

THE OCD FOUNDATION OF MICHIGAN  
2010 FALL MEETING  
HEAR Peter Pascaris



Mental Health Advocate and Winner of a Soul-Making Literary First Prize  
San Francisco Area National League of American Pen Women



*AUTHOR of Desert Lily*

*The bittersweet story of one couple's resolve to overcome  
OCD and depression to build a balanced and joyful  
marriage.*

*"... discover the strength and resilience of the  
human spirit ..."*

*In telling his Love Story of Hope and Expectation ...*

*... Peter offers practical steps toward recovery.*

**Learn how he and his wife found relief and comfort from  
self-help techniques in meetings with others who faced  
similar issues.**

**WHERE:** Botsford Hospital, 28050 Grand River, Farmington Hills, MI  
Community Room, Administration and Education Center

**WHEN:** Saturday, September 18<sup>th</sup>, 2010 at 1:00 p.m.

**RSVP:** Call 313-438-3293 or e-mail [OCDmich@aol.com](mailto:OCDmich@aol.com)

# Desert Lily



*Where does a couple turn when boundless love is not enough to overcome helplessness in the throes of OCD and depression?*

**Winner of a Soul-Making Literary First Prize  
San Francisco Area National League of American Pen Women**

***“Pascaris’s skill with language, ruthless honesty and attention to detail bring us inside the painful lives of one couple in a way that keeps us engaged, unable to look away.”***

## *A Love Story of Hope and Expectation*

*“... compelling and realistic ...”    “... inspiring ...”    “... captivating ...”*

*Peter’s story is suggested by the title, the haunting picture of a desert lily on the cover, and the opening line when he says:*

*“Amy stumbles. I catch her arm and nearly fall with her.”*

*Like all lilies, a desert lily has a season to flower and a dormant period when it withdraws into an onion-like bulb to remain buried until awakening in another season.*

*But the desert lily is unique. To withstand the harsh environment, the bulb often buries itself under two feet of sand and waits twenty years before emerging again.*

*Imagine you’ve fallen deeply in love with a desert lily. Imagine your sadness as you watch it fade, wither and retreat into the soil. Imagine your anticipation as you await the return of the flower that you adore so much you believe you can’t live without her.*

*Imagine, now, that you are the lily and your fear is so great you hide deep in the sand and sink deeper and deeper until you lose all hope of ever blooming again.*