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## "Just Live -- Through The Heartache And The Pain"



"Light Up My Love"

After receiving my second vaccination shot this month, I felt more comfortable about sharing the "Lemonade" stage with another artist. Kam Showers, whose duet with me entitled, "Light Up My Love," is on the "Freedom of Expression" album, agreed to perform the song in the upcoming 5th episode.

Showers is an exciting live performer and our duet on the show reveals just a hint of her exceptional talent. I like to tell the story about the first time I saw her perform live. The music got her so her excited that she left the stage and continued singing -- right through the front door of the club and onto the sidewalk. Some folks who were just passing by were "encouraged" to stop in and see what all the excitement was about. At that point I was thinking, "That's the kind of artist I'd like to work with!" For more info visit ShowersKam on Instagram and Kam Showers on Facebook.

## Handling Suicidal Thoughts



Suicide is a touchy subject. That's why after I wrote an anti-suicide song called "6 Feet Under," to a great Rick Hodge music track, it sat in my computer for months. However, after watching the world experience one of the most depressing years ever and learning that a friend of mine took her life in 2020, I wondered if now isn't the time to start a conversation on the subject of suicide then when will be the right time?

I asked Kinga Sherrill, a Licensed Professional Counselor to be a guest on the next "Cameron Wade's Lemonade" and me and my brother, Gary and began working on a video of "6 Feet Under" for episode five.

According to Ms. Sherrill, suicidal thoughts are an outward cry for psychological pain to stop. "If you're going to ask someone if they're thinking of hurting them-

*Continued on next page...*

## STREAMS OF EULA

### PART FOUR

#### *From the memoirs of my mother, Eula Wade: "How Your Peers Can Change Your Dreams and Aspirations"*

After the concert, I was over the moon with excitement. I had just performed at New York's St. John's Cathedral. I sang two songs, one in Italian and one in German, both fluently, before closing in English with my favorite song, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

My voice teacher, Ms. Harris, was beaming. My performance had been successful and she was ecstatic. I was on cloud nine and couldn't wait to get back to my friends in Harlem to tell them about the concert. Most of all, I wanted them to see how beautiful my outfit was. I knew exactly where they would be on this wonderful Sunday evening. They would be standing in a group on the corner of 139th street and Seventh Avenue.

*Continued on next page...*



selves or killing themselves, it's best to do it in private and let them know that you're there to help them," she said. "Maybe call the suicide hotline number with them and let them know that they're not alone. Don't try to talk them out of it -- saying life is too precious and all of that. That's not what they want to hear. They just need to have someone listen to them."

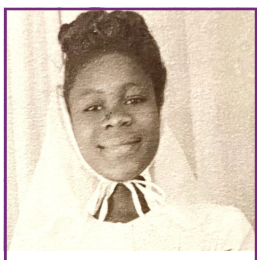
The last phone conversation I had with my friend who ended her life was actually very upbeat. I had no clue that something might be wrong. However, after about 20 minutes, I saw another call coming in and said I would call back. Unfortunately I never did. The sad fact is that I'll never know if our continued conversation would have led to her sharing something that could have helped her, but from now on I'll *always* call back whenever I tell a friend that I will.

Kinga Sherrill pointed out that she and her colleagues are all very busy right now with folks who have been despondent over the events of the past year. "It's definitely a good time to let folks know that it's okay to addresss suicide and depression," she said. "I'm grateful that you followed through with this song and didn't give up on it."

-- Thanks to everyone who submitted a photo for this campaign...



### ***Streams of Eula continued...***



You see, this was their territory. They were a gang -- mostly boys and a few girls. I jumped into their midst, all aglow with the excitement of wearing my pink satin strapless gown, long white gloves, silver tiarra and white shoes. They all stood there with their mouths open, and after what seemed like an hour, voices blurted out, "What the hell?" Then, "Who do you think you are? Are you trying to be white?" Then they just laughed and laughed as they slapped each other on the shoulder. Some were holding their stomachs, laughing uncontrollably as I just stood in the middle of that humiliating scene. I

never went back to Ms. Harris for voice lessons again. What I took from that experience was to trust in God and to be cautious about sharing all of my dreams, passions and visions for my life with everyone.

***on the next***

**Cameron Wade's  
LEMONADE...**

***Handling Suicidal Thoughts***

***Plus Musical Guest:***

***Kam Showers***

***Coming Soon To***

