

I hate the man blog.....

I received a comment yesterday from a recent widow...not to my latest post, she commented on a post from the past...most of you will miss it...

Jennie commented that she is often told "things will get better" or "be strong" and to that Jennie responds F-you.

Jennie might be on to something....

I know it's very hard for you readers to get this but....it is hard....and things do not get better....some things simply do not.

Be strong? You mean like when the kitchen knives start talking to you....ya...be strong....

Some days you will wake up under it....there will be quicksand days that feel impossible. Emotionally very difficult days.

Now, I've only been at this 16 months, this is a drop in the bucket of life...and to be totally realistic, it's nothing in the grand scheme of things on the other side...death...I mean, that's a big bucket....

You see....I don't worry about that bucket anymore...I don't want to get into it just yet...but when it's time...I'm ready.

How does that make me feel...oddly it doesn't curb the fact I sweat like a pig as soon as I get in an airplane....if the pilot says we are going down I'm pretty sure I'll accept the news.

You see....that's strength. It might not be what they are looking for on the questionnaire at the Royal Ottawa...but it is what it is...

To review...before late October 2015 I don't think I ever suffered from depression...ever. I didn't know what it was, I simply wrote it off as a weakness...like...put on a smile folks and get on with your day.

But you know what....some days it just puts you down.

I was once explained this from a guy I worked with who suffered clinical depression and I didn't comprehend it....

Weak I thought. And there the guy was, at work, telling me about how tough some days were...medicated...sure...but he was giving it a good go.

It isn't easy...being strong.

And sitting here, typing this out, exposing how I feel so that I might face you later at the pub....not easy....down right embarrassing a lot of the time....

But in the end....this is me....you read this and maybe you look at me sideways because I'm so full of shit when I show up pretending to be a solid guy that has his ducks lined up....

But....here I am.....

So....things will get better.....I will be strong.....

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I wrack....because it seems like a lie.....that's the fairy tale but it simply isn't my life.....

In my life those things are make believe.....

You see....Jennie and I sit some place pouring tears that become to painful to hide from you.....I hope Jennie is doing as well as I am. I hope Jennie is surrounded by the friends I have....

The Quote of the Day

Find a place inside where there's joy, and the joy will burn out the pain.

Joseph Campbell

Listen....I hate writing this stuff down here....I'd rather keep this a secret....but you know what, sadly it makes me feel better to get it off my chest. It helps me, and I hope it helps Jennie....

Yes my sanity is questionable.....fair enough....

How is yours?

One thing Ev hated....Cowards...If you've got something to say.....stand up....

Babe....I'm a rock.....

XO