

An illustration of a person whose body is composed of various words and phrases, walking along a dark path that is also made of words. The path leads towards a large, vibrant field of colorful flowers. The background is a solid light green color. The overall theme is the journey of personal growth and the power of language.



www.scccmh.org



ANNUAL AWARDS

Harbor Impact Ministries

Barb Hanneke, Director & Mike Weaver, Director

ORGANIZATION OF THE YEAR AWARD

Karen Palka

A Beautiful Me

COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD

The Keel

Liz Fredendall, Managing Editor & Harold Powell, Community Correspondent

COMMUNICATIONS AWARD

Geri Danna, SCCCMH & Jessica Schroeder, SCCCMH

RIGHTS CHAMPION TEAM OF THE YEAR

Susan Bolton

RIGHTS CHAMPION OF THE YEAR

Dianne Champine

SCCCMH EMPLOYEE OF THE YEAR

**Tony Castillo, Marisa Dunlap, Michael Fetterly, Tricia Gapshes, Pat Parise,
Dr. Mohammad Saeed, Krystal Sawdon, Bob Shafran, Bill Vertigan, & Ashley Witte**

SCCCMH TEAM OF THE YEAR

William Holmes, Elizabeth Pennington, Nora Condland,

Cindy Badley, & Aria Mayhew

ART OF CARING AWARDS



COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD

Karen Palka

Karen Palka, Executive Director of A Beautiful Me, is deeply committed to strengthening communities through confidence building and self-esteem work, especially with young women. She is a frequent community collaborator, using her voice to meet the needs of youth through partnerships, resource sharing, and action. She possesses a sound understanding of the impact and implications of building youth up through education, empowerment, and skill building.

COMMUNICATIONS AWARD

The Keel

The Keel Port Huron is a digital news magazine committed to focusing on the dynamic communities of the Blue Water Area. They are invested in highlighting mental health topics, with positive articles featuring recovery journeys and programs at community mental health organizations across the state. Together with SCCCMH, The Keel is fostering an environment that facilitates open discussion about multiple behavioral health topics.

ORGANIZATION AWARD

Harbor Impact Ministries

Harbor Impact Ministries is instrumental in meeting the needs of vulnerable members of our community. Through their monthly Impact Days, Harbor Impact Ministries offers food, clothing, personal care items, and other household necessities in a format that allows attendees to choose the items they need. Harbor Impact and its volunteers are welcoming, flexible, understanding, and empathetic, taking great care in the comfort of their guests. The number of services and items individuals can procure through this organization is unmatched, well organized, and provided in a caring environment.



ART OF CARING AWARDS

Art of Caring awards recognize individuals, businesses, and community organizations that made a significant impact on the programs and individuals supported by St. Clair County Community Mental Health (SCCCMH). This year, SCCCMH recognized five individuals who demonstrated their commitment to making a difference in the lives of individuals in recovery and to anti-stigma efforts throughout the county.

WILLIAM HOLMES & ELIZABETH PENNINGTON

William is a Nurse Manager and Elizabeth is a Utilization Review Nurse at McLaren Port Huron. They are an excellent team, ensuring all patients are treated with dignity and respect, while making sure each patient's psychiatric and personal needs are taken care of.

Elizabeth is constantly researching programs to improve the unit, and implements new ideas in compliance with the Mental Health Code. William is never hesitant to step in and assist with urgent needs within the hospital unit, but also with community partners. Both are eager to outreach to the individuals their unit supports. They recently agreed to serve on the Blue Water Clubhouse Board of Directors in support of their mission as well.

NORA CONDLAND & CINDY BADLEY

Nora and Cindy are currently working on a large-scale community art project. The Port Huron Mosaic project started as a simple idea Nora had to represent the concept that we all swim in the same pond. The centerpiece of the art project is a 7-foot mosaic wave in Downtown Port Huron. With Nora and Cindy's help, SCCCMH is pleased to be part of this initiative by creating and installing fish mosaic art pieces



at each of our four service locations. The fish mosaics point in the direction of the larger wave mural, and were crafted by the individuals we serve. Cindy led these classes, not only creating the larger mosaic pieces, but taking time to teach the art of mosaic tiles. We are excited and honored to be included in this first wave of mosaics for our community, and appreciate the efforts of Nora and Cindy to spread hope and acceptance through this art initiative.

