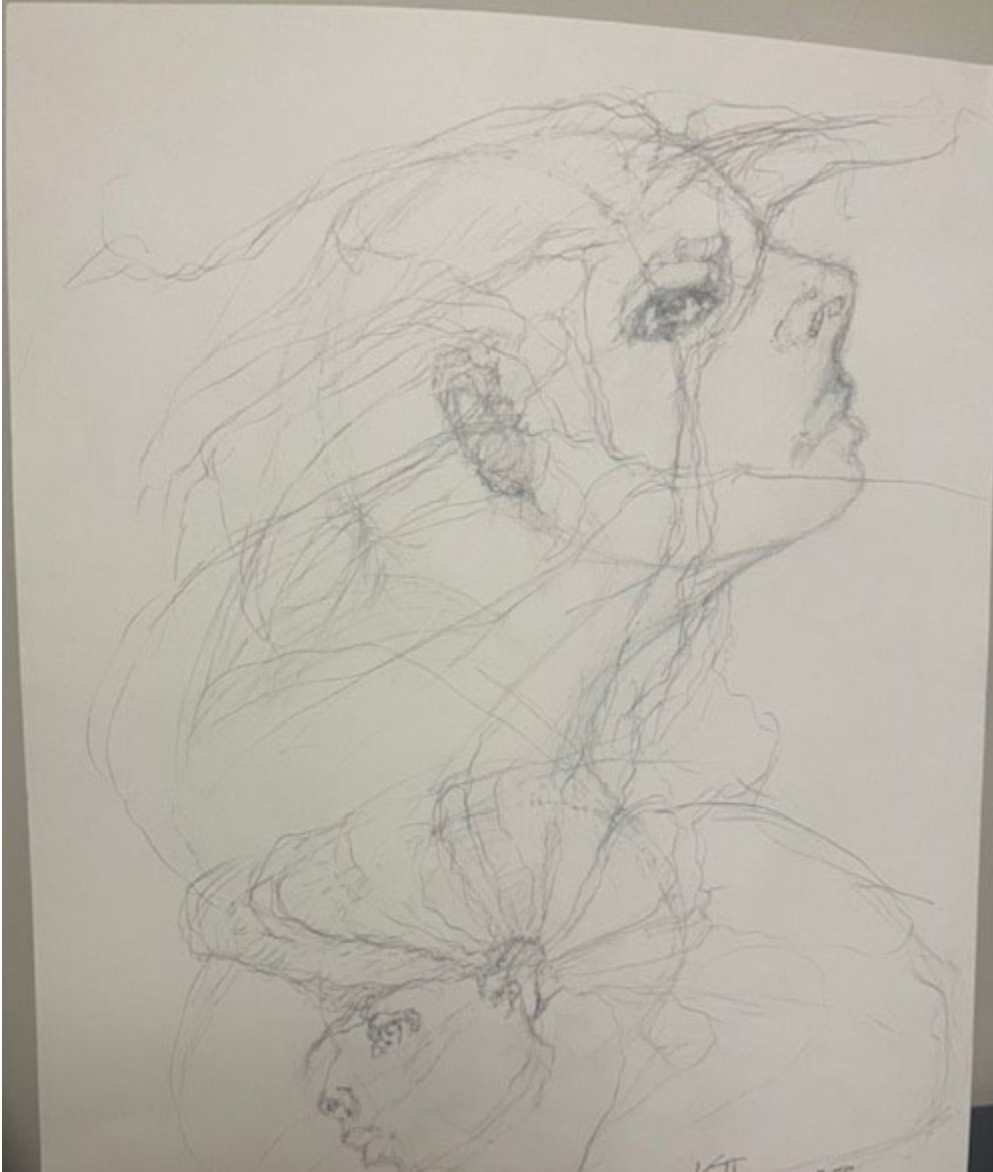


Adult Entries:
Select three in
this category

A1

Title: One Another

Artist shared: "This art piece is representative of life and connecting with someone else."



A2

Title: Santa and his sleigh

Artist shared: "This is Santa getting ready for Christmas and holding onto his sleigh as he's getting ready to deliver all of his Christmas presents to the good boys and girls."



A3

Title: My Heart

Artist shared: "My heart is in the center with the flames around it that hold all of the frustration and anger inside of me where the bright and cheery colors come from or what I present on the outside."



A4

Title: Insight Through Others Creations

Artist shared: "This was a mixed-media scape that was originally in color. I create my scapes by superimposing multiple photos (like the Roman Colosseum) to make art that helps my recovery."



A5

Title: God Heat

Artist shared: "Spiritual Painting"



A6

Title: Log Cabin

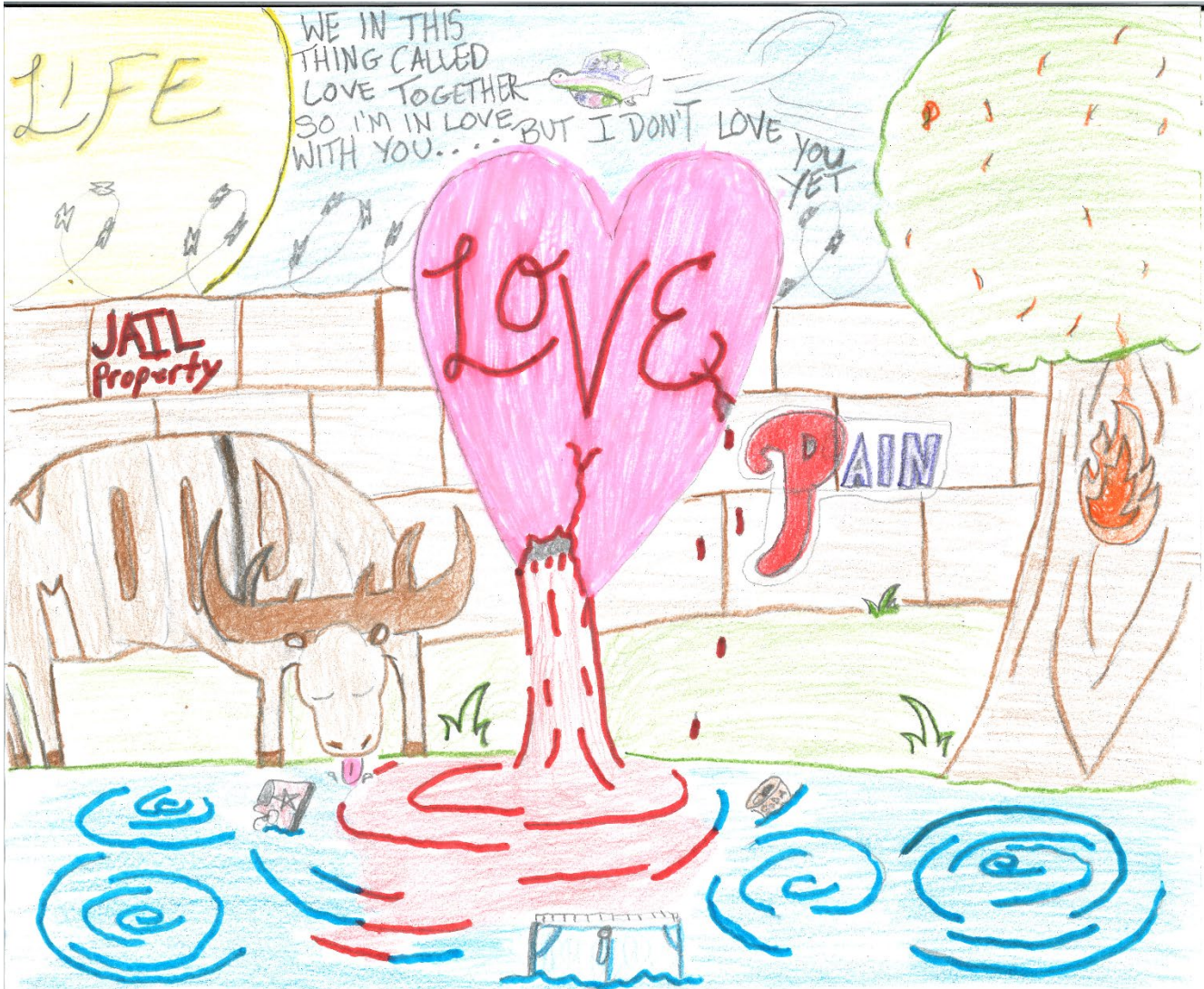
Artist shared: "Cozy cabin by the lake. Has a chimney and an inviting front porch. The porch adorns a cork chair with a rug and a fire pit to warm up to."



