

Borderline Derbyshire

Newsletter of the
Derbyshire Borderline Personality Disorder
Support Group



For anyone affected by
Borderline Personality Disorder (BPD)
also known as
Emotionally Unstable Personality Disorder (EUPD)



For those in Derbyshire and beyond!



SUPPORT



Group

News

We are pleased to announce that one of our group members has become a deputy coordinator. Omar has been particularly active on our WhatsApp page, giving invaluable support to members in distress as well as lifting everyone's spirits with his frequent greeting:



'Good morning from the lake'

Congratulations, Omar



Vicky was a co-founder of the group and my soulmate of 36 years. Sadly, she passed away just before Christmas 2021.

Sleep tight darling

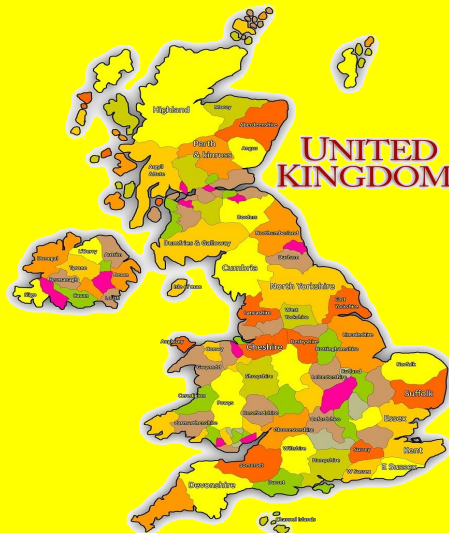
Sue xxx



Our members come from all over...

UK

Derbyshire
Devon
Northumberland
Hampshire
Dorset
Durham
Bristol
Worcestershire
Surrey
Cheshire
Essex



Nottinghamshire
Leicestershire
Yorkshire
London
Staffordshire
Shropshire
Buckinghamshire
Lincolnshire
Lancashire
Devon

World

Croatia
India
Switzerland
Mexico

Canada
Kashmir
Kuwait
Bahrain



Who we are...



Sue



John



Jodie



Ryan

We all have a connection with BPD

What we do...

Our aim is simple...we want everyone who is affected by BPD to have a safe space in which they can come together to relax, chat, swap stories and discuss coping skills. An official diagnosis is not necessary.

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Our meetings are also open to those who would like to know more about BPD, including students and support workers.

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You do not have to live in Derbyshire to join

What we offer...

ZOOM Meetings

BPD - every other Sunday @ 4pm

Parent/Carer – monthly

Therapy

Group DBT Sessions
with a private therapist
at a reduced cost

WhatsApp

BPD chat group & Parent/Carer group

If you prefer not to have audible notifications, you can mute them in your settings. On the BPD chat group page, just click on the three dots at the top right. Then click on 'mute notifications'.

Website:

derbyshireborderlinepersonalitydisordersupportgroup.com

How to manage your feelings if you have BPD and are unsettled by the...

Amber Heard-Johnny Depp trial



If you've been diagnosed with BPD (or suspect that you may have the disorder), be especially gentle with yourself while the Heard-Depp trial is ongoing. Therapists have suggested the following ways to cope:

Remind yourself that this trial is not about you

If you start to get fixated on what's happening, remember: This is a defamation trial involving messy fallout from a divorce case that you ultimately have nothing to do with.

Remember that in a divorce situation or a lawsuit, each side may make all kinds of accusations against the other. This can be a helpful moment for individuals with BPD to reframe their thinking if they are feeling personally targeted. This case is really about Heard and Depp's relationship, not BPD.

Take a breather from social media, or curtail your feed so the trial isn't everywhere you look

Yes, clips from the Heard-Depp trial are seemingly *everywhere* online right now, but there are ways to check out.

If your YouTube feed is wall-to-wall coverage of the trial because you watched a clip or two and now the algorithm thinks you're interested, remove individual videos from your watch history. That may reduce the chances of similar recommendations in the future. It also might help to remove individual searches from your search history. On Twitter, you can mute phrases and names you don't want to see on your feed. You can similarly block specific videos and keep your feed customised on TikTok.

Or take a break from social media entirely

If that's what you need, give yourself permission to take that space. Maybe instead, connect with safe people, those who know you and love you. Allow those relationships to help anchor you.

People with BPD are not crazy. They just never learned the skills needed to effectively feel, process and manage their emotions, which they often experience more intensely than other people. If you're bothered by this trial, remind yourself of that.

