Mental Health 4 and Third Year

I don't know which the initiating factor was, but between university and my lumbar issues, my mental health took a heavy hit. I made it to October in very high spirits, everything was pretty much going great, the nerves of final year were overridden by the happiness of actually making it there, because in third year it certainly seemed like it would take a miracle. Then I lost a friend and my world seemed to come crumbling down, I was in a very strong daze for about two weeks. Between the tears, silence, and heartbreak everything else just seemed so much bigger than it actually was.

It didn't help that around that time my walking cut out, and then the thought of missing uni because my ego will not let me utilise a wheelchair when in that position just seemed so much worse. My entire timetable is crammed in to one day, so if I miss that one day, than I have essentially missed a week of teaching – not the most comforting thought.

Additional dilemmas were added in that I couldn't bring myself to speak to my personal tutor about it, then out of respect for him, I didn't want to tell my personal tutor from the previous year either. Once I had run out of all options and I couldn't pull myself together, I finally gave in and emailed my old personal tutor for reassurance. His support and understanding was like a crutch, it helped me to start heading in the right direction again. I still kept stumbling for a while, but knowing he was there to catch me was all that my heart seemed to need to continue.

Everything took a dive for a while and it was a very rocky road, much of the time it felt like I wanted to run, but mostly that I didn't want to be there. However my love for learning would probably survive anything and so long as teaching was on the agenda, I wasn't going anywhere. On many days, it was the only thing that kept me grounded, and some tangible security was something I needed right then.

Losing my friend bought everything and beyond into question and for what seemed a long while, almost everything seemed pointless. By the time it came to writing assignments, I was having panic attacks because the pressure of not failing was getting to me more than rationally probable. I had convinced myself that I was fighting a losing battle because the tutor who is to mark it 'hates me', she can't bias her marking on her feelings towards me of course, whether I assume them right or not, but it quite a lot of rationalisation to convince me of that at the time.

Eventually I began to speak again, and time started healing the giant wound of the loss of my friend. Seeking help and talking to someone about it is what saved me. It was hard to accept I couldn't fight my mental health alone, but there is only so low you can travel before you know you will lose something you highly value if you don't figure it out. I am getting better now, and I am mostly back on track. These past few months have been an emotionally tolling journey but with major thanks to my friends that listened, hugged me, and never let me fall far, I am still here now writing about it in hindsight. The future is looking bright, there is some adrenaline fused times ahead but I can't wait to face them. Now I remember how far I have come and know I have the ability to reach my goals – I have faced worse.