

# I will survive this. I am strong. I am the mighty warrior

by Joshua in Arkansas

Yesterday I was discharged from a health care center, where 4 ½ days earlier I was voluntarily admitted because of an emotional and overall mental break down - one of many I have experienced over the course of the past year. My discharge diagnosis was bipolar, manic depressive, attention deficit disorder and bulimia. I continue to battle these things everyday of my life.

Eight months ago I sat in my home with an unsurpassable amount of depression, making clear to those very close to me that I loved them and it was time for me to ease the pain within and kill myself. I failed. Bath water, running, goodbyes insulated and an almost completely assembled .45 Caliber handgun. Had I been able to complete that task, I would not be here today. Plain and simple. This hurt within hurts more than anything I have ever experienced in a physical sense or external way. It's immediate dread and life possessing illness, and one I have to defeat and conquer. I will. I am a survivor. I am strong and I want to live to achieve and make a positive difference in an overall cruel and demanding world. It's necessary to mention two important people in my life, Jake, my significant other and life partner, and Steve, my very best friend and an always caring and loving shoulder, if needed. Wow. That's describing my immediate world and the two people whom I love more than I could ever put into words. I did not take my life that day due to solely that of Jake and Steve...they were there. They immediately proved their love and friendship by comforting and just being that glistening of hope that I so longed for. Thank you, to you both. I am here. I am a survivor of a wretched illness, where days on end are a constant shuffling from left to right and vice versa in a bed you have damn near molded to. An illness horrible in its ability to cripple and put an individual in a place so dark that the dark itself is of comfort. An illness where when the mania is abound and life is a pure roller coaster of energy...you live for that moment yet are terrified because you know that with every manic episode and or every period of unknown energy and liveliness, that within days or even moments you will have fallen, you will be confined to a place of torture and sadness in a very internal, emotional sense. A place called depression and there is no escape without the proper treatment and or medication. A desolate and just hopeless place you have to learn to live life with. I needed the treatment I received while in the hospital. It was essential and I could simply no longer function in the outside world. I have tried, yet, due to many, many factors, I neglected the appropriate care necessary for my survival. I broke, again. I will survive this. I am strong. I have never denied there were issues with my mental health and I have also never taken that very important step in getting that help necessary until now...now. Sick and tired and simply just refusing any longer to live in such a misery. I, on the night of admission, once again lived with circulating thoughts on ways to easily and cowardly end my life; at that point with tears running down my face, I handed Jake the phone directory and asked him to call several places about inpatient lockdown treatment services. I sat, mind racing at the bottom of our staircase looking all around, crying and was so sad as he was making the necessary calls. Thank you. I love you. Voluntarily, yes. Absolutely. I no longer cared to live that life. I refused to. So I went as emotionally difficult as it was leaving those I loved, I had to have help. I cannot do it alone. I have to take care of me, Joshua, in order to be of any use and or to be a successful and a positive influence. Hard as hell, you better believe it. I succeeded for 4 ½ days anyways and will try everyday now and

thereafter. I completed group therapies and evaluations. I spoke so I was there to get well. What good is that if there is honesty lacking? None. Zero. I immediately started medications and developed a lifestyle pattern of what seem to be functional -- everything from individual therapy group therapy, medication management, treatment release appointments and follow ups and information concerning outpatient therapy. Not to mention nice meals, a warm place to lay my head and a time for none other than me, myself and I... to rest and to eat easily and analyze the situation as a whole. I am back. I am in that world again, where I at one time was not able to deal and function. I am terrified. I am adjusting. I am reinventing pieces of a lifestyle that I have battle and sometimes lost. It's damn worrisome and stressful but I am strong. I am a survivor, and I met amazing people with similar issues as myself while institutionalized. I will not be defeated by this monster that I may very well have to live with the rest of my life. If it chooses to battle with me, then it's got a hell of a fight on its hands. In closing, and this I feel need be done; I would like to thank my health care center and all the staff, each and everyone. You all helped in my recovery more than you may ever know and for that I am ever so gracious. So here I am and here before me analytically are my goals and hopes for the future. I am strong, I am a survivor after all my mother did not name me Joshua for nothing; it was chosen from the biblical aspect and Joshua's meaning is "mighty warrior".