Remember: People with BPD are not broken

People with BPD are not broken, they just have what psychologist Marsha Linehan (creator of dialectical behaviour therapy) calls a skills deficit.



People with BPD are not crazy. They just never learned the skills needed to effectively feel, process and manage their emotions, which they often experience more intensely than other people. If you're bothered by this trial, remind yourself of that.

Source: Brittany Wong, HUFFPOST

Advert

Bereavement Support Groups

throughout the High Peak
Buxton | Chapel | Glossop | Hope Valley

Have you have suffered a bereavement whether this be recently or a while ago? Do you still feel stuck?
Are you struggling to find local support?

Our groups are for **adults** struggling with **bereavement**, who may benefit from some **support** from others in a similar situation.

'The group helped me to move from a dark place... You can't get that from tablets or somebody telling you to feel differently.'

Our meetings are **safe, friendly, welcoming** and **confidential**. We offer a chance to share experiences and feelings, to swap coping strategies and, above all, to be there for each other.

Our groups are referral only, but you can call and refer yourself. We want to ensure the service is suitable for you, your relative or your client.

Please call us for more information or a chat about the service.

HIGH PEAK CVS BEREAVEMENT

TEAM: 01663 735350 Option 3

or email: bereavement@highpeakcvs.org.uk



Scan here for more info or visit
highpeakcvs.org.uk/bereavement



What is Gaslighting – and what are the signs to look out for?

Gaslighting is a form of emotional abuse that causes someone to question their thoughts, feelings, sanity, memories or perception of reality. Over time gaslighting can wear down someone's self-esteem and make them feel dependent on the person gaslighting them. Gaslighting is classed as domestic abuse, which is a criminal offence in the UK.

A few types of gaslighting **behaviours** include:

- Denying your recollection of events
- Insisting that you have done or said something you know you didn't
- Minimising your thoughts and feelings by calling you things like sensitive or crazy
- Denying wrongdoing or responsibility
- Retelling events to shift the blame
- Insisting they are right
- Refusing to consider facts
- Expressing doubts to other people about your state of mind
- Changing the subject or distracting you

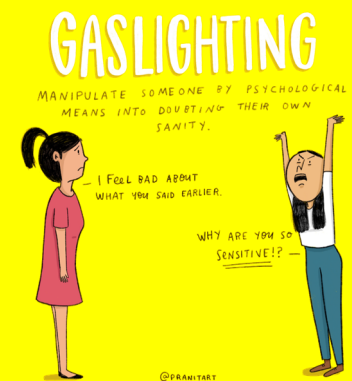


Although there are lots of different behaviours that you can look out for when it comes to identifying gaslighting, the nature of the abuse means that it can still be difficult to identify when someone is gaslighting you.

Another way to tell if someone is gaslighting you is to examine your own feelings.

Common **signs** that could mean you have experienced gaslighting include:

- Doubting your feelings and reality
- Feeling powerless
- Feeling vulnerable
- Questioning your judgement
- Getting confused
- A sense of impending doom
- Struggling to make decisions because you don't trust yourself
- Having an urge to apologise all the time
- Frequent feelings of anxiety or nervousness
- Constantly worrying that you're too sensitive
- Feeling as if you've lost your identity



Source: Robin Stern, author and psychoanalyst, *Psychology Today*

Gaslighting is not just carried out by a partner!

Look at the second list (common signs). Has anyone else made you feel this way?

Friends, family members, the police, doctors, A&E nurses, employers, colleagues, social workers?

When I was in crisis, many health professionals, along with my social worker, went along way to invalidate how I was feeling, mainly through statements such as:

- Well, it's your decision (to end my life)
- We have people with real problems
- Why do you have to overact all the time?
- You are far too sensitive
- That's not exactly true, is it! (how I feel)
- You should change your behaviour, before it's too late



As a result, I can identify with many of the signs that I have experienced gaslighting. Judging by what I am told my some of our members, so can they.

How many people with BPD are being gaslighted by services?

Sue

From Susie (group member)

ART

TOGETHER

Wednesdays at 1pm



No experience needed,
just a desire to create, express and
learn from each other in a
safe and supportive environment.
We're looking forward to
continuing to paint and draw
together with familiar as well as
new faces

Zoom

Meeting ID: 291 201 2970

Passcode: 333214



Build on Belief is a peer-led registered charity that provides socially based support services for individuals who have, or have had substance use issues.

<https://www.builtonbelief.org.uk/bobs-online-programme>

My journey of self-discovery

Who am I?

