

Dear Annie

The effect of the training I have done with you has been profound both, personally and professionally and I know it will improve my client's lives too. I would like to share my creative and honest perspective with you.

I heard a voice faintly crying "*Please, someone, find me before I'm lost forever.*" The owner of this voice sounded so emotionally tired from watching life open and close. Tired from spending exceeding effort, trying to connect and share the depth of the internal struggle with another living human being, yet never reaching the target. The voice sounded as though it was finally falling to its knees for the last time. In an unwanted surrender at long last persuaded by secrecy and isolation, it was giving up, giving up ever thinking someone might be there with a helping hand to reach out and release some of the incredibly profound weight that seemed permanently entrenched within them. I heard the voice questioning if they even deserved to be helped!

I heard this voice in 'An Introduction To Working With Individuals Who Have Self-Destructive Behaviour' 2 day training workshop, and I continued to hear it during the follow up 'Facilitating the SAFE in Oz Consumer Program' 3 day Training Workshop. However the voice had stopped crying, there was genuine hope on the horizon.

I'm like you, I knew self-destructive behaviours existed. What I didn't know was how much of it existed. I see in pictures. Pictures and my memory are friends; they get along really well together. As my mind walked through these training workshops I saw people from all walks of life that have fallen into quicksand. Some of them have been floundering desperately for so long hoping someone would see their pain. Their arms are too weary now to reach out for help and over time they've just let them drop. I think the term was 'accidental suicide'. Picture it. Genuine help appears, there is suddenly light at the end of that dark and lonely tunnel, does the voice have the strength to raise their arms to take hold and save themselves from the suffocating quicksand? The pain remains hidden while the last ounce of strength utters in heart wrenching honesty "*Please someone, find me before I'm lost forever.*" The promise of 'Safe' is that final inner strength to swim, never to sink into the depths of darkness.

Why do I know this? Not that long ago, I lived those words. When I attended these workshops, something started coming alive. I watched and listened as the most beautifully crafted solutions unfolded. I saw a new family being born, a family of deeply caring people who have been blessed with the gift of love and compassion, artistic abilities and expressions, and various intellectual penetrations with rich emotional depth.

I saw how the world had somehow quashed these people's uniqueness so severely that they had decided to punish themselves. The thought of hurting someone else could never enter their minds. And, I saw how the 'Safe in Oz' program held within its structure, an unquestionably authentic expiry date that inevitably becomes the gateway to freedom and the birth of a brand new self-respect.

Becoming a Facilitator of this movement and watching this vision stretch across pockets of people in our society, would have to be like finding a lost child's mother in a shopping centre. Think about it. There is no doubt, the joy would be standing right in front of you and the internal smile would linger for

a very long time. 'Safe in Oz' not only stops the self-destructive behaviour [the joy], it manages the urges and triggers long-term [the internal smile].

"There are moments that mark your life, moments when you realise nothing will be the same. And time is divided into two parts, before 'Safe' and after 'Safe'. [Anon – Survivor]

This program has and will continue to improve and save lives while it is alive!

Christine