

Mentality
MAGAZINE

The Power of Vulnerability

Volume #14



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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WWW.MENTALITY

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

The inspiration for this print edition was Brené Brown's famous Ted Talk on "The Power of Vulnerability". Like most of us, I too struggle with being vulnerable. Since I was younger, I've built walls around myself only sharing what I felt comfortable with. These walls kept people from seeing the worst parts of me, but they also prevented me from seeking comfort in others. It's hard being vulnerable because it puts us in a position where we can be hurt. There is no greater pain than sharing the deepest darkest parts of ourselves and being rejected for them. This fear of rejection leads to a struggle to be vulnerable, but as Brown points out, there is power in vulnerability. It is a necessity, and all people who have a strong sense of worthiness fully embrace vulnerability. To feel worthy is to be vulnerable.

That is not to say the process of embracing vulnerability is all fun in games. It is work, really hard work. More often than not, it is work you don't want to do. I know I hate being vulnerable because sometimes I do get hurt. My insecurities get confirmed and I am sent spiraling into a web of negative thoughts. That's only sometimes though because the other 50% of times I am met with kindness and compassion that I didn't know could exist. A compassion that wraps me up in its warmth and reminds me that it is okay. That kind of love is worth the risk, that kind of love is what we live for. So take the risk and choose to be vulnerable.

I hope you enjoy the insight our authors have to offer. They have all embraced vulnerability in its various forms for this semester's issue. Mentality Magazine is committed to making sure people don't feel alone in their struggles. Life is difficult, and that can take a toll on our bodies and minds. Feeling lost is easier said than done. We at Mentality want to say that is okay, and that we support you through those struggles. They are valid and deserve to be voiced. You deserve love and deserve to be supported no matter what you are going through.

Vashti Rutter



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Staying In Control of Your World

By: Paul Silaghi

The world is a big place, and we are more interconnected than ever before. That line can get a bit overused these days, but it's hard to overstate how much it really does matter. Anyone with a smartphone or computer can instantly get access to the latest developments, stories, and opinions surrounding any situation, whether it be local or international. With so many crises happening around the world, from the war in Ukraine to growing concerns about pollution and the environment, it's easy to fall into a pattern of "doom-scrolling", which is the unhealthy cycle that takes place when one is overexposed to negative or disheartening information but continues to consume more of it. This can lead to feelings of helplessness and anxiety that just pile onto everyday worries. Over time, this can take a considerable toll on mental health and well-being, spiraling into a boundless, emotional vulnerability to the ups and (mostly) downs portrayed in the media. As an avid consumer of the news myself, I would like to share four points that I like to keep in the back of my mind when reading about the pressing issues of the day:

Emotions Become Clicks, Clicks Become Revenue: There is no doubt that so many of the issues being covered in the news have a significant impact on people and our world as a whole. However, it is also the case that generating discourse and attention around a particular article is often in the best financial interest of the media company publishing it. This leads to sensationalism, or the use of provocative words and styles that are meant to stir up emotions in the reader. It can be difficult, but nonetheless important, to recognize where an author is sensationalizing a story, as well as where a choice to use stronger language may have been necessary. One way to do this is by reading the news from a few different sources, especially if those sources approach their coverage from differing perspectives. Often, and perhaps expectedly, I find that my combined takeaway from multiple different sources on any issue is typically more in line with reality than any individual one was.

Limit Your Vulnerability to the News: When we trust a person or source, we become vulnerable to the information they provide. This is not a bad thing, as it allows us to learn and grow as people. However, being limitlessly vulnerable to the news can do more harm than good, as it closely ties our mood and emotions to the information we're consuming. Nonetheless, controlling one's vulnerability to the news is challenging, as it is only natural to react to what we're reading or seeing in some way or another. A tip for limiting your vulnerability to the news is to consciously acknowledge and accept your initial reaction to the information you're reading, while also leaving room for future changes in opinion and attitude. This can help put the article you're reading in a broader perspective without denying yourself a reaction to the current content.



Knowledge is Power: While doom-scrolling and feelings of anxiety may arise when reading the news, I believe that staying up to date with current events and developments, especially ones that impact you directly, is important. It is nearly impossible to avoid coming into contact with information about most newsworthy events, particularly those of global relevance. Therefore, consuming the news in a manner that is deliberate, balanced, and cognizant of the effects of the media on mental health allows both for the acquisition of knowledge and the preservation of personal well-being.

