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Mentality

MAGAZINE

Volume 9

home

Mentality

M A G A Z I N E

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disclaimer:

Some of our content could be emotionally triggering to those who can relate or have experienced similar struggles. If you find yourself becoming uncomfortable while reading, please take a moment for yourself. If you would like to speak to a professional, resources are listed at the end of our magazine.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. shares that “Where we love is home - home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts.” This is the sentiment that guided the message contained within this edition of *Mentality Magazine*.

It is with great pleasure and pride that I present *Mentality Magazine*’s ninth print volume, “Home”. It seemed fitting to present the opportunity for reflection on what the various meanings of home are, given many of us spent significantly more time in our childhood homes and with family or were restricted in our ability to access our homes due to the pandemic. The college experience, in particular, is a turning point in defining conceptualizations of home: the pinnacle of the half-decade long stretch of developing the pathway that leads to beginning our adult lives and establishing a new definition of home. What better time to examine our meaning of “home” than now as we are forced to confront working, learning, and spending more time than ever at home?

Who, what, or where home is has become different for each of us. In fact, it isn’t uncommon to have multiple definitions of home, and it is this tension that inextricably ties home and mental health to each other. Many of us find solace and security in returning to home - a place of belonging, formative in who we are. Yet, returning home can be confusing and challenging, especially as new places, people, and experiences have become paramount to who we are becoming. While the turn of events that forced me to return home early this year and to spend significantly more time with my parents, siblings, grandpa, and pets was a blessing in disguise, it was more time than I expected to ever get with my loved ones in one stretch. However, my mental wellness was put in a precarious situation as I dealt with the mourning of my second home in Ann Arbor, longing for goodbyes from friends I may never see again, and acclimating to being home and confronting the empty hole my grandma left behind with her passing. Home is a precarious balancing act of love and hurt, of content and unease, of familiarity and growth.

Mentality has remained the same home for mental health advocacy and community as it has been for the past eight semesters. As we enter our fifth year, we have had to adjust to some changes; we are engaging with each other in an entirely virtual format. And yet, we have grown our membership and viewership despite the challenges the pandemic has thrown at us. We have also begun partnering with Steps Wellness, a mental wellness platform that connects students to therapists and provides resources to sustain mental wellbeing. I am immensely proud of our organization for rising up to the challenges presented to us and continuing to rewrite the story of mental health as our community is confronted with a year that has presented many obstacles to maintaining mental wellness.

It is not an over-exaggeration that *Mentality* is one of my homes, and I hope our writers, designers, and readers find the same sense of contentment that I do when reading the pieces contained in these pages. Stay well and happy reading!



Liz Hoornstra, Editor-in-Chief



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FAMILY TREE

Written and Designed by Kaylina Savela

They say that home is where the heart is, but for me, home is where the memories are.

When I think of home, and of places that feel like home, there are actually quite a few that come to mind. There's my parent's house where we've lived since I was eight years old, for starters, and Ann Arbor, of course. Then there's my grandparent's farm, where I've spent many a weekend, or the hotel in Florida that my family has been visiting for generations. Even my grandparents' home in Florida, where they spend their winter months and where my family visits every Christmas season, is like a second (third? fifth?) home. Even Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I lived for two short months when I was sixteen, has a special place in my heart. They're places where I feel safe and loved and known.

Although to most people all of these locations might seem like just places, to me, they're like family. I have unique relationships with each of them much as I do with my real family members. The love I have for them is a tangible, organic thing. As locations, they may be inanimate, but for me, they each have a life of their own brought on by the memories and connections I associate with them.

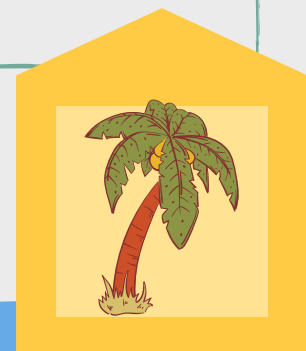
My parents' home, unsurprisingly, feels like a parental figure for me. It's the place I've spent the most time, and the place I feel the most comfortable. I know our house like the back of my hand. (Or arguably, better than the back of my hand. I've certainly spent much more of my life exploring my childhood home than checking out my own hand.) As much as the actual parents that raised me, that house has played a crucial role in making me the person I am today. The familiar staircase leading up to my bedroom, the permanently messy basement that housed many a childhood playdate, the pool out back where I spent my summers and the woods where I spent my winters... All of it is a part of who I am.

