

Katelyn Feldman

I struggle with mental illness. At first it seemed to slow me down but later I realized I looked at life differently, as if it were a gift. Life is fragile and I have to make the most of it. As an illustrator and artist, I want to share my work with people that appreciate it. I wrote my story through a child's eyes. I was asked to see a doctor for my depression in highschool later, and I saw a psychiatrist and was diagnosed with bi polar, schizophrenia, and depression not all at the same time.

We Cry We Cry Written by Katelyn Feldman

seventeen year old self
You are beautiful
all seventeen year old girls are
You are smart
You are strong
You are young and wise
Life is messy
And you are stronger in the Lord
No matter what your struggles are the Lord will Be there
You will be better playing by the rules
You are beautiful
You are smart
You are the daughter of the lord
You don't have to struggle alone
You are the daughter of the king
To my seventeen self dont worry so much about the road head but what's happening now
You are only seventeen
Don't be so hard on yourself
Pray more the world will open itself open up to you.
Love your parents and show your friends who you are
You the most beautiful you'll ever be stop hurting yourself
Stop criticizing yourself your beautiful
All seventeen year old girls are
Your wise
Not that wise go to school
You'll be fine
Everybody has hard times

Most seventeen year old girls are beautiful
Most seventeen year old girls are beautiful
You are no exception
The world is hard but hang in there
You'll be fine
You're the daughter of the king

Mindfulness Based Stress Reduction

Written by Katelyn Feldman

Main ideas Retraining the brain

Week 1 introduction

1. How our body mind works

There is a science to our mind that thinks and processes things. Our nervous system is responsible for control of the functions not consciously directed, such as breathing, heartbeat, and the digestive process. At lifelink we worked on mindfulness practices at the park. There were life distractions outside of our control. The park was noisy but as a group we tried and succeeded in making it work.

Our system gets stressed which causes stress. Why does our body feel unsafe, ticked off, anxious or stressed? Going into the sympathetic nervous system is often referred to as the four Fs: fight, flight, freeze, and fix responses.

Fix is easy to understand, fix deals with things by grabbing them. Getting a fix: smoking, doing drugs, substance abuse or addiction. The fight, flight, or freeze are not pathological reactions but part of the parasympathetic nervous system. The parasympathetic nervous system can train our system to reduce stress. There are exercises to train the brain. MBSR are some skills. Practice Mindfulness and Meditation. Deep abdominal breathing from the diaphragm

- Focus on a word that is soothing such as calm and peace

- Play with animals or your children

- Spend time in nature

2. Mindfulness Practice is Our Attitude

If we don't have a good attitude we aren't practicing good mindfulness. The attitude of mindfulness is important. Being in the here and now

It's important to look at the here and now not focusing on the past which you can't change or look to the future which has not happened yet.

Though mindfulness eating, body scan, breathe and meditation there is a difference.

The practice of mindfulness is taught at the Center for Mindfulness University of Massachusetts

3. Beginner's mind

Look at life through fresh eyes. The next time you see someone who is familiar to us, ask ourselves if we are seeing this person with fresh eyes or are we laying on judgements and past ideas. People we know that we see everyday our neighbors, friends, family, spouse, and kids.

Try with a clear mind. Nature is a great example with the trees, sunset, stars

The park was amazing to do mindfulness with a large group only cars and traffic you could hear.

Jodi Drinkwater

Jodi Drinkwater received her MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry from Wichita State University as well as a Film Studies—Screenwriting degree from Santa Fe Community College. Her short plays have been performed in a variety of venues in Santa Fe, and her poetry is published in small presses, including South Dakota Review, and A Project for A New Mythology, among others.

Rains on the Vast, Lost Array

Written By Jodi Drinkwater

(CONTINUED FROM JULY ISSUE)

SID

Forward.

NARRATOR

Sid half-questioned, and then he nudged Brisk.

Now the cowboy was wandering, aimless, except he was targeting The Vast Lost Array in the far off, and thought he couldn't see it he gauged his inner compass by it, but not really knowing why.

SID

It exists.

NARRATOR

And that was why, his only reason, and a good enough reason for him.

The cowboy rode Brisk over the plains for a day. He was in no hurry and the weather was clear.

The grass spread out before him as far as he could see...

SID

Reminds me of Wyoming...

NARRATOR

...he decided, and then he changed his mind.

SID

'Minds me of The Plains.... The Plains of San Augustin, herself.

