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I have been admitted to the hospital twice due to my mental health. The first stay, I was admitted was for suicidal thoughts. The second stay was for a failed suicide attempt.

Currently, I am 19 years old. I am a junior at CU Boulder, and I will graduate with my four year degree in Political Science next year at the age of 20.

At the time that I was admitted; I was 17 years old, I participated in gymnastics for 13 years, was a member for my high school's debate team, made records in my school's weight training program, was a part of student congress, volunteered at the Animal Humane Society, maintained a high GPA, lifeguarded and coach gymnastics part time. I have no problem making friends and have never been subject to bullying. My home life is great, I have parents that care immensely for me and an abundance of family support. I also suffer from suicidal depression and severe anxiety.

My first hospital stay lasted two days. I hated the hospital; I wanted to get out as soon as possible, so I played the game. I was upbeat, happy, experienced no more suicidal thoughts, or at least that was what I told the doctors and was released to my parents. I was two months away from being 18 at the time. I left with a few hotline numbers and colorful drawings that I made in my down time, nothing was given to my parents.

Two weeks later I attempted suicide.

As I was released, this second time after a week stay at the hospital, I left with again colorful drawings and some suicide information. This time my parents talked with the doctor and she talked with them about some indicators of suicidal but again were given no literature.

Looking back, I got home and threw away my information that I had gotten from the hospital, it was such a negative experience for me that I wanted to remember nothing of it.

My parents were not the ones who were suicidal. I was and yet I was trusted with all of the information? I felt like I was left to deal with my depression all by myself, and had no one who understood.

As for my parents, though it was helpful of the doctor to talk to them they were in a traumatized state that they were unable to retain the information. They had just dealt with getting a phone call from the police that their daughter had just attempted suicide, at 4:00 am when they had not know I left the house and were asked to come down to the hospital.

When talking to my father about this situation he said, "We had no idea you would actually try." I believe that if they had known statistics about how many people get re-hospitalized for mental health, signs to look for and ways to help, than they would have been more aware of the chances of me returning and been able to stop the direction I was headed. When talking to my mom after the incident said that she felt helpless and when I was returned to them a second time she had the horrible feeling of "what do we do now?".

If my parents had been more informed and had literature provided by the hospital, I strongly believe that my first trip would have been my last. I urge you to support this bill. With suicide it doesn't just effect one person's life, many people are invested in one life and those people deserve have knowledge to help.