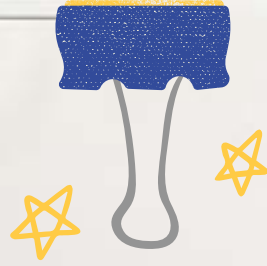
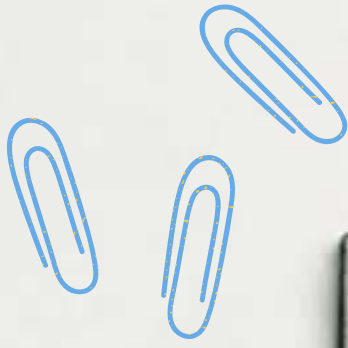
My grandparent's farm is a strange cross between a grandparent and a sibling. The house itself, resting idyllically on the crest of a hill, is a grandmother of a home. It's a place of limitless sweets, a beautiful view to relax and take in, and the best place for naps. The land, on the other hand, is the wild younger sister. The woods and trails, with the golf carts and four-wheelers to match, as well as the pond for swimming and fishing, feel like summer. It's a place made for getting into trouble and having fun doing it.

Perry's Ocean Edge Resort, the not-so-shining star of Daytona Beach, Florida, is the fun aunt of my family of homes. It's the place I feel most free, where my family spends the most time together, and where I'm always the most excited to visit. Being at Perry's means forgetting about whatever things occupy my mind on a day-to-day basis. It means forgetting about school and the future and every other thing contributing to my neverending anxiety, and just taking the time to exist. It's a place that is familiar and yet exciting at the same time. Spending hours in the sun and hearing the waves crashing on the beach makes me feel like myself again.

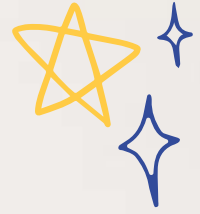
Boston is the extended cousin I rarely see. Despite living there for such a short time, Harvard and the surrounding city had a huge impact on my life, and I miss it dearly. It's the one home I've become estranged from, and I await the day where we'll be reunited.

Each of my "homes," like each of my family members, means something different to me. But just like my family, the love being different doesn't mean I love any of them any less.





WHAT IS HOME?



WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY DIANE YU

Is it the sun-worn brick building that I grew up in? The one that had a dogwood tree in the front yard, the sharply sloping driveway that seemed hazardous even on a sunny day, the crack on the staircase leading to the kitchen that I didn't discover until I was well into my teens?

Or is it the tiny apartment that my family squeezed ourselves into after more than a decade of living in a two-story house? The one with a closet under the stairs, the thousand biting insects after our air conditioner broke and we had one improperly installed in the window, a walk-in closet that I stored all my old memories in?

Perhaps it may even be the condo whose address I write on all of my official documentation, the one where I suffered a blistering summer without air conditioning or a properly functioning stove or a shower because the electrical lines were faulty, where I grew my first cherry tomatoes and bell peppers, where I batted around a badminton birdie when I couldn't go out anymore without putting on a mask.

And yet... none of these are home. There's a sense of familiarity, of walking into the door and being greeted with the couch where I've fallen asleep countless times, the bed that creaks exactly how I expect it to, the stove that never heats up quite the way we want it to.

And yet.

That's not quite my home, because I know what home is supposed to give me. That warm feeling that other people speak of with fondness, that feeling of comfort and happiness that rejuvenates you after a long day of work and weariness—I don't feel it. Pulling into that driveway in Massachusetts, I don't feel much more than a brief sense of apprehension as I think about seeing my dad again for the first time in months, a spark of excitement at getting to see how big my little brother has grown up to be, a bashful hesitance at what my mom might say to me when she catches sight of me. And those feelings are swept away quickly enough once I actually breach the threshold and quickly run upstairs to get all of my belongings situated once again.