You Can Make a Difference: Oftentimes, feelings of sadness when reading the news are linked to sentiments of helplessness, or feeling like a single person can't do much to remedy the situation at hand. While this may be true, it is usually the case that there are actions that one person can take to better the circumstances, even if only a little. This is compounded when a person spreads awareness about an event or situation and encourages others to make small changes, which, when compounded, produce a major impact. From recycling bottles and cans to donating to worthy causes, constructive actions, especially when widely adopted, do make a difference. Plus, reminding yourself that you have played a positive role may even help reduce the “news anxiety” and usher in optimism.

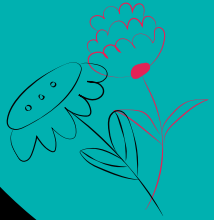
Stay informed, stay healthy, and stay hopeful!



THE PLIGHT OF THE CAPRICIOUS

WOMAN

BY: JADE CROSBY



Taking in the sight of the tight-lipped grimace, nervously folded hands, and scrunched brows on the face before you, you struggle to ascertain whether your latest victim is looking at you with pity or dismay. Clammy hands unfold and tensed arms fall flat, are they reaching to help or itching to flee?

Unmoving, your words hang in the air— a floating bowl of alphabet soup, a giant jumble of letters, taunting your dire lack of utensils. You can't take the words back, so you're faced with the humiliating ultimatum: face them or downplay them. Do you own up to your heart-wrenching outpour of emotion or laugh off your cry for help? Eyes dart nervously around the room as you calculate your next move, but it's too late, an assessment has been made, much to your never-ending dismay. The damning decision is handed down by a particularly tedious jury of wide, sympathetic eyes, and delivered via the grueling judge that is the down-turned, shifty mouth.

You've bared too much, and now you must pay the price for letting your guard down. Your meticulously painted self-image, colored in cool grays and deep blues, has been smeared with the staunchest of brown muds. Fragile fragments of identity fall at your feet, mocking the wasted time you spent assembling its many parts.

—

While painfully dramatized and intended to cause discomfort, this short story is meant to encapsulate the truly painful experience of feeling like you've been too vulnerable with someone and given too much away. There's a fear that if we share too much with someone else, we might forever alter their views of us. We spend so much time crafting a particular image and moving through the world in such specific ways that the idea of letting your guard down is utterly terrifying. While it is scary to think of receiving a negative response when you're open about something—especially something that is hard to talk about to begin with— the potential for adverse reactions is not a reason to refrain from sharing at all. Of course, rejection is painful, but we should never regret sharing something that needs to be said. Yes, be saddened by their response, but don't let this hinder you from going on to find someone who will listen to your feelings, judgment-free. Let go of the idea that your emotions are a personality fault, and embrace the fact that you are a feeling human, with need. That doesn't make you any less cool, or any less put-together. It certainly does not make you unstable or irrational: you are a person with emotional needs, and you have every right to express them.



Never Too Close for Comfort

by: Victoria Treder

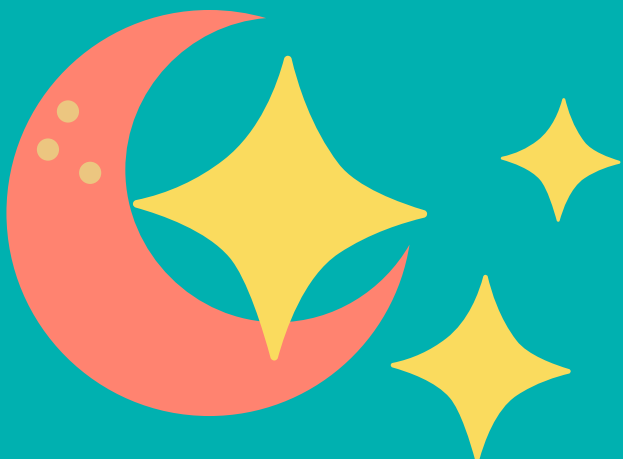


For me, opening up to someone is one of the most difficult things in the world. There's something so frightening about exposing the deepest and most sacred parts of yourself to another. Uncertainty, doubt, and regret often emerge in my mind after I have been vulnerable. However, I've come to realize that this is the beauty of human relationships: our capacity for intimate connection and the change that follows.

