

Debbie's Story

My whole life I've always felt like I wasn't good enough.

My mother ran me down, not only behind my back but in front of me as well. It reached a point where I'd had enough. It's been two years now since I last spoke to her, and a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. Following this, I found out that I had arthritis in both hips, and I went into a depressive state. That marked the start of me not wanting to go out or to see anyone. My mother had turned both my two boys against me too.

However, me and my two girls ended up having a strong bond. The family cut us off because I wasn't talking to my mother. I started physiotherapy and felt much better. My eldest daughter managed to get me out walking everywhere.

Then a bombshell hit us; my youngest daughter came to me and said she'd been abused by my father, and so had my eldest. I felt that I couldn't lie, or keep a secret any longer as it had happened to me. The guilt and shame that I felt, that this had happened to my two girls because I hadn't said anything, made me want to end my life.

This was my fault, but with their help, the doctors, counselling and a very loving husband, I came through. I started training for the Social Hub, and it was the best thing I ever did. I am now a Peer Mentor and an Activity Co-ordinator.