



THERAPEUTIC WRITINGS

Patient stories and experiences
shared in the unifying belief that we
are not alone in our healing journey.

VOLUME 1
JUNE 2025

THE THERAPEUTIC WRITINGS PROJECT

A group of patients facilitated by a provider regularly write about and review their experiences with the benefit of reflection and support from the group. The process of writing, revising, discussing and presenting individual experiences and personal reflection during group is part of an evidence-based therapeutic process and is intended to augment each patient's course of treatment. Some patients participating in this work may choose to submit their writings to share publicly.

PCHC has approved the request to publish content generated from this group, in accordance with legal requirements for publishing protected patient information and within established guiding principles.

Disclaimer

The content in these writings includes language suitable for an 18+ audience. Content described in these writings may be sensitive in nature and could include information that triggers or reminds the reader of a difficult personal experience. Please proceed with this in mind, taking care of your individual needs.

Letter of forgiveness for myself

Dear 12-year-old Me,

You are so much more than everything around you. As you read this, remember you're your own person with thoughts bigger than those small minds raising you. You chose to survive and you chose life at any cost. And I wouldn't be here if not for every misstep, mistake, or "sin."

Be sinful, be rebellious. Be **YOU**.

Oh wild child, so grown up and brave, I forgive you.

We made it out alive, and it's because of your wits and your smarts we got out.

You did what you needed to do for **US**. Be free of Guilt.

With all the love a spirit can muster,

You.

What do you wish most people knew about you?

If there was one day a window to my heart, I would want people to know and understand the unconditional love I have for creatures of all sizes and shapes and kinds.

To love animals is to connect to the divine, to protect them is our divine privilege.

I would hope for my love to spread and radiate out for all who witness; in the hopes that it may inspire their own appreciation for all the creepy and crawly and feathered and furred. Share this with us all this love. If my heart could be seen, I would hope to spread the universal love of all. This is my purpose, my calling, more than a cliché. I am proud to be this sensitive and open. Please share in it.

Why is it important to embrace your inner child?

Writing and Illustration by Hayley Holt

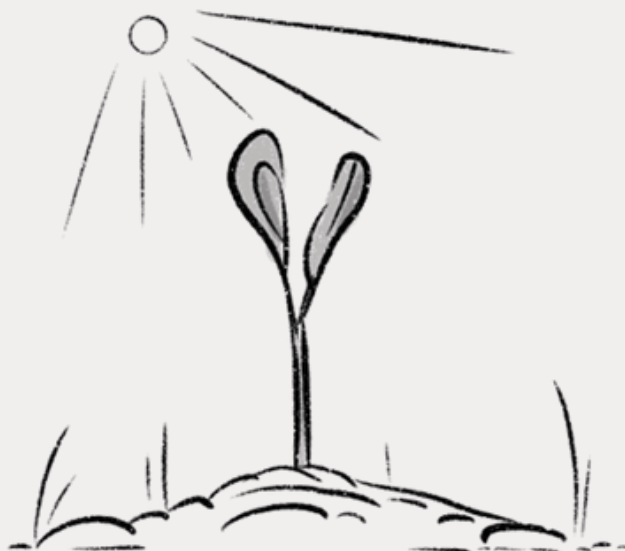
My inner child is the purest and most unadulterated form of myself. She lives in a world of blissful ignorance. Where there are big questions without answers and dreams that cannot die. She lives moment by moment, relishing every one as she does not fear the future or the past.

My inner child is who I reach for in times of total darkness and desperation. When I long for companionship and can find none, she is there. She reminds me of the best and most genuine parts of myself. Most importantly, she reminds me that I deserve to live. All children deserve to live. If you kill you, you kill her.

“Time changed her, and it will continue to change you. Give yourself a chance to grow,” she reminds me.

“We deserve it.”

Embracing my inner child means forgiving myself. Like with children, exercising patience can take practice, but it is crucial to their well-being that we understand them and their intentions. We watch how we speak with them, just like my mind is learning to do with myself. Following the voice of my inner child is not regression, it is progression to a healthier, happier, and truer version of myself.



Embrace your inner child.

She sits alone in the rainy darkness.

Father only in title, not in actions. She needs me even now.

I'm grown now, she can feel the warm embrace of safety. I'll envelop her in clothes and hugs and take her safely away from that goddamn picnic table.