They say that college is the time in your life when you know the most people. I definitely feel this sentiment every day, as I happily juggle interactions with multiple social groups and individuals with whom I enjoy spending my time, all the while completing work as a full-time student. Reflecting on this, it seems overwhelming to keep up with so much. Still, when I'm in the moment, I couldn't imagine my life without this constant hustle of friends and fun.

Naturally, I am closer with some people, especially those who I see the most and laugh the hardest with, but also those with whom I feel brave enough to share my true self. I've realized that this is the ultimate test of intimacy for me; when I can completely let my guard down around someone and be vulnerable with them, I know that our relationship has changed for the better. And while change is also another very difficult thing for me, once a connection reaches this point, I can't get enough. Because being vulnerable is so hard for me, it's inexplicably refreshing to finally feel comfortable enough with someone to say the things I've always wanted to say. In doing so, a weight is lifted, and I know that I've found a true connection. Allowing myself to be more open, even at the expense of my temporary discomfort, has been truly beneficial for my relationships and well-being. I've been able to become closer in ways previously unimaginable to new friends and old friends, and even my family. This has shown me that there is always room for growth in both yourself and your relationships, only if you are willing to be vulnerable to achieve it.

So, despite my fears, I intend to continue being open with those I trust, and I can't wait to see where else it leads me. So, while boundaries remain essential to health, I encourage anyone who is feeling disconnected to try being fearlessly vulnerable. If you're like me, it might just change everything for the better.



You Probably Need a Good Cry

By Katie Good

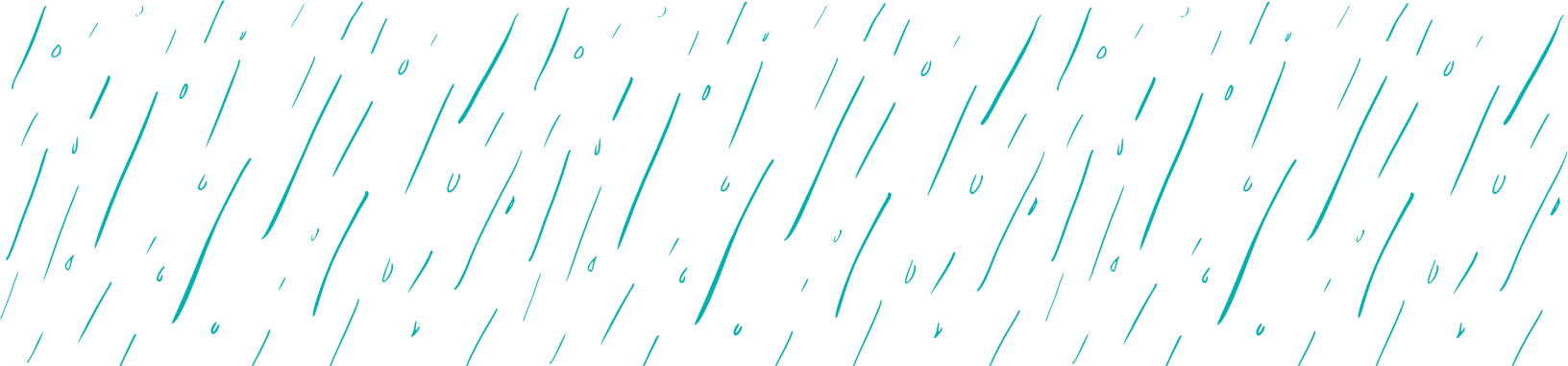
When was the last time that you cried? It may have been to a friend or loved one, in the shower, or lying in bed. When that overwhelming feeling bubbles up in your throat, you can't stop the tears from falling. For me, the last time I cried was about 5 minutes ago, after reading this line in the acknowledgments of a Sarah J. Maas book:

“I hope some of those moments resonate, and will remind you, dear reader, that you are loved, and that you are worthy of love, no matter what.”

