Stan, you used to hunt, fish, build houses and things and now your whole world revolves around that computer!" I replied, "Yes, but my computer revolves around the world."

Several years back I ran across a man from Italy that was bipolar and having a rough go of it so I printed out and signed one of my poems and mailed it to him.

Here it is:

BELIEF IN MY RELIEF

As I look in the mirror with a lonely blank stare,
I can see the depression that's buried there.
I can feel how it drains me so from within

and I can't decide where to begin.
Where to begin to remove this pain
that kills my talents and torments my brain.
At times when I fall into this deep well
with every heartbeat the sensations do swell.
But I know there has to be a way to get free
and remove this burden inside of me.
It might take medication or it might take time
but I know that one day I'll feel fine.
Then all my creations that have been bottled up inside
me
Will flow from my hands for the world to see...

He messaged me when he got it and said he loved it.

Loving things. You know what that's like. My last wife I dearly love even now after we've been separated many years we are still friends. Although back in 1990 after returning home from a three and a half month stay at Dover Air Force base that was the straw that broke the camel's back as to say. I had always drank from when I was nineteen when they lowered the drinking age here in Illinois. Anyway after opening so many (HRP's) Human Remains Pouches (a kinder gentler name for body bags.) for over three and a half months I worked there, I returned home and my mind was done. If any of you were parents and lost their sons or daughters during Desert Storm or Desert Shield I want you to know myself and my fifteen man team gave them ultimate respect. Are you curious to what I saw in the morgue? Let's put it this way: it was enough to give me PTSD and insomnia for life along with push the one woman that loved me and believed in me away. I am heavily medicated for PTSD and Bipolar disorder. I've also written poems about that. I was tempted to

put them in the back of this book but I decided to use them as they fit the topic I'm writing about.

This one covers PTSD:

PTSD

I'm not in charge of my own emotions,
my mind's consumed by terrible notions.
Love and laughter, hurt and pain,
each of these drives me insane.
I've talked to doctor after doctor
Taken pill after pill,
yet none of this makes my mind tranquil.
Each and every breath I take,
I pray for this curse to break.
My torment came from my own volition,
leaving me in this terrible condition.
I could have simply said I won't go.
I could have told the recruiter Hell NO!
But I swore an oath and took the test,
and won the uniform of the best.
I worked so hard to serve my country,
and all I'm left with is agony.
Some escape war without a scratch or scar,
but as for me my mind was stretched too far.
Now I'm labeled as one of them,
a causality of war that's trapped within.
Friends are now so hard to find,
as people believe I've lost my mind.
There are many sights, smells, or sounds I hear,
that trigger things that cause me fear.

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My dreams are filled with where I've been,
from the nightmare world I once lived in.

And then there is also this one:

BLUE STEEL

How do you feel? How do you feel?
When PTSD makes you chew on blue steel.
Seriously I already know
from all of my episodes so long ago.
It's like all those painful memories emerge as one
and the only escape was the barrel of a gun.
Drinking at the time didn't help me at all and many
times almost led me to fall.
Drunk with a round in the chamber of a cocked rifle
finger on the trigger and barrel in my mouth.
A person might be able to say PTSD had taken me so
far below south.
So many in pain from PTSD never live long enough to
ever be free.
So if it's a noose, knife, pills or the taste of blue steel,
Please fight PTSD with all of your heart and your Will!

I had a great career in the Air force until the PTSD emerged and residual memories tore me apart from within and pushed everyone away that loved me. Many a night I'd sit drunk with a rifle in my mouth as I said I'm the poem above. Before PTSD I had never been arrested or had any run ins with the law. After it, that all changed...

How far PTSD took me

I was so drunk one night and in so much pain I went as far to want to torture my wife with it also.

I went in my bedroom where she was and I grabbed a .45-70 Sentry Marlin rifle out of the gun cabinet then put a three hundred grain hollow point into the chamber. If you don't know what a .45-70 is it's called a "buffalo gun." Anyway after chambering the round I sat down and leaned back in front of the door, the only way out of the room, and was going to blow off my head and make her have to move my body to leave the room. If you think this is messed up, so do I, but at the time my mind thought it was the right thing to do. I did it because I was in pain, depressed, and full of alcohol which was a runaway train heading for my demise. Things I didn't consider was what if my children saw the aftermath of my SE and what it would do to them also...