ARIA MAYHEW

Aria is a student at Keewahdin Elementary School in Fort Gratiot. Aria was asked to review the children's book *More than Peach* by Bellen Woodard by Deb Johnson, SCCCMH CEO, and give her feedback, however Aria took things further. After reading the book and relating to the message of inclusiveness and understanding, she thought her entire school needed to be exposed to the book. This led her to ask the Keewahdin Elementary Parent Teacher Association (PTA) to purchase a book for every classroom at her school. With the help of her principal, Charles Lesser, the PTA not only purchased copies for the 21 classrooms at Keewahdin, but the other 8 elementary schools in the Port Huron Area School District. Aria then asked if SCCCMH would purchase books for the other elementary schools in the county. In March of this year, through the St. Clair County Community Mental Health Gift of Knowledge Fund, we delivered an additional 21 books to the other public and private elementary schools in St. Clair County.



To view other SCCCMH award winners, scan the QR code using the camera on your smart device to view the 2022 SCCCMH Annual Report.

CREATIVE ARTS CONTEST

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BOOKMARK CONTEST

Kindergarten	Finley Babcock	Palms Elementary
First Grade	Mason Joy	John F. Farrell Emmett Elementary
Second Grade	Remington Joy	John F. Farrell Emmett Elementary
Third Grade	Saydie Kemp	Thomas Edison Elementary
Fourth Grade	Jazlynn Jones	Memphis Elementary
Fifth Grade	Ally Roberts	St. Clair Middle School

MIDDLE SCHOOL WRITING CONTEST

Grand Prize Winner	Harlan Christie	Algonac Jr./Sr. High School
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Fiction/Short Story

First Place	Olivia Pastrone	Algonac Jr./Sr. High School
Second Place	Rose Marie Hill	St. Clair Middle School
Third Place	Rylee Kowalski	Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Nonfiction/Essay

First Place	Kaylee Isaac	Yale Jr High
Second Place	Landon July	Fort Gratiot Middle School
Third Place	Kylee Strozeski	Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Poetry

First Place	Eliza Cameron	Algonac Jr./Sr. High School
Second Place	Sophia Johnson	Algonac Jr./Sr. High School
Third Place	Karam Jazrawi	Marysville Middle School



CREATIVE ARTS CONTEST

HIGH SCHOOL ART CONTEST

Best in Show

First Place

Second Place

Third Place

People's Choice Award

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Honorable Mention

Lydia Davies

Elaina Bailey

Lauren DeVries

Audrey Hollenbaugh

Emily Domagaiski

Ashley Aquilar

Hope Bowman

Leah Foglesong

Olivia Heithoff

Ashton Hyslop

Jesslyn Leonard

Mackenzie Lobeck

Kerrigan McEvoy

Dane Pawlak

Jadyn Tyree

Maria Zyjewski

Yale High School

Marysville High School

Marine City High School

Marine City High School

St. Clair High School

Capac Jr./Sr. High School

Marysville High School

Marine City High School

Cardinal Mooney Catholic High School

Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Marysville High School

St. Clair High School

Yale High School

Port Huron Northern High School

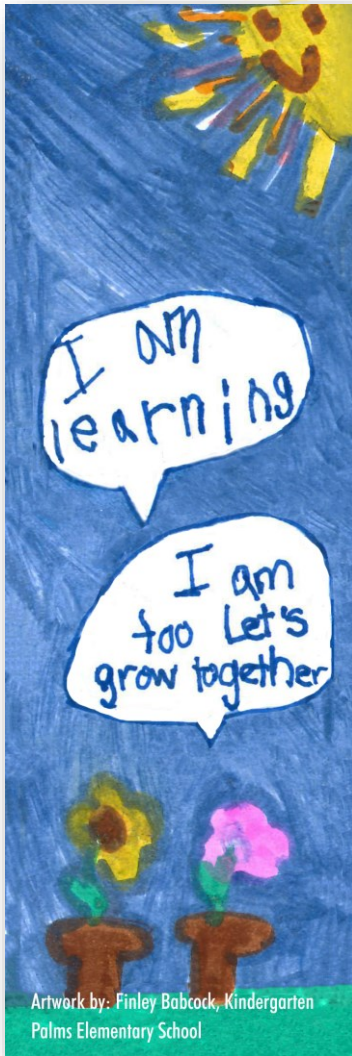
Marysville High School

St. Clair High School

COVER ART

The 2023 Award Recipients Book features St. Clair County Community Mental Health's Creative Arts Contests Best In Show High School Art Winner:

