

A Little Piece of Me

My name is Bailey Stevens, and I am seventeen years old. I have been suffering with depression for four years. I have had some really bad days, and I've had some really good days. I would have to say that my depression has started out when my parents split up. It was a really hard time for me. My parent's divorce has had some major effects on my life.

Divorce is when a married couple becomes separated. A lot of people get divorced because their marriage isn't what they wanted. Some people just simply just fall out of love, and they fall apart. Not every married couple is meant to be together. My parents divorced because my father cheated on my mother. Actually, my dad cheated on my mom multiple times, and this time she finally had enough of it. My father was never really the perfect husband to my mom, and he was never the best dad either. My dad had started being nicer to my mom than he normally was. Every Friday, he would bring us home fish sandwiches claiming that his boss, at that time, showed him the place. However, my mother is not a stupid woman, so she did some snooping. That was when she found out that he was cheating on her through Facebook. For nights, I would stay up at night and listen to my parents argue about this, and I just felt like something was wrong. I didn't understand what was happening to my family because I was only in the eighth grade. One day my mother had checked my brother, sister, and me out of school. She told us that she had something to talk to us about when we got home. When we got home, my mom told us that our father was cheating on her. She also told us that she told him to either stay for his children, or walk out for her. My dad chose to leave. This made me angry. I was mad and locked myself in the bathroom, and that's where I broke down. Not long after that, my parent got divorced.

When my dad left, something triggered inside of me. I didn't feel like myself anymore, and I became someone totally new. I started to feel worthless. I felt unimportant. My dad didn't want anything to do with me. I felt like a burden to my mom. I no longer wanted to live. Eventually, my dad started taking us every other weekend for visitations. This, however, only made things worse. When we would go, my father always showed favoritism to his girlfriend's children. His girlfriend was in fact the woman he cheated on my mom with, the woman for whom he left us. My dad said that he never had money to do stuff with us. However, every time we weren't with him, he would post stuff on Facebook about what they did. These things cost money, for example, eating out. When we would go to my dad's we'd mainly eat popcorn and chips. He complained that we ate everything in the house, but his girlfriend's little girl ate whatever she wanted to eat. I eventually started locking myself in my room there. I wouldn't get out until it was time to go home. This, of course, made my depression worse. I started cutting myself, but never enough to make myself bleed. My suicidal thoughts only became worse. When I would be at home, I'd stay in bed all the time. I would catch an attitude with my family. I cried myself to sleep every night. I never felt like I was good enough.

I had hated my father for a long time. I hated the way he made me feel, and I hated the way he treated my siblings and me. I didn't like anything he did. He disgusted me. However, I still felt unwanted and worthless. My mom's friend noticed something was wrong with me because of my Facebook posts. She offered to talk to me. I didn't want to talk about it. However,

I look at her as a mom, so she got it out of me. She even helped me tell my mother what was going on. My mom cried, but she told me that she would always be there for me.

During my eleventh grade year, I started taking Confirmation classes. These classes had helped me feel closer to God. It helped me learn to forgive, and to put my problems in God's hands. It helped me to feel a little less unwanted. I was going to church every Sunday morning, and it made me feel refreshed. It made me a little happy because I felt like I finally belonged somewhere. However, I still felt broken. Something felt missing. During this time, we no longer went to my dad's house. He was fired from his job, and he was kicked out of his trailer. He wasn't contacting us at all. He never made an attempt to see us, but he was always in the area.

My dad likes to get a job, and then get fired. He doesn't like to pay child support. He's currently over ten thousand dollars behind in child support payments. He doesn't help pay for school supplies, and he surely doesn't help pay for the things we need. I once told my dad, "If I can't depend on you to be my dad, then why would someone depend on you to be their employee?" I also told him, "Who would want to hire someone who misses so many days of work?" I didn't say these things to be harsh. I only stated the obvious. To this day, my dad still doesn't have a job. However, my mom always tried her hardest to get what we need. She cleans houses just to earn money. She doesn't always get to clean houses, but she takes what she can get.

Today, I am on depression medication, and I have to go to counseling. I don't consider these to be bad things because I am getting the help that I need. I no longer self-harm. I don't really have suicidal thoughts anymore, unless I'm having a really bad day. I don't really talk to my dad anymore. He does have a new girlfriend, but his children aren't important to him. I am now going on eighteen years old, and I have promised myself that I will never let him hurt me again. I am focusing on making myself a better person, and I am focusing on my future.

Many people today suffer from depression, and many have different reasons. My depression was caused by my parents splitting, and them getting divorced. People get divorced for many reasons as well. If I have learned one thing in all these years, it's that I *am* important, and I *do* matter. However, it will take time for me to fully accept this. I also know that because of what I've been through, I'll be a better parent to my future children than my dad has been to me. I am just starting to love my life again even though I have some rough days. I know that I will fully overcome this depression, and I know I will succeed in life.

Written by Bailey Stevens