After several more suicidal ideations involving a gun and alcohol my wife one night came outside. It was the middle of the winter in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. I was outside drunk in pain again with a different rifle, a .444 Marlin. When she came out she had had way too much with my episodes and yelled at me, "Either do it or get help! I'm missing my television show. I'm going back in the house." Then she went back in. In some cases one might have done it in spite, but in my case she gave me an option I hadn't even considered. I put the gun back in the gun cabinet and went to sleep.

The next morning we discussed my getting help. We pulled out the phone book and sought a private psychologist. Her and I were both active duty military at the time. In my first meeting with my psychologist the first thing he said after I told him what was going on was, "I've never seen one of you so messed up." He gave me some Prozac and Doxepin samples. I took the Prozac on the way

home and about forty five minutes later I started laughing. My wife looked at me strange because this was something I hadn't done in a long time.

My psychologist and I had a lot of great sessions until one evening a friend came over with the paper and she asked is so-and-so your doctor? I said yes then she told me he was in the paper.

He committed suicide.

Kind of goes to show you no one is safe from SE from a kid bullied at school or even the medical professionals who treat it.

The Origin of SE

One night a friend came over to stay and he decided to sleep over around one thirty AM. The phone rang. It was his mother. The first thing she told him was his best friend had hung himself.

You'd have to know the mother. She's that type, the one who is constantly calling people with drama and victim scripts. Seriously his best friend would have still been dead at nine in the morning and to wake your son up in the wee hours of the morning to tell him something that will traumatize him, well let's say it could have been handled differently to be kind.

I didn't catch the name that night but in the morning I found out who he was and I knew him also. I knew his grandfather, his dad and his aunt.

That morning at that point I thought to myself someone has to do something to stop this...

So, I wrote a couple poems about my thoughts on the topic:

SE AWARENESS

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Everyday life sends so many to that ledge
and makes it seem right to jump off the edge.
I choose to call it “self execution”
it's generally caused by your own persecution.
It's fine to be different and live your own way.
Put faith in yourself, not judgments others say.
If you do feel like you're living in Hell
Salvation will come if you take the right trail.
For those who choose to take the answer that's a
negative solution.
Believing it was the best path for their destitution.
There are some who attempt this dreadful curse and
survive, whether miracle or chance,
Should share their stories and show others in pain to
pick an alternate solution from a personal stance.
“No matter how bad your life gets if you Execute
yourself it won't get better!”

SE SELF EXECUTION

The scope and goal of every mental health origination
Is to give the mentally ill hope and improve their
situation.
Yet even with all their training, recovery groups and
pills,
there's always the ones self punishment kills.
Suicides continue every second of each day.
I believe it's because we look at it the wrong way.
For most don't realize the true nature of this beast
and the legacy of pain it leaves after its feast

I've been to that brink, I've been in pain,
and the actions I did bordered insane.
Luckily I'm still here, be it random or grace.
Hopefully I'll leave something time won't erase.
Want to make a difference want to give to mankind
just a new mindset could be the right path to find.
Many have said SE sounds like a bad thing to say.
How many lives could it save if we explained it this
way?
My heart goes out for all the Victims of SE
Hopefully this can make some change in casualties we
see.

I wrote these, I created memes, I even went as far to make a binder
and give it to my psychiatrist at the VA hospital I visit.

I've shared and showed them around in many places, I have a
personal page on Facebook titled SE Self Execution Prevention.

PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder)

One of my quotes is "PTSD in its rawest form is a death sentence
which daily causes veterans and many others to execute themselves
in hopes to be free."

I've written many quotes over the course of years along with
poems. Did I write them for personal gain? Did I write them to leave
a name? A friend said to me, "A writer doesn't write because he
wants to, he writes because he has to write."

So when the poems and things emerged, I saved them in files for
years. Then when I met one of my best friends, Matthew Hales, he
took his skills with the computer and my creations and my other five
books were created using a site called CreateSpace.com on Amazon
which is an awesome company.

My other books I've had out some time. I've given away many free signed copies. But if you go to my Facebook pages you'll see I rarely do any promoting of them.

