This column came a little slower than most. I was struggling with several options and couldn't really embrace any of them and was avoiding another one like the plague.

I'm not quite sure how to start this.

According to a source for a recent story on how to cope when someone commits suicide, that's part of the problem.
When faced with such a tragedy, we want to sweep it under the rug and hope it just quietly goes away. We are speechless at the loss. Our hearts break silently as we all try to go about the day as usual when it's anything but that.

We lost a promising young man. It hurts and we don't understand. It's confusing and frustrating. It doesn't make sense.
I think most of us with children are unable to grasp the devastation of such a loss. That's part of the reason it's so hard to find the right words. What do you say? You don't know — so you say nothing.

I think adults have the hardest time with this tragedy. We know how different life is after high school; plans and goals change as we grow and gain experience. Things we thought were important lose their relevance as others take their place. Our passions change.

We now have an opportunity to start a dialogue with our children, loved ones and friends. We can talk about how it makes us feel and how much it hurts. The questions and doubts it leaves behind weigh on our souls.

Life is so precious and when we blink, it can be gone. It doesn't seem right; it doesn't seem fair. It happens too much.

As we, as a community, try to make sense of this, I hope the Staup family knows they are in our thoughts and prayers. I hope their pain eases. I would take it from them if I could. I think a lot of

us would.

We can only share it.