

A lot of people crying out for help; stop and really listen to them

by Skittlz in Maryland

I was 16 years old when my depression really started to kick in. My grandfather had passed away four days after Christmas in 2004, and it really hit me hard. I locked myself in my room and did not want to come out. I was terrified that all of my friends in school were after me because it seemed like they just did nothing but talk about me behind my back. Two weeks after my grandfather's death, I slit my wrists trying to kill myself. I didn't tell anybody because I figured everyone would be happier without me being around. I tried slitting my throat so I would die faster, I tried popping a whole bunch of pills to die faster, but nothing seemed to work.

That is, until January 12, 2008. My mom had lied to me about how much insulin she had. I thought I heard her say that she didn't want me around and that she should have had an abortion instead of giving birth to me. So I grabbed a piece of glass and ran to the garage. I hurt my fiance in the process of trying to kill myself. I decided that I needed help because my anti-depressant was making my life worse. I voluntarily admitted myself into a mental health institution and got myself some help. I was diagnosed as being clinically depressed/manic depressive with suicidal ideation. Right now I am taking medication to treat that. I am seeing a psychiatrist and a therapist three times a month because they want to keep an extremely close eye on me. I am happy that my insurance pays for my doctors visits and my medicine because with me being 19, a student in college, and unemployed at this point in time, the insurance really helps. I live with my mom, dad, grandma, and my fiance. I love to snowboard and sing. The one thing I love doing is studying and learning all I need to know to become a Medical Secretary/Assistant. The one thing that I would change about mental illnesses is the medication people are being put on these days. Some is dangerous when misprescribed. Now, not only tried to get me to kill myself, but it hurt my other grandfather as well. The one thing that has been most helpful to me as I have cope with depression is living with my family and just talking to them when I feel like I want to hurt myself. I just want to say that there are a lot of people out there who are crying out for help and the only way we can help them is if we take time out of our busy schedules to talk to them.