Let's get back to PTSD. What's the cause? Since there are billions of people in the world living different lifestyles and having different minds, the causes can vary. A fireman or policeman or an EMT could have all had one call too many. The devastating injuries or deaths they see can often cause demon circuits in these trained professionals.

The soldier who lost a friend standing right next to him in combat or the one that shot and killed an enemy and while going through their pockets found a photo of the wife and kids of the person he had killed. War and PTSD we all love and support our soldiers in pain from these yet I always see both sides of the coin. What about the PTSD for the families of the combatants on the losing side?

I had a person say if our soldiers get PTSD in combat why don't they kill themselves when they are in that country if PTSD really exists? I said they do. There is a beautiful movie named *The Five People You Meet in Heaven* by Hallmark. In the movie there are great depictions of what happens to the mind of a soldier along with a beautiful romance story.

My experience with PTSD emerged from my personality type (ENFP) Extroverted Intuitive Feeling Perceptive. For some when they see someone that has died they think, "Better you than me." In my case I saw all my fallen comrades and in many cases they were just kids to me and my line of thought was, "I wish it was me and not you." That thought which to me I see it as survivor guilt happens a lot when someone you love commits SE.

My PTSD and Bipolar are both still very active in my mind, although the meds I take mask the memories and the pain. They still

emerge in less intensity, at least not causing me to get so far depressed that I myself go back to wanting to SE.

Seriously I do cry and quite often because of triggers. Anything dealing with duty, honor and country will rip me apart. And the song Taps I say, “You could play Taps on a Jew's harp and I'd still cry.”

As far as crying we're all told big boys don't cry or crying is a form of weakness. I look at crying like this: if you don't download you explode. I have a poem about crying:

STRENGTH

Tears don't carry out pain.
They wash the strength in.
Your body may be losing,
yet your mind, it will win.
Tears are mixed emotions,
some happy, some sad.
They flow like fountains
when happy or mad.
Never wipe them off.
Just rub them right in.
They will help you
to be your own friend.
Learning Self Love
is the hardest to do.
Try embracing yourself,
and find the real you.

Warning signs

Generally when it comes to most people there are apparent signs when a person is going to commit SE.

1. Prolonged bouts with drugs or alcohol and depression.
2. Loss of job, position or self esteem.
3. Divorces and breakups.
4. Excessive alcohol or drug use while being a recluse.
5. Calls out of the blue and a person saying how much they love you and might mention the comment if anything ever happens to me or even offer to give you things they find precious and dear to themselves.
6. Visiting the graves of loved ones who also committed SE.
7. Bullying in the workplace, college or schools.

There are many more these are only a few...

About bullying I wrote a poem about Cyber Bullying:

CYBER BULLYING

The internet is such a beautiful thing,
when used correctly It can make one's heart sing.
It can let us interact with each other or play a few
games.

But unfortunately it can also cause trauma and pain.
Words have power, energy and direction,
It's terrible when they're used for a negative
connection.

Especially when it's to make fun of or bully another
human being.

That causes them trauma and pain with no way of
fleeing.

They become withdrawn more and more with every hurtful post.

But actually they're the ones who need love the most. Because if anyone takes the time to single them out. It's mainly because they themselves are shrouded with doubt.

So if you ever get one of those cyberbullying messages that stick in your throat.

Take a deep breath and smile then respond "I'm so glad you wrote!"

SE vs Accidental Death

There is a fine line between these topics mainly because most accidents are preventable.

I knew a wonderful kid, watched him grow up. He was going places. He was a great looking brilliant young man, you name it, all the cards were stacked in his favor until one night he and some others were hanging out at college and one of their friends came in with a rifle and was saying how his girlfriend had broke up with him and he was going to shoot himself. The friend held the rifle in several different positions until the young man I mentioned earlier said, "Give it to me I'll show you how to do it," as a joke.

Unfortunately when he put the barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger the safety was off and a round was in the chamber. This story was told to me by the father whom I was very good friends with. He told the story with weeping eyes. I cried also.

"Suicide by Cop" as it's called to me is an evil act. Policemen are sworn to protect and serve. When they have to shoot or be shot in this case, I'm sure they experience PTSD.

