

My Honest Experience with EMDR Therapy for Trauma

If you, or somebody you know, are suffering from the negative symptoms of trauma and PTSD then EMDR therapy might be an option worth considering. The trouble is, most people don't even know that this therapy exists. It's not widely spoken about and, unless you've been through it, it can sound very strange, confusing or even scary.

I'm here to tell you that it doesn't have to be this way! EMDR therapy isn't your regular talking therapy, that's for sure. But it's really not that bizarre if you open your mind to it. Plus, reading EMDR experiences will show you that it really does work – time and time again.

This is my own personal EMDR experience – everything from finding the therapy, going through the therapy, and the after effects. I hope in sharing this that I can help to demystify EMDR and open up the minds of others to try a therapy that has completely transformed my life.

My Trauma Journey

From about the age of eleven I suffered with very strong and overwhelming emotions of low mood and anger. I was lonely, [suicidal](#) and dealt with my feelings with self-harm and destructive behaviours. I was probably not a very pleasant person to be around most of the time, but I felt like the whole world was against me.

At fifteen I was diagnosed with depression and anxiety and was put on an [SSRI](#). From this age onwards I tried cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT), psychodynamic psychotherapy, acceptance and commitment therapy (ACT) and exposure therapy with six different therapists and little to no success. This left me feeling frustrated and let down and I despised those therapists for not doing their jobs – why weren't they fixing me?

What I couldn't see at the time was that I wasn't the easiest of patients to work with, and sitting stubbornly in silence for an hour gave them no clue as to what was going on in my head.

It felt easier for me to displace the blame onto somebody else than to allow myself to think of things I'd been trying to desperately block out for years. I remember the headache and exhaustion I would leave those places with; I felt so misunderstood, alone and ashamed.

[bctt tweet="It felt easier for me to displace the blame onto somebody else than to allow myself to think of things I'd been trying to desperately block out for years." username="hopeful_lotus"]

