

My name is Antoinette, I am 24 years old. I came to CILA last year because I wasn't safe in my aunt's house. When my mom died when I was 13, I got depressed and started feeling like I was going to hurt myself. I went to the psych ward so many times I can't even remember. My family didn't understand what was happening to me and I didn't either. I started fighting and arguing with people, and some other bad things happened like abuse. I didn't feel like my family supported me and we would get into arguments a lot, they would call me names. When I came to CILA, I was scared and upset because I never lived away from my family. I didn't know anything about having my own apartment. I didn't know how to do anything for myself, like shop, cook, clean up, do my laundry. I didn't know the name of my medication and wasn't going to see a doctor like I was supposed to. Since I been at CILA, I know how to cook, I'm learning how to shop for myself, I'm learning how to handle my anger, I don't think about suicide as much, I talk to the staff at CILA and my psychiatrist and take my medicine and they help me a lot. I also know it is important for me to see my medical doctor cause I have high blood pressure. They teach me stuff I didn't know about to take care of myself and how to deal with problems. I haven't been to the psych ward since I came to CILA. A lot of people thought I wouldn't make it here. People was betting I wouldn't stay here more than a month, .but I'm proving them wring cause I been here for about 6 months. I'm proud of myself cause even though it is hard I haven't gave up. The people at CILA care about me.

If CILA ended I would be lost, I would probably have to go back to my auntie house which would make me worse because we still do not get along and she still curses at me. I might try to take my life because that environment is negative.