***Road to Recovery* by Lydia Davies, Yale High School.**



Kindergarten
Finley Babcock



First Grade
Mason Joy

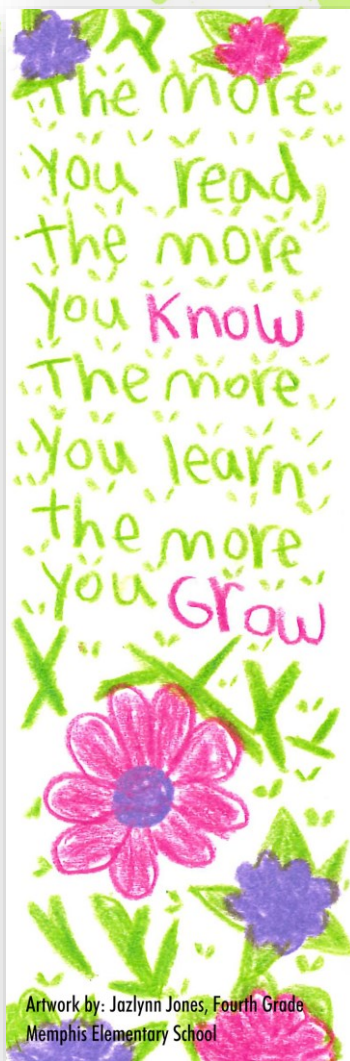


Second Grade
Remington Joy

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BOOKMARK WINNERS



Third Grade
Saydie Kemp



Fourth Grade
Jazlynn Jones



Fifth Grade
Ally Roberts

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BOOKMARK WINNERS

Promoting Discovery and Recovery Opportunities for Healthy Minds and Bodies



A FUNNY FEELING

Harlan Christie

Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Mary Ruhlman, Teacher

GRAND PRIZE WINNER

One of the most painstaking facts of life I've grown to learn is that the phrase "It'll get better," is simply not true, for anyone. Life is not a set-in-stone fact. There is nothing promised in life for life is a plethora of unprecedented possibilities that take place every second of every day, meaning that things can't be as simple as just getting better. This means no one can tell me I'm wrong for believing that over time, life has gotten progressively worse. It's a funny feeling, seeing all the people around you seem truly happy, and making progress to best themselves, and feel like you only go backwards.

I've found that regardless of distraction, I find myself constantly in my head; pondering what mistakes I've made and how they affected the people around me. Thinking about how through years of struggling to better myself, I always come up short, never enough. Maybe for other people, but for myself? Never. I've always been seen as the cocky-arrogant type, but it's just a facade to cover up the self hatred I've had since I was a child. I keep it in my head. I hate venting about my problems. Every time I try to express myself, I feel this urge to just stop, to change the subject. I know others have it worse, so regardless of if I should open up to others, I won't put more on their plate. People don't really understand that, so I don't bother to explain. I've come to see this left me feeling isolated.

A special kind of isolation. Alone in the way that maybe I had friends, people who SHOULD know everything about me, but they haven't scratched the surface. Beneath this front I've put on for people, are mental issues I still haven't been able to fully recognize myself. I believe I've been struggling with depression for years. I've constantly lost motivation to keep pushing forward. It takes so much emotion to get a reaction like tears from me. There are stories of abandonment and emotional trauma in my mind. I don't think I'll ever be able to tell. Rereading this

entry, I realize how large these things can seem when they are all stacked up, but then I take a step back.

Over the past two years, I have made improvements. Countless nudges in the direction of growth. I found passion for a sport that gave every day a new purpose and drive. I found love for things like God, music, and the people around me. I spent days sharing positivity that I myself didn't have, yet somewhere along the way I found it. I learned to take every small thing as a new thing to appreciate and love. Maybe it is true things don't simply "get better," but I have a funny feeling if you stop looking at every negative thing ten miles ahead of and behind you, you'll see the growth you can make.



