

I was 15 years old. I was scared to meet my sisters and certainly, Brother R. I got close to the [wife of one of my uncles]. He was sick and dying. She appreciated the help I offered. I thought no one [would] know me if I went to the memorial service. Little did I know that all the family, and even their family dog, [would] show up to this service! It was then [that] this man walked in holding the side rail, wearing the helmet, along with a caregiver. I was not sure, but I recognized him when I heard his voice. I felt everything was turning dark. I wanted to run. The memories of all past cruelty he committed came rushing back. I knew if I left, I [would] never know where the others went. If I [met] him, I [had] some chance of finding out what happened to my sisters. After mustering enough courage, I finally introduced myself. He was eager to talk to me, and he spoke for over one-and-a-half hours. Soon I got in touch with my sisters. One of our sisters had died during our separation. Today, when we meet our Brother R, it gives our children some confidence to see him and meet him. We had to learn to mentally separate our brother from his actions.

That was indeed a powerful lesson, the need to separate the actions from the actor. People can develop deep understanding and practice compassion toward the actor but do not have to agree with the actor's actions. We can protect ourselves from the actions. We do have a right and a duty to protect ourselves from the actions. The sisters had to protect themselves and their children from the abuse, trauma, and other potential harm from the actions of their brother yet practice understanding, kindness, and compassion toward

him. I guess this lesson can help all of us in our daily lives, whether we work in clinical settings or simply interact with one another.

In that moment these three siblings from Oklahoma were my teachers. They were showing me that within one lifetime, this family went from severe emotional damage to grabbing a chance to repair their wounds, reconcile, reconnect, and practice understanding and compassion in their family. I hope they can interrupt the pain and hurt for generations to come.

As I drove back home, I smiled. I thanked R for letting us serve him for the past six years. I thanked the gift of modern medicine that helped R reach a state of mind where he and his siblings could mend their relationships and take care of their unfinished business. The words of his sister came to me: "Doctor, he said that he was now ready to enter the doors of Heaven. He appears to be in peace." I am sure she was right. I was thankful for all the loving kindness the staff and the fellow residents had shown to R. It allowed him to heal and truly learn to connect with other human beings within his lifetime. I was thankful I became part of this story; what we all did enabled R to move on in his journey.

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Correction to Appelbaum

The Law & Psychiatry column "Does the Second Amendment Protect the Gun Rights of Persons With Mental Illness?" by Paul Appelbaum, M.D. (published online in *Psychiatric Services* in Advance December 1, 2016; printed in the January issue of *Psychiatric Services* [Vol. 68, no. 1, pp. 3–5]), misattributed the reference in support of the final clause of this sentence: "Most, though by no means all, mental health organizations and professionals lean toward more restrictive approaches to gun possession, based in part on data showing increased risk of gun violence and suicide in households with guns." The correct reference appears below.

Dahlberg LL, Ikeda RM, Kresnow M-J: Guns in the home and risk of a violent death in the home: findings from a national study. *American Journal of Epidemiology* 160:929–936, 2004