In the dark, she sits there waiting I must go to her or she'll never escape. A little too wild for your own good and too smart for that house, Come to me now and laugh again.

Be wild, curious, and free, you are allowed. Run barefoot, get calluses, skin your knees, and muddy your clothes.

Life is too exciting to not get silly and dirty.

We can be free but only together. Come now let us walk forward together hand-in-hand; better for it.

What have you seen that's made you smile?

I'm sitting in my sorrow, wallowing, and existing. So sure I know the world.

A fly, the size of a pinpoint lands on my gargantuan arm and begins to clean its fragile lace wings with delicate arms so frail. No fear, no sorrow. Just being existing side-by-side with me. Now we could take notes from the bugs; they live to live not to conquer or control or hurt.

To see such a small life going about its day, no knowledge of world events, and violence for violence sake. Just a fly, cleaning its wings in the warm sun. I forgot not everything is motivated by anger and greed.

Be comfortable enough with yourself to sun on a giant's arm. What a beautiful connected awesome world we are blessed to inhabit.

What scares you, what do you feel like when you're scared

I've been scared more than a few times in my life. Not frightened, but truly, deeply scared. It feels like losing control, knowing you have no choice but to endure what events are unfolding before you.

In a car on the highway, watching the one next to you, flip. Hiding, from a bad man in the bathroom at church, knowing what happens if he gets me. An aggressive stranger animal snarling its teeth and biting my face: These moments all share one thing: True Fear.

Heavy breathing, heartbeat in your ear, and stomach in your chest, sweating bullets, the feeling of fear is so overwhelming and overtaking you can't help but surrender a moment to it. Lost in the fear everything slows and time is not real. Thinking seems hard and things turn fuzzy. Everything is happening too fast and too slow at the same time. It's an unusually cruel state to be in.

But humans were gifted fear as a tool for survival, and I like to think I've used it well. When tolerated in moderation, it can be a wonderful guide to avoid disaster. That "funny feeling" in your gut when you meet a shady person, for example, is good fear. Healthy fear. Its kept me safe when I needed to be.

The problem is: not being afraid once the real danger is over. That's a skill all of its own. In my experience, fear, when indulged in, becomes anxiety, a less poignant type of fear that covers your world like static electricity in a dull worry.... best not to let that happen as it's hard to stop once it has. All in all, I am grateful for fear. It keeps me going, staying motivated. And as long as I have the grounding skills to calm down after any danger has passed such as box breathing or sensing my environment, I have no doubt fear will no longer condemn me to its prison any longer, but actually continue to keep me safe.

Buy a piece of clothing from a secondhand shop. Create the character who wears it

Writing and Illustration by Hayley Holt

It was the most visually assaulting article of clothing in the entire Goodwill. I had to have it. A long-sleeved sweater made of every hateful shade of green and brown, seemingly sewn together by the itchiest material on the planet. Eyelashes... or old hay... or something. If you didn't have a skin allergy already, this sweater was threatening to give you one. It had been price-dropped over three times already, evident by the crusty grey stack of labels on the tag.

Two dollars for the sweater of the Antichrist? What a steal!

The cashier grimaced as she accepted my eight quarters as payment. "Good riddance," she spoke to the sweater as she handed me my treasure.

I unfold the sweater in my car, throw it over my tee shirt, and ahhh... it feels like flea bites, and it feels right. I have more errands to run, and you best believe I'm doing it in this sweater. I wanna make some well-dressed folk uncomfy. I'm shopping for a new flavor of Ben & Jerry's when I feel the gentlest tap on my shoulder and a timid "Excuse me," follows.

I turn to face the sweetest-Keebler-elf-looking-old-woman-ever, and she asks, "Where did you find that sweater?" I told her. Her voice shakes when she says, "Gene used to wear a sweater just like that. It felt like horse hair against my cheek... He passed away months ago, but your sweater reminded me so much of him, I had to ask." I pull the sleeves over my hands and ask her to feel. "Is it the same?" She lets out a small whimper and says, "It feels just like I remember... And I can smell him." She closes her eyes as tears fall from her face.

I'm not sure if the sweater was meant to fall into my hands, but I am sure this woman needs it more than I ever did. I carefully remove the sweater, fold it gently, and hand it to the Keebler lady.



Viewpoint of a dollhouse

What will I be today? How will we play? a witch; a doctor; a husband; a wife; I live so many a life.