Part 1

Working out who I am
And who I am not
What my likes and desires are
And what makes me halt
Is an ongoing battle
An inner assault

People thought I was 'this'
Whatever 'that' is
My identity created
By the feeling of bliss
From those who surround me
Who gave me a kiss

But bliss doesn't last
Self-consciousness sets in
eyes making their judgement
As to how I fit in
To think and behave
As it says on the tin

Relying on others
To say who I am
Brings chaos and conflict
From being a sham
No courage to say
That I don't give a damn

Still left with the question
Of who I may be
Continuously in flux
Drifting far off to sea
With no anchor to ground me
Nor courage to be free

Part 2

I could start with some values,
Those I hold dear
Compassion and connection
And support for my peers
Being honest with respect
And being sincere

Showing loyalty and trust
For kinships to flow
Integrity and Justice
We should all bestow
To feel valued and secure
And able to grow

A passion to learn
To teach and to guide
To help children thrive
With confidence and pride
To be heard and to listen
Let the two coincide

Being able to express
What's going on inside
Through colours and words
That can no longer hide
The emotions and thoughts
That swim with the tide

Part 3

But expression has limits
Hard to get it all out
Pent up feelings get lost
In the battle throughout
Especially from those
Who believe they have clout

My need to seek justice
Makes standards too high

Less tolerant of wrongs
Unable to stand by
But not everyone's driven
By the need to comply...

I can empathise and judge
Let the two coexist
When my values are challenged
Hard to see through the mist
Just desiring some peace
But there's those who resist

I can meet opposition
from those who just shout
Who judge me for Being
Ingraining more doubt
Who question my integrity
And have to act out

Resentment and envy
The root of attack
Finding flaws in my character
Any miniscule crack
To prove I'm unworthy
Point out any lack

Not wanting to shout back
And be out of control
I work out if I'm wrong
Digging deep in my hole
Only punishing myself
And damaging my soul

Part 4

Failings, there are
I embrace the whole truth
The bad with the good
The rough with the smooth
The polarities of life
Following each of the clues

My world black and white
Less grey in between
Until time to reflect
To diffuse the whole scene
Making sense of the fog
And the truth I can glean

With learning comes stress
The need to know all
So everything's just right
Important or small
Too much overthinking
Anxiety snow-balls

Being overly sensitive
With emotions haywire
Just a look or a word
Sends nerve endings on fire
Sparking harmful behaviours
Some of which can be dire

Spiralling out of control
Unable to think
Need to block it all out
With some pills or a drink
Or a way to allow
The frustration to shrink

Section 5

The importance of learning
What triggers are at play
Help me plan as I go
And focus on the day
Turning failures into nuggets
Of a golden bouquet

Understanding is key
To centre and ground

To help me believe
In my worth not yet found
To feel safe and secure
Not permanently drowned

Seeing change as the constant
Within and without
Will help not resist it
And anxiously doubt
But accept and embrace it
And not to opt out

Learn to regulate emotions
Using tools that I own
Need to practise with patience
So seeds will be sown
To build up resilience
And move out of the zone

Allow the fighting to die down
And acceptance shine through
To myself and to others
For peace to ensue
Bid resentments goodbye
Let forgiveness breakthrough

Part 6

All these elements make up
Parts of me quite distinct,
But I need to unite them
And make them succinct
A tapestry of one-ness
The ingredients linked

Connection outside
Of my inner retreat
Creates part of my wholeness
The jigsaw complete
The bridge that allows
All the worlds to meet

My relation to nature
The joy it can bring,
Conversations with friends
That make my heart sing
Joining up all the dots
And completing the ring

The need to find peace
Within me so strong
Find rest in my soul
Which yearns to belong
To be part of my body
My inner birdsong

These new revelations
Open yet a new door
Into spirituality
Not thought of before
A way to find harmony?
Perhaps not to ignore

A web of complexities
That make me unique
I need to remember
I'm not just a freak
But an ongoing narrative
I'll continue to tweak

Susie X

(group member)



Our Service

Just to clarify...

We are not a substitute for statutory services. We are a constituted community group/network, run by volunteers who want to make a difference to the lives of those with BPD and their loved ones.

We are not trained counsellors, but we can signpost members to recommended private therapists.

Our main aim is to allow people affected by BPD to meet and to support each other.

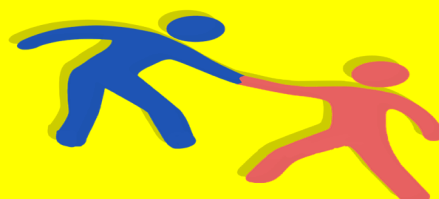
To enable this, we hold bi-weekly zoom meetings, where everyone is invited.

