

## Overcoming Life's Difficulties

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You really never shake off depression and that's a tough road you have to deal with. Telling someone to "get over it" is like telling a girl or guy who is crying because their significant other just broke up with them to "cry me a river, build a bridge and get over it". No, I have to deal with it and what some people don't understand is that it's ignorant and immature to make fun of people who are depressed because usually it will lead to much more worse things.

In high school I wasn't sure of what to expect. I knew I would be judged and labeled, but that honestly didn't matter to me. I guess I could say my years in high school weren't the best years of my life, but they showed me I could accomplish anything no matter what and that it just takes hard work and motivation even if you are on your own.

My freshman year was probably the one year I won't forget. It was difficult at times especially when I thought my "best friend" was my best friend, but it turned out she couldn't deal with me even though I was the same person. It's crazy and depressing how you can lose one friend and the rest follow. That year had its ups and downs and I will admit I wasn't the best person, but I didn't change and I won't deny that. In school there were people who would ask if I was upset just by the expression on my face. I'll admit school wasn't easy and I noticed a change.

I just forgot about that year, There were no good memories anyway. Sophomore year was when I noticed a change and it wasn't a good change. Back in middle school I was known as the "quiet" one or "smart one" and honestly It bothered me when people would call me that because people would have competition with me to see who would get a higher score on the math test. The thing is I might be intelligent, but I'm intelligent in my own way and I have to work harder than others. In high school I had an emotional outburst and when I think about it now I wish I had stayed in my seat. I noticed I had trouble concentrating and it was even more difficult with my anxiety because my head would be all over the place. For example I would be trying to listen to the teacher in Biology and I would be worried about if I did my math homework correctly. I remember when I was a little and I had just gotten a fish. I was so worried that it had not eaten so I asked the teacher if I could call my mom to ask her and yes he did get fed. I'll admit it's hard not to freak out over little things and I got made fun of by my sister, but my anxiety would get so out of hand that I thought I was dying and I know that it would upset my mother. Later on in the year I found out I had ADHD and when I did my ARD with my teachers it shocked me by what they put because in my head I was thinking "I would never act like this." After that year I was ready to move on to the next.

Then came junior year and I made the decision to graduate early and that meant I had to take eight classes. Early on in the school year I was picked to be in National Honor Society and of course I said yes. So on top of that and everything else I did my best. That year was the most difficult for me for so

many reasons. I I was doing fine, but at the same time I wasn't. I became so depressed to the point where I didn't want to do anything. I didn't want to be around anyone. I once stayed home on my birthday and all I did was lay in bed. I just felt like no one understood. There were times when I had trouble getting up in the morning and pulling myself together. It's hard to fake a smile for so long. I missed so much school due to doctor's appointments and just not wanting to go. There were times when I was fine and wanted to go, but then there were also those times when I didn't. I honestly like school and I love learning new things. Just being in class was hard enough and I did my best to be the student I knew I could be.

During lunch was when I would try and get my homework done and finish up assignments, but I hardly got the chance to eat. It ended up taking its toll on me at one point I just couldn't deal with all the stress, but somehow I pushed through it. I ended up getting sick a few times and I hated myself for it. Some say when a person is depressed that they eat a lot or they don't eat that much. I am that person who doesn't eat that much and when you combine stress it makes it much worse.

About the last few months of school I kind of said to myself don't give up because that's not me. I'm not a person who just gives up and walks away. I might get frustrated, but I keep going. I'm thankful that I had my mother by my side the whole time. Many kids do not grow up with a mom so I'm thankful each and every day. She pushed me to make up my hours and reminded me just

about every day even though it was annoying, but I know it was because she cared. I started finishing up my volunteer hours for NHS because I wanted to graduate with honors. well NHS honors and not just a plain gown. I've always liked helping others and in a way this would show people that. I remember that day my teacher gave me my cords and my white sash. I was proud of myself. I know it wasn't much, but it meant a lot to me and that was all that mattered. That afternoon I was excited to go home and show my mother and the rest of my family, but they weren't as excited as I thought they would be. It's almost like they expected me to get it.

I wasn't done yet! I had finals to take and the part I didn't like was when we had to wait to find out if we were graduating or not. The school posted our names up and it said if we were graduating or not and when I went to go see I felt a sigh of relief. I know I wasn't the only one who graduated early and with NHS honors, but to me it meant a lot. There were times I wanted to give up and just drop everything, but I didn't because I knew at the end there was something waiting for me that was worth the tears and pain . Everyone has a story and why they are the way they are, but no one should ever judge anyone. High school was tough, but I got through it and I avoided the stereotypes and became my own person.

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