Maybe it was because this was the last book in the series so far, or maybe it was because I've had a stressful week, but that sentence left me weeping. I thought of all the times I had wondered whether I was worthy of love and whether I would ever find people in my life, other than my family, that truly felt like home. I thought of how grateful I am for the people I've met so far that have exceeded those expectations. I thought of how scary the future is, but that the people around me make it all feel less daunting. The thoughts kept coming, and so did the tears. And that was okay. I needed it. And I'm here to tell you that you might need a good cry too.

I've always lived a hectic life full of activity and responsibility. I thrive under busy conditions, as it keeps me motivated and moving, and excited for the prospect of each new day. While I'm great at being busy, though, I am horrible at giving time to myself. Instead of letting myself do the things I enjoy when I have a break in my day, I find myself doing laundry, reorganizing my room, or starting assignments early. Even when I do try to rest, I find myself trying to find “productive” forms of entertainment; instead of watching Netflix, I'll try to read a book because it's “better for me” (whatever the hell that means), or I'll start browsing the web for new recipe ideas and claim I'm doing it for fun. I've even caught myself researching the “best type of rest.” The only form of rest that I'll allow myself without a wave of guilt washing over me is sleeping. I literally have to be unconscious to let myself take a break.

This resistance to rest has also started a bad habit of resisting my emotions. Sorting through the feelings of anger, guilt, sadness, or anxiousness throughout the day takes time and energy, and I often decide that I don't have that time to “waste.” But that time isn't wasted time; it's essential. Because when I don't let myself feel my feelings, I experience times like this where I start hysterically sobbing over one line in a book, not because of the line but because of everything else going on in my life. Not that there is anything wrong with hysterically crying. What I mean is that I shouldn't have to wait for one little crack to form in my emotional dam to recognize and feel my emotions. I'm allowed to feel angry when my dinner doesn't turn out the way I wanted it to, I'm allowed to be upset when someone close to me breaks my trust, and I'm allowed to rest when my body protests getting out of bed. I've let myself get so busy that I am putting my own mental health and emotional well-being to the side. And that's not okay.

A decorative graphic at the top of the page consisting of numerous teal-colored lines of varying lengths and thicknesses, slanted downwards from left to right, creating a rain-like effect.

I let myself cry for as long as I needed to tonight. It was a whirlwind of good and bad feelings, all coming together to create an emotional storm. I let the storm take over, filling myself with all of those little emotional nudges that I have been shoving down throughout the day. It sucked at the time, but as I sit here writing this, tears still drying on my face, I feel at peace. I feel fresh and empty, ready to be filled with emotions again. But this time, I won't let my emotional pot bubble over. I'll let myself feel that anger, joy, pride, or fear as it comes, and not be afraid of how others react to my feelings. The people that love me will accept me as I am, and the people who judge aren't the ones that should be in my life. Sure, I might cry sometimes, and it may be because I let another emotional storm brew. But that's part of the process of learning to trust myself and my feelings.

I'm writing this for you, but also for myself to hold myself accountable. To remind myself that it's okay to feel as much as I do, and that not letting myself feel those emotions will only hurt me in the end. As for you, I hope this piece reminds you to let yourself cry. Let those tears fall down your face and let other people see it. Because even when crying hurts, sucks, and is embarrassing, we're crying because we needed it. Apparently, today was the day that the emotions overwhelmed me, and I'm glad that I could experience them all in the tears, no matter how delayed they are.

No matter what makes you cry next, remind yourself that you deserve to feel your feelings. You deserve to feel sorry for yourself, to grieve people and things, and to be proud of yourself and the people you love. So let those tears fall, and be proud of yourself for allowing your emotions to shine through. As Maas said, you are worthy of love, no matter what. Even if you are a snotty, teary-eyed mess.



It Takes More Than Just Zoloft



By: Vaishnavi Katta

I've struggled with mood swings for a while. As a teenager, I attributed them to the swings and roundabouts that come with puberty. One week I'd feel like I was on top of the world and the next week I might as well be lying in a ditch somewhere. The only thing was these mood swings didn't stop after high school. It was fine at first, but I got used to managing them. Using my highs to get what I needed to get done and sleeping and crying away my lows as best as possible. It was fine as long as no one saw.