We also run a WhatsApp group for members to meet and support each other.

There are currently no face to face meetings.

Where possible, we encourage members to create their own face-to-face meetings, maybe in coffee shops. For safety reasons, we suggest people do not meet in private until feeling confident with each other.

We now have members from all over the world. Due to the various online platforms, it is possible to meet up with people regardless of where they live. We encourage people to create their own online networks for friendship and support.



Chris - My Story

I was not the only one.

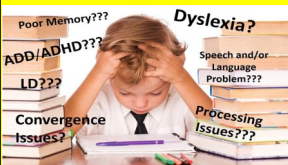
Trigger warning, contains mention of abuse, self harm, suicide, cancer and death.

My name is Chris, at the time of writing this I am 30 years old, live alone with two dogs and cats, I have no job but am a mature student of psychology and counselling. I have both my parents and 2 two friends. This is some of my story so far.

I was the tender age of 5 when I lost hope in the system and figures of authority. I was sent to a catholic school to be taught by nuns; they would beat us and degrade us in any way they could, constantly reminding us that we were less than human. Being left handed was seen as a sin and my hand was tied behind my back; the girl next to me would be stabbed in the back of the neck with a sharp pencil when she couldn't eat at lunch due to anxiety. I became a lucky one when I was removed from the school and sent to another.



My school life was a spiral of abuse and bullying by both teachers and students alike. I have learning difficulties and in response to this the teacher sent me to the back corner to face the wall and copy shapes out of a book. It took until I was 10 years old to learn to read, thanks to a kind teacher who bought a beano comic in and would sit with me in break times, teaching me to read. The play ground became a battlefield of insults, beatings and bullying and the kids were merciless, making fun of every aspect from my clothes, weight, height, foot size and hair colour, every part of me being torn to shreds. This never ended until I left school.



I was 7 years old the first time I tried to harm myself; I was found by my parents with a pair of scissors trying to cut the fat away so I could fit in with the other kids. This marked the beginning of not only self harm but also of a need to be accepted, a need that went bone deep and I would spend most of my life begging to be let in, to be accepted or maybe even liked. Of course, I was eventually sent to CAHMS due to this attitude and at the age of 10 I received my introduction to the mental health service, where there were rooms of toys and soft chairs with nice ladies who wrote down everything you said and always asked questions. After receiving a diagnosis of ADD (I was too lazy for the hyperactivity), Dyslexia and Dyspraxia I never felt more removed from the other children. I felt that if I couldn't be one of them maybe I could impress them in other ways such as fighting, acting out or being the naughty kid with no boundaries. This led to a lot of visits to detentions and suspension, but never the question as to why I was being this way. I was wrote off as a bad kid, told by teachers and school support staff that I was just too stupid to teach and wouldn't get anywhere in life, and I believed them.

I was not the only one to be let down by the school system.

I had no real friends growing up so I found solace in animals, mainly dogs and horses, so me and my sister would spend our evenings and weekends with animals, learning everything we could about them, and whilst that want to be accepted and be a normal kid would always be there I knew I could at least rely on my dogs and their training. I even managed to meet some people through training classes and events, never my own age and usually my peers by a few decades but it felt good to belong somewhere, but as always life has a way of kicking you back a few pegs. In 2006, it was found that my 13 year old little sister had skin cancer in her leg,; what followed changed me.



At 15 I was thrown into a world of chemo, blood tests, biopsies, stuffy waiting rooms and sterile wards. Katie would eventually go into remission, but due to being given the wrong doctor (a plastic surgeon who would check her scar recovery, not her cancer) she relapsed and found a lump near her groin 6 months later. After tests, this was found to be in her lymph system and would go on to spread throughout her body. She was eventually sent to QMC (a hospital in Nottingham) and deposited in a

children's ward for those with cancer and leukaemia. Katie was the oldest child there at the age of 14 and 15. The sights and sounds on that ward will forever be with me unfortunately. From a young girl losing an arm and a leg but being able to laugh and joke to a young man smiling through being sick after not having hydration before a chemo course. And whilst the screams and crying of a parent holding their dead child is something that still haunts me, I can only look back in amazement at these kids who took their own mortality in their stride and tried to comfort others whilst wasting away.