SE and Revenge

I knew a person from my home area and was told his wife had left him and taken his two-year-old daughter. He went to their home one day took a .22 rifle or pistol killed his daughter and then shot himself twice in the head before he killed himself. So you ask yourself: could this have been prevented? Yes, every case of suicide, or SE as I choose to call it, is preventable with proper education and care from friends, family or medical professionals. As I said earlier: words have power and energy.

When I was at KI Sawyer Air Force Base years ago, I was in the smoking break room and a person that was going to retire told me how his wife had left him and took his son and went to Texas. He asked me what you would do. Me being the young wise ass I was at the time and without thinking I said, “I’d hunt her down and kill her.”

Some time went by and he had retired. I heard he had went down to Texas, got drunk, went to his wife's place with a pistol and was beating on the door yelling, “Let me in!” She didn’t open the door so in a drunken rage he shot through the door missing his wife and actually hitting and killing his son.

Needless to say I don’t make jokes about people killing others or killing themselves any more.

We are all catalysts to each other and in one of my quotes I say, “A smile to someone could make all the difference between them going home and ax murdering their family or having a nice meal.” A little too graphic of a quote? Or stories? I believe it’s time we got more graphic and showed the monster SE in the light it belongs and take it out of the shadows. But we live in a kinder, gentler politically correct society.

When you see a child on the news that was cyber bullied until they committed SE you notice in the papers you'll see cute grade school year book photos and such. The aftermath of SE and the physical damage the human body may have incurred will never be shown to the general public. Although daily kids play video games with exploding heads and such and of course that's okay. It's a game! It's make believe! Seriously, schools should have textbooks dedicated entirely to a block of SE or Suicide, if you so prefer. When I was in the Air Force I looked at some OSI (Office of Special Investigation) career development course books and it had actual images of suicides.

On the internet you can find an old photograph called "The most beautiful suicide." It was in papers and named as such. THERE IS NOTHING BEAUTIFUL ABOUT SUICIDE!

I mentioned songs earlier. The award winning TV series M*A*S*H's theme song is "Suicide Is Painless." Painless for who?

Sorry, getting off track here. Anyway hopefully you've been with me this far. If the stories I graphically explained gave you a pit in your stomach maybe it was something you needed. The first step to problem solving is recognizing the problem exists in the first place.

All in all, when it comes to deaths from SE we should all be our brother's keepers.

Anger, Guilt, Doubt and Pain

Anger.

I don't believe there is anyone who doesn't know what it is or hasn't had it towards another human being at some point. Unfortunately anger is something that requires work. You go to bed with hate in your heart for someone. When you wake up it's a new day but what do you do? You rekindle that anger as an eternal flame

for others you might wish to even take with you to the grave and beyond. I used to harbor anger, then I realized it was a double-edged sword and it was cutting me the deepest.

Guilt.

Anyone not know what guilt is? Seriously you can almost chock all of these headings up to what I called demon circuits earlier. I had tons of guilt for years, and with the guilt came the anger, doubt and pain. What was a solution? Self-medicating with alcohol.

I was a drinker and quite a drinker, at that. Case of beer a day, a half a bottle of liquor. At one time I had myself convinced I did so many things for other people that drinking was the only fun thing I did for myself. Well, as you saw earlier, the alcohol and the PTSD didn't work out. Luckily for me when I realized I had problems the VA doctors at Danville, Illinois got me on different medications and it was the first step for the right track. Don't get me wrong, it took many different prescription changes until they found the ones I'm on now which keep me balanced and I can enjoy a semi-normal life. The trouble with some people and antipsychotics is they want to use them for a high and when they don't get that high they tell their doctors these pills don't work...

They're not meant for that purpose!

As far as a high many people love weed and say it has improved their coping skills dealing with life, depression and anxiety. I have no problem with medical marijuana. Yes I have personally smoked it but not very many times. I love the smell and taste but personally I hate what it does to my mind. I'd buy it by the pack if it was THC free...

Doubt.

Another double-edged sword. If I doubted anyone would read this, would I write it? If I doubted my concepts wouldn't make a change somewhere in someone's life, would I write it?

I've been told by some that you have to have doubt because it makes you try harder.

I don't believe a professional ball player of any type swung a bat, threw a pass, shot at a hoop or any of the things they do by doubting. It wouldn't achieve their goal.

One of my quotes is, "The best self help book I ever read was 'The Little Engine that Could.'"

Pain.

