

A Story About Me – Rebecca Griffiths

When I sit back and really reflect on the 31 years of my existence, there are three stand out moments of my life, and those are the birth days of my amazing, beautiful children. My life has a mixture of emotions, some happy and some not so happy, but every moment has shaped me into the woman I am today.

From as young as I can remember, I have always suffered with my mental health. Depression being the key factor, and even though I never understood those mixed, confusing emotions I never knew I suffered with depression. However, I always knew I was different. I remember not being able to deal with “normal” situations that every child goes through. Whether it was being told off by a parent, or getting my first heartbreak, or not understanding a certain Math subject, I always remember the fuzz in my head and how I would feel.

I dealt with my emotions on my own, without seeking any help, without opening to anybody about the demons that I had in my own head. I had an exceptional Mum, a beautiful, kind-hearted lady who was my best friend, so why couldn't I tell anyone? It was as if what was going on in my mind was wrong. Thinking back to then, and all those emotions are flooding back, and I realise now, how daunting and hard that was. Dealing with my own mind.

At 19, I had a breakdown. My life crumbled and I could not deal with everyday life. I wanted to sleep the days away, I was crying every day, and, in the end, I knew I needed help. I went to the doctors, and not only did they give me medication, but I was also referred to see a therapist to get to the bottom of why I was suffering.

Growing up wasn't the easiest for me, my Mum and Dad had a difficult relationship, money was tight, I was raised in a council estate and felt I didn't belong there. But I was loved. So why was I feeling so sad? The therapist explained that sometimes, there isn't always a why, a reason, unfortunately the human mind can be cruel, and it just happens. The pills helped, a little, the therapy helped a little, but I'd be lying if I said I was fixed.

Then came my children, my reasons why. I had Esmi at 21, I was young, foolish, loved to party and suddenly, I had this beautiful 9lb9 baby girl in my arms, and all that sadness, confusion, and fuzz in my head went away. Fast forward 10 years and I have added 2 additions, Peyton my little whirlwind, my second beautiful girl who is now 7, and a gorgeous baby boy Axel who is 10 months old.

I have created this wonderful life with my partner who has supported and helped me through the darkest of days that I've been lucky enough to share 12 years with.

Although that cloud hasn't fully left, I am so grateful to be where I am today, and I count my lucky stars to be blessed with my crazy but wonderful family.