A7

Title: HOMELESS JAIL LOVE

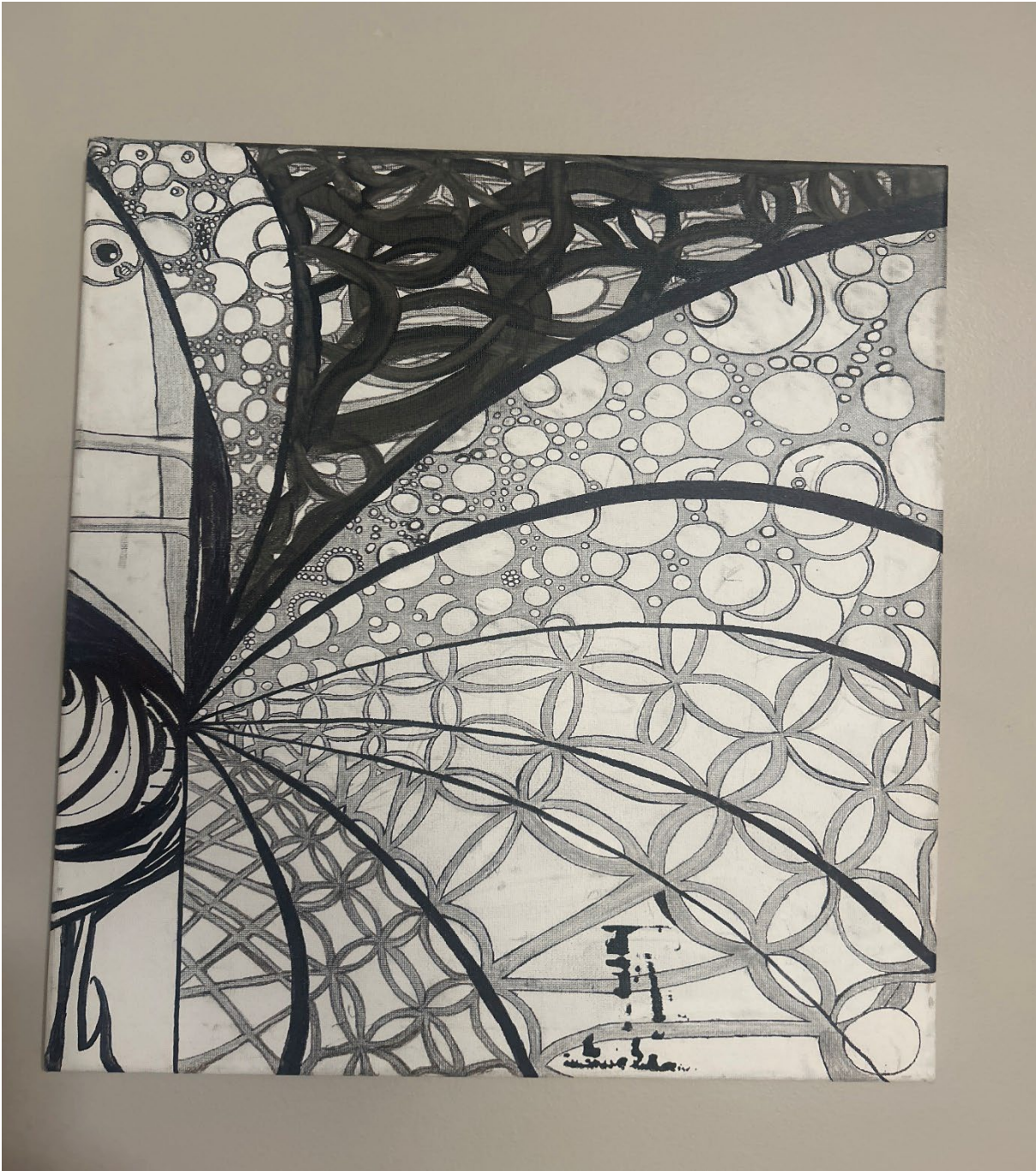
Artist shared: "Two people in love, letters of love to each other days and nights of hunger far out from home. The mouse is a symbol of our "MOOD" that seems to pass us by. The bird fly's fast out of the tree that was set on fire by the last breath of the drowning homeless lover that find out her husband gets LIFE"



A8

Title: Warped by time

Artist shared: "Warped by time"



A9

Title: Tree Of Life

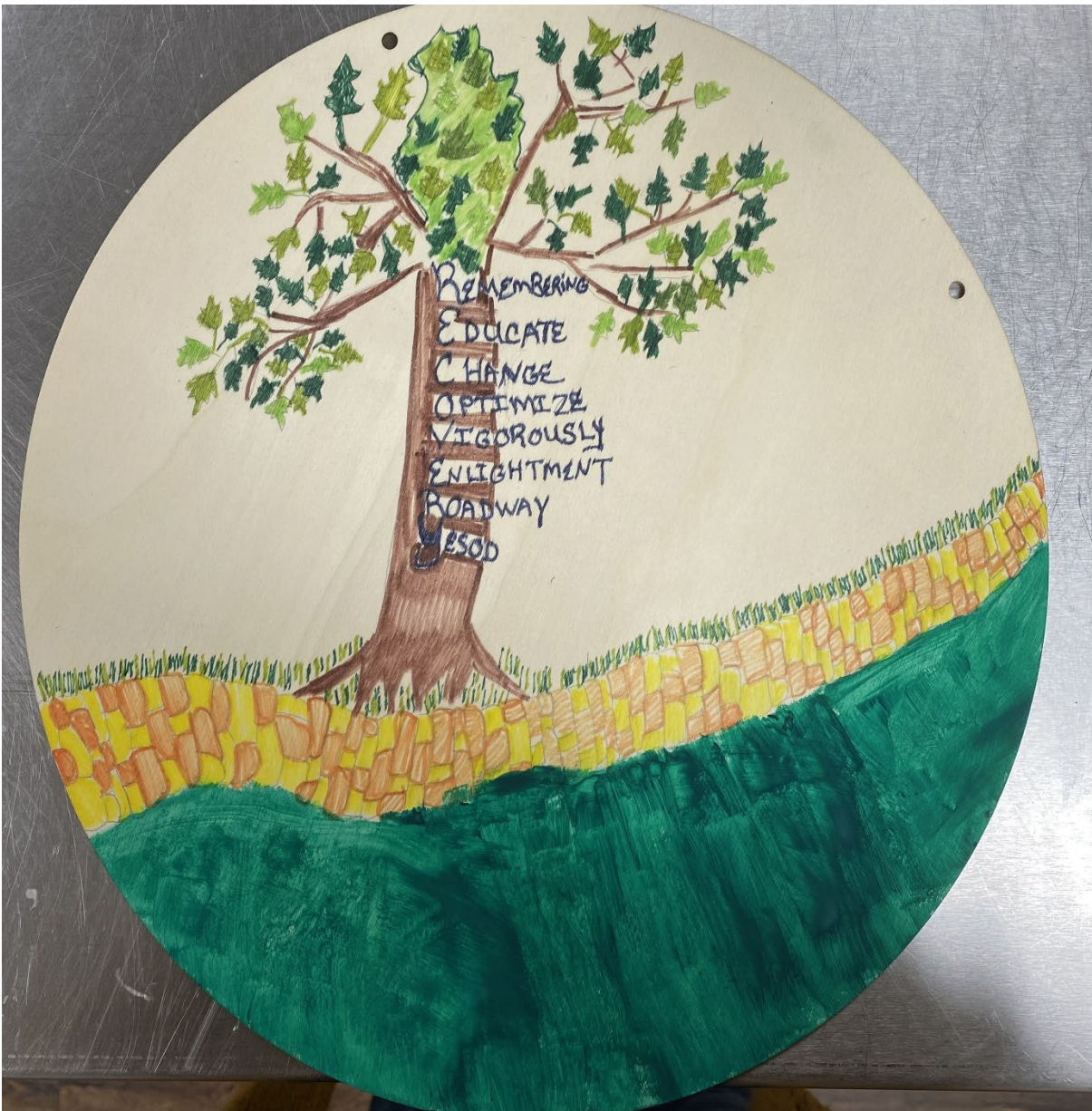
Artist shared: "Diamond Art of Tree of Life"



A10

Title: Yesod

Artist shared: "Recovery is a path that is never-ending. "Yesod" means the Tree of Life."