I covered this early but I believe it's worth discussing again. I've seen it written that we as human beings do actually two simple basic actions: seek pleasure or avoid pain. I wrote a poem about pain that has my earlier remarks:

PAIN

What is the worst pain you've ever had
that caused you trauma or just made you feel bad?

I have an idea I'd like to share with you
about our lives and the pains we go through:

What if my worst pain was a paper cut
and yours breaking bones when you wrecked your bike
in a rut?

The severity of injury is large in these situations,
yet the magnitude of individual pain has the same
correlations...

Marvelous Things

So many people wish to live be famous or leave marvelous things and at times when that drive is too strong and they feel like a failure SE or the thought of SE often emerges. In fact we all do marvelous things and don't even know at times.

Simple example: You hear a noise outside. It's late and dark. You walk to your door and turn on the porch light. You peek out see nothing so you turn off the light and go to bed. Was that a marvelous thing?

Let's go a little a little beyond with that scenario: At the instant you turned on the light, it shined a bit of light on your neighbor's dark door step where an intruder was planning to get in their door. It could have led to bodily harm. So, yes, in that instance you did a marvelous thing!

You stop on the road to assist a woman because she has a flat tire. You fix the tire and she thanks you and happily drives away. She manages to make it to work in a restaurant on time. She's pregnant and a wealthy customer gives her a hundred dollar tip and says use it for your baby.

Even that tip started a whole chain of new events.

Seriously, time is a strange thing. I've said for years if I had changed just a few seconds and actions in my past I wouldn't be who I am and where I am today. When I was assigned to the morgue in Dover AFB, that was by choice. I had the option to go overseas to the desert but I picked the morgue. If I had went overseas I would have not experienced the path I have or met the people I have and more than likely none of my books would have ever been created...

Stigmas

Most stigmas stem from people judging you or even you judging yourself. I personally have no problem telling people I am Bipolar with PTSD or the actions I did when I was on the brink of suicide. Hopefully mankind will evolve to the point where they see it takes all kinds to make a world. I have a fiancée in the Philippines and when we were first talking on the phone she said to me, “You don’t talk to me like I’m a foreigner.” I said, “You’re not, we all live on the same rock.”

I have a poem that kind of covers this topic. There are also a few stories I’d like to share about the poem before I share it.

One night a guy that was friends with my kids when they were growing up still lived in Michigan. He messaged me on Facebook one day and said, “I wanted to show you how far your work has gone.”

He showed me a picture of a plastic Easter egg opened up with a puzzle piece painted green with a safety pin glued to the back. There was also a slip of paper with the poem I’m talking about printed out with my name on it. A husband and wife made a lot of them I was told and placed them all over a park the night before a huge concert and people were opening them to find the puzzle piece and my poem within.

In another story, I sent a woman friend of mine on Facebook the poem, she didn’t have a printer so she hand-wrote out the poem. The next morning her daughter went to see her and found she had died in her sleep. Her Facebook being open the daughter messaged me on my account she told me her mother had died. Then she asked if the hand-written poem was mine. I answered yes and then she asked, “Can I read it at her funeral?”

Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones

Another lady friend of mine in Scotland loved the last line so much she created a tattoo with the last line tattooed on a ring of flowers and leaves she drew that encompassed her arm.

She took a photo and sent it to me. So this is where one of my poems affected some lives. Here's the poem. It's a non-rhyme of which I write very few to let you know:

We're all pieces of the same ever-changing puzzle;
some connected for mere seconds, some connected
for life,
some connected through knowledge, some through
belief,
some connected through wisdom, some through Love,
and some connected with no explanation at all.

Yet, as spiritual beings having a human experience,
we're all here for the sensations this reality or illusion
has to offer.

The best anyone can hope for is the right to be able to
Live,

Learn, Love then Leave. After that, reap the benefits of
their own chosen

existence in the hereafter by virtue of simply believing
in what they believe.

As for here, it took me a while but this progression
helped me with my life:

"I like myself. I Love myself. I am myself."

(That was my friends tattoo words)

Speaking of I AM I wrote this:

When you stop searching generally you find yourself...

Then you can say I AM...

“I” stands for the one and “AM” stands for existence.

Never before you has there been anyone exactly like you

And never after you will there be one exactly like you.