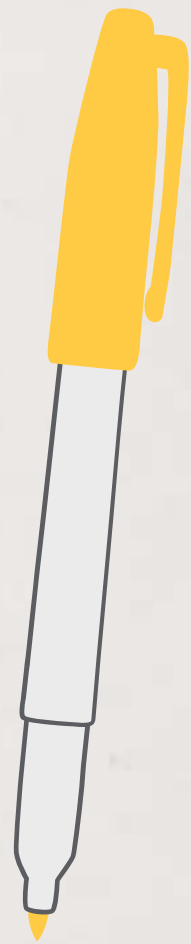
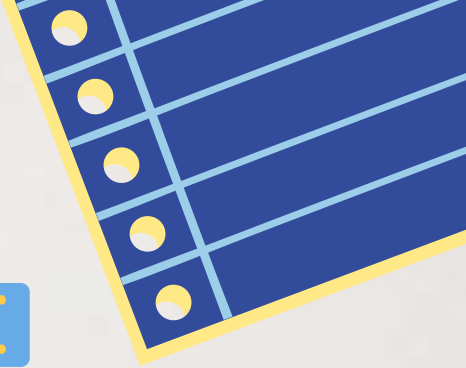


And yet.

I don't feel lacking for having this sense of not-home. I'm not adrift in the world, untethered and lost because I have both too many and yet no homes at all. I'm not searching desperately for the place that might eventually give me this feeling, not planning out the rest of my life dreaming of where I might want to plant my roots and settle.

It's simply... different for me, peering through a looking glass at the people around me who have plans—concrete or not—to find a place to call their own, to escape their own not-homes and build something suited just for them when I will look out into the future and see nothing of the sort. Lonely, perhaps, but something that I've come to terms with without ever consciously thinking about it.

There is no home for me, but... some days, I'll lie on my bed, sunshine falling on my face and a blue sky above my head, green leaves blowing in the breeze, and a smile on my lips.





A Threat to My Home

Written and Designed by Ashley Bond

I have lived in many houses that have each had a significant impact on my personal development. However, my idea of a house and a home are two distinct concepts. I view a house as a physical structure where you or your family resides. In contrast, I view a home as anywhere you are able to be at peace with yourself.

I am from Long Beach, California but I have lived in Ann Arbor for the last four years. I love Ann Arbor and have always felt content and comfortable in this cutesy college town. So much so that I became a Michigan resident and ditched my California address for my new address located slightly off-campus at the University of Michigan. In my mind, it was the start of my independence and adulthood, and I was so excited to finally call Ann Arbor my home.

Nearing the end of my Sophomore year of college is when things began to take a turn. Finals were quickly approaching, which meant all of the study spaces on-campus were crammed full. So instead, I drove to an off-campus Starbucks where I knew it would be slow and quiet. Unfortunately, however, nothing about that evening would be slow or quiet.

The intersection of Hill St. and Washtenaw Ave. will forever give me the heebie-jeebies. While turning on the intersection on my way home from Starbucks, a bright yellow pickup truck ran a red light and smashed into the front of my car. The airbags deployed, crushing my right hand and fracturing my fingers. The next thing I knew, a 50-something year-old man was yanking me out of my car and verbally threatening me to pay for the damage done. I had never felt so violated but I forced myself to remain silent out of fear for my safety. The rest of the night was a blur... police pestering me with questions, passing kids asking if I was ok, my friends rushing me to Urgent Care, squirming in pain as the doctors X-Rayed my hand. All the while, I just really wanted to go home.

I later learned the 50 year-old man was the owner of the yellow pick-up, but it was his 16 year-old son that carelessly sped through the intersection. Although the video camera footage showed otherwise, the middle-aged man insisted that I was to blame.

