

**PE1651/WWW**

**Kim Frees Hren submission of 12 January 2018**

The first 6 months after the withdrawal I had to wear Depends undergarments because I would soil myself my bowels were uncontrolled. Ending up having my adrenal glands tested and I suffer from adrenal fatigue and I still take supplements for that. Just so many things. I cannot handle background noise, bright light, just such a big mess. I would spend so much time in the bathroom crying at my job I had when I first withdrew from the Effexor. Just crying and wishing God would just end my life and end my suffering. Brain zaps and vertigo. It made me very combative. My doctor took me off of the Effexor because it wasn't working and over the last 20 years I've been on one antidepressant or another and she wanted me to completely come off of all antidepressants and start from scratch. I thought I could trust her. She told me nothing about what to expect, I did go back to her a few weeks after the initial withdrawal and they wanted to admit me to the psychiatric hospital. But I was afraid they would pump me full of drugs so I would not let them do that.

After about 3 or 4 months I found a Facebook group that helped me tremendously with all the supplements that were recommended. I have no medical insurance, and doctors don't even think there is a problem withdrawing. The doctor just has no idea how she has ruined my life. Just because she didn't take it upon herself to research the drug. I don't know that I blame her even she trusted the pharmaceutical companies to give her the information she needed. It's all based on greed. If we're healthy they don't make money. It's a very sad state of affairs. And I'm sure I'm telling you nothing new. I'm rambling more or less trying to throw thoughts out there. I have gone to energy healers, that did help a little bit but then I couldn't afford to go anymore.

I'm 56 years old, almost 57 all my children are gone so I'm home by myself. Most of the time I sit in my easy chair covered up with a blanket and cry myself to sleep. Pretty much a regular occurrence most every night. I am very depressed but I'm convinced that my depression is coming from something physical that needs to be addressed not covered up by a pill. I've had a CAT scan thinking I've maybe had a stroke. I've just been grasping at straws as to why my memory is so bad, I can't think like I used to even the simplest things I struggle with like trying to learn something new. I feel like an idiot.

I'm very angry that my life has changed so drastically. And I'm pretty much convinced at this point there's not much I can do to ever be the person I was. So many people have been damaged by this drug and many others. I have taken Xanax to help with any anxiety but that is very addictive as well so I only take half on 1 when I absolutely have to function. Most often I take it at work when I'm having a particularly stressful day. Truly the only thing that keeps me alive at this point is the fact that it would crush my children if I were to kill myself. I have to believe at some point I will heal on my own. My neurotransmitters will start working properly. The support group helps me hang on. Knowing there are others that are worse off than myself.

Do you honestly think there's ever any hope of banning some of these drugs. Big Pharma is a pretty formidable foe.