

Inspirational

Episode 29

# Jude Price

*Mental Health Trainer at  
Cognizant Mental Health Training*



*This episode of INSPIRATIONAL features a “True Story” from the life of Ms. Jude Price  
(Mental Health Trainer at Cognizant Mental Health Training)*

*“Today is D-Day: Downright Daunting, Daring and Definitely Doubtful as to the Delivery of Dialogue I Deem to Dish out. That said, I am delighted that I have determined a strategy to allow myself to eventually dispatch a few fragments of my ditzy story and divulge a dash of my true identity.*

*Spike Milliigan spoke in puns, others have used poetry, I’m using the alphabet as my constraint to decipher the trillions of thoughts that race through my head by picking out the **D** words.*

*Dragged myself out of the dirt and danced but deep down damaged, distracted by diversions of doubt, denial, and deep self-loathing. Demented, tormented by negativity I descended into depression sometimes just wishing and sometimes diluted attempts to not be here. Risk taking behavior that resulted in being promiscuous and jumping from one disastrous sexual encounter to another with no satisfaction, just a desire to feel close and loved defined my existence. Sex was a dirty word, brought up in a environment that felt oppressive unyielding, I was unable to draw any comfort from the destruction that was going on around me. Delicate, dainty, quite*

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*delightful some would say, I didn't share that view. I had body dysmorphia, disgust at my own body for the shame and degradation I felt, which destroyed my confidence and damaged the very core of my being.*

*Down the line desperate to disclose the damage caused by abuse and dysfunctional upbringing but scared to name names and drop people in it deepened the divergence felt between seemingly normal people and an ever-deepening delinquent me.*

*Disturbed I began a descent into depression descending into madness and depravity. Drink, abusive substances, and dodgy behavior became my coping mechanism. It was devastating, having a distorted view of myself and deliberately distancing myself from those around me in some attempt to not poison them with my toxic mind but I felt destined to despair, downtrodden by destiny.*

*Daily life years later became a dichotomy between public and private self and how to share but not over share and still to show some decorum. I had turned a corner, was desperate to find the real me, live again and ditch the depression that had devoured me for so long.*

*Distant memories of digging down, trying to hang on to stuff long enough to get it down on paper... I struggled sometimes to deliver but dogged determination drove me, even though I knew it would take me distinctly longer to do. Dissertation for Art Degree was difficult but doable and a diagnosis of dyslexia was delivered, beginning to define who I really was.*

*There then came a dilemma between desire and denial of pleasure that I had felt doomed to obey from way back and the earlier shame that I felt. It was only when the dazzle of sensuality drew me like a moth to a flame, as I danced and drank in the feeling of delight that discovery of myself was giving.*

*Daily Sex was a major development in my personal journey and an achievement that I doubt I would have done if I hadn't been diagnosed as dyslexic. I shall dare to divulge that teasing aside daily sex is an anagram of dyslexia, but I have also used it to overcome my deep-seated shame that derided my thought processes on the subject of sex and enjoyed being able to mention the word sex without cringing inside.*

*Now on to the details of being a double D! Oh, I know for those who know my stature you will say I hide it well, but I have to say it sometimes feels like a heavy weight to carry! Diagnosed dyslexic (try spelling that if you're dyslexic!!) as a mature (well older than many) student doing my Art Degree I then find out I'm dyspraxic as well.*

*Dyspraxia - I am dyspraxic!!! Shock to the system... I have only just found that out and it doesn't change who I am, but I don't think I am dealing with it very well. I pause writing to let it sink in again, writing is hard anyway as I have difficulty writing down what I think, and that frustrates me.*

*In my head when I'm not being invaded by negativity or being dyspraxic, life is simple. I will write a book telling people about my journey in life, How overcoming adversity and learning about my own mental health in order to help others look after theirs.*

*Am I deluded? my brain hurts from the exertion*

*I like Albert Einstein can get lost in my own neighborhood, don't know left from right, can't remember my times tables and may react to things in stupidly complicated ways. It is the chaos that whirls through your head when someone asks you to plan ahead. It colors every area of living.. It is also as vivid and varied as a kaleidoscope, a rainbow of colors.*

*Don't ever give up, delving into the dungeons of my mind and dredging and dragging out stuff and dissecting it has been difficult painful and exhausting but it has defined what is important and I am discovering who I really am.*

*Don't diss me I am double D, dyslexic and delightfully dyspraxic!*

*Finally, I do declare this down to the line for delivery by the deadline agreed but this seemingly daunting task turned from a drudge to a dynamic daring duel, my own personal D Day.”*

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