

"I fight! I fight everyday!"

by Stacy in New York

I am 22 years old. I have been fighting this battle successfully since I was 14. I have attempted to quit many times. I believe God has been trying to tell me something by keeping me here. I fight against the depression every day and win. Thank God for big miracles. It isn't easy. I try to eat 3 to 4 balanced meals a day. I try to sleep regularly. It is hard. Just when life is tough enough, something else comes along to test my abilities to stay sane.

I write poetry as a coping skill. I believe this has saved my life on some occasions. You have to find what works for you. Mine just happens to be writing, volunteering, and collages. I am a Red Cross volunteer and I hope to volunteer for the local hospital at some point. I am also hoping to help others learn to read with my local literacy organization. It took me eight years to reach this point. You know, the point where I can look outside when the sun is shining and actually get out of bed. I can think about tomorrow without having a panic attack. I finally believe there is hope. I also know that all days are not going to be like this. I know it is a possibility for me to climb into that bed again. I fight. I fight everyday. I am a college student. Recently, I had to take medical leave from the Spring semester to go back into Dialectical Behavioral Therapy (DBT) groups. I realize that right now it is the best thing for me.

I have Borderline Personality Disorder (BPD), Major Depression, Anorexia, and Panic Attacks. I struggle, yes, but I don't give in. I hate the stigma associated with BPD, and if I could change one thing about mental illness, it would be the stigma of having a mental illness. I am lucky and blessed to have great insurance and a wonderful therapist. I've had all sorts of treatment from state hospitals to group homes. Now I am living in my own apartment, completely on my own. The bills suck, but otherwise the independence is awesome. It does get lonely, and I wish I could have pets here but my landlord put no pets on the lease. Besides pets, I have a super supportive family. Not many people can say that. I am extremely blessed and I never really saw that when I was younger. I pushed them away so much and then blamed them for leaving me. I guess that was my illness. I am so happy my family and twin siblings are here for me, while also loving me for who I am. I wouldn't be able to make it where I am today without the people I have in my life. My sister is my best friend. She is someone I can always depend on for anything. She may live across the country but I can call her in a minute and she will listen to me blab. It goes both ways. I love her to death. My brother is a pain, but I still love him. He is wise and knows it. My dad and mom are fantastic, and I love all four of them with my complete heart. I am not perfect and that is okay. I am unique. I wouldn't want to be perfect anyways. Too many people are trying to be today. :)