Go Through What You Go Through

Artwork by: Elaina Bailey • Marysville High School • First Place

Promoting Discovery and Recovery Opportunities for Healthy Minds and Bodies



BEAUTIFULLY BROKEN

Olivia Pastrone

Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Mary Ruhlman, Teacher

FIRST PLACE – FICTION

I gasped for air again, my lungs compressing, squeezing into each other. It was happening again. It only happens when it rains. The part of my mind that was sane was trapped deep down, pounding on the doors of my consciousness with no chance of escaping. I sat in some sort of fetal position on the kitchen floor, sobbing. The dampness of my tears only pushed me further over the edge and my hands flew up to my ears to block out all the sounds; the sounds of rain and screaming and splashing; the sounds of waves and wind. The sounds didn't stop, or even muffle, but grew louder and louder, and all I could see was the flooded city and all I could focus on was the hurricane warning screeching in the distance through all of the chaotic noises.

My mom and dad came down the stairs when they heard my quiet gasps and cries. They rushed to my side and knelt to my level. My parents' faces were distorted by my tears and they blurred into people I didn't recognize.

I screamed: "Get away from me!" The woman at my side claiming to be my mother had lightly stroked my arm, a supposedly reassuring gesture.

"Baby, baby, it's okay, it's just a little rain, it's gonna be okay. You're safe, we'll get you through this again. I promise," the man with the familiar voice cooed at my other side. They embraced me from both sides and I sank down trying to evade their grasp, but I failed. My hyperventilation hit its worse point and my eyes widened and I saw through my tears the scared and concerned faces of my loving parents beside me. I no longer saw strangers.

My breathing slowed enough to pull a conscious thought through. Calm down. They held me tight while I was shaking until the rain had ceased and my mind had cleared. I inhaled, holding it for a few seconds before letting it out slowly in a broken breath.

Ten months later and yes, it still happens. I will never forget the one thing that truly broke me, but I'm learning to overcome it, not letting it control me. I even opened a curtain enough to see the rain last time I heard the drops begin on my bedroom window. I have made a lot of progress, and I even took up therapy, but I'm doing it. I'm getting better and my family has helped me so much though all of this, and they reassured me when I was officially diagnosed with PTSD. Try to work on your life when something bad happens to you and don't shy away from the world, because nothing feels worse than feeling trapped in your own mind, reliving your worse moments all by yourself.



Prospering State of Mind
Artwork by Lauren DeVries
• Marine City High School •
Second Place



LOVE FROM A CHESTNUT TREE

Rose Marie Hill

St. Clair Middle School


SECOND PLACE – FICTION

I'm just an old chestnut tree in the woods by a creek in the state of Michigan where the birds sing loud and proud in the summer and the white silky snow piles by my roots in the winter. Autumn is my favorite because all of my brothers' and sisters' leaves turn color and the woods are a fairytale of wonders walking through. But, us trees stick to one rule: Never talk to a human or show any sign of liveliness, even if they're going to fall off our branches, we can't catch them or even make it a less painful landing.

The best morning of my life I can say is when I met Mary, my best friend. While all the trees were showing off their new autumn leaves, I however watched the water flow in the creek with the sunset hovering over it, when out of the blue a little girl with pale pink bows in her long dirty blonde hair came running along. Her ocean green eyes were filled with water with her wet long eyelashes; her hand held a ripped in half book with pages hanging on for dear life. She sat down right on my roots crying into her knees, sometimes picking up her head and wiping her eyes on her sleeve, leaving wet marks every time.

A voice echoed through the woods calling, "MARY! Come on, I know you're out here, you teacher's pet." The girl stood up, her overalls drooping, and hid behind my bark. I watched the people walk away on a different path. I didn't do anything until I knew they were gone. "They've gone, little one," I said in a hushed voice. "Who's, who's there?" her breath stuttered. She came out in front of me, looking left to right, looking for someone to pop out of thin air. "Up here." Her head whipped around like an owl; she gasped as my face showed. I could get a better look at her now. She had sharp rosy cheeks with pale thin lips. She started to run. "Please don't run, I'm an old lonely tree just wanting to talk," I said. She stopped and turned and walked back to me and sat down right by my roots. She had the widest smile.

"You're lonely too? I'll be your friend. I don't have friends either so it's perfect." I



was glad she was willing. We talked and talked, until she checked her watch. “I have to get home. My new neighbors are coming for dinner,” she said. “Bye, friend.” She got up and started skipping away.

10 Precious Years

I’m still a tree—just older—and my dear Mary comes by, except with a boy named Andy. Andy was smart, handsome and had brown locks that touched his shoulders just barely. The years went on. Mary and Andy went to college and got married and had kids. They moved back to our little hometown and visited me every so often. She brought her daughter who was about three. She had Mary’s beautiful hair but her father Andy’s eyes. I knew I was dying. My bark peeled and my colorful leaves fell in the middle of the summer. I told Mary and it broke her sweet big heart.

