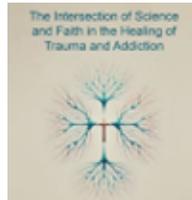


The Club No One Wants to Join

Jeffrey E. Hansen, Ph.D.



Dear Sally,

Thank you for your courage in sharing what you did. I can only imagine how heartbreaking it was to discover your son's journals and the trauma he endured in silence. What you uncovered must have been shattering—both for what it reveals and for what it reopens in your heart. That awful “if only we had known...” feeling—it's one I carry too, every day, about my brother Gregg.

You and I have both lost someone we loved to something that could have—perhaps should have—been prevented. The grief is heavy enough. But to know that trauma was overlooked, that medication was pushed in place of real healing, that the deeper wounds were left unspoken or untreated... it adds another layer of sorrow, and yes, anger.

Like you, I believe medications can have their place. They can stabilize and save lives in acute moments. But far too often, they've become the default answer—administered without reverence, without curiosity, and certainly without an exit plan. The long-term “cocktail” model leaves people feeling broken, as if they'll never be whole without pills. It quietly removes hope—and that, to me, is spiritual malpractice.

I try not to rant, though I know I do sometimes. But Terry, your words remind me that I'm not alone in this fight for better care—real care. The kind that seeks to understand, not sedate. The kind that sees trauma, names it, and dares to help someone walk through it instead of numbing it.

I'm praying for you as you continue to process all of this. I know how the mind loops in grief—trying to make sense of the senseless. It really does feel like a life sentence sometimes, this slow untangling of what happened and why. And yet, here we are, trying to bring truth to light, trying to carry our love forward, somehow.

Terry, I want you to know I'm here. Truly. Anytime. You don't need a reason. Just reach out. We may not be able to fix what's been lost, but we can stand together in that sacred space of grief, bearing witness and holding each other up.

I often say this is a club no one ever wants to be a member of. But if we must be here, let's at least walk together.

With deep compassion and respect,

Jeff