You are a singularity in the universe you are unique.

We are not all the same.

When we can accept the uniqueness of self and the sameness in our differences

Only then will we stop killing ourselves over ignorance...

Seeking Help

Some of us haven't any problem asking for help when it's needed and others for assorted reasons refuse to seek help. When a person's contemplating SE at times they run several scenarios through their minds when it comes to professional help.

Many are afraid they'll be looked at as mentally ill or diagnosed mentally ill which is part of the stigma.

Some are afraid to ask for help they might take away their gun or guns, the very same gun they can kill themselves with if the conditions are right...

Hotlines

If you call a crisis line or whatever they call them and you're not happy with the conversation, hang up and call them back and try another person. I've had many people say sometimes the person they're talking with isn't listening at all.

Cause and Effect

Almost all SE events are caused by emotional pain or trauma along with depression generally involving drugs or alcohol.

The effects are many. Your family members and loved ones may experience PTSD, especially the ones who find you after you're dead.

It doesn't stop there. Everyone else from policemen, firemen, EMT's, coroners and even funeral directors feel pain, trauma and remorse for those lost to SE.

It's not in any fashion a singular event whereas you expire life goes on and everybody else who were involved or left behind go on with a happy go lucky life.

I know personally from everything I've seen and experienced from my connection with SE events they will always be in my thoughts until I pass away. I've seen some terrible things and every time I hear of someone taking their life my mind replays all the events I've seen.

When I was at the brink of SE over and over before my wife said what she said the idea of seeking help had never crossed my mind.

Whose job is it to prevent SE?

We live in a world where passing the buck often seems like the thing to do. Just like me writing this book many wouldn't attempt this. They would say, "It's not my job, people get paid to handle suicide or SE issues."

I've seen shirts for sale on the net and they say "I Support Suicide Prevention." Personally I don't believe a person buying that and wearing it does much for the lost. If you want to support those in pain, talk with them, let them voice their problems, take them to lunch, do something nice. I'm pretty sure random acts of kindness have never killed anyone or made anyone want to die.

Maybe not in every case but most I believe, “If you’re not part of the solution you are the problem.”

Fault

We toss this word around like a hot potato: It was their fault, it was my fault, it was your fault.

I believe if you use the word you can use it in this sentence: “There’s a fault in the bedrock.” This means to me the deepest and strongest foundation other things stand upon.

Whose fault is it when a person commits SE?

At times we can become victims to our heredity and environment and be trapped by the social biases of the world.

I wrote this back in 1986:

JUDGMENT

Tossing and turning, washing away,
I’m like a pebble in a river with no place to stay.
Smiling at people who don’t even care,
standing here naked as all of them stare.
But, rich I am and always will be,
for there’s lots of them and only one me.

Support

What’s the best place to find guidance for our problems in life?

How many answers have you already ran through your mind?

I could suggest groups, books or many other things but the best support I found in my own personal case started with psychologists, psychiatrists and therapists who showed me the doorway to my own

mind then through many years of introspection. I found actually what is said in a Kenny Rogers song: The secret to surviving is knowing what to throw away and knowing what to keep.

What did I throw away? Overuse of alcohol, low self esteem, guilt, hate for myself, unnecessary pain, loneliness, which all combined helped me crawl out of the pit of depression that was so deep and had so much power over me if I hadn't of changed my actions and mindsets it would have eventually consumed me...

The residual memories of what I've seen and where I've been will always be with me but they don't hijack my mind like they used to anymore.

Loneliness

This feeling has consumed so many lives, it can cause hurt, anger and depression.

An extreme example of loneliness is when a couple breaks up and the girlfriend or the boy friend, husband or wife commit SE not to escape loneliness or their own personal pain but to hurt the other person, thinking "I will kill myself and they will be sorry!" Seriously many people with problems have the same mind set.

In the Air Force I knew a guy who hung himself because his wife had another man. When he died the survivors benefit was twenty thousand dollars.

So he was dead and she got twenty thousand dollars. I hate to express it this way but "He really showed her!" The ones he did hurt were his children who no longer had a father and also now were exposed to the legacy of pain SE leaves behind, in which one day could lead them to taking the same dark path..