Last semester, in the fall of 2022, I fell into a deep depression. Never before had I been so low, and no matter what I tried to do my mood wouldn't rise. It was beyond the point of invisibility, so much so that people noticed the weight in my steps as I walked. It didn't feel good to be regarded as tired and unkempt despite people's best intentions. I hated it when I was asked if I was okay. It made me feel like I didn't have control.

The depression got unbearable, and I spent days crying for hours at a time, all while not mentioning a word to anyone. Eventually, I knew I needed to seek help and therapy sounded like the best option. At least with a therapist, someone was being paid to listen to my problems. Therapy helped, but I only got to see my therapist once every two weeks and she wasn't there during the worst of my lows.





I have good friends, and I knew they'd be there for me if I needed them. However, I've always struggled with opening up about myself. I've cemented myself in the position of listening ear and was comfortable staying there without sharing much about myself. As a child, I was often called sensitive by my parents. I was told to be stronger and braver in the face of sadness, but it felt like I was not born with that ability.

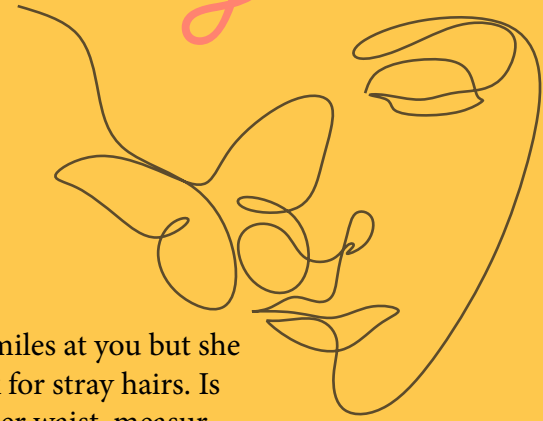
Through therapy, I got connected to a physician who prescribed me Zoloft. It was my first SSRI and after a few weeks of extreme thirst and other side effects, it eventually began working. Zoloft was a game changer, and my low moods stabilized. However, it didn't fix everything. I'd still panic, and still get depressed from time to time, and this is when I finally took my therapist's advice and talked to my friends about it.

Friends, I've found, are easier to talk to than family. There's less pressure to fix yourself in front of friends. I've also learned that not everyone is a good confidante, and unfortunately had to come to that lesson the hard way. Still, I found it helped. One of the conversations with my close friend, Manasi, actually helped clear a lot of the dirt in my head that had built up there since my childhood. To her, my sensitivity was not a weakness, but a strength, and hearing that said by someone felt so empowering.



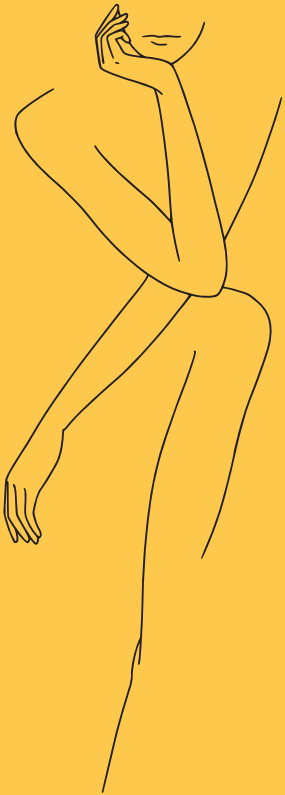
She's Looking at You

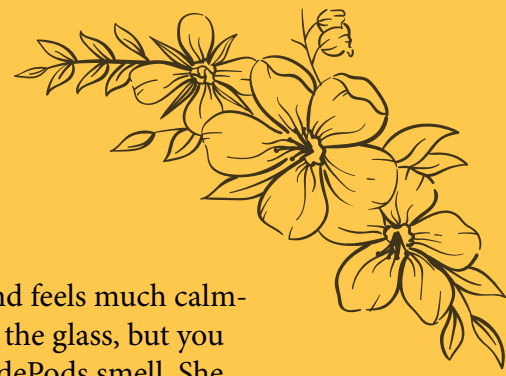
By: Vibha Moorthy



You look at her and she looks back at you. You hope she smiles at you but she frowns, carefully gliding her hand around her chin to look for stray hairs. Is she unhappy to see you? Her hands slowly drop down to her waist, measuring the amount of skin she can gather between her fingers. Stop doing that, you want to tell her. You don't like how that feels. But you can't say anything. Your lips are stuck in a thin line, no matter how hard you try to move them. You want to pound on the glass that traps you. She doesn't realize that you're stuck. Forced to her scrutiny each time. If she could just hear you. Know what you thought about her dimples and luscious hair. But she just sighs and puts her clothes on. You know she'll come back soon. She always does.

