

Our Living Room

Our living room is small by most standards; twelve by sixteen feet with a door in each wall and a window facing the street. The room is cluttered with displays of toys I collect, toys my two-year-old son plays with, some worn furniture, lots of pictures, and a rug on the bare wood floor.

My wife, my son, and I talk, play, watch TV, and entertain friends in this room. However crowded, it is warm and comfortable.

In the late afternoon, when the sunlight is direct and at the right angle, this room becomes magical. There is a crystal hanging in the window which rotates in the mild breeze and projects dancing rainbows on the walls and ceiling. Our son delights in the magic of the rainbows and my wife and I delight in the magic of our son.

When the sun moves out of position, the rainbows fade and the room becomes its ordinary self again; small, warm, and comfortable. There is an undemanding expectation that the rainbows will return. To one who had never seen the rainbows, the room would appear comfortable and complete without them.

My first child, Elizabeth, was born twenty-one years ago. As she grew up, she spent much time in this living room and later shared it with us when she came to visit. She was like the rainbows. Magic and delight radiated from her inner light. The living room was brighter when Elizabeth was there. There was an undemanding expectation that Elizabeth would return after each time she left.

Its been over six months and Elizabeth has not been back. She won't be coming back. A couple of weeks after her last visit, Elizabeth died. The medical examiner called it suicide; I believe it was murder. The "miracle drug" a doctor prescribed to Elizabeth caused her to commit suicide.

There are no words to convey the depth of my pain and sorrow; of all of our pain and sorrow. My life feels like our living room. To one who does not know of Elizabeth, my life may look comfortable and complete. It is not.

If the crystal in the living room window broke, I could replace it and the dancing rainbows would return. Elizabeth can never be replaced. A lot of the magic in and of my life died with her. For those that knew her, this is not the same life; not the same world. It is not that the glass is half empty; it is that the glass is broken.

by James Torlakson
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More people have been killed by their S.S.R.I. antidepressants than were killed by "terrorists" on 9/11. Who are the "terrorists"?