“Oh my friend, how will I ever talk to you again?” she asked. So I told her what the beauty of nature tells me every day. “The flowers bloom but they die; the poor rabbit runs and hides from the fox; the wind is strict but warm; there is always a positive, my child, just like the scary spiders that run around my roots, but they are peaceful and full of love with their family.” I took a breath through my leaves knowing it was almost time but I had one more thing to tell her.

“The sprout of a tree grows over years just like you have; their roots are strong and their branches grow firm; the love of a tree grows like everything else in this world and it lives on,” I said. It was getting harder to breathe. “Take this Mary.” I gave her my last chestnut seed on me and gave it to her. “Plant it and I will be with you forever. I love you,” I said taking my last and final breath. My face started to smooch into my bark. I closed my eyes feeling the sunset one last time. “I love you too! Come back! Come back!” she cried, tears streaming down her soft cheeks.

MARY

I lost my friend today as I watched the last leaf fall into the wind and down the creek. I looked down at the seed. Love, I thought. My heart pounding, I started to run like the wind back to my house, the wind pressing against my body. My body shifted into my garage grabbing the shovel. I found the perfect spot right in my yard and dug fast ripping the grass and wet dirt out of my way, and when I got deep enough I gently placed the seed in the hole and buried it. My friend will live longer and our love will grow stronger. Even when we’re gone it will be around forever.



Grow Where the Breeze Takes You
Artwork by: Audrey Hollenbaugh • Marine City High School •
Third Place



Grow Through What You Go Through
Artwork by: Emily Domagaiki • St. Clair High School •
People's Choice



HIDDEN FROM SUNLIGHT

Rylee Kowalski

Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Mary Ruhlman, Teacher

THIRD PLACE – FICTION

There are 8 billion people in the world. Approximately 264 million of them suffer from anxiety. Why do I have to be one of them? I never asked for this to happen to me, but it did. I live in constant worry that something bad might happen to me. I want to talk to my friends about what I'm going through, but I'm scared they might think of me differently. At school I may have a smile and happy face on the outside, but unfortunately on the inside I'm crying. I feel like I'm trapped in a hole and can't get out. I try to stay strong. It's impossible. When I get home after school I lock myself in my room.

I look in the mirror and all I see is anxiety taking over me. Short nails that got bit off, bloody, ripped up fingers from picking at them, and my leg is constantly shaking. I try to keep going, but it's hopeless. This terrible mental illness has permanently become part of me. When it's time to go to sleep, I start to overthink. I create scenarios in my head. Do my friends really like me? Are people judging me? Am I ugly? Do people think I'm weird? Do people talk about me behind my back? I cry myself to sleep thinking that it might help, but it never does, it just makes things worse. I pace around my room knowing I have important things to do, but for some reason I can't get anything done. All I want is to be perfect. I try to climb out of this hole that has me trapped in this terrible mental state, but I can't. I have to learn to live in this place forever because there is no getting out. I start to feel a panic attack coming. I get dizzy and shaky. I start hyperventilating. Soon my whole body is tingling.

I start to give up. I lay face down in my pillow, sobbing. Then my mom walks in on me. I'm in instant embarrassment. Then, she offers to help me. Once I calmed down, she sat next to me and told me that it'll be okay and that she's been through this too. I get a feeling of relief, but I don't think anyone has been through what I'm

going through right now. As I am climbing out of this hole that I have been trapped in, I began to see the sunlight again. I go to therapy for my mental health and my therapist introduced me to these anxiety exercises that calm down my mind when I feel a panic attack coming. 1,2,3... 1,2,3, I repeat that over and over till the panic attack goes away. These exercises help so much. I feel so much happier now that I got the help I needed. I am now a person that learned to keep going and keep growing.



Helping Hands

Artwork by: Ashley Aquilar • Capac Jr./Sr. High School •
Honorable Mention



BATTLING A LEARNING DISABILITY

Kaylee Isaac

Yale Junior High School

FIRST PLACE – NON-FICTION

I'm going to tell you the journey of what my brother has had to go through when his brain goes a hundred miles per minute and how it affected his speech development. You're probably wondering, "How are you going to explain it to us?"