A11

Title: Finding my inner peace

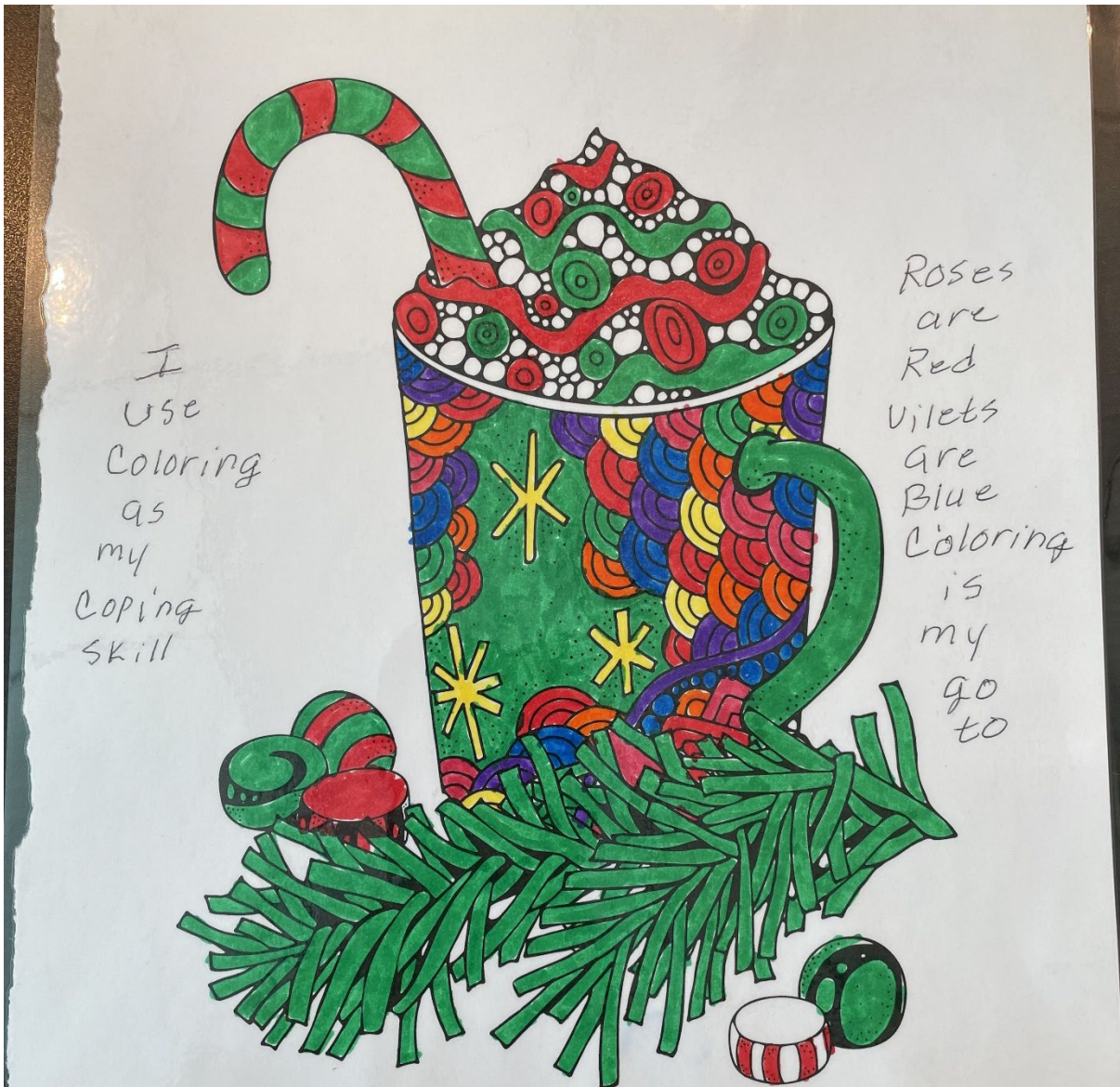
Artist shared: "I never let go of feeling connected to something that stimulates my energy and happiness while feeling calm and at peace with my inner self."



A12

Title: Coping Skills

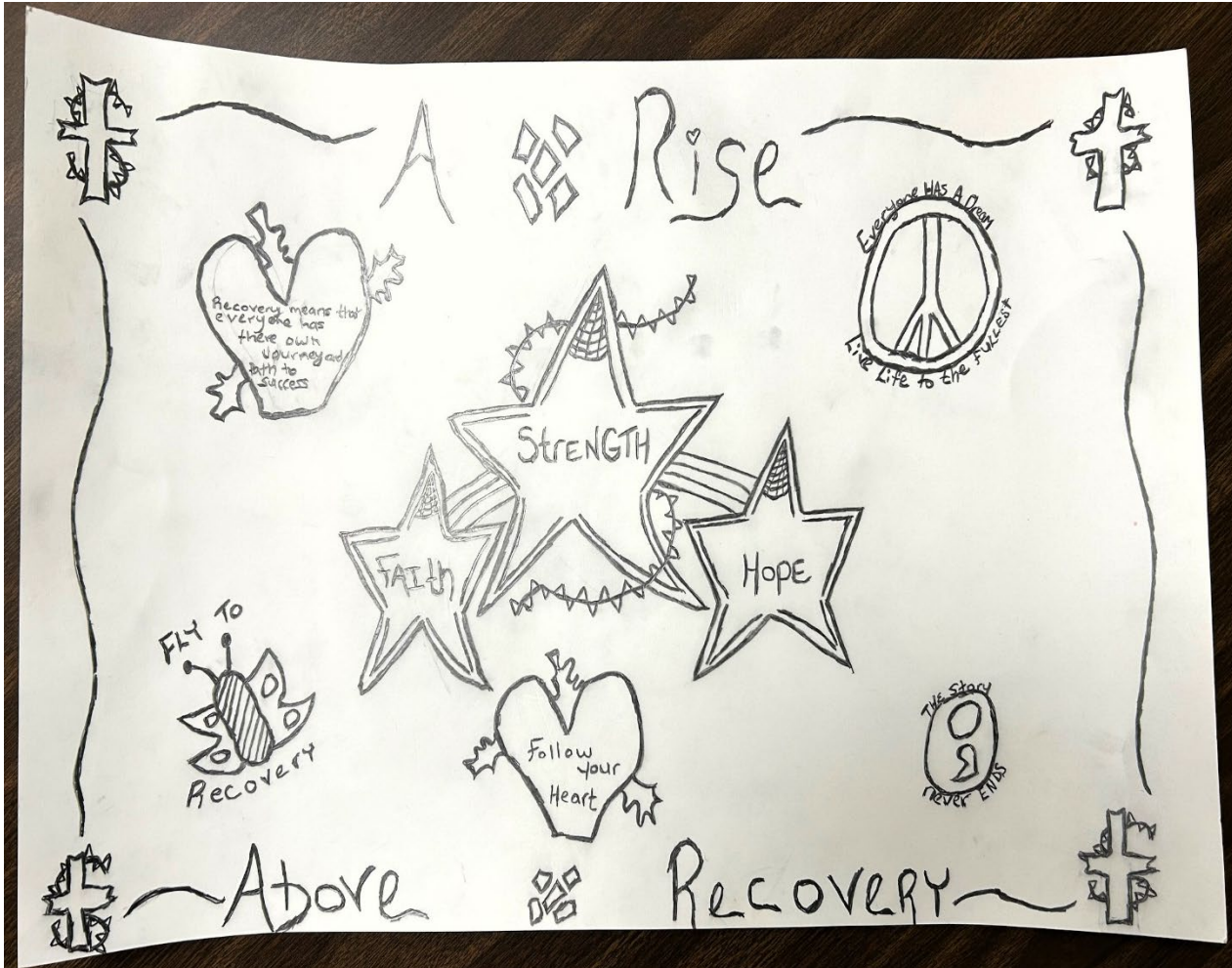
Artist shared: "My Coping Skills"



A13

Title: Arise to recovery

Artist shared: "I feel like there is a recovery path for everyone and this art shows how I feel about my recovery."