Two hours later, she's back again. This time she's swaddled in a black jacket and backpack. She can't handle wearing anything other than black. You know that she likes color-particularly blue and lavender-but recently she refuses to dress in them. All she's doing is washing her hands. But her eyes are glued to the faucet. She's afraid to look up, you decide. She doesn't want to see you. That hurts. You ache for her acknowledgment. You only get to be alive so very few moments in a day, and right now, she's not even giving you that. She glances up accidentally, when she's searching for a piece of paper towel, and for a minute she forgets about her task. She stares at you, with quiet curiosity. It's not filled with the same self-loathing as this morning. But her eyes are so wide. You wonder why, and then you realize that she's finally seeing how you look when you're surprised. Then two girls burst into the bathroom, loud and bubbly. Immediately she goes back to washing her hands, even though she'd just finished. You hate that your moment together was interrupted. You wonder why she gets startled so easily. Regardless, you figure she'll look back up at you in a few moments. Instead, she snatches the paper towel without so much as a tilted chin. Right before she stalks over to the trash can, you ache again. Why was this girl so ashamed to look at you when other people were there?





Later that night, you see her again. She's taken a hot shower and feels much calmer. She pulls her favorite night shirt on. Smells can't transcend the glass, but you imagine it smells like fresh laundry. She's always loved how TidePods smell. She glances at her phone, and a notification makes her laugh. She drags it closer with her fingers so she can respond. When she sets it back down, her eyes flit over to yours. Mid-laugh and happy. Her eyes widen again, that same deer-caught-in-headlights look. But it disappears almost right away. Don't look away, you beg. To your surprise, she doesn't. Her eyes fill up again with this childlike wonder. She smiles cautiously at you. You will yourself not to scare her. She smiles a bit wider, and her dimple peeks out of her cheek. You love how she only has one on her left cheek. Because when she looks at you, it looks like you have a matching indent on your right. Twins. She leans closer to you, her thighs hugging the counter. Her pupils widen, and that makes her grin again. She steps back away slowly from you, and for the first time, she doesn't look down, repulsed by her thighs. She puts her lotion on, but she doesn't break eye contact with you. You hold her gaze, hoping you convey that you know her better than anyone. You know her favorite movies and songs. You know the way she cries when she finishes a good book. She's allowed to look at you without reservation. She needs to see you. She can look into the eyes of the person she knows is her home.

You doubt you can convey all of that in the time she does her face routine. And you don't know if she'll look at you with this same fervor if other people catch her looking. But for now, she is looking. Smiling, assured, and kind.

And that's a start.







Power of Vulnerability

By: Anushka Dalvi

How I express myself today is very different from how I did when I was young. I came to the United States when I was 9 years old. It was a huge culture shock for me. But I never quite opened up and shared my difficulties with transitioning to anyone except my parents. I was very fortunate that I met some of my best friends in fifth grade. However, at the time, it was hard to blend in with a completely new curriculum, people from different cultures, and being away from my friends in India. While I didn't truly understand what it meant to be vulnerable, I was definitely trying hard to not portray myself as being vulnerable.

As I grew up, I started getting more comfortable with opening up and sharing my emotions. While transitioning was a difficult process, I never experienced bullying. But I came across various stories of people who had been bullied in middle school. This always bothered me and more importantly it disheartened me that many do not have a safe space like I always had. When I came across the Youth Ambassadors program from the Tyler Clementi Foundation in high school, I knew this was a great opportunity for advocacy and raising awareness about mental health and being vulnerable. I was honored to be chosen as one of the 11 members nationwide to take a stand against bullying. Every month, the program manager and all the youth ambassadors meet and share their personal experiences about topics related to bullying and mental health. It is a safe space for us to voice our opinions and discuss ways to actively stop bullying and we are confident that our personal experiences will not be shared outside our team. By discussing our experiences, we gained confidence not only in sharing vulnerable experiences but how to advocate and create a safe environment for others to share their experiences.

