



## ***#depressionhurts***

### ***My Story—Paul***

I'm Paul and this is my story.

We hear a lot in everyday life about the silent majority , a euphemism of sorts to describe a group of people who do not express their views publicly .....

Who are the Silent Minority I speak of ..... they are your father, your mother, sister, brother, son, daughter, friend and your lover. Sometimes they are the most popular guy or girl in the room surrounded by people, professionally successful, looking like they have it all.

Look closer, underneath there is an inner turmoil of emotions, these emotions cannot be explained away easily. No one has any idea why they are starting to feel this way. Sometimes there is a trigger or maybe it has always been within, lurking beneath. Fear not speak its name lest you are judged.

The nights long and sleepless the days lethargic and weary, that wall that has been built to keep the tsunami of emotions at bay is being eroded slowly. Every-time you look in the mirror you fail to recognise the person staring back at you. As your mood darkens, those around you, those you hold dear and love start to see someone else also. The frustration you begin to feel becomes overwhelming. Maintaining the exterior facade of all is well becomes a loathsome burden. Every smile forced, every laugh silently hurting.

You look at those whom you hold dear more closely. You wonder will they understand, your mind tells you they wont. If they are unable to understand how will your employers understand. Depression is not an illness is it ? It is not like you have broken your leg, have a fever, or are suffering from some physical ailment. Nobody sees your pain so how could they understand you are suffering from an illness. You have seen from past experiences how people with mental illness are treated, ostracized in private. Their judgement and ability doubted.



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People wonder can someone suffering from depression be trusted to go about everyday tasks.

You endure in silence, the silence your only weapon against being labelled, being ostracized, being stigmatized. If only someone could understand.

No one hears your weeping tears becoming a torrent of negative emotions cascading like a waterfall into an abyss. Silence terrible silence.....

Here is the issue, depression is an illness as any other physical ailment, a broken leg, a fever, cancer. It is as treatable as any other physical illness. Nobody should ever have to suffer and endure in silence. If you had a broken leg you would go to the Doctor, the same applies to your mental health.

Some in society would rather judge than seek a solution. Decades of wilful ignorance from society as a whole, have left those that are the Silent Minority feeling vulnerable and stigmatized. The stigma being such that some would rather end their own lives rather than seek help. That stigma that has to be broken once and for all.

Why ? Just because someone is depressed, it does not mean they will not recover, it does not mean they are incapable of doing their job properly. They are still capable of enjoying life.

They are still the person you know and love but need your help right now. Most of all they still love you. Depression does not mean someone loves or cares for you less, it just means that love and friendship becomes sometimes frustrated.

They are still the person you know and love..... Just hold on to and remember that.