My name is Andrea Reynolds and Corey Reynolds is my son.

In the early fall of 2011 I took my son Corey Reynolds to see our family physician, thinking that he could help him with depression. The Dr. gave my son Cymbalta 30mg to take on a daily basis which I seen him take each day. Shortly after being prescribed the Cymbalta I began to have concerns about Corey's behavior. Things that were completely out of character of Corey.

I Monitored and doled out his mediation to him each night one pill every day as prescribed on the label The medicine was Cymbalta 30MG

Each night just before I would get ready to retire for the night Corey would start to panic that he would go crazy if he was left alone in his room all night. He paced the floor and would just cry. He could not sit still and expressed how he needed to be with people that he could not be alone. Many times he went out just to be near others.

One time Corey began working in the garage to work on his glass work it was early in the evening and he was still working on his glass when I went to bed. To my surprise when I woke up to get ready to go to work I could still see him l working on his glass. Upon coming home from my job I found that he was still at it and when I told him that he needed to get some sleep he became angry that I was trying to get him to stop and smashed everything that he had worked on in the approx. 24 hour period.

The morning of his arrest prior to talking to the cops he was rambling of his elaborate plan to clean the woods and make the St. Johns River beautiful. Normally Corey would not say much so for him to ramble on was totally out of character. I had to remind him that he needed to speak with the cops as he seemed to have forgotten about them being there.

I know that he tried to commit suicide after 3 weeks of being on the medication, when he was in the hospital the Dr. upped the dosage to 60MG he appeared to be getting more stir-crazy and the crying became even worse. Each morning when I woke up for work he would be sitting in the living room an emotional mess I was at a loss of how to help him. All I could do was listen to him and hold him to let him know I was there for him.

Corey had always been a gentle soul, caring individual would give you his shirt of his back if needed. His behavior after being on Cymbalta was so totally unlike him. He was out of control with his excessive crying and his anxiety that I began to schedule appointments to see a psychiatrist to see if one could help him.