This is the first time sharing my story on a public forum. Until recently, no one, I mean no one, except for myself knew that I suffer from depression and anxiety. I hid it from everyone for over 30 years. I now want to share my story with anyone and everyone who it may help. The reason for this change in myself was a recent drive home. It was night. I just finished dinner with a friend. I decided to take the long way home. I didn’t fully understand why I went this way home because it added like 30 minutes to my drive. As I crossed a bridge, I noticed the oncoming traffic lanes were closed with a lot of police cars blocking the road. As I got closer to the scene, I began seeing what was going on. A girl was sitting on the side wall of the bridge with her head between her knees and appeared to be in distress. The police were keeping their distance from her but were clearly trying to talk to her. This appeared to be a situation where she was threatening to jump. An overwhelming feeling of wanting to get out of my car and talk to her came over me. I wanted to tell her what I have been through and that it isn’t worth it. Knowing full well the police would never allow that, I just kept driving.

I sat down this evening and thought about that girl. I thought about her, myself, and the many others out there that suffer from mental health problems. I google searched what it would take to become a crisis negotiator thinking I could help people that way. Turns out, way too much, at least for me. So, I then searched for websites or organizations where I could get involved to tell my story in the hopes that it touches someone. Maybe it convinces them to talk to a loved one or a professional and it saves their life. So, here I am submitting my story to this website.

It all started back in high school. I have triggers just like anyone else that suffers from this illness. The first thoughts of suicide came back then. I had a plan, set out to complete that plan, but something occurred during the execution of my plan that spooked me so I went back home. I was then good for a few more years until I got to college. I experienced my trigger once again but this time did execute my plan. Obviously, my plan failed otherwise I wouldn’t be typing right now. But still, I never told anyone. You might be wondering how I had a failed attempt without anyone knowing. Without even going to the hospital. In following the guidelines of this site, I don’t want to give those details. Let’s just say I was at my townhome and my roommates probably just figured I was skipping classes for a couple of days.

Now, I’m a believer in things happen for a reason. God puts us in situations to test us, to guide us toward something, and to help us figure out our place. After I survived that attempt in college, I spoke to him. I asked him “ok then, you must have something else planned for me?” I didn’t understand why I was still alive but decided to see it through. I figured there must be something in store for me. I told myself I was good. I told myself I was past all the depression and suicidal thoughts. Or, so I thought.

Fast forward some years, I married the love of my life. We have a wonderful daughter together. Life is great. That is until the love of my life tells me she wants a divorce. This spun me right back to those thoughts and feelings. This time even worse. I created another plan and set out to execute that plan. This time telling myself this is it. I’m done. This is the last time. When I arrived to the place I picked to execute my plan, there were people all around. No idea why. So, I had to keep moving. As I did, I couldn’t get my daughter out of my head. I decided enough was enough. I told myself I don’t want to feel this way anymore. I went to the hospital and asked for help. From that moment on, I have been telling all family and friends my story. All of it.

My hope is someone reads this and realizes they need to talk to someone if they are having thoughts of suicide. I know it is hard. But, the best thing I ever did was finally talk about it after 30+ years.