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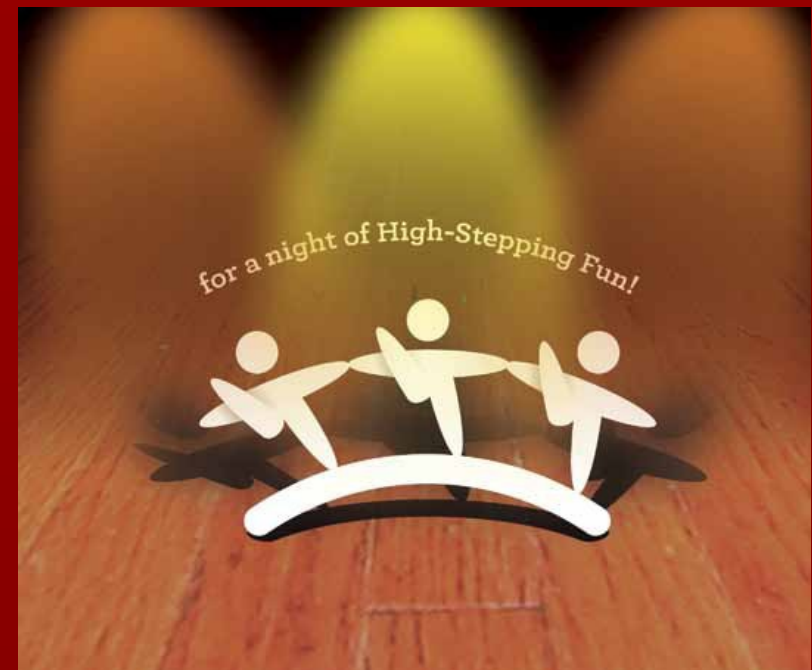
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Eugene Reese

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Peoples Oakland 4th Benefit Gala

Saturday, October 22, 2011



2011 Collection of Poetry and Art in
Honor of Our Partners and Heroes

Recognition of Our Generous Sponsors



University of Pittsburgh



POINT PARK
UNIVERSITY

Lucca Catering

**Community Care
Behavioral Health**

Maria Tarquinio

◆ *Dan Melaney*



Gala Planning Committee:

Suzanne B. Baker	Peoples Oakland Board, President
Patricia U. Bluestone	Peoples Oakland Board
Jayne Chianelli	Private Practice
Denise Chisholm	Associate Professor and Vice Chair Department of Occupational Therapy, School of Health and Rehabilitation Sciences University of Pittsburgh
Greta Coleman	Peoples Oakland Board, Committee Chair
Alice Cooke	Peoples Oakland Board, Committee Chair
Sabina Deitrick	Associate Professor, GSPIA University of Pittsburgh
Chris A. Hays	Point Park University's Conservatory Theatre Company
Kevin Kearns	Professor, GSPIA University of Pittsburgh
Sean Logan	Vice President of Community Relations UPMC
Katherine Might	Peoples Oakland Board
Sandra L. Phillips	Peoples Oakland Executive Director
Laura Swiss	Assistant Vice President, PNC Bank
Maria Tarquinio	Designer
Beverly D. Weber	Point Park University's Conservatory Theatre Company
John Wilds	Assistant Vice Chancellor University of Pittsburgh

Can't Be Tamed

I lived in the deepest part of a beautiful rain forest
and I am wild, I am free and do whatever I please.
I am the last member of a long dead species
and I am a predator that most should fear.
Lions and tigers, stay out of my way
because I am wild, I am savage and I can't be tamed.

My inborn instincts, have often been blamed
for making it possible for me to live this way, day to day.
But my behavior is strange, is what I often hear
because I am wild, I am savage and I can't be tamed.

The intruders, came and took me away
and put me in a cage for people to see.
Inside of me, a deep anger burned
and I would teach them something that few have learned:
I am wild, I am savage and I can't be tamed.

The scientist studied me and gave me a name
and they taught me their language and said that I should
change.
But I long for the lands that were my range
and I know that this is so very true:
They can whip me and they can beat me but I will still be the
same.
That is because I am wild, I am savage and I can't be tamed.

– Anonymous

This title was inspired by Miley Cyrus

◆ *Sheryl Yeager*



Recovery Heroes

Their Stories, their Art...