One week after the accident, I was home alone and noticed a black pick-up truck circling my neighborhood. I didn't think much of the truck until it parked in front of my house and I saw that the driver was the owner of the other pick-up involved in the accident. I immediately sprinted around the house, locking all of the doors and windows, just in case. A few seconds later, I heard an intense pounding at the door and I began to panic. I dropped to the floor so he would not see me through the window and crawled over to where my phone was located. Just as I was about to call the police, the pounding stopped and a big pack of papers slid through my creaky mail slot. I got served.

The truck would continue to appear in front of my house for the next several days, forcing me to seriously consider taking out a restraining order against an adult I did not even know. Luckily, the lawsuit was resolved and I never had to file the restraining order, but the whole incident severely impacted my mental health. Not only was I being sued for something I did not do, but my car was totaled, my hand was broken, I still had to take 6 finals, and I felt insecure in my own home. I was so internally distraught that I started isolating myself from my friends, activities, and school work, and my motivation to be a successful and functioning member of society went way down.

Two years have passed since my car accident, and I am finally able to openly discuss the entire situation without feeling angry or helpless. For me, the threat to my home was a threat to my mental peace and security. In order to overcome the external and mental threat, I changed all of the locks on the doors in my house, and I purchased a panic alarm key chain which I now carry everywhere with me. These small changes did not instantaneously improve my mental health, but they did provide me with an extra level of security that would slowly help to put my mind to ease.

Although everyone's definition of home is a bit different, most would consider home to be a refuge from the craziness of the outside world. For me, home is anywhere you can be physically and mentally at peace with yourself. So I ask you, how would you feel if your home was threatened?



ASHLEY BOND



I believe home is anywhere you can be at peace and secure with yourself.



The place where I can go and rest at the end of the day

DIANE YU



Being with family and people who care.

VAISHNAVI KATTA

WHAT IS HOME TO YOU?



Home is any place where I am surrounded by people who make me feel loved and accepted.

KATIE GOOD

Home has never been a place. It's never been a house, a town, an apartment, or a bedroom. It's always been two people: my sister and my dad. They are my home.

VICTORIA HELRIGEL



LIZ HOORNSTRA



Home is the wide open countryside where I am free to be me. It is feeling completely connected to the ground, place, and people around me.

MOLLY EFROS
LOVE



MADISON HORTON



The feeling of familiarity and comfort confirmed by the beating heart and appreciation of all beauty

What Really Is Home?

Written and Designed by Katie Good



There's a quote my mom loves to say whenever my brother or I feel homesick:

“Home is not a place, it's a feeling.”

I never really understood this quote until I left for college. “Home” was just my house in Ohio, the place I ate, slept, and ate ice cream with my family on Wednesday nights. Sure, I had spent the night at friends' houses and gone on vacation, but I always ended up back in my own bed. I never gave the word “home” a second thought. This all changed a few months into being at U of M.

In the first few weeks of my first year, Michigan still felt like a temporary living situation. Sure, I lived in the dorm, learned the streets of Ann Arbor, and was 300 miles from my parents, but I never thought of Ann Arbor as “home”. “Home” was where my parents were and where my life had been for the past 18 years. Yet as the weeks went on, I found myself slipping up on family video chats, calling Mary Markley “home” instead of “the dorms.” My parents would just smile, but I was surprised every time I said it. Sure, I was becoming more comfortable with living in Markley and getting closer to my new friends, but it still seemed so foreign to call a dorm room “home.”

My feelings of homesickness for Ohio confused me even more. How could I call one place home and miss somewhere else so much? It took going home for quarantine this March for me to realize why Michigan became a part of my definition of home. Being back in my hometown for six months made me realize how safe and generally happy I was in Ann Arbor. My first year was hard; there were plenty of stressful, tear-filled nights that left me hopeless. But I also had some of the best nights of my life in my tiny dorm room. Within one semester, I had found people I would call family without hesitation. I learned more about myself than I ever had before, and I gained confidence in who I really was. I was born and raised by my incredible family in Ohio, and it will forever be “home” because of the love and safety I felt while growing up there. But Michigan is “home” too; when living here with my friends, I feel just as loved and accepted as I do when with my biological family.