A14

Title: Be you

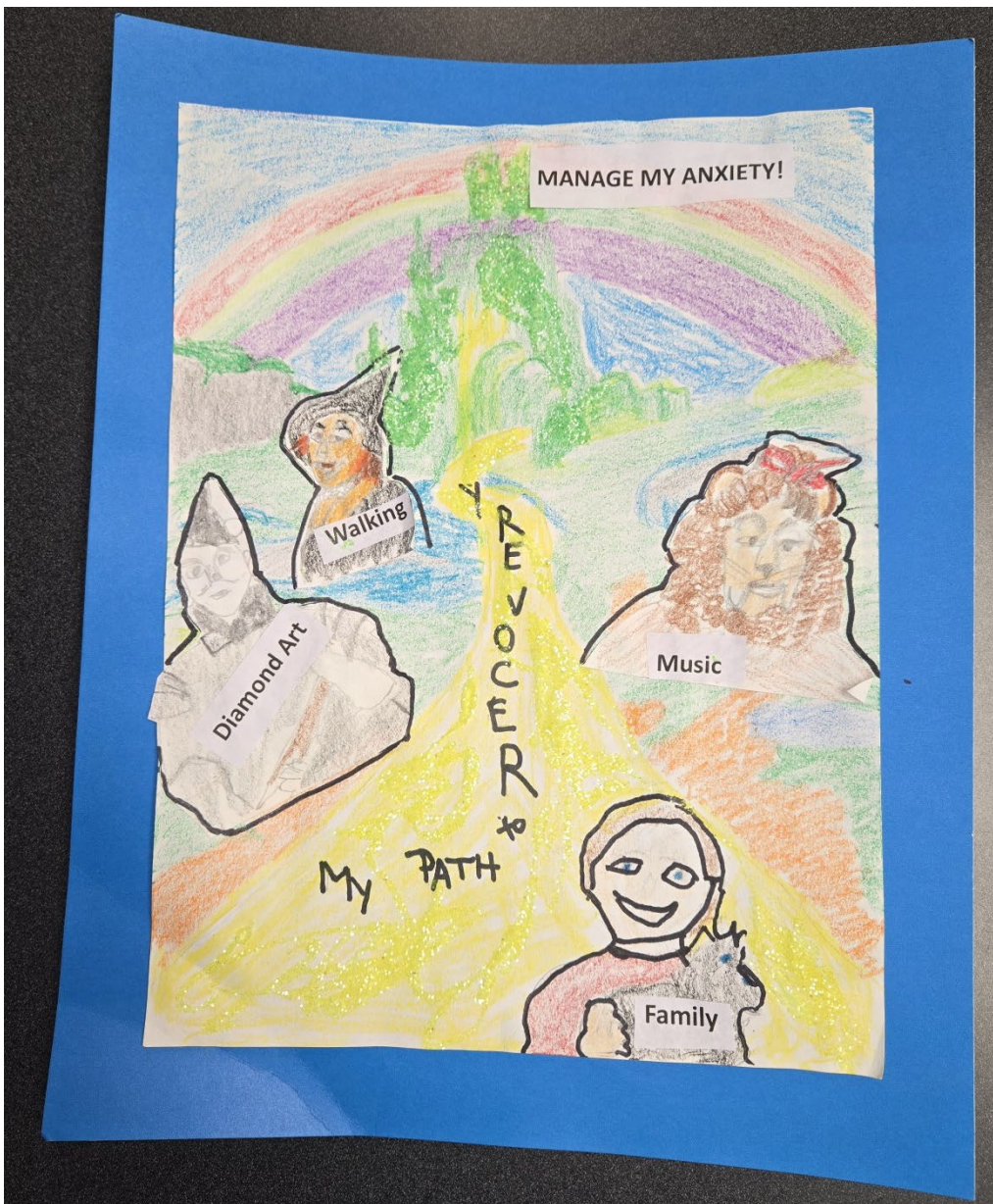
Artist shared: "Be You"



A15

Title: My path

Artist shared: "These are the things that I do to help me along my path to recovery."



A16

Title: Hope, Faith, and Miracles

Artist shared: "Diamond dot art takes away my thoughts of the mental and physical pain."



A17

Title: Seeds rising

Artist shared: "One of the hardest parts of my recovery was learning to love the imperfect versions of myself that lacked the knowledge and support for growth. I thought I had to cut parts of myself off. Sometimes coming undone is necessary for healthy growth to begin. My art is called seeds rising."



*"For a seed to achieve its greatest expression,
it must come completely undone.*

Gorgon's Rest
MULTIMEDIA STUDIO
By The Artist

The shell cracks, its insides come out and everything changes.

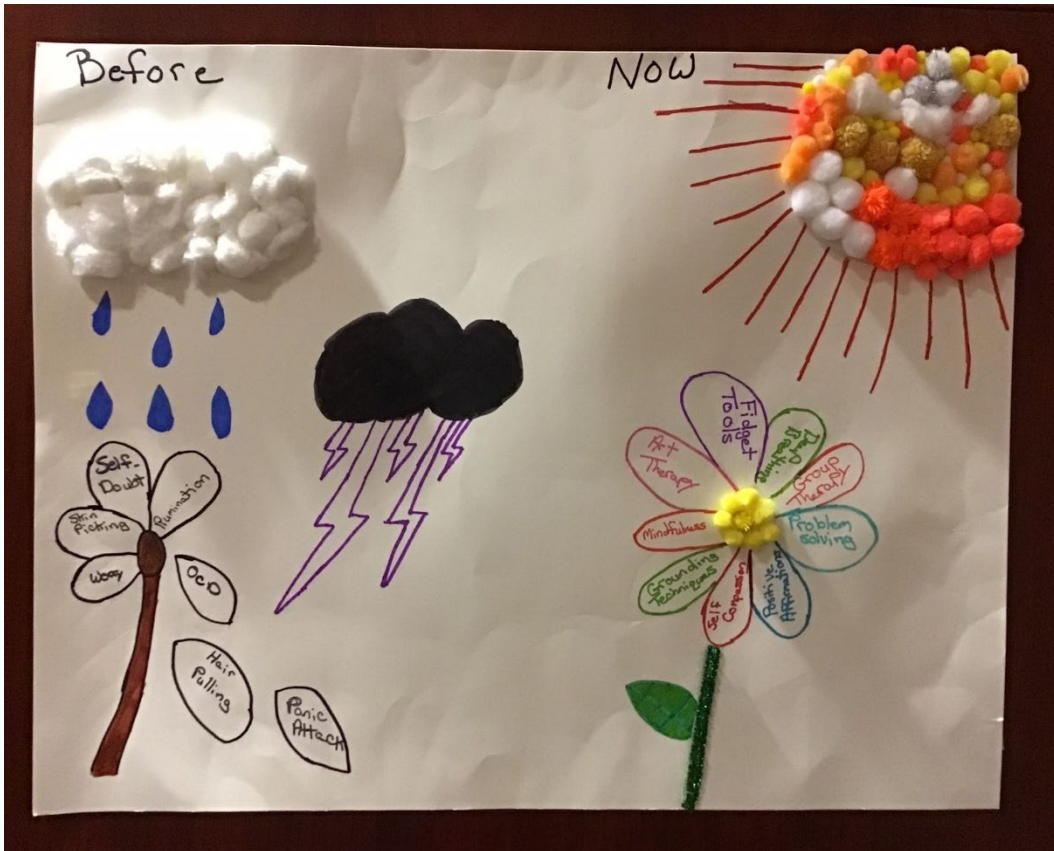
To someone who doesn't understand growth, it would look like complete destruction."