Discussions

Ever since that morning after my friend hung himself and I thought up the poems for SE and the concept I discuss it with almost everyone that will listen, and as I learned in a class in the Air Force there is a big difference between listening and hearing,

I know this topic isn't something you want to pop into while your children or loved ones are eating breakfast. As they say there is a time and a place for everything.

But everyone you love and care for should know no matter how bad they feel or how much anger they have or how much they hurt they can always come to you.

When I first began this process everyone I spoke with except a few asked me if I was okay?

Of course a normal response because like I said in the beginning I was talking about the elephant in the room everyone sees and doesn't want to discuss.

Generally people aren't sad for what they say but in the case of an SE victims it's often what they never said that will haunt them to the grave...

Change

I've heard it said change is the hardest thing for mankind to deal with yet they also say change is the only constant.

Changes in life where you feel you lost something are generally the hardest to deal with. As I said earlier we don't do well with loss.

I'm sure you know by now I'm trying to make a change and if the only change that comes out of my concepts and effort is just one person lives instead of committing SE that works for me.

I can't take this subject of changing suicide to self execution and grab a megaphone and scream it from the rooftops.

That would be like a flood rushing over a huge rock but if it was to be one drip at a time over many years the rock would be destroyed.

I'm all in for a change in the numbers of self executions we see. I'm all in for people to live long and fruitful lives and learning that no matter how bad their life gets there is always help to be found somewhere.

Help

Most of the world cares about helping others. There is a fine line between helping and enabling.

I've chatted with quite a number of people in pain on the net in the many years I've been on it. When people ask for help I try to help them by giving them the tools to help themselves.

On many occasions people in pain have opened up to me telling me about being molested. In this case what I do is try to redirect their mind. When they say "my Dad, Mom, Stepfather, Stepmother, Uncle, Aunt, Brother, Sister, Priest" or any other name where you would expect basically kindness and care molested them, I realized they are trapped in what I called a demon circuit earlier and the question they were asking over and over was basically, "Why would they do this to me?"

In each and every case there is a simple question to ask them: I'll use one name for simplicity instead each of them I listed above. "Was he your Stepfather or a pedophile?" They think a moment and say he was a pedophile. In that transition of thought where they took what was a family oriented name and turned the person into the monster they really are. It seemed to break that demon circuit. Attachments cause pain. Detaching them from what should have been love and affection and showing them it was evil and abusive seemed to help...

Acceptance and Survivor Guilt

Not everyone is going to accept my use of SE, the thought of someone's ten year old kid who was bullied at school and took their life being self execution won't sit well with some and, yes, I understand why. I'm sure there will be many other cases also.

The slaughter of the innocents has always affected mankind. But my ideas in this book didn't lead to the end of their child's life.

SE is basically a breakdown in society and in the case of our children committing this terrible act I always liked the quote "It takes a whole village to raise a child."

Teachers and guidance counselors of our children should be vigilant to seek and find the children who are lost and feel taking their life is their only escape.

As far as survivor guilt I've actually talked with people who tried to commit SE and lived and were in a fog wondering why they are still alive. I suggest, "Take your pain turn it into strength and help others in need."

I can go on and list scenario after scenario of people I've known or know about who took their lives or attempted.

Slipping Through the Crack

No matter what I do or say or you do or say there is always going to be someone somewhere that has had love and support and therapy, medication and everything else you can name that will commit SE.

SE is a disease. Normal people do not take their lives. The best we can do is to try and share love and compassion and education.

As far as education I'm a high school graduate not a scholar yet life has been my teacher. Often it has been less than pleasant I must admit.

About unpleasant, I was in an anger management class years ago and I asked the instructor, “When's the last time your wife made you really mad?”

He replied something like, “Three years ago on a Thursday at four o'clock.”

Then I asked, “What did you have for lunch yesterday?”

He thought and thought and then said what he had.

Then I asked, “Did you like your lunch?”

He replied, “Yes”

Then I asked, “Why was it so quickly you found something negative and it took you so long to find something positive?”

Unfortunately for some reason many of us are wired to go directly to the negative.

History

In 1958, the first suicide prevention center in the United States opened in Los Angeles, California.

So for fifty nine years our country has been dealing with suicide. In those years hasn't the types and causes of different deaths evolved?

As I said in the beginning the word suicide has been around since 1650 and has never evolved. Are the suicide programs evolving with society's needs or are they stagnant?