It was this realization that helped me truly understand that “Home is not a place, it's a feeling.” Home does not have to be a physical thing; home can be whatever you want it to be. For me, I am home when I feel loved, accepted, and safe. Home is where I can laugh, dance, cry, and yell without judgment. It doesn't matter who I'm with, whether it's friends, family, or strangers. If I feel I can be the purest version of myself, then I am home.





I WANT TO GO HOME

Written and Designed by Sara Smith

I don't like my hometown. Yet whenever I'm feeling sad or overwhelmed, I almost always say to myself, "I want to go home." Every time I drive home and see the "Welcome" sign, I don't feel like I'm home. Honestly, I feel a little sad.

So when I'm having a hard day, why is my first thought that I want to go home?

When I step into my childhood home, I can fit right into the groove of my retired parents' lives. My dad taking an afternoon nap, my mom doing her yoga on the patio, my golden retriever chewing on his favorite stuffed toy... it's all so familiar.

I'm having a bad day. I want to go home.

Instead of making the drive to my rural town, I walk through campus. I listen to wind rustling through the trees and hear my mother singing softly in the morning before going to school. My mom, the eccentric art teacher at my middle school, who proudly wore her Crocs and homemade beaded necklaces to school. My mom who says "groovy" and lets her oil paints get all over the washing machine.

I feel the chilly air on my skin, and I feel my father holding my hand as he took me to an Easter egg hunt in a snowstorm when I was little. Priding himself in giving me experiences, he braved the cold so that his little girl could pick up a few brightly colored eggs. My father who sings The Beatles offkey while he cleans the house and knows everything there is to know about Robert F. Kennedy.

I pet a fluffy golden retriever on a walk through the arb, and I see my dog. The silliest, most loving dog who is always thrilled to see me. My dog who mysteriously buries bones in the backyard and still hasn't learned to behave on walks even though he is almost eight years old.

I see squirrels busily running in the diag, and I see my niece and nephews chasing after them, never catching one but still trying anyway. My niece and nephews who call me "Aunt Sara" and sing songs from Moana and draw me pictures with subjects that only my sisters - two of the most loving mothers I've ever known - can identify.

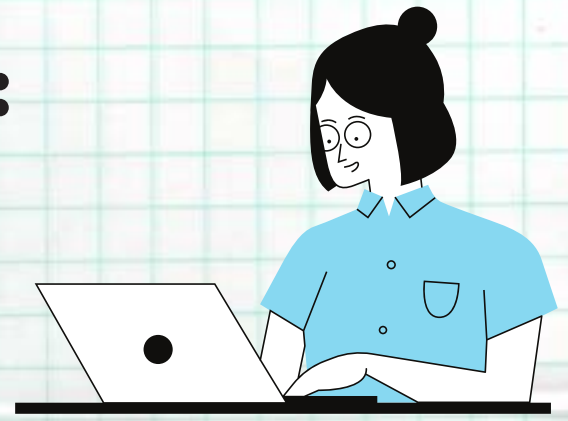
Do I really have to return to Charlotte, Michigan in order to be at home if everything in this world reminds me of the people I love?

In some strange, beautiful way, I am home.

EDUCATION AT HOME:

A First-Year Experience

Written by Vaishnavi Katta
Designed by Ashley Bond



The college transition is challenging for anyone. Most years the struggle is about adapting to a new living situation, managing coursework, and meeting new people. However, due to Covid-19, that all looks a little different this year. While some students have chosen to live on campus, many others have decided to stay at home for various reasons. While it's true that living at home means you don't need to manage the stresses of a new environment, it poses its own challenges. As a first-year student studying from home myself, I can attest to the fact that it's not easy. For one, it is very isolating. First years don't have the same connection to the University that upperclassmen have. Moreover, they just lost the support system they had in high school. This puts them in an awkward limbo where it's hard to form connections. For those who are not dorming, this is made a lot harder.