When my brother was old enough to start talking, he could not pronounce words correctly, which made him frustrated and made him lack confidence in trying to talk so he would try not to talk at all.

My brother, Joshua, was born in 2014. At his preschool conferences, the teacher told my parents, "Your son is struggling to focus in class and is having trouble saying words in my class."

My parents had to listen to the teacher talk about my brother. After she was done talking, she said, "You should get Joshua tested for ADHD."

So, then a week after conferences, my parents got him tested and found out he had ADHD and it affects his speech. So the doctor prescribed him ADHD medication. Once he was prescribed medication, my parents had to take him to an ADHD doctor every month. After as little as two weeks, they saw a change with the medicine.

Then in 2020, he was in kindergarten, and he had to have a speech teacher. When he went to that teacher, we saw a big change in his speech. He could read those little books word for word if we pointed to them. But by getting help by those teachers, he kept going and improving. And his speech got better and grew. And even his reading and math got better. And in 2021, he was in first grade, and he got a math test on a computer, and he scored higher than all the kids in his grade and he got an average of a second grader. That was when we saw how much he has changed in the past years.

This year he is in second grade, passing his classes and reading all by himself. Even though it took him a while to be able to speak clearly and be somewhat calmer, he still has his bad speech days and some days he can't sit still. But he is still a person, too, and he has his good days and bad days; just like everybody else. Even though he is different from the rest of my family, my family and I still love him. We don't care about him any less because of his diagnosis.

In conclusion, my brother never stopped going with his ADHD and he is moving forward in life and not letting a diagnosis affect his goals and hold him back. He is living his best life with his diagnosis. No matter what anybody says, he keeps going and actually tries harder to prove to others that he can do whatever he puts his mind to.



Untitled

Artwork by: Hope Bowman • Marysville High School •
Honorable Mention



MY FOOTBALL JOURNEY

Landon July

Fort Gratiot Middle School

Celia Klausing, Teacher

SECOND PLACE – NON-FICTION

My football career started back in 2019 when I wanted to play to get into shape. Back then, I knew nothing. Through my career, I have grown as a player and have had several accomplishments. Let me tell you a little bit of my story.

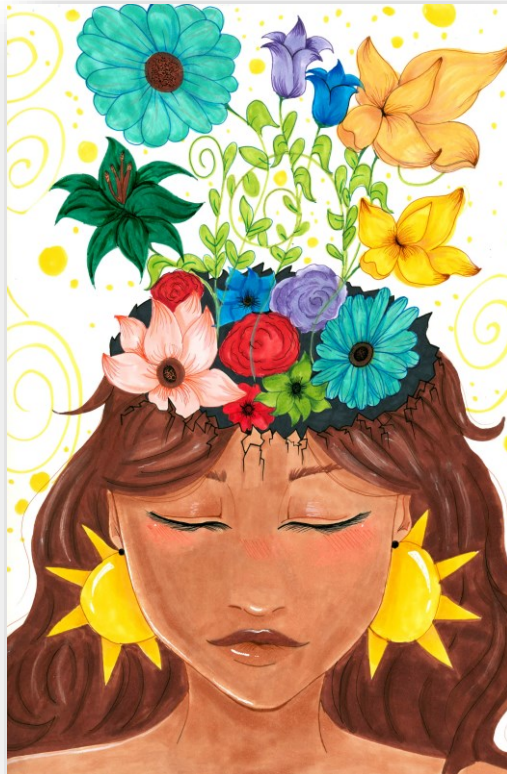
My first season as a player I played left guard and center. Within the first week, the conditioning was brutal. I would wake up and hurt from all the work, and I wanted to give up. But my parents told me, “You made a commitment to the team. You have to see it through.” That year one of my teammates had broken his arm because of his injury. I was scared to play. I pushed through the fear. I kept going and kept growing, which led to a great season.

The following year was when COVID-19 struck the world and we were not able to play sports. I hated it because I would lose all the memory of what to do. So, I was forced to take a year off. When we were allowed to play sports again, I switched teams but still played the same positions. The coaches I had that year were the best I could ask for. That team went to the championship game. It was a close game, but we lost by 2. That year did not end the greatest, but it was still a good year of learning. And it pushed me to be better and do better next year.

