

Chapter 17



Committing Suicide

The colors seem all warm and grey, my nights never fade. I am alone in this world without a mother or a father to call my own. I was born without a family, why I just don't know. my anxiety never leaves me, and my tears never stop flowing. the sun never shines upon me, as the path I trudge never ends. The clouds hide my sky, I don't remember what blue looks like. I only have a sense of What could have been, What might have been, but love never found me. Only my blood on fine linens....cradles my bones. This world is so big when I am the only one in it. Music is the only woman who comforts me, all of my dreams fade as I exhale into my pillow.

Christine Michelle

I'm in Pain!

I'm looking around talking to myself

I'm in pain; I can't take it anymore,

I'm talking to myself

I can't take it anymore this pain, I'm talking to myself,

I can't take it anymore; I'm talking to myself.

-- Christine Michelle

I tried to find comfort in the church, but there was none to be found. I felt like I was dying inside. I don't want to live anymore. I don't know what's wrong with me. I

just feel like, what's the sense in living if I'm sinning no matter what I do? I went to a Baptist church and spoke to the pastor.

Me: Can I speak to you in private?

Pastor: Sure. There's an empty room right here.

He escorted me to a room near the entrance of the building.

Pastor: Okay. What would you like to talk about?

Me: I want to kill myself. I know God can't forgive me.

Pastor: God can forgive anything. Tell me, what's the problem?

Me: I'm gay.

He looked down and shook his head in disgust. "I don't have time for this." He stood up and walked right out of the room. I couldn't believe it. How could he just walk out on me like that? He must think I'm filthy, at least too filthy for him to talk to.

Not even Jesus threw stones at sinners, so why is the church throwing stones at certain groups and even individuals like me? I was brought up believing that the church was the ultimate authority on life's decisions. In effect, I wouldn't listen to my heart, if it were at all contrary to whatever the pastor was saying on the subject. Or I would consult the Bible on everything as if it were the oracle of life. I wasn't making any decisions at all, and I felt like I had no choices. Even though it was being preached in the church that every person has free will, I didn't feel free at all. In fact, I felt trapped by the Bible and the church. I was only existing, swimming in guilt, just living in spite of myself. "I don't know what to do, what am I going to do," I thought over and over. I can't take it. It's too much pressure on my mind. I feel crazy. I guess it's just me. No one seems to understand what I'm going through. Even my friend Michael seems to think. I blow everything out of proportion. I can't handle my life anymore. It's too unbearable. I'm failing college. What made me think for a moment that I could have even finished college without Linda's help? I can't do this. My family doesn't love me. Pamala doesn't love me, even at work, I have to deal with all of those men touching her. It drives me crazy, and I don't want to change being gay. I love to love no matter who it is. Why did God give me these feelings of love for women and then say it's a sin? I know it's a sin. Why else would the church condemn us and hate us? Oh, God, help me. I can't take it, this craziness. I'm stuck. I'm a dancer, and I don't even like men, and here I am taking off my clothes trying to seduce them. My life is such a paradox. I don't feel well. My thoughts and feelings are making me dizzy. I feel like everything is choking me. God please take my life! I know you're the creator of life. You have the ultimate authority over life, and I know you can extinguish my life just by willing it so" He's not hearing me. My prayers must not be reaching Him. He can't hear me. What am I going to do? He can't hear me. Whom am I supposed to turn to? I was frantic. I called information to see if there was any help for someone who was contemplating suicide. The operator gave me a number to a suicide hot line. A woman named Sherry answered.

Sherry: Suicide Hot Line, Sherry speaking. How can I help you? Hello?

Me: Hi. I didn't know who else to call.

Sherry: Are you okay?