I lie in wait, the world all a paused, smile on my face, sitting still in my place.

Oh! Here she comes, the life bringer, the decider of my fate, for this day I know we will play. Together at last making fun and whimsy but of late the feeling is flimsy. She tries to hold me but pauses. She's older now and walks to a closet. Pulling out a box I know it's next, but instead, she pulls out a dress! Gold, ribbons and rhinestones. My smile is real now as she puts it on my old weathered torso. New and gleaming she sits at the dollhouse now beaming.

Together forever, my giant and I may pass, but we still bask in this friendship. Who am I today? A friend, a smile, yours to play.

My duty, my honor, together forever my giant and I.

What do the stars in the sky mean to you?

Great big burning balls of gas and light. I look up and see the ones that guided so many before. I find Sirius in a heartbeat as they did then. The same stars but such different eyes tracking them.

They've watched us grow from sea, to land, to space they've been there ever present, watching. Perhaps just one has eyes too.

Even just a possibility keeps me smiling, looking up into nothingness speckled with lights.

The smallness I feel fills me with hope. I truly don't know what I don't know, and how deeply exciting is that.

Watching, protecting, granting our wishes; what miraculous balls of burning gas we've been gifted.

What are some of the best snow day memories? What would you say to your younger self?

It must have been midday, 1997. I was 3. The snowstorm had frozen the pipes, but I only ate ramen noodles. I watched as my father opened the back door and scooped fresh snow with a pot, placing it on top of the wood stove to boil for lunch. I'm wrapped in a blanket and have an electric heater placed as close as I could without singeing anything. I watch as the snow melts on the stove, and my father places the noodle block inside. All is calm, the snow insulates the sounds of the house, and all seems still. My father hands me a bowl of noodles and the seasoning packet: my favorite part to do myself. I pour in the powder and watch it swirl and glitter in the hot water.

The warm noodles felt good going down surrounded by cold everywhere else. The steam fogs my glasses, but that doesn't stop me. Next is play time! The sooner I finish eating, the sooner I get to go outside.

Me and my father had this game where he flung me into the air, and I landed onto the snowbank with a THUD and a giggle. I would run back to him with a huge grin, arms up, ready for another. Something about flying through the air and then landing safely felt so exhilarating! And this could only be done with the 5-foot snowbanks we had at the time.

After playing outside, I would come in, wet and tired, and lay in front of the heater once more with my Barbies, not a care in world. I envy this time in my life. Such innocence and joy, unbridled by life's tragedies and futures anxiety. Just me, and the heater.

If I could reach out through the void and contact her, I would tell her to keep being happy. No matter how hard it gets, it's the most important lesson to learn, the skill of happiness. She knows it well now, she hasn't been betrayed or tainted yet. If only I could bottle that innocence, keep it forever more, but alas, time is again cruel, and I couldn't warn her.

I would remind her to believe in herself, and to never stray from her morals, even if they don't match up with those around her. She knows what's right and wrong, it's the world that confuses it later on.

If I could, I would hug her, wrap the blanket tighter, move the heater to a safe distance, and tuck in her barbies. With a kiss on the forehead, and a tender embrace, I leave her, to grow into me. And I'm ever so proud of her.

Write about someone you admire.

Writing and Illustration by Hayley Holt

She gently captures a moth in her cupped hands, opens the front door, and releases it into the night. As she watches it flutter towards the starlight, she thinks of the old labrador she helped pass with dignity earlier that day. Perhaps he is prancing along the ribbons of our galaxy, chasing the moth at this very moment.

She dreams big and her imagination is a wonderland. She worked hard, every day, for everyone around her as well as herself. She had aspirations and images of the future that included trekking wilderness unexplored and playing hard with her future dog and/or children. She is rough and tumble, yet careful and anxious in tender moments. I know if I ever needed her, she would be there as a pillar of support despite what was happening in her own life. She is able and full of energy. She laughs at everything and anything.

Hayley the Conqueress. God, was she someone. I am reminded of her daily, yet she feels so distant. I know she's here somewhere, waiting to dream again, but most of the time I can't seem to reach her. I miss her, I love her, and I hope I see her again.



What is an area of your life you would like to explore more?

My life is many things, but my own it's very rarely. Living for others is easy, comfortable. But I must admit, I crave adventure and to do something simply because I want to. They say "comfort zones kill the spirit" and I'm inclined to agree.

