

***By Miles Bonine***

### **Why Is We Matter So Important?**

A surprising statistic shows that 33% of folks know someone who has died by suicide. This means that one out of every three persons have been affected by suicide in one way or another. I personally know someone who has tried to commit suicide. I saw the pain and the hurt depression placed on their life. You may ask how I know so much about this one person and all the hurt they experienced. That person I know is me. I personally experienced the struggles of wanting to kill myself.

Coming from someone who has attempted suicide, I believe even just hearing someone say that I matter, it means the world. I think school is mainly focused around education, which seems to be how it should be. But things happen to some of us and it can leave a horrible scar. Sometimes it's very hard to keep up with my schoolwork along with dealing with my fatal depression. I found it very difficult to stay happy while trying to consistently do homework. If we, even only as a school body, show each other how much we care, the school environment would be much more bearable.

I can remember back when I was at my lowest in freshman year, I felt no one cared about me, truly. That hurt me. But after months go by when I chose to get help, things got better. My help was not at the school but from a therapist. I feel like if we had a movement take place, kids dealing with suicide will have a chance to stand up and fight their doubts and depression. Slowly, the temptation to end a life will wither away. I believe starting a movement like this would greatly impact the student body.

**MY TESTIMONY**

January 6th, 2016. That day had been especially hard on me and I remember everything went wrong that day. My girlfriend and I broke up, she told me she couldn't do anything to help. Everyone that day seemed to have given up on me. All day I was thinking. Worthless. You do not matter. Just go kill yourself. No one would care anyway. Take those pills...all of them. I was officially on my own. So I turned to "someone" who has never given up on me. I watched pornography for a total of 4 hours that day. In my closet there was a bottle of Oxycodone with 12 pills inside. I knew I was going to try to kill myself.

Because of that, I didn't talk to anybody because I knew they'd tell me all the lies I've already heard. It's been 8 years, I want to just die already. So I poured 8 pills in my hand, thought that was too much, then put 4 back in the bottle.

I downed the pills with a glass of water. Going to lay in bed, I thought, four pills won't do enough, I need to know I'm going to die. Emptying four more pills out and digesting them, I knew right there and then as I looked back down at my empty hand that this was my last night. This happened around 11:30 PM.

I lay there in bed. I'd take turns closing my eyes for a little while, then opening them to look at the ceiling. 10 minutes went by and I started getting scared to close my eyes. I started feeling tired. But I started to think and this time it was different. For the first time in a long time I started to feel love. I felt hope. I remember thinking of my dad and that smile he gives me when he's proud, my mother who never gave up on me even though I'm very hard to handle. I wondered what I could be when I grew up. I wondered...none of that could happen if I kill myself tonight. I thought of the beautiful sunrises, sunsets, and the stars at night. I would never get to see those beautiful little

things ever again. The hardest thought was of my papa. We have been best friends. Nothing could separate us. He loves me so much. I can't leave these people in my life. I can't sell myself short of what God has to offer. I cannot give up.

And I didn't give up that night. I made my way into my parents' bedroom and told them what no parent ever wants to hear. Mom, Dad? I swallowed 8 pain pills. I tried to kill myself. Before I knew it, my dad had me in the truck driving as fast as he could to the hospital. The roads were icy that night. I was admitted into the hospital and was forced to drink liquid charcoal. The charcoal binds up all the medicine in my system and stops it from going through my system and killing me. After that I was given an evaluation into my mental health. Have you ever tried to kill yourself before? No. Have you ever thought of killing yourself? No. I've lied my entire life, it doesn't change if I lie to her now. I was allowed to go home. Even after drinking that liquid charcoal, it was impossible to keep my eyes open. The amount of medicine that had been in my system was keeping my eyes closed even after the charcoal. The doctor was blown away that my liver and pancreas were almost unaffected by the large amount of drugs. He also told me that I had doubled the lethal dose. After all that, I was released from the hospital at 3:30 in the morning.

That night I realized God had always had me with him. He saved me that night. He put those beautiful memories in my head. He made feel, for the first time in 8 years, loved, happy, and hopeful. I went to therapy sessions to fight my porn addiction since it was the reason behind my depression. The therapy sessions also doubled as drug abuse counseling. I learned that yes, prayer does help. But prayer is not all that's needed to heal. You cannot give up like I did. It takes hard work and dedication.

Depression never lets you feel happy. Any person who's depressed seems to never find that love or joy that others have. But coming from someone who's been there, who's taken those pills, who has cut themselves, and who has thought of holding a gun to their head. I know it's hard. But you can push through.

I have seen my bad days and I have seen my good days. But the Lord has always been there right by my side. I just never took the time to look for Him. I can tell you this, hold on to the things you love. That night on January 6th, 2016, truthfully if it weren't for thought of the loving smile of my dad, or the everlasting care of my momma, I would have stayed in that bed. I would have waited that night for all 8 Oxycodone pills to kill me. I would have closed my eyes for the last time that night.

From all this I learned that keeping sin hidden out of sight does not make it go away. Sin thrives and gets stronger while hidden in the dark. Keeping your problems to yourself hurts. No one knows your pain behind closed doors, there seems to be no lower feeling than that. You do not have to kill yourself to find peace, love, and hope. You have all that right here by your side and just a prayer away. All you need is Jesus. If it weren't for Jesus, I would have died right along with my sins that night. My momma and daddy would've walked into my room to find their baby boy dead with no heartbeat, no respiration, and no chance at ever experiencing the good things life has to offer.

So yes, I do rethink my life often and wonder if things would be different. But I know if my life was altered, I wouldn't love Jesus as much as I do today. I wouldn't give him endless thanks for saving my life on the cross. But he saved my life twice. Once on the cross, and also on

the night of January 6th, 2016. This is the story of a boy who found Jesus through 8 Oxycodone pain pills. Thank you.

### **Why should my testimony matter?**

I believe incorporating 'We Matter' suicide prevention clubs help kids who have struggled in the dark finally come out into the light and have others fight with them. It's important to realize that those who struggle will not come out and say they are suicidal. We need to open doors at schools and let suicidal persons know that they are not alone.

### **Why is We Matter so Important?**

It's simple; because most of us are oblivious to what the signs are of suicide. Many signs are easy to spot and could be right up under our nose, but we glaze past them. I find that very sad that our school does not incorporate suicide awareness in its system.

### **What Does We Matter Mean to Me?**

We matter goes further, for me, than a lot of things. When I see others being helped with their harmful thoughts. It reassured me that everything will be okay in the end. We Matter is a giant leap in reducing teen suicides and I'm happy Mrs. Magalassi shared her story with us!

Thank you. I love the awe Matter movement! I'm here to stop suicide dead in its tracks!