

What have YOU got to be depressed about?

Reasoning with depression is like having a debate with a picnic table.

When I was a youngin, there was no such thing as ADHD or OCD (both of which still follow me around like a puppy... yes, I'm a mess). Back then there were fewer acronyms in general, along with a healthy disregard for mental health, including depression. Instead, we had mottos like this:

Sticks and stones will break my bones but words will never hurt me.

Trouble is, bones heal. Emotional scars, well by definition a scar doesn't heal because, you know, it's a freaking scar. That shit follows you like a college professor turned stalker after 'accidentally' having sex with her one regrettable eve. And emotional scars, like stalkers, are nothing if not persistent.

Well, anywho, back when I was a kid (sounding older than I actually am), not only was the walk to and from school both uphill, but we had another common saying, usually delivered by parents if you even came close to having a disgruntled look on your filthy little mug:

What Have YOU Got to be Depressed About?

Ah, parents! They got screwed up by their folks and were so pleased by it all, they merrily passed it along to us. I don't pity orphans. I envy them. But that's a story for another day.

Let's not stray too far off our path...

Fast forward a few decades

I found myself asking that same damn question a couple of years ago: *What do I have to be depressed about? I'm not starving. I make good money. I'm only technically homeless, enjoying a gypsy writer lifestyle most people would torture kittens to have.* (Calm down, it's just an expression, like answering a question in the affirmative with: Does the Pope shit in the woods?)

I've been to places like India, Nepal, and Indonesia, and I've seen despair. Truly fucking awful and hopeless despair. The kind we Westerners can't begin to wrap our privileged little minds around. And yet, trying to reason with my depression failed and I found myself wallowing in uncharted waters... and horrible cliches.

And why? But how?

One of the things that makes me *ME*, is my lust for life. I can get enthused over absolutely nothing. I laugh with the greatest of ease. I'm constantly wearing a stupid little grin like an infant who has just shit himself for the first time. I tell myself jokes and make up stories and giggle out loud like a little schoolgirl.

No one enjoys life more than me. Not even those young hot in-shape people driving around on the beach all cool in their light beer TV-commercial jeeps. I used to be that happy... even when not young hot in-shape and driving around on the beach in a jeep.

(By the way, those people, I came to hate and not just a little bit. I wanted to reach through the television, grab them, and do horrible, unspeakable things. Metaphorically speaking, of course.)

And then one day I realized I wasn't like that anymore. My enthusiasm for life was missing and all that was left was bitterness and a foreign feeling that was quickly coming into focus: Depression.

How long had I been sliding? How long would I continue to slide? (Reminds me of the lyrics to the song [Otherside by the Red Hot Chili Peppers](#), which is a great goddam song... just saying.)

When suicide goes from being just another benign topic like spinach or doorknobs to something you begin to consider putting on your to-do list, I'd say the ride down the slide is just about reaching its end.

Waking up each day, I immediately thought, *what's the fucking point?* Throughout my day, if I wasn't chain-smoking enormous amounts of cannabis and wandering alone in the woods, I was a wreck. And finally, even that provided no relief.

The worst part? I wasn't me anymore. And I fucking love being me. Or loved being me.

I have this theory that if you hit rock bottom with enough speed and force, the ricochet can propel you back up faster. Thanks to the momentum boost, of course. It's physics, people; an object in motion requires less energy... oh hell, we're getting off track again.

The problem with contemplating suicide is that once you begin wondering *how* you'll do it, you can't really get much lower without inflicting some damage that may or may not be the last thing you ever do. That's when I made a decision that flipped the script, as the young pups like to say.

Knowing ain't doing and it isn't even close

You see, I write about health and wellness. Even when I was depressed, I must have written two dozen articles on ways to combat mental health issues. (How's that for irony?) I knew what I needed to do, and I even had a secret weapon that I felt certain would lift me out of that awful abyss and lead me back to my normal blissful and stupid carefree ways.

Everything is energy, or qi if you like. You'll have to Google *energy healing* because I'm not writing a book or a sermon on that subject... not here, not now.

I knew about this course for a long while. It cost a freaking fortune, and the link sat in my computer's bookmarks for over a year; about the same length of time I was severely depressed. But I felt certain, and even had tremendous faith, that if I wanted to get better and feel like me again, I had the tools to get me there.

Here's another problem with depression: Not only do you lack motivation, and *lack* is putting it lightly. But you just don't give a shit about anything. (For me, that included getting better.) And why would you if you're seriously thinking about the best ways to *off* yourself? Of course making your car payments isn't a priority. Of course showering becomes optional. (Though, to be fair, I am kind of a dirty hippy at heart.)

Everything feels bothersome, including eating. Even breathing felt like a chore. So, back to the decision: I gave myself a deadline.

To-do list: stop being suicidal

I looked at my work calendar. (I'm a fairly functional freelance writer even when suicidal and whacked out of my mind on strong herb.) I picked out a date one month into the future. And I made an appointment to sign up for the 12-month energy healing course.

I gotta say, just scheduling that in my calendar did something to me. I wouldn't go so far as to say I suddenly felt empowered. But empowered-light maybe?

That small act made a big difference. It formed some weird new synapses in my brain that provided me with a twinkle of hope. And a little empowerment combined with hope can take you to some great places.

(To be fair, I had the tools, tips, and tricks to lift myself up simply because this is the main industry I write for. But these are the same tools, tips, and tricks you're going to get from this site.)

So, to make a short story long – sorry, I’m wordy – just three short weeks after I began taking this [Energy For Success course](#), I felt like myself again. In every way.

No wait, one thing was different

I felt gratitude; real shit-you-not gratitude for the first time in my life. You can’t help but feel grateful after experiencing something like that, and I made sure to thank everyone and everything each and every day. Multiple times a day.

I prayed to God and the Universe and my future self (even trees and cows and lizards) and I told all of them how fucking thankful I was to not just be alive but to be giddy and enthusiastic again. Enthusiasm for life is something I’ll never take for granted, not anymore. And I’ll never forget that feeling of being so horribly unhappy and so unmotivated to change, and to not give a damn about it, one way or another, live or die.

If you get one thing from this site, I sincerely hope it’s that feeling of empowerment, even if it’s slight at first and barely registers as a feeling. Because once you begin to feel empowered, you can do anything, and that includes conquering depression.