Every day routine, the same again and again and again. A reprieve, I fear I NEED.

Something new, something fun. To go to a new place, where no one knows my face. Where I'm out of place, someone new is what I need.

New foods to try, little trinkets to buy, I want to fly! Anywhere, anytime, from this little comfy life of mine.

If your diagnosis could speak what would it say?

Her name is Borderline and she is a minx, a sly lady, a real 'who's who' of disorders. Her big presence often stopping a room in its tracks.

Often confused for her sister, Bipolar, she aims outdo all the rest! All consuming and life ruining, she was forged in a place she was needed to survive.

Her trick is now that she's no longer needed. She demands to stay "you can't kick me out I made you safe!"

Wholly unaware of the damage she does, she dances across your thoughts, turning anger to rage, happy to mania, love to obsession. A cruel mistress ever present.

Whispers of endless reasons to hate life need to be drowned out. She lies and cheats and makes excuses. But once upon a time she was the hero you needed in such awful conditions. Learn to tame her wild sensibilities and extremes.

Perhaps, one day, you will walk hand-in-hand together. But be warned: She's still that saucy minx.

Write about a time you knew it was over

I looked at his dark, blank eyes, love lost and blackened with hate. My father, the first man I ever learned to love, had just spoken the words to me: "The confidant child I knew and raised is dead to me, she's gone." But I was standing right there in front of him. What was I then, if not his child, WHO was I? How could he say this so easily?

All I knew, and knew for sure, was my relationship I had been fighting so hard to keep with my father was falling apart like wet sand in my hands, disintegrating at every effort to keep it alive. Choking on air, I try not to cry, as he sees this as weakness. "I'm right here" I manage to squeak out, but his gaze holds only Contempt. Silence.

I had asked him only to apologize for him hurting my feelings, emotionally abusing me my whole life, I asked once, and this once only, be honest and say SORRY. To talk like we're not all pretending not to know how he treats me. But instead, he raged. Raged and raged like the eternal storm that's always been brewing deep within him... the one I can't contain, or deal with any longer.

He left that very night, stealing away to a hotel in the dark of night, leaving me forever and whisking my mother away with him. I watched his taillights fade and knew that was the last I'd see of my father. Once so close, now so far. Over. Once and for all.

His loss has only been my gain. I am happy, healthy, and free. His tyranny tires me no longer, and I can feel air flow freely from my lungs. No more choking, no more fear.

I've learned to love again. His absence has made enough room for healing and happiness. I can only pretend it's the same for him, but I know it's not. He's miserable and there's nothing I'm willing to do.

I hold no grudges but only grieve the loss of potential he had to be a really great dad, that he just turned away like it was nothing. This was a loss for him, not me. But it doesn't mean I don't feel the loss all the same.

Sometimes I catch myself missing him... Missing the jokes, and the good times we did share once upon a time. But thinking back to those soulless, dark eyes always bring me back to a hard cold truth: my father never loved me. And that part of my family is over. And that's okay.

5 word story (sunshine, tempting, moon, lacquer, switch)

Swinging the axe in one powerful blow, the reflection flickered sunshine all over the woods. THWACK. The log pieces fell to the side. I pick them up and toss them in my red lacquered wheelbarrow. The wheel squeaks as I wheel them to the shed. Opening the door, I then place each log in a neat little pile. Lost in thoughts of the mundane, the door swings shut. CLUNK. The latch has locked from the outside.

What now? Taking in my new prison I search for escape. One single window, tempting as it is, can't quite be reached. It will be night soon, I can already see the moon as a ghostly figure in the fading sky, through said window. Panic set in.

Time to find a light switch....CLICK. Blaring light blinds me, then I see it! A stick! I use it to unlock the door from the inside, sliding it expertly through the door crack and lifting the latch.

Fourth time this week, I think I need a new place to store wood.

Describe your perfect day using all five senses.

Writing and Illustration by Hayley Holt

When I close my eyes, I can feel the heat of summer kiss my eyelashes. Reddish darkness fills my vision as I listen carefully to the brook babbling through lush woodland. My earthly fears and worries wash away with every deep breath I take.

My eyes open as my dog lays against my side and his horse hair coat prickles my legs. He tosses his head back gleefully, waiting for whatever attention I'm willing to give him. My fingers move through his neck ruff. Donk, donk, donk. There goes that back leg.

