

## Mrs Lucky's Story

It all started in 1985 when my dad died at the age of 48. I found it very hard to accept and go on with my life but I had to for my mum's sake. At that time I had a boyfriend we went out for five years, then I fell pregnant and had a daughter in 1985. I would say my depression all started from there – it was post natal and I would sit up in my room and not talk to anyone. I would just stare into space. We soon had problems in our marriage and it broke down and I was divorced in 1986. It was then I went to stay with my mum and as years went by I felt my life was very boring and I also struggled to bring up my daughter. It wasn't easy but I went on doing three jobs to support my daughter and it wasn't easy but that's the way I was brought up.

I always tried to hide my depression. I would run into shops get what I was wanting and get back out as quick as I could. I always put on a face and hide it, brush it off, but I couldn't, my depression always would win. Then in 1998 I met my partner and we got on great but my family didn't like the fact that I was getting a life, so they didn't see eye to eye which caused a lot of problems. I fell pregnant and had a son in 2001 so myself and partner then got married in January 2004, which made matters worse.

So of course I was piggy in the middle for years I was trying to get them to get on but it never worked and I couldn't accept that, so there I was again very depressed, they all hated one another and I couldn't take anymore so I tried to commit suicide. I jumped of

a 40ft bridge. I am left with physical damages, my hip is smashed, my pelvis was smashed, I've got a metal plate in my hip to hold it together, I've got pins and rods in my leg. I'm always in constant pain, no one knows how I survived my suicide attempt but I did and that's why I'm writing this story. God says it wasn't my time.

I now try very hard to fight my depression. It never leaves you, I was diagnosed with clinical depression. We never ask for depression but we get it, my family was devastated and they were told it was a matter of life and death, so my family were in bits and to this day they will never know why I'm still alive. I was in intensive care for four weeks, then was in hospital for 8 months after that. My son doesn't know what happened to me, he thinks mummy's just got a sore leg. I never want my son to know.

Now I think when my depression comes back I sit and think of ways to fight it. I was at my very lowest to do what I done and I don't know how I survived it myself. I was very very lucky to be alive and now I live my life to the full because life's precious so I hold onto it and God gave me a second chance and believe me I'm taking it. So here's to anyone that reads my story – live life to the full and never let the depression win cause you're worth a lot more than that.

Yours sincerely,

**Mrs Lucky**