My mum usually stayed with Katie overnight, as this was a ward where strict visiting hours don't apply, but on one occasion I stayed with her whilst mum went home for respite. The cancer had spread into Katie's spine and as such she sometimes lost sensation in her legs, so for her to go to the loo she would stand up, turn then sit on a commode. Now, being her big brother I refused to clean her, not through a sense of childish disgust but because to me it was a last boundary that shouldn't be crossed after she had had most of the nursing staff, doctors and students poke and prod around her privates; a last shred of dignity to cling to. When I stayed with her I would hold her as she stood and a nurse would clean her.

Continued...



On one occasion, however, I stood holding her after she had used the commode and suddenly her legs gave way. I wasn't prepared and she fell to the floor knocking the commode over and leaving her in a puddle of wee. Two nurses came in and discussed how to get her into a bed (a winch was needed to preserve her collapsing spine) but as they spoke I was to the side watching as my little sister sat in her own urine sobbing and asking for me to help her back up and why wouldn't I help her. After a few moments, I lifted her back into bed and my parents were called, but to me I had failed as a big brother. To this day, I still see this scene in my worst nightmares, and hear her cry; the guilt of failing as a big brother is immovable and will remain until I pass.

Had the GP reported the original mole quicker, had the remission doctor been looking for cancer and not skin recovery, perhaps I would still have a sister. Perhaps not. Following Katie's death at 15, I asked for mental health help on several occasions, but was given pills and sent away. There were no support groups for surviving siblings and little interest from the GP beyond a diagnosis of Depression, and treatment through pills. From all of this I learnt at the age of 16 that no one actually cared, it was business as usual and so I got my greatest gift, the ability to shut my emotions down, something I have relied on for most of my adult life.

I was not the only one to be let down by the NHS.

I entered the world of work and worked as a dog trainer and gamekeeper for a 10,000 acre estate, looking after a total of 25,000 birds and a herd of deer. I truly enjoyed it as I worked alone, in the countryside, just me and my dog. Unfortunately the shoot closed down and I had to move on, and so I found myself in enforcement, something to which I learnt I had a penchant for because of my ability to close down emotionally. I could go to the worst of jobs and took the daily verbal abuse. To me, it was no different to the threats, beatings and bully boy tactics of the school yard. I had moments of euphoria where I would find myself enjoying life and succeed. But for the most part I would be in ruts of depression and have mood swings aplenty. Now, I obviously know it to be EUPD, but at the time it was diagnosed as depression and anxiety. I was fobbed off with medication and even after asking, never referred on for further help.



During the 10 years of working in enforcement I made work friends and never admitted to any of them my inner turmoil. Whilst I could act happy and normal at work, each night I found myself smoking more, drinking and self harming; doing all this and constantly imagining ways in which to end it. My obsession with suicide became all consuming; I would throw myself into projects to try and avoid the thoughts that haunted my every waking moment. The few that were let in to my emotional turmoil would respond with things such as man up, sack up, be a man, stop being a wimp, and our favourite, just be happy. This advice came to me from alleged friends and professionals, so again I bucked up, bottled these thoughts and feelings and shoved them down deep. The nightly depressive episodes and mood swings were my dirty little secret that I tried to keep from the world.

By the age of 26 I had attended a little over 50 funerals for family and friends, the worst was a fortnight in which I had to attend no less than 6 funerals, all natural causes, all expected, but none were really prepared for. Work gave me the time off to attend the funerals themselves but expected that I maintain business as usual and act in a professional manner at all times, regardless of personal life. This all changed when one particular work colleague noticed things were amiss and that my arms were always covered. He silently took me to one side and offered a route out; a series of counselling sessions which I took. I suppose looking back this began to break the carefully constructed wall I had made that withheld all emotions.



I was not the only one to be let down by workplaces.



At 28, I finally broke; each piece of my carefully erected wall came crashing down in a symphony of pain and mental agony. Before this, I had secretly tried to end my life, but never a serious attempt. I'd self harmed and put myself in harms way to feel alive or just feel something, but nothing like this. I literally woke up one morning and just felt relief, I'd accepted that I would prematurely exit the world and leave all this constant pain behind. I made a plan to be acted upon after a family meal; I decided that I wanted one last happy memory to leave my family and friends with. So, I smiled and laughed and played with the kids, knowing that afterwards I would be happy and free in myself, so what did I care.

Continued...

