

A few words from Brandice Hegedus Marcynuk on behalf of Team Hegy 2012
In loving memory of Scot Hegedus aka Hegy....missed always and loved forever

When my younger sister told me she was running in the Fifth Andrew Dunn Memorial Run last year, I remember thinking that I wanted to join her because after having lost our brother to suicide only 18 months earlier, I wanted to be a part of something that made me feel that we weren't alone in what we had suffered through. I had already gone through the shock, the anger, the blame, the regret, the deepest, darkest sadness I could ever have imagined and still I knew I was nowhere near being "through this".

I looked at the website for the run and saw a picture of Andrew Dunn. There was something about his face, the way he was standing too maybe, that reminded me of my brother Scot. I called my older sister and she was on board to run with us. So we did.

My two sisters, our mom, a couple friends and our cousin took part that Saturday in May last year. I cried..... a lot actually, but for reasons that surprised me. I cried when I saw other teams there with faces of the loved ones they had lost too on their T-Shirts. I cried when someone asked us to share our story.

And it is a story. It has a beginning- when my brother was little and seemed to have had a hard time controlling his temper. It has a middle- when he was older and he just couldn't get out of the darkness. When we thought he was at rock bottom and the only way to go was up, but he just seemed to get lower. And then the end- the end of his life, which was way too soon.

He was only 33 years old and had three kids when he took his life. Three beautiful children who will never get to know him the way I will always remember him. So that is our story and there is no way to change the ending.

We left the run that year thinking we had done something good. Something had sparked in all of us. We still miss Scot and would rather have him back but the feeling we had knowing we were not alone and that we just might have helped save someone from going down that very lonely path, was enough to bring us back.

When we arrived in Oakbank this year, I was emotional again. It will always make me feel sad knowing that whatever I do now I will be without him in body. But when you are standing so close to hundreds of people, who have lost someone, or someone they love is going through depression, or maybe it is them struggling, I can't help but feel not alone anymore. Whatever their story is, it's a story that brings us all to the same place.

Last year I ran for my brother, I ran for myself and my loss. And when I heard Judy speak last year about this not being just about Andrew anymore- he is now a name and a face used as the vehicle, I didn't really get it. But I do now. I will always run for Scot, but this year it felt like I was running for everyone who needed me too. And it felt AWESOME!!! I will never forget what this amazing group of people has done for my whole family.