— Cynthia Ocelli

A18

Title: Before/Now

Artist shared: "Before and Now"



A19

Title: The Psychosis Effect

Artist shared: "The Psychosis Effect"

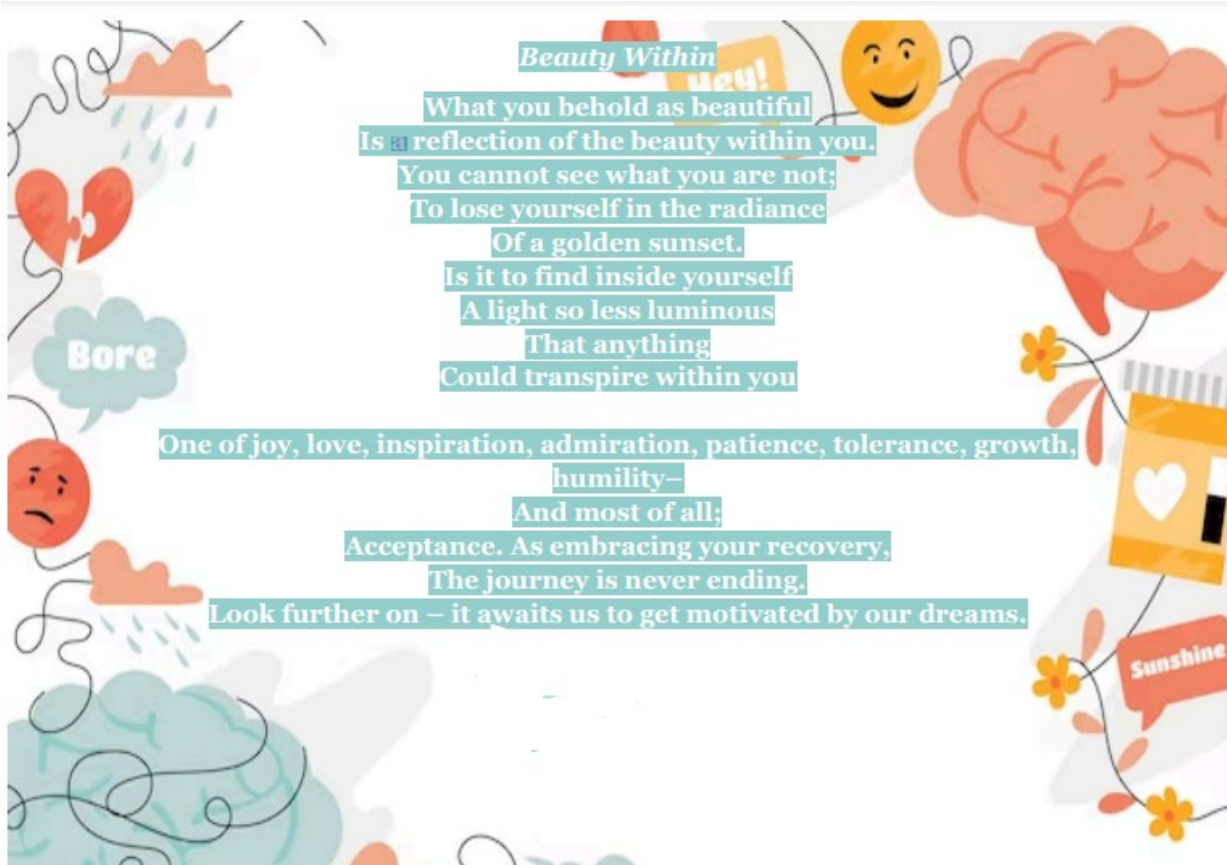
The Psychosis Effect

Coming back "home" to a house full of strangers,
Will it be scary, will it be dangerous?
The doctor said I was fine and good to go,
I'm a little anxious and nervous though.
I walk through the door and to my delight,
I see my brother standing there, saying "everything is going to be all right."
I say, "so this is my brother, Brian?"
After we exchange hugs, he runs off crying.
I get shown my room, looks old, yet looks new.
It doesn't feel happy, feels more blue.
Not too long after, I have to leave again.
Try different meds 'til I feel completely better again.

A20

Title: Beauty Within

Artist shared: "I came upon that poem when I looked back on my recovery and journey and other people's journey on mental health. The good affirmations that they can take with the negative and turn it into positive. It becomes a thing to where we could look beyond the horizons and see what's on the other side."



A21

Title: Bridge to Survival

Artist shared: "Created my Path to Recovery a diorama representing my bridge to survival. The silk sunflowers are my favorite flower and hobby. The bridge represents the supports for my survival. The hand I drew is myself and the butterflies are growth. My steppingstones are my life, and I love myself."



A22

Title: Log cabin at Christmas

Artist shared: "This piece is plastic canvas. One of very many I have made in the past thirty-five years. Doing plastic craft helps my recovery by keeping my mind straight and narrow and it relaxes me. It's very calming."



A23

Title: Festive feelings

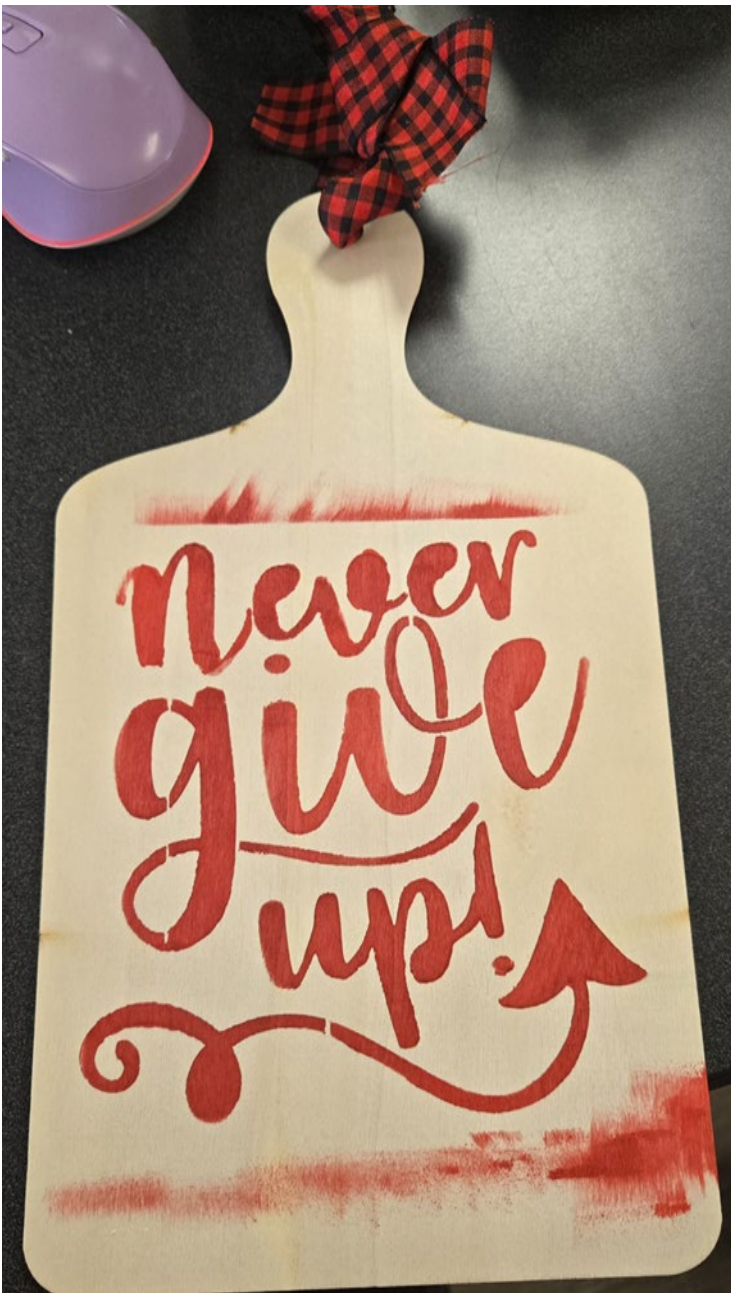
Artist shared: "Grateful for Christmas time"



A24

Title: June in December

Artist shared: "Never give up!"



A25

Title: Nature's Beauty

Artist shared: "The painting picture is nature, and it calms your nerves and shows confidence in yourself."



A26

Title: Love

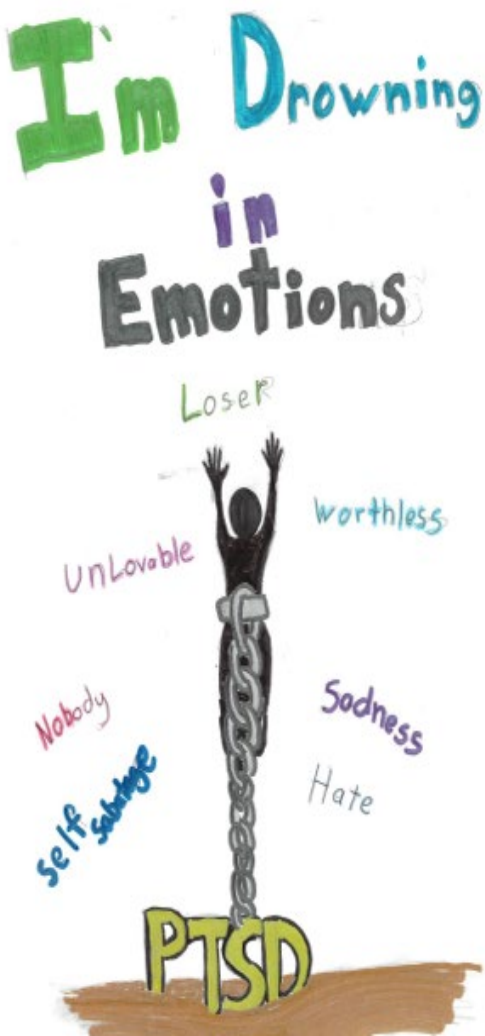
Artist shared: "All you need is love"



A27

Title: Emotional rollercoaster

Artist shared: "Emotional Rollercoaster"



A28

Title: Path to Recovery

Artist shared: "It's nice to have a friend when you're going through recovery"



A29

Title: I can do anything

Artist shared: "I love making art and jewelry. I made the jewelry to demonstrate organization and creativity, aka I can do anything! The books represent an escape and coping skill that allows me to educate and use my imagination. And finally, turtles are a huge de-stressor for me, I care for my own turtle."