After the meal I sat with my dog in the garden and watched my last sunset, but then I received a text from my mum saying she and my dad loved me and was proud of how I was doing. This changed it all, 28 years of pain came rushing out, 28 years of heartbreak, loneliness, self hatred and pure disgust at myself came rushing in and I truly broke. I collapsed to the floor and began to cry uncontrollably, it took all my strength sometime later to call my mum and ask for help. My parents and my two friends rushed round and sat with me whilst I sobbed and asked for forgiveness and said I was sorry but I couldn't do it anymore, I couldn't go on. I was lucky in that my parents took control of dealing with the mental health service and, due to their shouting louder and louder, I was admitted to the crisis team, then CMHT and 8 months later after a 20 minute conversation I was diagnosed with EUPD, Depression and Anxiety. 29 years of not knowing what was wrong with me and having no identity other than a stupid sad sack and suddenly I was given a title, for better or worse I at least knew what the enemy was called.

I was not the only one to be let down by my own mind.

I still had hurdles to overcome, I got told by an engagement worker to go out and meet girls and that would solve my problems, a GP told me to suck it up a bit and get on with things to make myself better. I've been told I wasn't interacting with the service and so they would have to dismiss me, I've been thrown from one service to another and put on so many pills I would rattle (my personal best is 12 different medications at the same time).

To this day I suffer from debilitating panic attacks, anxiety from going into public spaces or even out my own front door, depressive mood swings and euphoria. I've attempted suicide twice and self harmed by cutting and burning, pushed friends and family away and stayed shut in my house like a prisoner. In the space of 6 months I lost my house, my car and job due to poor mental health but most painfully I

lost my dog Berry. Life has become a daily battle with myself, made up of trying to take positive steps, inch by inch, day by day, not always winning, but still trying and there is hope. I'm now a mature student at university with the aim of helping others like me in the future. I have a home and rescued a puppy. I learnt from dogs a major life lesson, one that I try to live by, eat, drink and be merry, laugh loud, laugh hard, enjoy the small things and love freely, and if you can't do any of that? Piss on it and walk away.

This isn't even half of my story I could tell, but after looking back on my life I have learnt a lot, I've learnt that our emotions, both good and bad, are required to make us into the people we are and aspire to be, the people we surround ourselves with should make us better people in ourselves

and we should strive to return the favour. But the biggest lesson I've learnt is that I am not alone in this story. I am part of the silently screaming majority who suffer with mental health issues. My story is one of thousands of stories filled with fear, pain, regret, abuse and sorrow but to name a few things. I've said that I've been let down by the school system, NHS and work places, but even then I've experienced the true nature of what they stand for; the teacher who taught me to read in his own time inspired me to read more and I now read for pleasure; the nurses and care staff who looked after my sister were and remain to be walking heroes; the doctor who took time to explain to me what's happening and the counsellor who took me on pro bono, all of which inspired me to better myself so that one day I could have the opportunity to help another. The work place colleague who noticed I wasn't well and the members of society who take it on themselves to create support groups have shown me that even the smallest of actions can make the biggest of differences. Whilst there's no magic wand to make things better, these are the people that make the world a better place.

Finally, I was recently asked what advice I would give to someone suffering with their mental health and trying to work through the quagmire that is the system and daily living, and honestly I don't know. Unfortunately, there isn't a universal truth or piece of advice I would dare give. Apart from this, it doesn't matter how broken the system, how dismissive the work place or how society may view us, there are people that want to help, and they are the ones worth sticking around for, but most importantly, we are not now, nor will we ever be, alone.



Chris x



'Writing Together' Group

New group every Saturday, from 1pm-2pm, starting on 11th June 2022

<https://www.buildonbelief.org.uk/bobs-online-programme>

Build on Belief is a peer-led registered charity that provides socially based support services for individuals who have, or have had substance use issues.



I have found that writing, along with painting, has been an important part of my recovery from depression, anxiety and different maladaptive behaviours. It helps me make sense of my chaotic mind, by offloading my thoughts and feelings through words. Challenges I have had to face, start to make more sense when I read through what I've written.

My writing through recovery takes so many different forms, from journaling, to lists, to poetry. I often use writing to help with decision making. I've also found that writing journals and poetry in particular, has helped me get to know myself better – what I like, don't like, what triggers me and how to overcome them. Once I've written, a huge weight feels like it's been lifted.

I firmly believe that everyone is a writer. Until recently, I haven't been one to write. But once I started, when I realised the benefits, I wanted to write more.

I'm so excited about the prospect of sharing these benefits with those of you who are keen to join me in the 'writing together' group. No experience is needed, and it doesn't matter about any spelling or grammar mistakes. You don't have to share anything you've written unless you want to, so it can be as private, collaborative or public as you wish.

