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ADHD Newsletter 3 Living with ADHD – A Moving Story

Through a sentence, or two hours into a date, I have always wanted to say or do something else. Inattention, brazen impulsiveness and rampant hyperactivity have all been detrimental to me in establishing any long-term relationships, or even friendships, with women.

I didn't help matters with one of the more crass things I have ever said to anyone, let alone someone I was dating. We were enjoying a few drinks at a friend's party, sitting off to the side of the main gaggle of people, when I blurted out "you're not as fat as the first time we dated". I felt her icy stare, a look that reminded me of stares I have received in the past for making a totally uncalled for and hurtful statement to someone else. It is like the great conveyor belt in *my* brain moves *my* thought packages at warp speed without stopping at any of the normal filtering stations. The second the thought emanates, from whatever part of the brain thoughts emerge from, it hits the conveyor belt and goes directly into *my* mouth and out of *my* lips. I stammered for the rest of the night trying to appease her, to no avail. I even tried to comfort her by saying that I speak like that to men as well as women, as if that made any difference. Needless to say, that relationship was already on the downhill ski-slope of romance.

So how do I explain the fact that, at the age of 46, I have never been married or have any children? Marriage is a commitment, hence that negates any chance of matrimonial bliss in *my* future. Marriage takes patience. I have little. Marriage requires sacrificing selfish needs for the benefit of the union. I live in *my* own little world, where what I think, say and do, consistently drives the engine of my dating relationships.

Marriage requires passion for one, while I have passion for the flavour of the month. Marriage is not meant for everyone, as we see in our ridiculous divorce rate. But I do fear the day when I'll regret that ADHD obliterated any chance of me finding a meaningful soulmate, someone to confide in and, in a reciprocal manner, listen intently to me. I don't want to die lonely, but that looks more inevitable as the years' pass.

Marriage and child rearing would have reaped disastrous results, especially when I was in my prime years between the ages of 21 and 40. My mind was a doubles handball match, the thoughts bouncing around so fast I had to duck just to miss the more ignominious ones. The best decision of mine has been not to force the issue of marriage to appease the masses. I would have been divorced in a couple of years and who knows how my venting, vindictive, ADHD mind would

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have handled that. I wish I had the chance to raise a family, since I love children and they love being around me.

ADHD is not an insignificant condition