

Who is Anne Moss Rogers?

Like many of us, she has experienced the harshest reality of the world and all of the ugliness it has to offer. What sets her apart from most is, instead of allowing her many heartaches to taint or harden her heart like it has so many others, she has chosen to turn tragedy into trajectory, loss into love, pain into purpose, and has dedicated her life to help mend the broken...

She knew I and others like me would find her page when googling "how to" followed by something suicide related. But instead of help with suicide, it offers hope.

The night that I stumbled across her page, I was tired of all the evil in the world. My situation at the time combined with layers of trauma and chronic depression was the perfect storm to land me there. I sat there with my husbands freshly sharpened hunting knife and I was going to end it. But first... I wanted to make sure to leave a letter to make my family understand that I was not doing this as a means to escape or because I was cowardly, but to protect them. So I googled for inspiration and there I found Anne's page.

I was deeply moved by her post "so you are contemplating suicide" and commented on the post but was going to continue with my suicide as planned. I got to work on the letter to my family and grabbed the knife. I got set up and opened my phone where Anne's page was still loaded on my screen. She'd replied to my comment. She validated my feelings, was complimentary, supportive, and asked me about my kids. It was enough... I put the knife away and waited.

The next day we commented back and forth where she offered more support and to email privately. I was flabbergasted. Who in the world is this kind to anyone anymore let alone to complete strangers? Anne is, that's who.

I withdrew some and two nights later attempted suicide, only that knife disappeared... So instead of a knife I used narcotics and I have no idea why or how, but I woke up the next morning...nearly normal at that. Call it divine intervention or whatever you may, but I'm glad I couldn't find the knife and I'm glad the pills didn't work...

Over the next week Anne and I emailed back and forth regularly. She was very patient and encouraging. She offered many ideas for coping , helped me identify reasons to live, and

could truly relate to many of my experiences. She never judged or pushed me to discuss anything. I was able to share with her stories of trauma that I'd internalized for too long. Anne mentored me, gave me a ton of resources, walked me through building a safety plan, and truly invested in helping me heal. She cared about the long term well-being of a complete stranger. She showed me the kindness and compassion that I felt the world had lost. And honestly, that I'd never felt from anyone.

She lost her son Charles to suicide and that is when she started all of this. I believe Charles lives through all of the work she is doing. She has many stories written about Charles on her page- I've read most of them. I believe her when she says the world didn't get to see his talents, beauty, or know the magnitude of his pain. But Anne embraced her own talents to make sure that his legacy lives on and the world does get to know what an incredibly talented, and beautiful boy he was. She understands and validates the pain that he felt as well as the pain of countless others, and uses his experience, her growth, and her own pain, to touch, make a difference, and change the trajectory of the lives of so many others.

She is the voice for those we've lost, a voice for those who are still here hiding in the shadows too afraid to speak, and a voice for those who have yet to fall. She offers hope in a lost world.