A30

Title: My Success Story

Artist shared: “This is my personal story about some of the things I have endured throughout my life. I was born with mental illness, but I have learned how to cope and live with it, and I am a much stronger and healthier person because of it and the support I have. I'm thankful to be where I am and who I am today.”

My Success Story

I was born with mental illness. It runs very high in my family. It goes clear back to the Civil War. We did a family test on the Bosleys side of the family.

I was born with mental illness — I had two uncles who had schizophrenia, and my mother had major depression. My mother thought I had a problem as a child. I slept three hours every day, fought with my sister, was up and down in my mood. I had very high anxiety growing up.

My mother made an appointment when I was in eighth grade to see a psychiatrist. Of course, I saw the psychiatrist. He said to me, “Why are you fighting with your sister? Why are you not listening to your parents?” He listened to my mother’s side of the story. I was not allowed to say what was on my mind. I did not like the man. He put me on medication that made me really tired.

Then my parents got a divorce. I went to live with my father. That was a very big mistake. I was abused and very lonely. He would not accept the fact I had mental illness.

While I was in grade school and high school, I was passed grade to grade. School was very hard for me. I was an intellectually disabled student, but none of the teachers saw that in me. I did not get the help I needed.

After graduation, a doctor took me in as a clerk. I was employed from June 1974 to December 1977. The reason why I left was I was not taught to take dictation of a machine, I did not know shorthand.

Then in November 1978, I got married. The marriage lasted for twelve-and-a-half years. The marriage was very abusive and sexually abusive. We got divorces in October 1994.

I got into counseling in March 1988. I learned first I had to love myself. I was a messed up person. Then I found out I was a people pleaser, controller with alcoholics that were living with me. My husband, my father, and my grandfather were all alcoholics. I was introduced to Al-Anon for adult children of alcoholics in September 1989. I stayed in that group for twelve years.

Then in January 1991, I came out of denial. I finally admitted I was mentally ill. I sought more counseling and psychiatric therapy. I was then diagnosed with major depression. I started going downhill from there and got very sick.

I was in and out of psychiatric hospitalization from May 1994 to April 1995. I was always running to the hospital crying wolf. February 15 to April 27, 1995, I was in Warren State Hospital. I was only there for seven weeks. I learned a lot about myself and my illness.

I was admitted to an outpatient partial hospitalization program from June 1994 to October 1999. Then I went into individual counseling again. When I came back from Warren State Hospital, the people in the partial program started to like me. I was very sick, saying things that were not appropriate. They saw the different person I became. I grew a lot from my seven weeks in Warren State Hospital.

I was in individual counseling until 2000. I was in and out of counseling until June 2014. I go back when I have difficulties and cannot problem solve myself. I am still under psychiatric care and medication management. I see my psychiatrist every three months. I like my psychiatrist — she listens to me and knows what medication is good for me.

I lived in the women's shelter in May 1988 because of the abuse I went through as a child and into my adulthood. I lived there for a month. I learned how to take care of myself and understand how the abuse affected my life. My husband filed for divorce in August 1991, I had left him in May 1991. The divorce was finalized in October 1994.

I was on my own starting in June 1991. I had to learn how to live on my own without anyone in my life. I mean no husband, no father, no grandfather.

In December 1989, I had to admit my grandfather to a nursing home. Wednesdays and Saturdays, I would go to see him and spend half the day with him. Toward the end, I could not handle him. It was suggested by my counselor, his doctor, and my Al-Anon sponsor that it was time to let him go. He passed on February 7, 1989.

I was in grief for a while, until a very good Al-Anon friend suggested I read Mourning Song by Joyce Landorf. It was a very good book. It was time to let go of him and remember all of the good memories I had with him. I did read the book when my husband and I separated too. It helped me to let go of what he had done to me. I read the book over and over again when I faced another death.

I then moved on, living in Oil City. I lived there for ten years. Then in 2001, I moved to Titusville for six years. While living in Titusville, I worked for the Warm Line. I worked for four years in Titusville.

Then I got very sick. I could not stand for very long or walk distances, and I was out of breath a lot. In 2006, the physical therapist at the hospital and my PCP decided that a nursing home was best for me. I lived in the nursing home until 2017.

Then I moved in with my sister and her husband for about four months. They did not like me being there. They were loners. They did not want anyone around their house, except expected company.

In October 2017, my sister and her husband dumped me at an assisted living facility. I did not like it there because of residents constantly fighting over the TV. The workers were only there to get their paychecks.

I got very sick again in November 2017 with congestive heart failure. I also had a heart attack on my way to the hospital. I almost did not make it. I was stabilized at Meadville Hospital, then life flighted to Hamot in Erie. I spent two weeks in the ICU and two weeks on a cardiac floor. Then I went to a nursing home for a month to build my strength back up. Then I was back to the assisted living facility in January 2018.

Then in May 2018, I had atrial fibrillation — that is when your pulse is too fast. I was reaching 138 beats per minute. The doctors finally decided on October 22, 2018 to do an ablation. Your chest lights up like a Christmas tree, then the doctor goes in and connects the end to the lit up area and sews it together. It took eight hours — that was a very long day.

I just had a second ablation done on October 24, 2024. All the work that was done six years ago was still intact. The doctor had to work behind the hear this time. Hopefully, this will be it.

My youngest sister and her husband came to visit me in December 2018. They saw my living conditions, and they brought me to their house in January 2019. I lived there for three years. Then I lived with my other sister in Florida for sixteen months. I came back home in December 2020.

I traveled all the way from Florida to Pennsylvania. It was a very long ride with stop-overs. I arrived in Meadville on December 19, 2020 around 10AM. I was so glad to see my brother-in-law when I arrived.

From then on, I have been back living with my younger sister and her husband. I have my ups and downs. I have been in counseling then discharged, then back in counseling again and discharged. I see my psychiatrist every three months.

In April 2024, I began going to go to psych rehab. I like the psych rehab. I love all of the classes I attend. I do my homework, and I learn so much. I learned and wrote about my “now room,” and it’s attached to my success story. In November 2024, I ran for the Advisory Board at the psych rehab, and I was voted in.

My Now Room

With my eyes closed, I am imagining a room empty, where it’s calm and quiet. I should feel relaxed and refreshed in my Now Room.

I am entering my Now Room. I picture my door is decorated with seashells. Yes, you guessed it, it is on a beach. I am enjoying the waves going back and forth. On my floor is sand, and my feet feel nice and warm. The sun is bright, and the rays are hot (you could get burned if you don’t have sunscreen on). The sun is on the north side of my Now Room, peaking through the window. I have a Minnie Mouse themed umbrella to keep the sun off me because I do not want to be burned. Seashells are lying all over the sand, coming in from the water on the shore. My walls are painted blue like the water and crashing waves. I see how the waves are moving back and forth with the water. I have a chest by my beach chair, both of which are Minnie Mouse themed. My swimsuit and beach towel are also Minnie Mouse themed. It is filled with all different kinds and shapes of seashells — some are big, some are small. If you press the bigger shells to your ear, you can hear the ocean waves.

My Now Room is my own private place to go and relax. It’s a good image of my room. I can use it when I am stressed and need to be alone as it is secluded. My room is off limits to people who hurt me.

Youth and Young

Adult Entries:

Select three in

this category

YYA1

Title: Rise Up and Shine

Artist shared: "I have worked on this song for a little over a month. I have struggled with mental health for many years, but this song proves that no matter how bad the storm is there is always going to be light. Hope is power to overcoming struggles and turn your pain into power. Don't give up and keep going."