This year I was on a team that went undefeated. We played twelve games and never let a single team score and we won all twelve games, including the championship. It was the best season ever but we had some bumps along the way. Some things that happened this year were two of my teammates’ broke bones and were out for the year. We also had a player from one of the teams we were playing taken off the field by EMS. That was one of the scariest things I have ever seen. I was faced again with wanting to quit, but I kept going and kept growing. But my team gathered around me with my coaches and parents and told me “never give up.”

Something that helped me grow as a player is watching football games on the television with my dad. One way this helps me is watching the players that play the same positions as me. This helps me to learn plays. Some people love to watch football for fun, but I love to watch it to learn more about the game.

That is my progress so far as a player. I hope to play for my school next year, high school after that, then on to college, ending with the NFL one day. This isn't the end or the middle of my career, only the beginning of it and I will keep going and growing.



Good to Grow

Artwork by: Leah Foglesong • Marine City High School •

Honorable Mention

Promoting Discovery and Recovery Opportunities for Healthy Minds and Bodies



MOVING ON

Kylee Strozeski

Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Mary Ruhlman, Teacher

THIRD PLACE – NON-FICTION

I sit in the car, watching each car go by with its different colored lights. “Are you ready?” My mom asks before I go in. We walked into my old church. I don’t remember anything about this place. We all sit in a circle and say our names, how old we are, and who has passed away. My life has changed since my dad didn’t want to live; now it’s just me, my brother, and my mom. She thought it would be a good idea to go to this “therapy.”

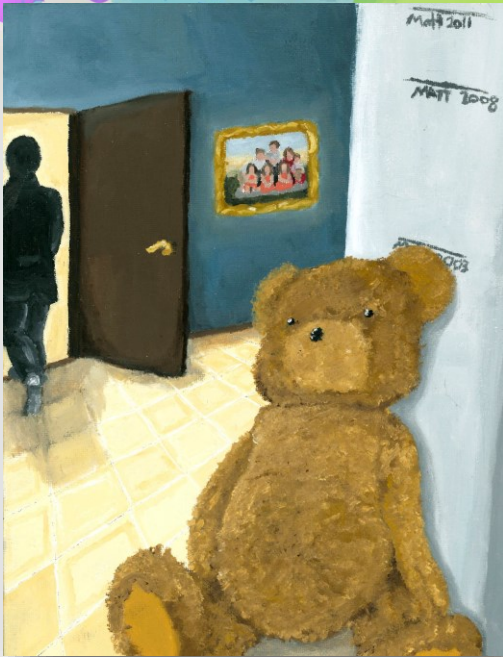
Each time we go, I get sad. I’m just in shock, my mom says. I didn’t cry at all. I feel really bad. Each time we go in, it gets easier and easier. All the kids are just like me. They lost a loved one. We all became really great friends. It makes me feel a lot better to have somebody that has almost the same experience as me.

I talk to my mom every time: “I don’t like this that much; I don’t like saying who dies. It just makes me more sad,” I complain.

“Then don’t say it,” my mom adds.

“They want you to, though!”

We had to go to a summer camp for it. I don’t know why my mom made me go to these. I don’t want to anymore. My mom keeps on saying it will get better, but I don’t like doing this. Mom encourages us to keep going, and I keep growing and getting better at opening up. Life is so much better than it was.



Teddy Bear

Artwork by Olivia Heithoff

- Cardinal Mooney Catholic High School •
- Honorable Mention



Keep Going...Keep Growing

Artwork by Ashton Hyslop • Algonac Jr./Sr. High School •
Honorable Mention

Promoting Discovery and Recovery Opportunities for Healthy Minds and Bodies



I'M JUST A GIRL

Eliza Cameron

Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Mary Ruhlman, Teacher

FIRST PLACE – POETRY

I'm just a girl who runs when everyone else walks,
I'm just a girl who lies awake while others sleep,
I'm just a girl who sinks into depression when others swim through happiness,
I'm just a girl who can't look in the mirror when other girls can't stop,
I'm just a girl who listens to everyone's problems, but has many of my own,
I'm just a girl who keeps going, but doesn't keep growing.

I'm just a girl who longs for help but doesn't know who to trust,
I'm just a girl who realized talking to family about my mental health can really help,
I'm just a girl who goes to counseling,
I wasn't comfortable with my counselors, at first,
After just a month getting help from them,
I realized I'm not the only one with problems.

Now I know, I'm not "just" a girl,
Now, I can walk beside everyone else,
Now, I don't have restless nights anymore,
Now, I don't drown in depression,
Now, I can look in the mirror without comparing myself to others,
Now, I got the help I needed, so I am able to keep going and growing.



