

Spirit Stops Suicide

by Shirley Squire



Before I tell this story, I need to make some statements, because without those, I could not have “handled” our daughter’s phone call.

I was 15 when I joined the Church in 1955. Whenever possible I attended daily Mass. A personal relationship with Jesus has always been important to me. Scripture allowed me to maintain this relationship. “Always try my best, Let God have the rest”.

If you have read my previous testimonies you know about Jim’s alcoholism days (which was shared with Jim’s approval).

It was 2 a.m. Jim, who was expected to be home around 5 p.m., was not. I was on the kitchen floor. Curled up in a ball praying, crying, and praying some more. Anger, I mean real anger. You know the kind where you do not think, you just let emotions take over. That’s where I was! I stood up and yelled at God. Telling God that I had tried so often to know what I was to do. “You never gave me the answer.” I was tired of the always praying, thinking, crying and always finding myself in the same damn mess! No matter what I did, I could not help Jim. “I’m giving it all to you. And you better do something about this whole damn mess!”

I then went to bed and slept. That night, I learned to “let God have the rest”.

I have had some pretty sorrowful things and health problems since then. But, by the Grace of God, I do “let God have the rest”. And I sleep fine, regardless of my troubles.

Now, the “suicide story”.

Our daughter said that she did not drink in high school. She took her first drink at a college party, “and I was hooked. I loved the taste, the feeling. I always tried to convince myself that it was worth all the problems drinking caused.”

Rules. Oh no, she liked none. We “stood our ground,” and we began to see less and less of her.

She had been drinking heavily for four years. We had not heard from her for months.

One Friday afternoon, around 4, I answered the phone to hear Catherine’s voice. I knew after her first sentence, she was planning suicide. To myself, I said, “OK, Spirit, it’s up to you”. Had I not believed in the Power of the Spirit, this conversation would have made me a Believer! Only the Spirit could have stayed so calm, spoken such words of Wisdom.

“I’ve done too much”. “Not even God could love me”. “My life is over”. “No one would miss me”. “No Mom, if you knew, you could not love me!”

I know we had spoken for almost 30 minutes. I listened and tried to convince her that I loved her. But she would not change her mind. I do not know what all I said except for this following conversation:

“Catherine, do you remember when your Daddy drank?” “Yes”. “Catherine, do you think I ever stopped loving your Dad?” “Oh no, Mom, I know you always loved him”. Then she shared some of the comical events that had happened while Dad was drunk.

“Catherine, if you believe, really believe, I never stopped loving your Dad, can you not believe I could never stop loving you? No matter what, you are my daughter. I will always love you.” There was silence for 10-15 seconds, then I heard, “Oh”.

Catherine began to talk of family memories and giving me hints of where she was. I called Jim. We drove looking for her. About 11:30 we saw her sitting on the steps of a “condemned” house. We asked if we could sit and visit. She said, “OK”. We talked and listened until around 3 a.m. We asked her to come home with us. She said, “No”.

However, she called at 9 a.m., Saturday, asking us to come and bring her back home. She stayed with us for 3 weeks, then she left.

She always kept in touch. She came home for all the holidays. She drank for around 3 more years.

After her third DUI, she had a court order to attend a 30-day rehab or jail. She chose 30-day treatment. She never drank again. Not even during her battle with Cancer!

God says that he can make something good out of something bad. Well, I thank God for Jim's drinking days. It saved our daughter's life.

Anger. As a child, I grew up seeing that anger meant physical harm or a lot of yelling and cussing.

That night, when I was so mad at God, and I exploded. No "sugar coating" my words...I was beyond thinking. Is this kind of anger hurtful? Yes. Is it bad? Yes. But, once again, God made something good out of something bad.

That night, I discovered how to really "Let God have the rest". By the Grace of God, the lesson stayed with me.