Rise Up and Shine Song

(Verse 1)

Woke up in a fog, the world feels grey,
Chasing shadows, trying to find my way.
Mirror's reflection showing all the scars,
But I'm burning brighter than these broken stars.

(Pre-Chorus)

Took a step back to face the night,
Fighting my demons, ready to ignite.
Every tear's a lesson, every fall's a fight,
I'm breaking the silence, gonna take flight.

(Chorus)

So I rise up, rise up, like the dawn,
With every heartbeat, I'll carry on.
Got the strength inside, can't hold me down,
I'm a warrior now, wearing my crown.
Oh-oh, oh-oh, I'm coming alive,
With the rhythm of hope, I'm ready to thrive.

(Verse 2)

Lost in the echoes, felt so alone,
But I found my voice, gonna claim my throne.
Colors of courage painted on my soul,
Turning pain into power, I'm finally whole.

(Pre-Chorus)

Light in my heart, shining through the dark,
Learning to love the broken parts.

Every step forward, I'm breaking free,
This journey's mine, and it's beautiful to see.

Pg2

(Chorus)

So I rise up, rise up, like the dawn,
With every heartbeat, I'll carry on.
Got the strength inside, can't hold me down,
I'm a warrior now, wearing my crown.
Oh-oh, oh-oh, I'm coming alive,
With the rhythm of hope, I'm ready to thrive.

(Bridge)

So here's to the battles, the scars that remain,
They tell my story, my sweetest refrain.
Dancing with shadows, embracing the fight,
I'm a melody rising, burning so bright.

(Chorus)

So I rise up, rise up, like the dawn,
With every heartbeat, I'll carry on.
Got the strength inside, can't hold me down,
I'm a warrior now, wearing my crown.
Oh-oh, oh-oh, I'm coming alive,
With the rhythm of hope, I'm ready to thrive.

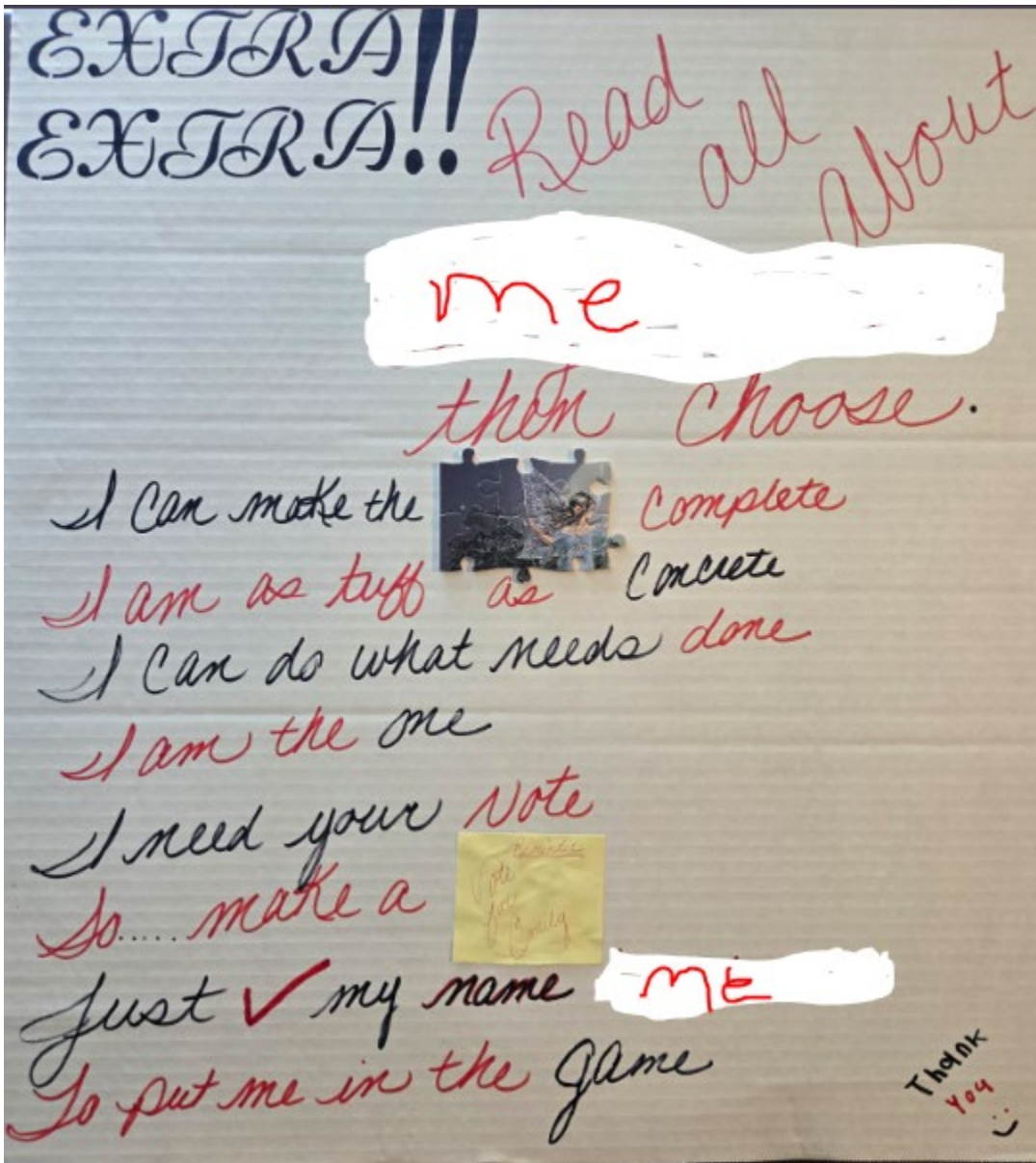
(Outro)

So let the world see, I'm no longer shy,
With each spark of courage, I'm reaching the sky.
Oh-oh, oh-oh, in my heart, I feel the change,
I'm rising up, and I'll never be the same.

YYA 2

Title: Empowering Innovation Through Advisory Excellence

Artist shared: "I did this to run for the advisory board at the psych rehab center I belong to."



YYA3

Title: Road to Redemption

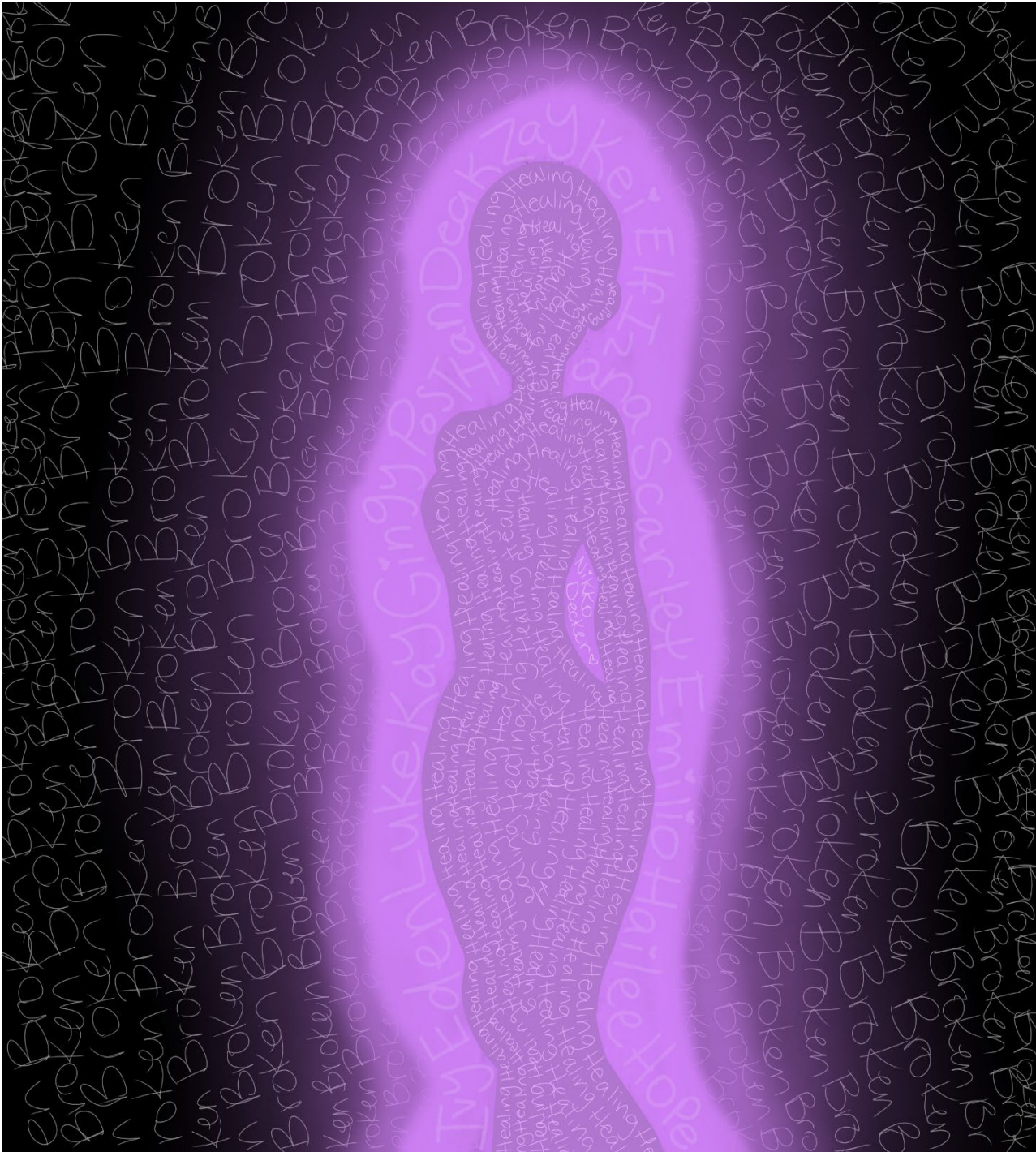
Artist shared: "In this piece, I thought of all the good things around me and things that make me happy. Everything presented has helped me somehow to become the best person I can be."