NARRATOR

And that was that. The cowboy watched the sky.

He rode under The Array and then beyond it. No one bothered him. He was alone.

When he was far beyond The Array and beyond reach of all cars and all people, he found a place to camp.

He dug a fire-pit and unloaded the wood he'd borne from the hedgerow and started a fire with the dry brush he gathered and one match. He put up his pup tent, and sorted out his food for supper.

SID

Beans...tortillas...peppers...coffee.

NARRATOR

The cowboy chewed on beef jerky as he heated the can of beans and the tortilla. He boiled water. He watched the enigmatic sky that stared down at him like an enigmatic eye, and munched a pepper.

Brisk munched the grass that surrounded him in abundance, and quite frankly, the two of them were happy. This was the kind of happy a man rarely finds and the kind a horse stumbles upon even more seldom.

They were at peace.

And both of them knew instinctively to appreciate it, because this kind of peace doesn't last for long.

The cowboy fell asleep in his bed roll as the sun sank on the flat horizon.

The cowboy falls asleep in his bed roll as the sun sinks on the flat horizon.

EXT. THE PLAINS OF SAN AUGUSTIN--MORNING

The cowboy awakes to a coyote running through camp. The cowboy had a great tolerance and respect for the coyote, but wouldn't abide a pest in his camp.

NARRATOR

The cowboy awoke to a coyote running through camp. The cowboy had a great tolerance and respect for the coyote, but wouldn't abide a pest in his camp.

The cowboy found a stone and threw it at the coyote who yelped when the rock struck his ribs.

The coyote turned and seemed, for a moment, to stare down Sid, and then he fled out across the grass and disappeared under its foliage.

SID

How did I not hear them?

NARRATOR

Sid had been sleeping more soundly than ever--being out under the stars--and this time, he'd missed hearing the confrontation between the coyote and his horse.

SID

Brisk, ole boy, did you even put up a fight?

(TO BE CONTINUED...)

The Lighthouse

Written by Jodi Drinkwater

Even the stars flicker sometimes,
and the lighthouse flickered
from the foreign harbor
lined with ragged stones
of barren cliffs and mottled shore.

I had found my way
across the iron waters,
the open ocean, the silent sea
not knowing where to go
or the world I once knew.

I was on my boat
out on the lonely water,
and I had gathered all my grasses
into my lonely boat,

and in a storm, a violent gale,
I set forth on the water.
Lightning struck around my head,
and waves frothed at my boat.

My island was scoured bare.
The ivy was torn from the rocks.

The roses and lilac were drown,
honeysuckle buried in the deep.

Soon the willows were covered
and birds flew above the sea
where once there stood
hill and shore
meadow, grass, and tree.
Now flowers waved
their petals in their graves,
but my boat carried me.

The island, now, was gone,
left far behind.
The flowers were chaff
on the wind.
But for the ones who drown.

The night was dark,
and the night was darker
out on the solitary sea.
The sea which knew no friend
before that night but me
carried me on my wooden boat
carved by wind and sand and sea
filled with gramma grasses and rye,
my sail swelled by the breeze.

Yes. The sea was lonely, too,
but there were also stars.

Still, I was lost on the endless water,
lost on the boundless sea.

The waves churned,
and I had never learned to steer my boat.
I had to escape
and had no chance
to learn to navigate.
I'd come this far
not knowing how
to read the stars.

But the lighthouse flickered
from the treacherous shore
coming to the lighthouse
I would have to sail no more,
but the waves were rising
and my boat was tossed.

Fish jumped from the water--
and I would have been lost--
dolphins, whales, and a lone kingfish,
leapt out of the storm,
keening, blowing, flapping me onward,
and through the hail
the lighthouse flickered.

David Trujillo

I'm from Santa Fe and have lived here for most of my life. I've heard voices/chatter all my life, which has led to my diagnosis of schizophrenia. Is there efficacy for me with cognitive defusion? It's hard when thoughts are fused by the constant chatter that I hear. The help I have been able to get from Lifelink has saved my life.

Learning

Written by David Trujillo

Know your learning style.

Visual and Audio

The Learning Process

Organize Information

Break Down Into Smaller Parts

Understand Larger Picture

Explain What You Have learned

Use Your Own Words

Look At This

See It Know It

Do It

Then Explain It

Want to be featured in our next issue? Please send a bio and up to three short pieces of writing (approximately 2000 words or less) to ruff-wagner@thelifelink.org by September 24th.