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THE LOST ME

In the nineties of last century I lived in a flat in Maastricht near the centre of the city. I had a job in administration at home and received outpatient mental health care assistance. From 1997 onwards, in addition to my depression, I suffered from serious psychotic symptoms. I saw all kind of visions that other people could not see and thought I was the devil. It was getting worse and that is way I asked myself to be admitted to an institution.

After insistence, I was placed in a RIBW (Regional Institution for protective Housing types); I would spend the next 9 years here.

The housemates and the caregivers did not understand much of my condition and after a while I did not expect much from that side. After a few years I started investigating the content of my psychosis on my own initiative. It took a lot of courage and perseverance, but in the end I won the battle and could let go of my delusions and start a new life.

A transfer to a Protected Living Form followed in another city, where I had more opportunities to building an independent life. Apart from careproviders, I developed my own set-up schedule that was to help to regain connection with my environment.

I started paying attention to my motor skills, which had deteriorated due to lack of movement. I also focused on contacts outside the institution. My recovery led to great joy.

I could focus again on the future. Looking back, I was satisfied to find that some values of my life had changed after that severe psychotic episode.

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Learning objective:

A delusion that “naturally” passes away, or not?

**ON THE HEALING POWER
OF HUMAN RECONNECTION**