Partnerships

- ◆ *UPMC*
 - Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinics
 - Center for Public Service Psychiatry
- ◆ *University of Pittsburgh*
 - School of Health and Rehabilitation Sciences
 - School of Nursing
 - School of Pharmacy
 - Department of Psychology
 - School of Social Work
 - Graduate School of Public and International Affairs
- ◆ *Duquesne University*
 - Department of Counseling, Psychology, and Special Education
 - School of Nursing
- ◆ *Chatham University*
 - Masters of Science and Counseling Psychology Programs

◆ *Dan Melaney*



Excerpt from “Living with a Mental Illness”

You should not judge people by their race, color, their illness or by their speech.
Sometimes I am ashamed about myself because it is hard for me to decide what I want in life
Some of the medication I take makes me feel like I am in someone else’s body.
But I pray and pray
Some staff that work with me give me tools to write down how I feel
They give me hope that if I feel upset,
I can write about how I feel with my emotions and find strength
God loves everyone
I want everyone to be happy and love one another
That’s what God would like

There is one thing in life, you should know
Mental health is an experience of how you feel
Recovery doesn’t come over night
It doesn’t matter what color or age you are
Everyone should love one another
No one should laugh at the way people talk or speak.

– Anonymous

◆ *Sheryl Yeager*



Reminisces Evoked Tom Lejeune

The woods are lovely and dark, within and beyond,
Through the woody youth, over and around—
So many faces, memories so dear,
How can we forget them tho year follow year,
Many so kind and tender;
How may we their memory render?
A tribute, small tho’ it may be—
Photos of some we can view;
Joys of their presence invoke?
Of the time they were with us to rise,
And so partake, remembering...sharing...
At times to question where,
Are they now? Through they are gone,
Still they in our hearts and thoughts maybe—
As we, ourselves, more clearly see,
Their often eager anticipation of awaiting you and me.
And so, this, the tribute, from you and us, is revealed thus
Then the wood is not so menacing, so dreary,
For tears shed, for the world-weary...
An apt lesson to be learned, as well,
That when we are able,
To welcome their beauty at our table
And with their company take pleasure—
The moment, with them, to treasure...

◆ *Dan Melaney*





◆ *Sheryl Yeager*

Be My Love **Juan Robles and Chris Irwin**

Be my love, honey dear for we were born to share our dreams together, as a boyfriend and a girlfriend so is my dreams of love and no one can imagine how much I love you. Be my love honey dear, because my kisses are honey and delicious for your lips, and there isn't anyone to steal my dreams like you, Dreams that most inspire with their love's desire. Be my love, honey dear for we were born to share our dreams together, let the dream of love fill your heart. Be my love honey dear, for we were born to share our dreams together.



◆ *Dan Melaney*

Untitled **Mike Enright**

Thoughts wandering into the future
Hoping love will be fulfilled
I need the ones who need me
My love for them unwilled
To cause a smile or warm a heart
Satisfies my selfish need
To give what helps encourage them
Is appeasement of my greed
When passed along without reserve
My hope for all is sure
That love returned has first been given
'cause love's the only cure

Bridging The Gap

I am working with my doctor on bridging the gap
Between what is fantasy and what is real.
I feel like I am caught in a trap
And I cannot escape until I take my pill.
I fight with the nurses just for the thrill
Of them trying to tell me what is the real deal.
So I am working with my doctor on bridging the gap
Between what is fantasy and what is real.

I see the ghosts of the dead and departed
And when they talk to me, I become faint-hearted
I know that it is a fantasy but it seems so real
And the visions fade away when I take my pill.
So I am working with my doctor on bridging the gap
Between what is fantasy and what is real.

Sometimes I see creatures from another dimension
And they want to take me against my will.
They fade away when I take my pill
But they will return to complete their mission.
So I am working with my doctor on bridging the gap
Between what is fantasy and what is real.

The visions, grow stronger with each passing day
And I don't want to continue to live this way.
Now, I am beginning to overcome my fears
I have a better medication and the end is near.
But I will continue to work with my doctor
On bridging the gap between what is fantasy and what is real.

– Anonymous

Untitled Violet

Well I used to be on welfare
But me from the rolls they did tear
Hoping to get some money to live on,
The look on the caseworker's face told me the money was gone
“Why can't you get a job?” she said
And I informed her that the job market is dead
Maybe she didn't believe it but it is in fact true
A person can not live off of the I.O.U.



◆ Dan Melaney