

There is helpout there, don't ever give up

by Sonya in Texas

As an adult, I know now what was wrong with me as a teenager, which is wonderful in a way because I thought I was loosing my mind. Was I a weirdo and no one else was like me in the world? No, I found out that I have severe panic and anxiety attacks, along with depression.

I was fine after my first child was born. There wasn't too much panic or anxiety, but when I was pregnant with my second child I was alone, and I started feeling depressed and my anxieties got worse after he was born. I would be driving and start fading out, pounding heart, dry mouth; luckily I never had an accident. That was the scariest feeling I have ever had. It just kept getting worse and worse.

With my third and final child, I decided to see a psychiatrist, but she labeled me as having OCD. Well, I didn't know what that was, but after it was explained I realized maybe that's what the problem has been all along. I had a mild level of OCD (I still do about germs), and some repeating things, but not as bad as I used to. The psychiatrist put me on anti-anxiety medication for about a year, then I decided to get off of it because I was gaining too much weight. That was hard. I went through worse depression than I had ever felt. Over the years I just kept trying to keep the depression, OCD and especially the anxiety under control by just not thinking about it. Then one day I started having manic episodes. They tried me on all kinds of different meds and labeled me ADD and Bi-Polar.

I really did not do well on some of the meds. The ADD medicine they put me on made my motor tics worse, which brought on more stress and anxiety. I had to go to the hospital one evening for having an episode of mania. I was pushing my now husband accusing him of cheating and just all kinds of stuff. I collapsed to the ground, went to the hospital and they said I was fine. I decided that I was not in control and the medicine they had me on was making it worse. I gave up. The anxiety, panic and depression was eating at me, my husband was about to leave me and I had to do something, crying all the time, not able to go places without feeling I was going to flip out.

I decided to give the psychiatrists one more try and I have found an angel. I have found someone whom I believe has properly diagnosed me. He has me on medicine for my depression and for my anxiety. Though every once in a while I have anxiety or panic, it is not as severe. Most days I feel wonderful and I am a much happier person. Luckily, I have had health insurance for the past six years. I didn't before and that may have contributed to me not getting as much help as I needed.

I just wish my family would have helped me as a teen rather than make fun of me and make me think I was just weird. I made a promise to myself that if any of my boys need me or I see signs of depression, they will get the help they need. That goes for anyone; friends, relatives, coworkers, if they need my help, I will always be there for them. There is help, don't ever give up.