

**GOODBYE ROBIN**  
**BY LYLA MIKLOS**  
**SUNDAY, MAY 15, 2016**

Hello. My name is Lyla Miklos. Robin Pittis and I knew each other since we were teenagers. A quarter century of friendship and memories.

Robin was a long time member in good standing of my chosen family. I loved him dearly. Every quirky, neurotic, charming, beautiful, brilliant, witty, erudite, and unpredictable morsel of him.

I have wrestled with depression since I was a kid. I remember when I was around 16 hanging out on the front lawn of our parent's home with my baby brother Mihaly, who would have been around 10 at the time, and calmly discussing with him how I wanted to kill myself and different ways I could do it.

Mihaly became very upset and angry and started to cry and told me to stop talking about killing myself, because he loved me and was hurt and pained about the idea of his only sister being dead.

Feeling and soaking in my baby brother's reaction snapped me out of my despair that day, once I realized how devastated he felt about the lack of my existence in his world.

So I would play a game with myself. Find reasons to stick around for another day. Some of them somewhat mundane. Such as no killing yourself until you find out if the Enterprise crew rescues Captain Picard from the Borg.

I still get swallowed up by periods of darkness and despair from time to time, but I find it a little bit easier at this point in my life to cling on to my life raft of supports out there when things start to feel out of control and spiral into an abyss of hopelessness.

I discovered these words of hope and comfort on the soundtrack to the television show Beauty and The Beast. Ron Pearlman as Vincent is on the soundtrack reading love poetry. \*Swoon\* See another reason to keep on living! It's an adaptation of an excerpt from Ranier Maria Rilke's Letters To A Young Poet.

*“How should we be able to forget those ancient myths that are at the beginning of all peoples, the myths about dragons that at the last moment are turned into princesses? Perhaps all the dragons of our lives are princesses who are only waiting to see us once beautiful and brave. Perhaps everything terrible is, in its deepest being, something helpless that wants help from us. So, you must not be frightened, if a sadness rises up before you, larger than any you have ever seen; if a restiveness, like light and cloud-shadows, passes over your hands and over all you do. You must think that something is happening with you, that life has not forgotten you, that it holds you in its hand. It will not let you fall.”*

I'd like to ask everyone gathered here to take the hand or touch the shoulder of the person next to you. Be connected. Know that you are loved even when you feel worthless and that there are people with you here today that would be heart-broken if you were gone.

This song, which my good friend and long-time musical collaborator Juanita Maldonado will accompany me on, asks you to hold on too. If you know it and the spirit moves you to sing along please do. I couldn't sing this for Robin, so I sing it in his honour and for all of you who feel his loss today.

## *EVERYBODY HURTS*

*By REM*

*When your day is long  
And the night, the night is yours alone  
When you're sure you've had enough  
Of this life, well hang on*

Don't let yourself go  
'Cause everybody cries  
And everybody hurts sometimes

Sometimes everything is wrong  
Now it's time to sing along  
When your day is night alone (Hold on, hold on)  
If you feel like letting go (Hold on)  
If you think you've had too much  
Of this life, well hang on

Everybody hurts  
Take comfort in your friends  
Everybody hurts  
Don't throw your hand, oh no

Don't throw your hand  
If you feel like you're alone  
No, no, no, you are not alone

If you're on your own in this life  
The days and nights are long  
When you think you've had too much of this life  
to hang on

*Well, everybody hurts sometimes  
Everybody cries  
Everybody hurts sometimes  
And everybody hurts sometimes*

*So hold on, hold on  
Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on,  
hold on  
Everybody hurts*