YYA4

Title: Hope

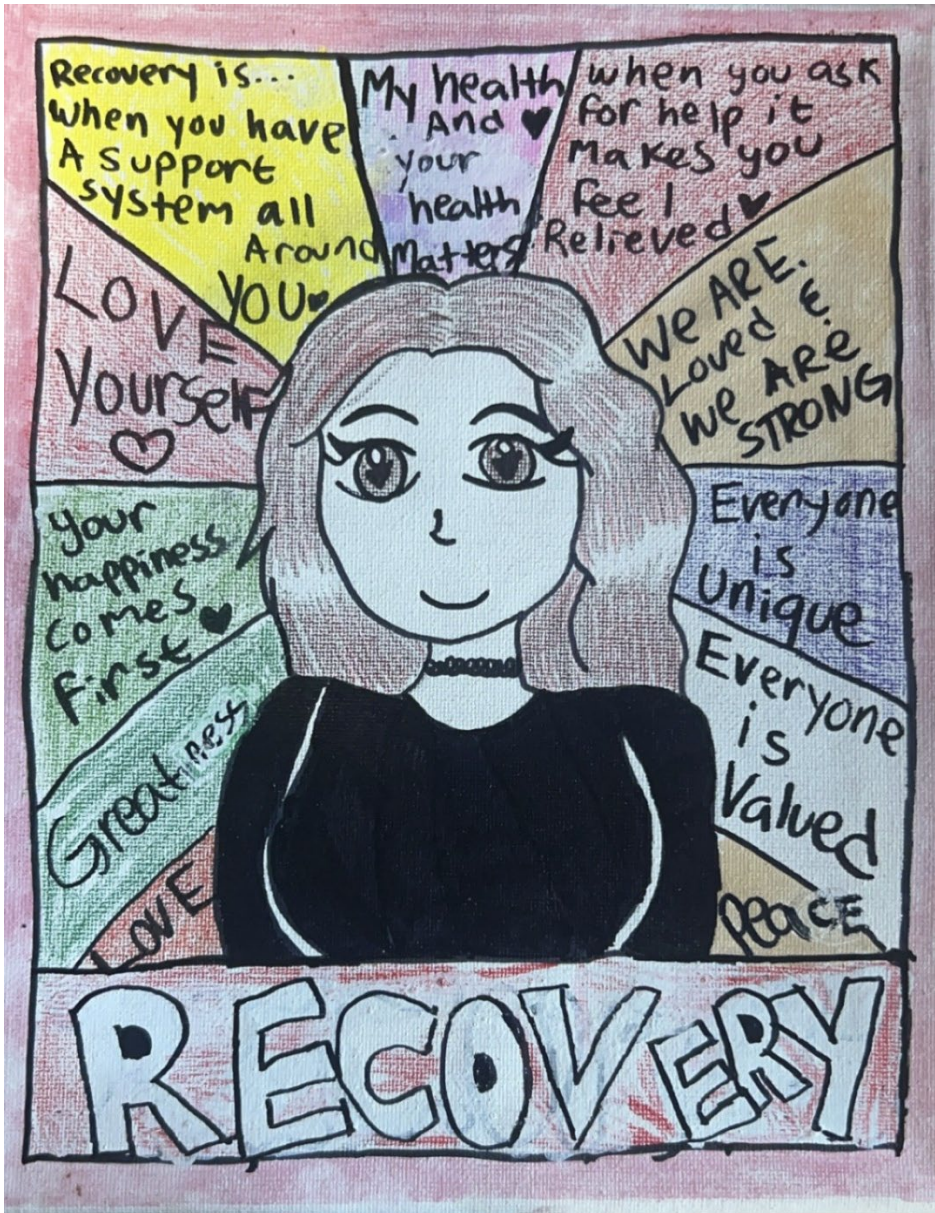
Artist shared: "This picture is meant to represent how I see myself. I see myself as someone that was broken and now healing, and the names written around "me" are the people that are helping me to heal which is why they are in what looks to be a light overcoming the darkness, the "broken" parts of my recovery."



YYA5

Title: Recovery as a whole

Artist shared: "I made this with love and the kindness of my heart ❤️ because everyone deserves to be loved in all the right ways."



YYA6

Title: My Purrrrrrfect Life

Artist shared: "This is a paint-marker drawing of my beloved cat, Eva Diva. In this drawing, I utilized various, vibrant colors as I like creating lively and stimulating pieces. I titled the picture "My Purrfect Life," to have a silly excuse to use a pun, and show my immense love for my cat, whose name means life."



YYA7

Title: My healing journey begins

Artist shared: "The writing piece corresponds with the painting here. My healing journey is long and a complex road but well worth it with my family and especially my daughter by my side."



I'm shivering in the unknown, walking through a path of fallen colorful leaves underneath my feet. I gaze up at the sky pondering my unanswered question of "why do I experience mental illness?" My brain hurts from all the depression, anxiety, fear and panic. I trudge along day after day putting one foot in front of the other wondering if life ever gets better than being mundane.

Recovery from mental illness takes on many forms. It's like putting on a full suit of armor ready to face the battle in the mind. For me, recovery shows strength, perseverance, and resilience. My recovery is a long, winding road. It's full of many seasons passing by of green, luscious leaves to barren tree branches as I walk along this road of getting better. I wait for a sign from the universe to show me that life will be ok. I want to handle life with grace and peace but I have to equip myself with the toolbox necessary to accomplish that first.

I know Haven House supplies me with the determination that I require for my path of recovery. They provide groups ranging from mental health recovery to open art that enables you to express yourself and your feelings freely. These groups have started the process of positivity in my life. The staff provides me with the endurance that I need to keep running this race.

YYA8

Title: Mental Health Project

Artist shared: "Mental Health Project"

Mental Health Project:

My mental health recovery has felt like wandering through a foggy, vast forest. It wasn't until recently that I actually started taking care of my mental health and wellness. Growing up wasn't always the easiest but I've learned to be okay with it. Recovery, especially mental health recovery, is a complicated series of twists and turns, hence why I said it feels like a winding path constantly surrounded by trees that shroud me in darkness but there's a bright light ahead of me. The more I work towards becoming a healthier me, the more I seem to realize what was making me so unwell. Obviously I can't take all of the credit, I've had a lot of help from an amazing support system, but it also has a lot to do with me saying I want to be better at treating my mental health. Learning that mental health is just as important as physical health was one of the biggest stepping stones of my recovery. I understand that I have a lot more healing to do, but I'm still proud of myself for coming this far.



YYA9

Title: My Spirit Animal

Artist shared: "It's about dreaming and trying to heal from past traumas"