My palm comes to rest in a pile of overgrown grass, and each blade wriggles its way in between my fingers as the weight of my hand sinks into it. A burst of green scent fills my nose, nearly like a fresh cut lawn but not quite so harsh. It's like juniper found its way to whisper its notes into the tune. Even the smell causes the dog to perk up and turn his nose to the breeze.

I find myself in the pages of a book, with one hand wrapped around a glass of fresh lemonade. It hits my lips with a sugary pang. God, is there anything better than a roadside stand lemonade? The cool condensation rolls down my knuckles as the other hand turns the page. The lemonade is so good I have to read each sentence twice. Have you ever had something so good, you can't focus on anything else? I wish all my days were like that.



If you talked to a friend the same way you talk to yourself, how would your friend react?

Written by: Sunnie

Let's be completely and brutally honest here. If I talked to my dear friend the same way I talk to myself, they would probably kill themselves. I know suicide may seem a bit much, maybe even dramatic but that's as real as it can get. After all, we are our own worst enemy.

If all they had within them were the words I spoke to myself then there would be no saving them. Or would there? I'm the worst to myself. I sit here pondering. If they would commit suicide, how am I still here? How am I still going despite it all? One word instantly comes to mind...hope. Deep within I know there's more...I have support from loving friends and my sisters, I have my kids...I think they've saved me more times than they will ever know. One of my favorite quotes.... "You never know how strong you are until being strong is the only choice you have." Even in the worst of times I never had a choice or an option but to keep going because my kids needed me and I would never abandon them the way I had been. I would never abandon them like I abandoned myself.

So if my dear friend heard things like 'you're never good enough', 'you're not worth it', 'no one could ever love you', 'you are so alone', 'you're worthless', 'you're a horrible mom', 'you forget things all time and can't remember anything', 'It doesn't matter that it's the result of an accident and you have brain damage...you still can't.' 'You can't drink from a cup without a straw', 'you can't work', 'you can't drive', 'you can't swim anymore', 'you can't shoot a rifle anymore cause you can't move your head to look down the barrel or a scope and aim', 'you can't run anymore', 'you can't jump', 'you can't play sports'... you can't, you can't, you can't, you can't. I could truly write a novel of you cant's.

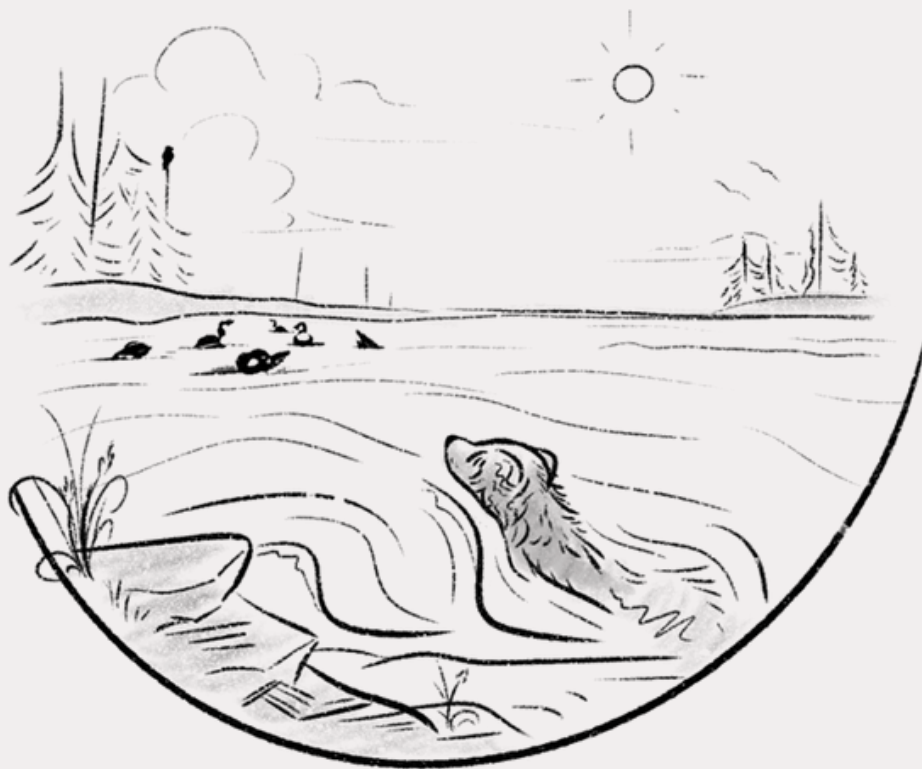
I wonder if hearing these things my friend would have the same resilience and stubbornness that I do. Could they push through the toxicity of my words and still persevere despite it? Would they be strong enough and stubborn enough to turn I can't into "watch me, because I will."