Personally, the hardest part for me has been the lack of social interaction. Before in high school, I didn't have to seek it out because it was a part of daily life. If you're in a building with other people for eight hours a day, you're bound to talk to them. However, when studying at home, socialization requires a more active approach. You need to reach out to people if you want to talk to them. Although this seems like a fairly intuitive concept, it's not that easy. Zoom fatigue is real, and it can be hard chatting with people over a screen. However, some form of socialization is essential, and I encourage all of you to reach out to friends or get involved in different student organizations. I know for me, I often underestimate how important socialization is and end up retreating for days at a time. I found it hasn't been good for my mental health and I am working on fixing it, but it's hard. I've forgotten how to reach out, and many nights I've gone to bed feeling more lonely than ever. Engaging with professors and peers online has also left me drained but unsatisfied. The problem is I never know how to get out of these slumps. It's a process of trial and error, and I haven't completely figured it out yet. Of course, isolation is not a concern limited to first-years, but it's made worse by the fact that you can't meet new people. It's hard to make friends over Zoom, and for those who do not have friends in the University, coursework becomes isolating as well.

There is no easy fix to this issue, and unfortunately, it looks like it's an issue that we are going to have to deal with for a little while longer. Covid-19 makes it unsafe to hold too many in-person classes, and it's better we learn how to adapt to the world now. We all have our own ways of coping with the pandemic. For me, it hasn't always been easy, but I try to stay in the moment. I've discovered that now is the time to focus on my mental health. I've journaled, I've done yoga, and I've meditated. These all help, but getting out of this slump is a slow process. Online schooling continues to be a challenge, but I've learned to accept it for what it is. For all my first years out there, I want to let you know that you are not alone. This situation is hard, but you're not doing anything wrong. We've grown up thinking that college would be a time for freedom, self-discovery, and meeting new people. Many people have told us it was going to be the best time of our lives. However, I'm sure not all of you are finding this to be the case, I know I'm not. To that, I say it's okay, we're okay. While it may feel like the pandemic is stealing our experiences from us, it won't last forever. I don't know when, but we will come out on the other side of this with a new appreciation for what we missed. I know that might not sound that comforting right now, but it's something. Humanity has shown resilience before, we can do it again.



What Makes a House a Home?

When I first attempted to answer this question, I thought about the differences in the definitions of a “house” and a “home.” I realized that I often use the two words interchangeably, how sometimes there is no difference at all. I’ll say, “I’m going back to my house” or “I’m heading home” with no intended change in meaning. Unconsciously, we often swap between the two words. However as I thought more deeply about their actual definitions, I realized that I have used the subtle variations in their meanings as a form of revenge (I promise this story is not as dramatic as I just made it sound).

When I was in eighth grade, my dad told me he was getting remarried. Within that year, my life as I knew it completely changed. We moved out of our small home and into my now-stepmom’s two story house within the span of three months. For a long time, I struggled a lot with this abrupt transition. My room was bigger, I had my own bathroom, there were plenty of reasons for me to be grateful about my new life. Yet something was missing. I found myself angry about the new addition to my family and my new living situation, and my angsty teenage self wanted to make it known. So naturally, I discovered a way to release my anger in passive aggressive increments by purposefully using one word.

For about a year, I never called my stepmom’s house my home. I referred to it as “your house” or “Michelle’s (my stepmom’s) house.” Though I previously acknowledged that the words are synonymous, my conscious decision to avoid saying “home” only amplified their subtle differences. When each word is used with intention, a house and a home refer to very distinct places. Our homes are our safe haven, a place of comfort, love, and family. A house is a structure. In other words, a home has substance while a house is just an empty shell. To make a house a home is to transform the literal shelter into a symbolic one. The shell must be filled with

WRITTEN BY KATIE KRALIK
DESIGNED BY LIZ HOORNSTRA

intangible things, like love and peace, as opposed to meaningless physical placeholders. I capitalized on this difference in verbiage to hurt my stepmom. I wanted Michelle to know that I thought of our home as just any other building. Though physically her house is bigger and better furnished and objectively way nicer than my home with my dad, there was something that could not ever be replaced.

