

## I Don't Belong Here

This is my first blog post. Ever. Seems odd because I usually have so much to say about, well...most things. I have a lot to say about living in a household with three people who have ADHD and the first thing you must know is that **I don't feel like I belong here**. If you are neurotypical, or don't have **ADHD**, and live in a household with others who do, read on. You're not alone, even though it feels like it sometimes when you're at home.

I realized much later in life that the reason God gave me a husband and two kids with ADHD was so I could encourage others not to make the same mistakes I have and to know they had someone to talk to on a professional level who truly understood them. It is one thing to be a therapist. It's another to treat people who deal with the same "stuff" you do. Some see this as a negative issue and call it "countertransference". I call it survival and comradery. I know your people's stuff doesn't look just like my people's stuff, and I may not have all the answers, but know this: it is tough being you sometimes.

I get it. My brain, if seen on a continuum with theirs, is well...at the opposite end. My strengths are their weaknesses and sometimes I honestly don't know how they make it every day. I also realized that their strengths are my weaknesses, so we balance (fairly well) most of the time. I am naturally organized and methodical. I am motivated by my environment being neat, tidy, orderly. I cannot stand clutter and I run and hide where there is chaos. I thrive in routine, and derive a little too much joy from crossing things off my lists- which remain on paper. I am in the 21st Century on most things, but no app can quite compare to the dopamine hit I get from completing tasks and crossing them off a list with a perfectly sharpened #2 pencil. I may or may not have been known to add things to my list after I've done them just so I can cross them off. No, I'm not neurotic. I am super cool and together (at least for appearances sake) and if I actually lose or forget something, look for zombies because we are likely in an apocalypse.

I have been pondering the thought of a podcast or blog or eBook...something to help my fellow man without having to make an appointment with me. Low and behold, as the universe often does, a client confirmed that need today by asking me to start a blog. *Thanks, M.R., this is all your fault, lol.* I will write about ADHD and share tips and tricks and brain-nerdy facts to help you understand what is actually going on in the melon of the people you live with. I will also likely write about how to deal with **anxiety** and vent (did someone say rant?) some about why I think our kids are so riddled with it. Be

forewarned, I have a soapbox or two hidden in my office which I may stand upon while writing. I'll do my best to put a disclaimer in lights at the beginning of an entry in the event you want to by-pass said soapbox.

I'll leave you with this closing thought: We're All In This Together. (insert obnoxious tune from High School Musical here) 🤪 Until next time-  
Peace