



#depressionhurts

My Story— Niall

My name is Niall and this is my story

It took until I was fifty to figure it all out. By that time, I'd been through countless relationships without realising why they could never be sustained. The epiphany arrived when I realised I was an abusive man and began a look back, tracing my life experiences.

That trace took me through my attempted suicide. Testicular cancer had taken both testicles, hard for any man to deal with but strangely, it wasn't the Cancer that caused the attempt but the sure fire knowledge that another relationship had foundered.

The trace ended, as many do I suspect, in my childhood.

My strict parents believed in corporal punishment as everyone, including teachers did back then. Abuse and bullying accompanied my developing years until the system spat me out at 16, a very angry young man and feeling completely lost in the world.

I blotted out my adult life in a haze of giddy confusion fuelled by anything that would help me escape. I led a dual life, alternating between a jack the lad appearance at work and grim defensive isolation in my relationships, as I tried to figure out why everything in my life kept going wrong.

Getting cancer turned out to be the best thing that happened to me, which sounds plain daft but it is true. The failed suicide attempt caused me to stop, evaluate and reassign priorities. I knew if I continued I would die an unhappy man and I didn't want that.

I set off on a path of self-discovery. I was lucky, I had no real commitments, so could set sail sure in my mind that I had to write. Along the way, someone said to me, "when you were a kid, what was it that you dreamed of doing"? I thought about it and when someone else said to me, "you can do whatever you set your mind to," the die was cast.

Here I am today some ten years on writing away in pursuit of a degree, having dealt with the negative demons that caused my feelings of guilt and corrected my lack of self-esteem through reading a wonderful pair of books and a little hypnotherapy.



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I have written the odd website in the past few years, at last I am on my path and could not be happier.

Reality though is this, as I write now it's in the full knowledge that a lot of grief, bad decisions, relationships and unhappiness could have been avoided had two things been available.

First, a place to reach out to, like the community of #depressionhurts and their 121depression page on Facebook and secondly if I'd found the courage to look for help, instead of thinking I was too macho to talk about it.

All it takes to get you on the right path for you and your happiness is to take the first step, by asking for help!.

Sure life could have been very different but I rationalised a long time ago that the reason these things happened to me, is because I'd be a better person having dealt with it and more importantly, I'd break a generational cycle of depression through abuse.

The books I read which helped me so much are both by Don Miguel Ruis.

* The Four Agreements

* The Mastery of Love