Write a poem or story about something you could watch forever.

Writing and Illustration by Hayley Holt

A golden dog dances along the pebbles on the shore, every step with more intention than the last. Crystal droplets fill the air around him as he shakes out his fur in the sunlight. Fine mist comes to a rest as the dog returns to the ocean, relishing in the cool relief it gives his aging body. With this relief comes confidence as he paddles towards a flock of geese. As they quietly retreat to deeper waters, the dog turns shoreward once again. Our eyes meet, and he pushes harder towards the coast in excitement.

Another misty shake once his paws are on solid ground, and he musters all of his energy to sprint to me. I place his head in my hands and he rests fully on them. My thumbs gently stroke his cheeks as he gleefully pants. I don't mind that he has smelly dog breath or wet, salty fur, because this trip is for him. His, and my, last time down this old logging road to his favorite swimming spot. I could watch him trek that rocky shore forever, especially if it meant he'd never leave.



Reflect on a recent challenge or setback. Instead of focusing on the negative, find one aspect to be thankful for. Did it bring a hidden blessing? Bring resilience?

Written by: Sunnie

Because I still struggle daily with the aftermath of the horrific accident with a Moose that killed me twice, I will use it to reflect on my setback. The accident completely altered my entire being and every aspect of my entire existence. Physically, mentally and emotionally changing me forever. I struggled for such a long time to find any positive whatsoever amid all my pain and trauma.

As I sit here today reflecting, I can say with the utmost clarity and honesty that although the accident took a lot from me, it also gave me things I never knew would ever exist for me.

My accident led me to individual therapy. One on one counseling that I participate and engage in, one day a week. It almost seems cliché to say that therapy helped me to find myself but it's the honest truth. Not the me behind the mask of fake smiles and positivity but the child me, the teenage me, the true me that I hide from the world. The me deep inside who needed saving. The child me who needed compassion, nurturing, love and healing. The teenage me who needed the same, who needed understanding and guidance. The adult me who needed healing from all the pain and trauma of a haunting past that clung to me like a demonic possession. Slowly as I started to open up, the healing began and I found an inner voice, silenced for so long that was now free from the chains of entrapment that the past had me bound to. I found Brene Brown along my journey and with the help of Brene I found resilience and its meaning, so foreign to me at one point, now my saving grace and my superpower. My therapy also led me to Writing Group Therapy. I was so guarded at first. I had no belief that it would be helpful to me in any way, and I wasn't sure that a group setting would be beneficial to me because I'm a loner. I like my own space, alone. Never did I Imagine how wrong I would be. Writing Group Therapy very quickly became to me a place of light, tears, encouragement, and empowerment. A place of belonging. A place of understanding. A place where I can be my true authentic self. I can bear my soul, my pain and all my trauma and in return I am given healing. Healing in a safe place where for the first time in a very long time, perhaps ever. I know that without a shadow of any doubt, I'm not alone in my darkness any longer.

Despite the tragedy of my accident, it has given me so much more than it's ever took from me, and I will be forever grateful.

Write a sales pitch for an inanimate object.

Writing and Illustration by Hayley Holt

Reality got you down?

Life is feeling more like a death spiral freefall rather than a “Live, love, laugh” decal in your mom’s kitchen?

Have you considered that there is a way to just get away from it all?
(Sleep...)

That’s right: Sweet, sweet, sleep!
SLEEP!

There is nothing like floating off to dreamland.
You can accomplish anything in your dreams!

You can ride a glittering alligator into a river of cotton candy. You can date your celebrity crush!

All for 8 easy payments of 60 minutes.
That’s right! This limited time offer only costs one **THIRD** of your day!

Side effects may include: Horrifying nightmares, never feeling rested regardless of how many hours you’ve slept, apnea and subsequent death, night sweats, re-living extremely embarrassing moments that happened over a decade ago, for hours, until sleep is minimally achievable, and involuntary gas.

Call 1-800-DRM-LAND **NOW** to claim your exclusive offer!



What are some good things/positive things about experiencing failure?

