

HOMEOPATHY CONSULT - FEBRUARY 2018

Key Events and Responses

Breastfed for 6 months

Very happy childhood

Began getting into running 5 and 10ks on a regular basis from the age of 14

Had my first relationship at 15 for two years

Moved school when I was 16 to a mixed school

Had my second relationship at 17 for a year

Missed the points for Veterinary medicine and went to study this course in London when I was 18

Felt very homesick over there and thus transferred into second year biochemistry in NUI Galway when I was 19

Rowed for the NUI Galway team

Made lots of friends and drank alcohol quite a bit (also started smoking at 17)

After completing my biochemistry degree I did a finance masters where I met my third boyfriend and then I moved to London with him when I was 23 and worked with Samsung Electronics in their treasury department

After 18 months I moved to JP Morgan to work in their liquidity risk team.

More friends of mine moved to London at this time and I started going out more, while my boyfriend (who I lived with) preferred to stay in and not really drink.

After 2.5 years of going out with my boyfriend he broke up with me as he felt we were getting too distant (October 2011)

I didn't handle this break up very well and completely lost my appetite, dropping from 9 stone down to 8 stone 7

By January, I moved into a house with my friends and threw myself back into an intensive exercise programme. I started running and cycling the 9 miles into and out of work every day and felt extremely euphoric. I really enjoyed my life Mon to Sat but then would get quite low on a Sunday and think about my ex.

My friends and I drank quite regularly on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

In August 2012 (Aged 26), myself and 9 friends headed on holidays to Vietnam. I was taking malarone (anti-malarials) and I think this may have caused me to get sleep deprived from day two onwards. There were no street drugs being taken but we were drinking every night. After 10 days of sleep deprivation I started having auditory hallucinations out in Halong Bay. The majority of the voices were my friends voices and they were positive, except two of my so called friends were saying negative things about me. I focused on the positive voices. I started having a spiritual connection with God. I was also quite delusional. My friends took me to hospital and my brother flew out to Hanoi to get me home.

The doctor in Ireland prescribed a first generation antipsychotic called Haloperidol. He recommended that I take at least 2 months off from work. I went back to work after 3 weeks and did the half marathon.

Due to the medication I started sleeping all of the time and eating huge amounts of sugar and carbs and I gained 20lbs in the space of 5 weeks. I started to suffer post-psychotic depression.

When I went back to work I felt a little better but still found it quite hard to come to terms with reality and that I had experienced psychosis in Vietnam as I had attached a lot of meaning to my episode.

Around May, I decided to come off my antipsychotic as I wanted to lose the weight I had gained. On June 25th, my Mum got a diagnosis of Lung cancer. I decided to take some time off work and fly home. I started researching alternative cancer cures and nutrition quite extensively. When we found out that the cancer had spread to her liver I decided to resign from my job and become my mother's carer. 3 friends of mine wanted me to go to Thailand with them that August for a holiday and we thought that I would be fine as I wasn't going to be taking antimalarials. Around 4 days into the trip I

started having hallucinations again and was put back on Haloperidol. This time I decided to do CBT and also started doing an online nutrition masters, still while looking after my Mum. Again I suffered post-psychotic depression and had intense sugar and chocolate cravings but I was warned about having to be on my meds. My Mum passed away on Aug 2014 and I felt relief for her but still very upset that I had lost my best friend. At this time I started seeing a psychotherapist for 10 weeks. By December 2014 the psychiatrist had taken me off my meds completely and I started training for triathlons and following a healthier diet. 2015 was one of the best years of my life and I felt euphoric. I was doing my masters and working in the family business and doing 2 hours of training a day. After my triathlon in August I started training for the marathon and around October my Dad started seeing another woman which sent me into a bit of a rage. I had also developed strong feelings for my personal trainer at this time who had a girlfriend so around Christmas time I emailed him to let him know how I felt and that I couldn't go back anymore.

I feel that these 2 life events were big triggers for me along with hosting Christmas for my family. I had 4 siblings, their partners and 10 nieces and nephews to host for for 4 or 5 days.

I started sleeping less by waking at 5am a few mornings in a row. Christmas day was very tough for me and I felt agitated around my family. I started sleeping less and then went into a manic episode (no psychosis) and started posting my thoughts like the speed of light onto facebook. I was admitted to John of God on the 4th January and they kept me in there for 3 weeks.

I refused to take haloperidol so they prescribed resperidone which only made me more restless. After 3 weeks I came out and started writing a book. I was admitted to hospital again in March for 3 weeks and then again in August for 2 months and this time they put me back on Haloperidol on a very high dose. I came out of hospital at the end of October and experienced the worst depression of all. I found it very difficult to get dressed or shower. My Dad took me on a cruise of the Caribbean in February and I felt better but couldn't come to terms with my binge eating behaviour due to the meds. I slowly started getting back into exercise but it was forced all of the time and I got barely any enjoyment out of it. I did the half ironman in August but didn't really enjoy it.

In Sep 2017 I started a personal training course in UCD and started to feel better with the structure back in my life. We finished for Christmas on the 8th Dec and I started to feel depressed again and stopped exercising. I'm feeling a little better being back in college again but still feel like the meds are stopping me from finding pleasure in life and I'm finding it very difficult to motivate myself to exercise again. I discussed this with my psychiatrist and he lowered my dose a small bit but I have a feeling they want me on this drug for life which I cannot come to terms with but I also cannot deal with the thoughts of another relapse and having to go through the vicious cycle again.

The dose of my drug when admitted to hospital in Aug 2017 was 15mg and is now 3.5mg but I still feel like it is enough to block off the dopamine reward/motivation mechanism.

Personality wise I am usually very driven, motivated and sociable and have always loved to exercise. When feeling depressed I am the complete opposite.

I have quite a calm temperment and normally don't feel frustrated or raged but did have these feelings when I was going manic in early 2016 as family were interfering with my business.

My late mother was diagnosed with depression at the age of 46. This got switched to bipolar after years due to anti-depressants. She was put on Olanzapine. My third thesis is on this drug without me even knowing she was on the worst offender for weight gain and metabolic syndrome. Her love for sugar was strong in her latter years.