I have been a part of Youth Ambassadors for 6 years now and this is my first year as a member of Mentality. I am so grateful to have found a community that is so passionate, safe, and welcoming to discuss sensitive topics regarding mental health. I believe such organizations are crucial in spreading awareness. While I can't go back and tell the 9-year-old Anushka that vulner-





Confession

By: Anonymous

Confession

I like my coffee at room temperature. When the steam no longer rises from it, when it is gentle on my tongue.

Confession

I don't think I belong at this school, people here move too fast for me. I feel like a wave has dragged me under and I have no choice but to drown in it.

Confession

I don't know what real love feels like, and I don't think I ever will. Maybe it's not all rainbows and butterflies, but I can't help but long for the impossibility of it all.

Confession

I hate my body, it makes me sick. I wish I could exist out of it and take on an incorporeal form like the words we speak.

Confession


I am jealous of those who know what they're doing, I am jealous of their resolution. I've started picking at my skin, and I can see the green peeking out from underneath.

Confession

I don't know what I am doing, or what I am writing. I just want to be seen and understood by one person, but I can't because people only know my polite smiles.

Confession

I like my coffee at room temperature. It's more palatable that way, just like me.

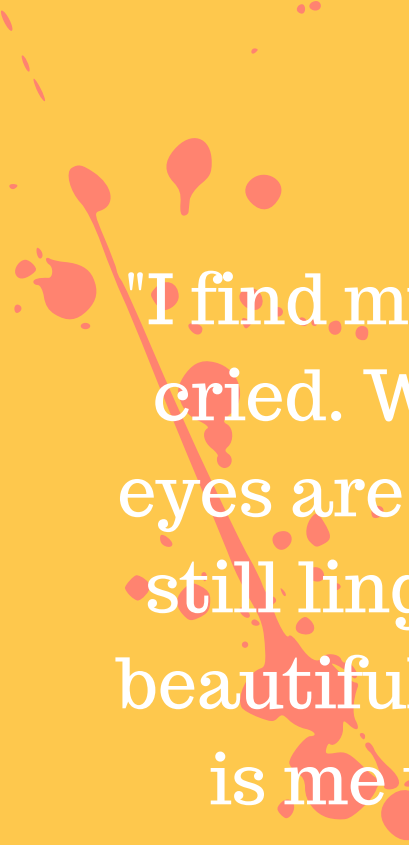




Vulnerability

"Sometimes you
need to drop your
guard so your heart
can breathe"

-Emma Xu

A cluster of pink paint splatters of various sizes and shapes, some with long, thin trails, located in the upper left corner of the page.

"I find myself most beautiful when I have cried. When my face is puffy. When my eyes are red. When the trails of my tears still linger down my face and neck. It is beautiful because it is raw. After all, this is me without any of the smoke and mirrors. It is who I am, and I am not ashamed. If I show you this wonderful, but elusive part of me, know that you are special. Know that it means I trust you and that I care. Know that it is safe for you to show me the real you too."

-Vaishnavi Katta

A large, dense cluster of blue paint splatters of various sizes and shapes, some with long, thin trails, located in the lower right corner of the page.

The Power of a Compliment

Being vulnerable also means accepting other people's compliments. It means allowing them to see us for who we really are. We asked our staff members to anonymously share the best compliments they've received.

"Your Instagram captions sound like your poems. -this is a compliment that stuck with me because writing is a huge passion of mine. When my friend told me this, it made me feel like my writing was memorable...even if it was just in the form of a caption."

"Someone told me that I seemed like the type of person who truly cares about other people's passions. All I want is for people to feel loved and supported around me, so I think this compliment will stick with me for a long time."

"that I'm very caring and put others before myself. this has stuck with me because I hope I can make others feel seen and loved."

"I was told that I am a deep thinker, and I just found that to be a really unique and meaningful compliment."

"My friends sometime call me a ray of sunshine which is incredibly sweet. They always tell me I wrap them in warmth and energy. It is nice knowing my presence is noticed in a room."





Missed U!

Vulnerability can be PICKIN' & CHOOSIN'

I'm okay with you seeing me as a muffin

Beep!

My goal is to bring to the world...

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.