Untitled

Artwork by Jesslyn Leonard • Marysville High School • Honorable Mention



Change in Perspective

Artwork by Mackenzie Lobeck • St. Clair High School • Honorable Mention

Promoting Discovery and Recovery Opportunities for Healthy Minds and Bodies



SILENCE IS BEAUTY

Sophia Johnson

Algonac Jr./Sr. High School

Mary Ruhlman, Teacher

SECOND PLACE – POETRY

Every day, she swims through dark waters though she can never see the shore.

She smiles and helps and tries her best though they always ask for more.

She lives for the darkness at the end of the day,

the starry hour when she can close her door, and bathe in pure silence.

She watches as the stars shine bright and the nightlight glows.

The water soothes her skin in its glowing light.

The shining gleam of light on her skin makes her feel beautiful.

The breeze of wind makes her feel cooled.

The silence relaxes and the water calms.

She sees her light and it makes her feel right.

The shore is not far, find the beauty.

She reaches the shore and sees the stars,

after all, she feels her scars are far... away.

She walked onto shore and asked for more.

The dark goes out and the sun rises, she sits there and thinks about the good.

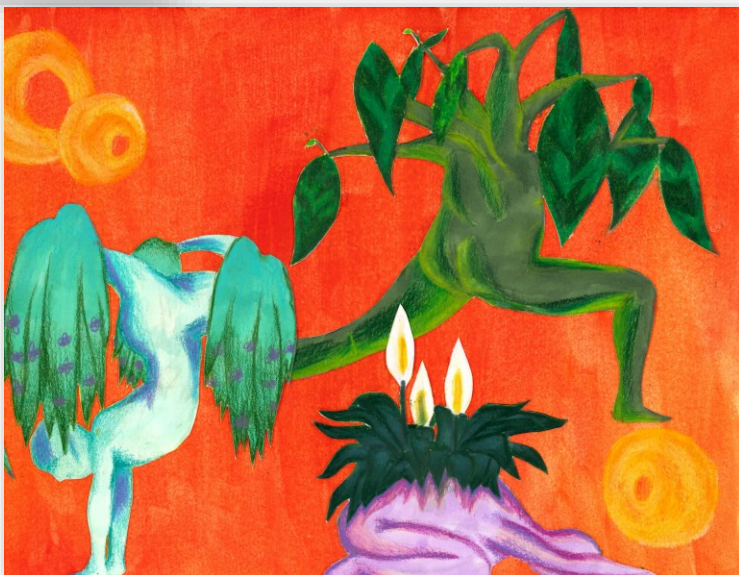
The water waves and she enjoys the sound of silence.

She finds her happiness and enjoys her beauty.



Flourish
 Artwork by Kerrigan McEvoy
 • Yale High School •
 Honorable Mention

Healing Through Movement
 Artwork by Dane Pawlak
 • Port Huron
 Northern High School •
 Honorable Mention





MAKE PROGRESS

Karam Jazrawi

Marysville Middle School

Lauren Smith, Teacher

THIRD PLACE – POETRY

Keep going, keep growing.

Keep making, keep creating.

Be like a plant, grow like a plant.

Make progress, keep going.

Learn more, be happy.

Move forward, create positivity.

Keep exploring, be creative.

Stay safe, be healthy.

Be happy for what you have!

Trust yourself, keep going.

Inspire others and let others inspire you.

Facing challenges? That's okay!

Believe in yourself, keep going!

Keep going, avoid stopping.

Never give up and move ahead!

Learn something new every day!



A Growing Mind
 Artwork by Jacy Tyree
 • Marysville High School •
 Honorable Mention



Keep Going Keep Growing
 Artwork by Maria Zyjewski • St. Clair High School • Honorable Mention
 Promoting Discovery and Recovery Opportunities for Healthy Minds and Bodies



Thank you!

THANK YOU to all the students and teachers who participated in the St. Clair County Community Mental Health Creative Arts Contests!

St. Clair County Community Mental Health supports individuals with mental illness, intellectual/ developmental disabilities, and substance use disorders focusing on integrated healthcare and recovery. For information, access to services, and 24-hour crisis intervention, call: **1-888-225-4447**. For in-person crisis intervention and support, reach the Mobile Crisis Unit at: **1-810-966-2575**.



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Community Mental Health**

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www.scccmh.org