Susie

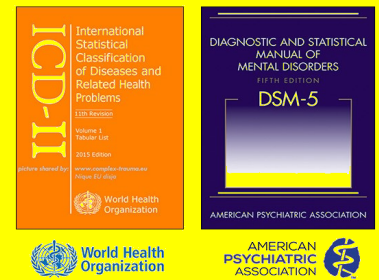
(group member)

The ICD-11 Classification of Personality Disorders

...focuses on **core personality dysfunction**, while allowing the practitioner to classify three levels of severity:

Mild Personality Disorder
Moderate Personality Disorder
Severe Personality Disorder

How Are Diseases Classified?



The **DSM-5** and **ICD-11** are two of the most respected medical manuals in the world for classifying diseases & disorders

...and the option of specifying one or more prominent **trait domain qualifiers**:

Negative Affectivity (self and others; a form of anxiety)
Detachment (voluntary, but present to some extent)
Disinhibition
Dissociality (involuntary and not present)
Anankastia (obsessive or compulsive)

Example: **Mild** Personality Disorder, and prominent traits of Negative Affectivity and Detachment.

XXX

The practitioner is also allowed to specify a **borderline pattern qualifier**. These are the same criteria as the current traits needed for a BPD diagnosis (below).

Borderline pattern qualifiers

1. *Frantic efforts to avoid real or imagined abandonment; this does not include suicidal or self-mutilating behaviour covered in criterion*
2. *A pattern of unstable and intense interpersonal relationships characterized by alternating between extremes of idealization and devaluation*
3. *Markedly and persistently unstable self-image or sense of self*
4. *Impulsivity in at least two areas that are potentially self-damaging (e.g., spending, sex, substance abuse, reckless driving, binge eating); this does not include suicidal or self-mutilating behaviour covered in criterion*
5. *Recurrent suicidal behaviour, gestures, or threats, or self-mutilating behaviour*
6. *Affective instability due to a marked reactivity of mood (e.g., intense episodic dysphoria, irritability, or anxiety usually lasting a few hours and only rarely more than a few days)*
7. *Chronic feelings of emptiness*
8. *Inappropriate, intense anger or difficulty controlling anger (e.g., frequent displays of temper, constant anger, or recurrent physical fights)*
9. *Transient, stress-related paranoid ideation or severe dissociative symptoms*

Example: **Severe** Personality Disorder, Borderline Pattern, and prominent traits of Negative Affectivity, Disinhibition, and Dissociation.

XXX

The overall severity of personality dysfunction (i.e., *mild*, *moderate*, and *severe*) reflects the degree to which the prominent traits have an impact on the patient's self - and interpersonal functioning.

Source: [Application of the ICD-11 classification of personality disorders - PMC \(nih.gov\)](#)

Further reading:

[Problems With The ICD-11 Classification Of Personality Disorder @WHO #ICD11 – Recovery in the Bin](#)

[Overview of the ICD-11 Revision Process \(rcpsych.ac.uk\)](#)

[ICD-11 Personality Disorders: Utility and Implications of the New Model. - Abstract - Europe PMC](#)

[Borderline Personality Disorder - DSM -5 and ICD -11 Diagnostic Criteria \(psychscenehub.com\)](#)

Credo—a statement of the beliefs or aims which guide someone's actions

Some people frame their credo and put it in a place where they can see it every day, to remind them

Omar (group member) shares his credo as an example

Omar's Credo

I will feel anxious at times.

This anxiety comes with negative thoughts about failing. I make
honest mistakes, which is natural.

I'm a fallible human being. My moods are like the weather,
changing very often. Most of the time they are positive and I don't
have to over-think anything, just allow things to transpire while
asserting my personal rights.

I'm in complete control of my mind and my actions. I can live the
way I want. I know challenging times are ahead, like everybody's
else's life, but I can deal with them.

I have a toolbox that can solve any concerns. Its up to me to
use it; I don't value negative opinions of myself from others.
I allow only positivity into my life. Negativity from people and put-
downs are pushed far away.

I have no need to struggle or over-think things which are far beyond
my capabilities. As I said, I'm in control.

I define my destiny, nobody else. I work hard to achieve my
Goals, which are healthy. Nobody can take this away from me.

I know I will often come back to this credo, to give myself courage,
strength, and resilience.

Omar

Weighted Blankets

Could they help with your anxiety?

Weighted Blankets are a type of at home therapy that can provide similar benefits to deep pressure therapy.

The pressure from the extra weight of the blanket mimics a therapeutic technique called deep pressure stimulation.