I was all choked up. My heart was beating right out of my chest. The tears started flowing to the point where I was blubbering. I couldn't speak. My mouth wouldn't move. So I just hung up. I sat there on the floor with the lights out rocking back and forth. I had no move to make, and even if I did have some sort of direction out of this cycle, I couldn't move. I was paralyzed with emotion. Days passed until finally I just gave up. God, please forgive me, I thought as I drove to the nearest drug store and paced its aisles. Where are the diet pills? I know this is a sure thing. I'm allergic to them. They couldn't possibly save me if I take the entire box, I thought, as I reached for the package. I trembled all the way back to the apartment. I want to die clean, I thought, as I slipped out of my clothes and into the bathtub. "God, I know you can't hear me, but please forgive me. I don't know what to do. I failed." I cried uncontrollably as I continuously pleaded for God's forgiveness. I didn't bother to put on perfume or beautiful clothes. All I could think about was whether or not God was going to forgive me. After getting dressed, I walked to the kitchen and filled a glass with water. I thought it would be much faster if I opened the capsules and dissolved them in the water. As I opened each capsule, I prayed even harder for forgiveness for what I was about to do. I emptied all of the medicine into the glass, and anticipated the taste as I stood there by my bedside, stirring this powder, watching it dissolve into the water. I raised the glass to my lips. I could already smell the taste. Aspirin was the only thing to compare it to. The first sip made me nauseated. "Just do it. God, please forgive me," were the words I was screaming and chanting in my mind as I forced the drugs into my body. I felt as though I was going to throw up. Suddenly, I heard Pamela come into the apartment. She came straight into the bedroom where I was standing.

Pamela: Chris! Chris, what did you do?!

Me: I can't take it anymore.

I walked out of the apartment and into my car, I sat there for only a moment, when I felt volts of electricity surged through my brain. Then came nausea. I started getting so dizzy. I can't drive like this, and I don't want to die alone. With all of my strength, I walked back into the apartment. As soon as I got through the door, I collapsed. "Oh my God," is all I could say.

Pamela: I called 911. They're coming.

She circled me.

Me: Oh, God, please forgive me.

I whispered it over and over until the vomiting began. The taste of the

vomit was making me gag even more. At times it felt like I was losing consciousness. I couldn't speak, I heard the paramedics come in, and I felt them as they moved around me.

Paramedic: What's her name?

Pamela: Christine.

Paramedic: Can you hear me, Christine?

I nodded my head, yes.

Paramedic: What did you take, Christine?

I couldn't think anymore. The jolts of electricity became so frequent that all I could do was moan and hold my head. I felt my body being lifted and wheeled into the back of the ambulance.

Paramedic: Christine, talk to me. Try to keep your eyes open for me.

All I could do was moan and squirm from all of the pain surging through my head. I became so tired from the pain that I just allowed myself to fall asleep and gave no regard to what was being said to me. When I opened my eyes, I was reclined on a gurney with nurses all around me.

"Where am I?" I asked a nurse who had a tube pointed at my nose.

Nurse: The emergency room. Here, drink this.

She handed me a clear plastic cup full of a gray liquid.

Nurse: Drink this.

I put it to my lips and tasted it.

Me: No way. Have you tasted this stuff?

Nurse: Either you drink this or this tube is going into your nose and down into your stomach.

I sat there and said nothing. She proceeded to put the tube in my nose.

Me: Okay, okay. Cheers!

I forced this charcoal milk of melanoma, aspirin, dirt-tasting stuff down my throat. No sooner had I finished this cup of liquid when ... some woman in a dress walked up to my bed. "Who is going to pay for this? You don't have insurance?" The nurse who had been force feeding me intercepted her.

Nurse: Look, we're busy here. This is the emergency room.

The woman shook her head in frustration then walked away.

Nurse: Don't worry. Stay in the hospital as long as you have to. Is there anyone you want me to call?

I just shook my head.

Me: There is no one.

I drifted back into unconsciousness. When I opened my eyes, I felt lifeless. I could barely move. Beep, Beep, Beep, Beep. I looked over my left shoulder and found a heart monitor. I'm still here, or am I? What happened? All of these questions entered my mind. Where am I? I looked down and saw an IV in my left hand and a bag of clear liquid hanging almost directly over me. I touched my breasts and felt suction cups attached to my skin, and there were wires attached to these cups that ran back into the monitor.

Nurse: Oh, you're awake. Hi. How are you feeling?

She had a big smile on her face.

Me: Where am I?

Nurse: ICU.

Me: What day is it?

Nurse: Wednesday.

Me: What? Wednesday. I've been here for three days. I thought it was Monday.

I started crying for no reason.

Me: Can I use the phone?

Nurse: Sure. As long as it's a local call.

Me: It is.

There was a phone sitting on a small table to my right, next to the bed.

Pamela: Hello.

Me: Hi, it's Chris.

I heard her crying on the other end, and this made me cry all the more.

Me: I'm in ICU. Will you come and get me?

Pamela: I think you should stay there and get help. I'm going to come right now, okay? I love you.

Me: I love you, too. Bye. Hurry.

Pamela: I will.

