

Depression isn't fair!

But then, isn't all mental illness unfair? Well, life isn't fair, is it? People starving, people at war, people seeking asylum. Welfare and health care cuts, homelessness...

I have a home. I am not rich, but I have enough to live on. I can eat and sleep. I have friends and things to do. So, why am I depressed? I feel GUILTY for feeling depressed. There's no real reason--- unless you count not being perfect and not getting everything right in my life, which nobody does anyway so why should I think I have to?

There are famous books about depression. Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. William Styron's *Darkness Visible*. So why should I feel guilty for writing about depression? Because it might depress someone else...it's not something we really want to share, is it?



Of course, I know that I bring myself down by thinking negative. But it's easy enough to tell yourself to "think positive" – and more difficult to do it.

OK, here goes:

I am useless.... NO YOU ARE NOT, THINK OF THE GOOD STUFF YOU DID

I can't get anything right.... ACTUALLY, YOU GET MOST THINGS RIGHT AND SOME THINGS WRONG LIKE ANYBODY ELSE

I should have.... WELL YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST, JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN DO NOW...

(write this blog, for a start....and carry on going to Suresearch meetings)

...Well, strangely enough, writing down the thoughts, and then contradicting them, has made me feel better! Perhaps because when I see the bad thoughts in writing, I can see that they are nonsense. But perhaps also because I am sharing them, and their contradictions, with you, the readers.



Barbara Norden, November 2017.