Deep pressure stimulation uses hands-on pressure to relax the nervous system. Doing so may help to:

lessen anxiety

relieve pain

improve mood

With weighted blankets, the same pressure comes from having the blanket wrapped around the body.

Weighted blankets have shown positive results for several conditions, including autism, ADHD, and anxiety. They can help calm a restless body, reduce feelings of anxiety, and improve sleep troubles.

It is important that the weight of your blanket is in proportion to the bodyweight of the person using it. It is recommended that users select a blanket weight that is around 10% of their body weight.

Blanket Weight	Body Weight
6.8kg	58-78kg
9.0kg	80-100kg
11.0kg	100- 120kg
13.0kg	120- 140kg

4 sizes available;

48" x 75" - suitable for a teenager or adult or for use on a Small double or Double bed

60" x 80" - suitable for an adult or for use on a King size bed

72" x 80" - suitable for 2 adults sharing or for use on a Superking size bed

84" x 84" - suitable for 2 adults sharing or for use on an Emperor size bed

These blankets are not suitable for children under 3 years due to risk of overheating. It is not recommended to use this product if you are pregnant or you suffer from respiratory disorders, such as asthma or sleep apnoea or any circulatory disorders. If you have any other medical concerns about using this product, consult a Medical Professional. The user should always be able to remove the blanket themselves.

Source: [Weighted Blanket for Adults Teenagers | Sensory Calming Heavy Blanket — www.thehouseofemily.com](http://www.thehouseofemily.com)

Types of weighted blankets:

1. **Cooling Weighted Blanket.** A cooling weighted blanket is made for hot sleepers and has glass beads inside as they do not retain as much heat as plastic or poly ...
2. **Knitted Weighted Blanket.** Generally, weighted blankets are either cotton covers filled with glass beads/plastic pellets filling or hand-knitted.
3. **Portable Weighted Throw Blanket.** There are many reasons for restless sleep like stress, anxiety, overstimulation, lousy nutrition, poor sleep, etc. ...
4. **Wearable Weighted Blanket.** Imagine a sleeping bag with openings for arms, legs, and a hoodie to cover the head. This is essentially a wearable weighted blanket.
5. **Custom Weighted Blanket.** A standard weighted blanket could weigh you down, literally. With a custom blanket, you can choose the weight of your blanket, among other things.

Jodie



When I use mine I never have panic episodes, which is surprising because I hate feeling like I'm trapped. But with my weighted blanket I don't feel trapped; I feel safe and calm. (Jodie's blanket was from MELA)

Book Review

by

Mark Kerman (group member)

***'No such things as Normal'* by Bryony Gordon**

Review score: 7/10

In this informative read, Bryony Gordon (author of *Mad Girl*; journalist and mental health campaigner) explains the basics of promoting good mental health, along with diving into the more complex areas of asking for help, anxiety, and our need to ensure healthy connections with other people, especially in the aftermath of the COVID-19 pandemic.

Despite covering a lot of ground, the book is very helpful in providing an oriented route for how we can address the basics of improving our mental health, along with dealing with anxiety, intrusive thoughts, relationships and more. A careful balance is struck between these aspects, with the author taking care not to overload the reader.

My favourite part of the book is Chapter 9 where the author painstakingly exposes her deepest fears and anxieties, providing tricks and tools for how to manage these imposters as and when they surface. I really liked how honest and open the author is in describing her darkest fears and worries, including deeply distressing worries relating to the thoughts arising from her diagnosis of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. It is rare to find an author who so openly and clearly explains her worries, the nature of worrying itself, and how we can best go about managing it in order to prevent its paralysing effects on us.

I also liked the author's modesty and self-stated limitations. She does not proclaim to be an expert in all things mental health but she does provide meaningful advice and guidance which will help anyone to better navigate the modern world.

Furthermore, I also really liked the fact that she included a resources and further reading section at the rear of the book to allow people to be signposted to the most beneficial help and support that they need.

Overall this book is a great read filled with wise advice, tips and tools, and a wealth of further information for anyone seeking to better understand themselves, and how best to improve their mental wellbeing.

Happy reading!

Mark

xx



Our very own Jodie
representing the group
at
Community Chesterfield
Showcase



Supported by...

Public Health

North Derbyshire CCG

Derbyshire County Council

Derbyshire Dales District Council

Foundation Derbyshire

Derbyshire Recovery and Peer Support Service

Derbyshire Voluntary Action

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We welcome ex-offenders, and are proud to be a member of...



**Supporting the voluntary sector
working in the criminal justice system**