Written by: Sunnie

With failure can come some very deep, heavy and negative emotions. You may feel defeated, inadequate or incompetent. Feeling like you're not enough is one that is often at the forefront, for me anyway. Questioning your worth, reason for being or even your intelligence.

In my opinion the most powerful positive attribute to come from failure is Resilience.

The strength and empowerment that comes from falling, failing, getting back up, dusting yourself off and continuing to move forward, whether trying again or embarking on a different path. I feel like once you have gained the power of Resilience, there's nothing that can keep you down. If life was full of nothing but success I don't think we could ever fully appreciate it. Just as there can be no good without the bad. I've always said that if the sun shone so brightly, warm and beautiful every single day of our existence then we would never fully appreciate it. It would become the norm, something we were used to. Because life and Mother Nature do not work that way, we have rain, devastating winds and weather that unfortunately even has the ability and power to take lives. Think of an entire week of grey clouds and nothing but straight rain. You wish for the sun, hope for it to come out and shine and once it does you are filled with such warmth and happiness. Without the rain and dark clouds you would have never appreciated the sun and all she has to give so much.

Failure does bring pain but within that pain, or because of that pain, failure also brings knowledge, strength, perspective, possibility, hope and a will power to keep on keeping on, stronger than ever. Better than ever. Failure is never an end but a beginning of the next chapter in a book you've yet to read.

What are some good things/positive things about experiencing failure?

Writing and Illustration by Hayley Holt

Failure is deceiving. Failure can feel like Hell, like your knees can't hold you and your brain is on fire. In fact, hardly does one experience failure without profound feelings of loss and hopelessness. But, failure is deceiving.

With failure comes humility, perseverance, and strength. When you've felt like you've lost everything, and somehow manage to push through to the other side, you've not lost. You've gained knowledge, resilience, and survivability. Your failures are so much more than how you feel in a fleeting moment. They lend themselves to greater accomplishments in your future. For had you not failed, how could you recognize when you've succeeded?

Failure breeds ambition. Let failures motivate you, whether that's to prove your own expectations of yourself wrong, or the expectations of others. Be more than your moments of feeling like Hell. Aspire to be in a place where your previous "failures" become life lessons learned, acknowledged, and used to propel yourself to where and what you've become. Failure will "make you" rather than "break you," so long as you allow it to.





Did you know PCHC offers group therapy?



WOMEN'S GROUP

**Mondays
at 2:00pm**

In person Only

**Hope House
179 Corporate Dr.
Bangor**

This group is for anyone who identifies as female and has a mental health diagnosis.

Meet new friends, improve social skills, and overcome barriers to stability, wellness and good mental health.

If you're looking for support, connection, or ways to improve your mental health, you're welcome here!



DIALECTICAL BEHAVIOR THERAPY

**Wednesdays
at 2:00pm**

**In Person or
Telehealth**

**Hope House
179 Corporate Dr.
Bangor**

Work on skills like mindfulness, stress management & communication through practical tools to face life's challenges.

This is a closed group, committed to weekly attendance, assignments, and independent practice.

Not suitable for those with severe challenges in mental health, SUD or crisis treatment.



ANXIETY GROUP

**Tuesdays
at 2:00pm**

Telehealth Only

A safe and supportive group for people with anxiety, working on their mental health and well-being.

Join us to connect, share, and grow in a judgement-free space.

This is an open group, available to anyone who wants to understand and overcome anxiety.

Stable internet connection required.



REFLECTIVE WRITING GROUP

**Thursdays at
11:00am**

Telehealth Only

A creative way to reflect and find strength through words. We'll share coping ideas, support each other, and learn how to express and handle our feelings better.

This group is for people with a mental health diagnosis who are feeling somewhat stable and ready to write. You should be able to read, write, and understand the activities.

**Required: Commitment of at least 4 weeks.*

Stable internet connection and private space to participate.



LGBTQ+ GROUP

**Mondays at
4:30pm**

Telehealth Only

This group helps build community and strength in a positive, supportive environment.

We'll use mindfulness techniques, coping strategies, and group discussions to help you improve your mental health and connect with others who understand what you're going through.

This group is for people in the LGBTQ+ community who are dealing with increasing anxiety and/or depression.

Stable internet connection required.

HOW TO PARTICIPATE :

Clients can self refer by calling 207-404-8100 ext 2817,
or you can request a referral from your primary care provider.