

To The Man I'M Dating, Let Me Introduce You To My Depression And Anxiety

By Sarah Jordan

If you're reading this, it means you're the guy God has for me right now. We've been on a few dates during which I asked you about hopes and dreams and if you love animals as much as I do. You patiently listened to my awkward ramblings and may have even found them adorable. I enjoy spending time with you and getting to know you so, I believe it's necessary to say I come as a package deal. Anxiety and depression like to tag along from time to time.

Anxiety likes to stop me mid-story to proclaim I'm being weird and no one really cares about what I have to say. She will point out that I'm not interested in my own and tells me I should just keep quiet, even if I think I shouldn't. Anxiety waits for me to get home after a bad day and then reminds me of how big I messed up, not only today but every day before that. She likes to hear the play-by-play, making me beat myself up even more. Anxiety likes to make me feel like I'm doing everything wrong only to make myself ask someone if it's right when I know it is. Anxiety likes to see all of our text messages and makes me rewrite my responses so I won't scare you away by seeming overly eager. She doesn't quite understand why you would date someone like me.

Depression is a bit quieter. He doesn't particularly like following me around and instead begs me to blow off our plans.

Depression doesn't see the point. He thinks I'm just going to let you down eventually so why lead you on? He can be pretty convincing. His favorite tactic- bringing up all the times I have failed to tell me I'll fail you time and time again and you'll eventually leave. Sometimes he will drag himself out the house but never on time. No matter what you suggest, Depression won't want to do it. Depression does not just affect my relationship with you but with my family and friends as well. He likes to whisper in my ear, telling me that since we haven't talked today that you've already left without warning.

Sometimes but most times Anxiety and Depression work together. While Depression insists you aren't interested in me Anxiety rattles all of the worst-case scenarios. No matter how many possibilities Anxiety makes me consider, Depression always chimes in with the same response, "Does he even like me?" Anxiety will make me seem like I'm wasting my life away while Depression sits on my chest, refusing to let me up.

I'm telling you this because even though they are apart of me they do not define who I am. I have gotten better at standing up for myself and they know they are not welcome. But they are persistent. I know, deep down that I am the same, fun loving girl who you saw and liked for the first time but occasionally they do get to me and I can't shake them off. I won't let them scare you away. I've gotten pretty good at showing them who's boss. But still, they do like to show up now and then.

I want you to know, my Depression and Anxiety will do everything in their power to make me believe that you deserve better and that I will never be good enough for you. But, I will forever love you.

(Posted by Sarah Jordan on [The Odyssey](#))