I'm not proud of the subtle revenge I enacted on my stepmom; I can recognize now how immature I was. But even though it hurt her, I still couldn't change how I felt, or rather what I didn't feel. I still don't feel like Michelle's house is my home. My actions were childish, but they weren't rooted in falsehood. However at my apartment here in Ann Arbor, I am at home. I am surrounded by my friends, their love, and, thus, comfort. There exists a natural, ordinary (and I mean ordinary in the best way) feeling when I see my bed or when I do the dishes that developed unconsciously. Though "house" and "home" are synonymous words, I realize that there is a fundamental difference between the two places and what they represent. No matter how hard you try, you can't force a house into a home.



"I WANT TO GO HOME..."

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY NIKKI CORRUNKER

"Are you going home this weekend?" was a common phrase to hear freshman year of college. People would make it known when they were going back to their parents' home and weren't going to be at school. For me, "home" is only a 15-20 minute drive from school. I grew up right outside the Ann Arbor bubble and lived in the same house for all 18 years until I started at U of M. I can go home whenever I want, and there are times I am very grateful for that. I have always been close with my family, and I didn't want to go very far for school, but I always worried University of Michigan was too close. My response to people pointing out the proximity was that I wished it was a tiny bit further, but I appreciated the opportunity to see my family when I wanted. This got more confusing because both my apartment and childhood home are essentially in the same city.

I don't remember exactly when it happened, but sometime in my first 3 years at University of Michigan, the lines between home and school blurred. I started to say, "Alright I'm gonna head back home," when I was referring to going back to my Ann Arbor apartment. The first time I said it, my mom did a double take and said, "This is your home!" But at the same time, my apartment felt like home, and I would still tell my friends, "Oh, I'm going home this weekend," when I was going to see family. Whenever I am at my "school home," part of me wants to be at my childhood home, but when I'm at my childhood home, I want nothing more than to be back at my school home. College creates a limbo between being a child and an adult. Part of me wants to be carefree at home where I grew up, but I know I can't stay that way forever. I like the independence of growing up. I like having my own space and my own life, but I miss the way home used to feel.

Back in March, almost all of us got sent back to a place we consider, or did consider, home. This was what made it clear to me that something had changed. I didn't fully feel like I was at home. I felt like I was staying over at my parents house or like I was back in high school. I had to ask permission for everything and I almost felt like I was grounded, even though it wasn't my parents keeping me from doing things. I was able to acknowledge that Coronavirus was responsible for taking away most of the fun and freedom I was used to at school, but it felt like home was doing that to me. I have become so accustomed to my way of life at school that I hadn't noticed that I somewhat outgrew my childhood home. In some ways, this feels like I've achieved my "grown up" status, and it makes me excited for my next stage of life. I still have days, though, that I feel sad and I miss the simplicity of childhood and I just want to rest my head on my mom's lap and watch a movie in my living room.

Now that I'm back to living on my own in Ann Arbor, I feel like all the time spent in my childhood home added some weight back to my anxiety. I have always had anxiety, but being at home for so long and only speaking to the same two people made it hard to adjust back to seeing and interacting with people again, and not constantly seeing my family. This makes me feel conflicted because I feel so much more free getting out of the house and being on my own, but it also makes me want to retreat back home to my family. As life progresses, I'm sure my relationship with home will continue to change, both with the meaning of the word and the place I have considered home my whole life.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



M | UNIVERSITY UNIONS

CAMPUS RESOURCES

STUDENT SERVICES

Counseling and Psychological Services (CAPS)

3100 Michigan Union

Hours: Mon-Thurs: 8am - 7pm, Fri: 8am - 5pm
(734) 764-8312

(Press 0 for After Hours Urgent Support)

<https://caps.umich.edu>

Provides free, confidential services for U of M students including: counseling for individuals or couples, workshops and groups for support and changing patterns, Assessment of Substance Abuse Patterns (ASAP), online screening for mental health concerns.

MiTALK ("My Talk")

<https://caps.umich.edu/mitalk>

Offers online screenings for depression and anxiety, skill-building tools, and recorded workshops, lectures and relaxation exercises.

Campus Mind Works

<http://campusmindworks.org>

Provides resources for students who have been diagnosed with a mental health disorder.