Right before Pamela got to the hospital, I started vomiting black liquid. It must have been whatever they used to pump my stomach. The nurse heard me and brought in a bucket.

Me: Thanks. ... I'll be fine

She then cleaned up the floor and cleaned me up. I pulled the tube out of my nose and continued to vomit into the bucket. Pamela walked into the room with a cheerful, yet concerned look on her face.

Pamela: Oh, Chris, how do you feel?

She rubbed my leg as I threw up whatever was left of this black stuff in my stomach.

Me: Only my stomach hurts, and I'm tired, but other than that, I'm just fine. She sat there and said everything was going to be okay and that I should just relax. I just agreed to whatever she said. I didn't want to discuss anything there.

Nurse: You're going to have to wrap it up. It's 10 p.m. Visiting hours are over. She can come back in the morning at 9 o'clock.

My heart ached at the thought of Pamela leaving and me being alone and sleeping without her. I started crying.

Me: I don't want you to go. Come back for me in the morning, please, Pamela?

Pamela: Yes, honey, relax. I'll be here at 9'o clock, I promise.

Me: Swear to God.

Pamela: Yes, I swear to God.

Me: Okay.

The tears rolled down my face. She then leaned across me and hugged me goodbye.

Me: I love you.

Pamela: I love you, too.

The next morning, I woke up and cried uncontrollably. What in the hell does it take to die? I had no alternative but pills. I didn't want to disfigure my body. But even an entire bottle of what I'm allergic to wasn't enough to kill me. Why was I spared? I don't want to be here. There are people who don't want to die, yet they do. Here I am, wanting to die, and in fact trying to take my own life, and still I'm here. It doesn't seem fair. I knew nothing would change. Not only that, but now I was also in debt like never before. A feeling of both dread and exhaustion came over me. I thought, when I walk out of this hospital, I'm still going to be Christine, the lonely, religious, gay, insane stripper. As these thoughts ran rapidly through my mind, I walked a phlebotomist to take my blood.

Phleb: Good morning. ... It looks like you have the morning blues. ... I need to get a blood sample from you. ... Okay?

I just nodded my head in acceptance. I couldn't speak. The tears felt as

though they were flowing from my soul.

Phleb: Have a nice day.

She rubbed my arm.

"Have a nice day?" I whispered in disgust.

Nine a.m. didn't come quickly enough, but just like clockwork, there stood Pamela just as she promised.

Pamela: Hi, honey. How are you doing?

Me: Fine. Let's get my stuff and get out of here.

Pamela: They said you can't leave yet.

Me: What? What are you talking about I can't leave yet? Watch me. I'm not staying here. Nurse! Nurse!

I yelled down the hallway.

Nurse: What do you want. Christine?

Me: I need to get my things.

Nurse: You need to speak with Dr. Neil first.

Me: Who? What kind of doctor is Dr. Neil?

Nurse: A Psychiatrist. We need to know that you are not a threat to yourself or others. The Doctor will be here around noon.

She turned and walked right out of the room, leaving me no choice but to lay there captive and unsure of my rights as a patient.

Me: I'm calling my therapist. She'll know what to do.

I quickly dialed her number.

Me: Hello, may I please speak to Gloria?

Secretary: Sure. Can you please hold?

(A brief pause)

Gloria: Hello, this is Gloria. How may I help you?

Me: Hi, Gloria. It's Christine. I just OD'd on some pills, and now they won't let me out of the hospital. What should I do?

Gloria: Was it an accident?

Me: No.

Gloria: Are you planning to do it again?

Me: No, I promise. Listen, they have a psychiatrist who is going to see me.

Gloria: He's going to evaluate you. No matter what he asks you, do not admit that your overdose was deliberate.

Me: I'll set up an appointment to come and see you as soon as I get out of here. If all goes well, I'll be seeing you soon. Bye.

And just as she said, Dr. Neil tried his hardest to get a confession out of me. I denied

that I tried to kill myself. I just kept telling him that I wanted to lose weight, and that it was an accident. Yes, I lied as I had never lied before. All I kept thinking is that they were going to lock me up, and never let me go. But they did, the doctor gave me an evaluation that said I wasn't a threat to myself. The hospital staff and Pamela kept telling me to stay, but I signed myself out "against medical advice" They had no choice but to let me go. I was told that the next time I attempted suicide, I would be placed in the psychiatric ward, against my wishes. Another overdose was out of the question. Now what was I going to do?