“No matter how bad life gets if you execute yourself it will never get better!”

If the word execute psychologically makes you feel uneasy in that phrase is that a good or bad thing?

Acceptance

For some people I could be sitting here telling you if you don't change your ways God will punish you and you will end up in fire and brimstone forever and they would fully accept that.

I could be wrong but it does sound like an evil thing to say, well at least to me...

Personally if you are comfortable using suicide instead of SE, marvelous; but don't drop the ball! It's a topic that needs to be discussed, something that becomes a commonplace thing used in conversations. Letting friends and loved ones know if they are having thoughts of it you will be there for them. Without judgment or lack of concern...

Has anything I've presented caused you any form of confusion or pain? If so, I apologize...

After reading this in some way or another if you feel a need to help others donations are generally the chosen method for causes. But in the case of the topic I've chosen, SE, making a change would simply be by conversations and taking the word suicide out of the dark ages where it began and transforming it into self execution which currently consumes person after person...

Another poem I'd like to share:

SOLACE

The pain we feel when suicide takes a friend or Loved one away

Makes us do an inventory of what we could have done to prevent this day.

Our minds race from thought to thought
about this incident that won't easily be forgot.

Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones

Many times we take on the ownership of their pain
From the act some will only view as insane.

I too have been at that eternal brink,
when killing myself was the only thought I could think.
With all the love, compassion and support we can give,
there will always be some who choose to no longer
live.

All you can do then is support those they Loved and
left behind,
and pray in the afterlife there isn't any pain for those
you lost to find...

My whole intent for this creation was one purpose and one purpose
only:

To S.O.L.O (Save Our Loved Ones)

Take care and be well!

Stanley Victor Paskavich ~ Stantasyland

Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones



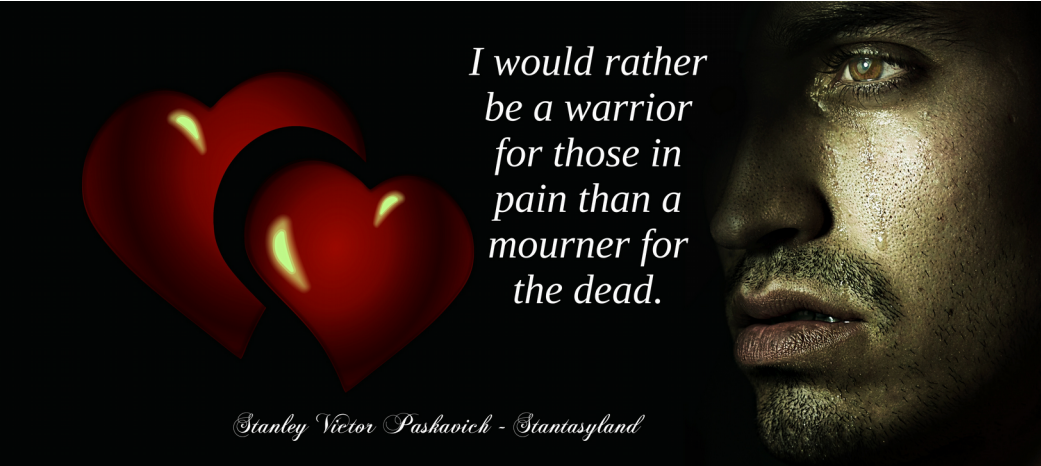
**To some my
concept of
changing the name
of suicide to SE
Self Execution
might seem like a
Hail Mary pass, but
it's still better than
not throwing the
ball at all...**

Stanley Victor Paskavich
Stantasyland

Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones



*I would rather
be a warrior
for those in
pain than a
mourner for
the dead.*

Stanley Victor Paskavich - Stantasyland

Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones



Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones



Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones




**IF YOU WANT YOUR DEMONS TO GO AWAY, QUIT
SPEAKING THE WORDS THEY TAUGHT YOU TO SAY.**

Stanley Victor Paskavich - Stantasyland

Stanley Victor Paskavich

S.O.L.O.

Save Our Loved Ones



*Over Done Forgotten Gone.
Previous problems won't linger on.
Then with this new peace I've found
they won't ever come back around.
I choose now to live in serenity
then do my best to simply be Me.*

Stan...