Sexual Assault Prevention and Awareness Center (SAPAC)

551 Michigan Union

Hours: Mon-Fri: 9am - 5pm

Office Phone: (734) 764-7771

24-hour Crisis Line: (734) 936-3333

<https://sapac.umich.edu>

Provides free confidential crisis intervention, advocacy, and support for survivors of sexual assault, sexual harassment, intimate partner violence, and stalking.

Spectrum Center

3200 Michigan Union

Hours: Mon-Fri: 9am - 6pm

(734) 763-4186

<https://spectrumcenter.umich.edu>

Provides a range of education and advocacy services that work to make campus a safe and inclusive environment for LGBTQA students and staff. Also offers on-campus HIV rapid testing.

U-M University Health Service (UHS)

207 Fletcher St.

Hours: Mon-Wed: 8am-5pm, Thu: 9am-5pm,
Fri: 8am-4:30pm, Sat: 9am-12pm

(734) 764-8320

www.uhs.umich.edu/mentalhealthsvcs

Provides medication and management of common mental health concerns.

U-M Psychological Clinic

500 E. Washington St., Suite 100

(734) 764-3471

<http://mari.umich.edu/psych-clinic/>

Offers assessment, counseling, and treatment for adults in the U-M community, including: anxiety, depression, couples issues, and problems with work and study.

EMPLOYEE SERVICES

U-M Faculty and Staff Assistance Program

1009 Greene St.

(734) 936-8660

Provides short-term counseling and coaching for staff, faculty and their immediate family members.

CAMPUS SAFETY

Division of Public Safety and Security

Emergencies: Dial 9-1-1

Non-emergencies: (734) 763-1131

Tip line: (734) 763-9180

NATIONAL 24-HR HOTLINES

National Suicide Prevention Hotline

1 (800) 273-8255

The Trevor Lifeline

Trevor Lifeline: 1 (866) 488-7386

TrevorChat (available 7 days a week 3pm-9pm ET):

<http://www.thetrevorproject.org/pages/get-help-now>

TrevorText (Thursdays and Fridays 4pm-8pm ET):

Text the word "Trevor" to 1 (202) 304-1200

Provides suicide prevention and crisis intervention to LGBTQ young people ages 13-24.

Veterans Crisis Line

Hotline: Call 1 (800) 273-8255 and Press 1

Online chat: <https://www.veteranscrisisline.net>

Text: 838255

Connects Veterans in crisis and their loved ones with qualified, Department of Veterans Affairs responders.

U-M HEALTH SYSTEM

Note: Services at the U-M Health System are not covered by students' health service fee.

U-M Depression Center

(734) 936-4400

Dedicated to research, education, and treatment of depressive and bipolar illnesses.

U-M Collegiate Sleep Disorder Clinic

(734) 936-9068

Helps improve your sleep, daytime function and, hopefully, academic performance.

U-M Anxiety Disorders Treatment Clinic

(734) 764-0231

Offers treatment of problematic anxiety and stress.

U-M Ambulatory (Outpatient) Psychiatry Services

1 (800) 525-5188 or (734) 764-0231

Provides comprehensive evaluation and treatment for patients and families affected by mental illness.

UM Psychiatric Emergency Services

Crisis Line: (734) 936-5900 or (734) 996-4747

**University Hospital, 1500 East Medical Center Dr.
Emergency Medicine Reception**

Emergency walk-in consultation and phone service available 24 hours per day, seven days per week.

U-M Neuropsychology Clinic

(734) 763-9259


Performs psychological evaluation to differentiate cognitive functioning.

U-M Preventive Cardiology

(734) 998-7400

Offers a "Power of Relaxation" program, as well as nutrition, weight management, exercise, smoking cessation and stress management programs.

**If you or someone
you know struggles
with mental health,
there are ways
to get help. Use
these resources to
find help for yourself
or a loved one.**



"Home is not a place, it's a feeling. For me, I am home when I feel loved, accepted, and safe. Home is where I can laugh, dance, cry, and yell without judgment... If I feel I can be the purest version of myself, then I am home."

Katie Good, p. 14