Living On the Edge

September 2, 2014 By Nicole Lemelle

"Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; and often times we call a man cold when he is only sad." Ã‚Â¢Ã¢Â‚Â¬Ã¢Â€Â¢ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I feel as if I'm slipping into depression. I know the signs. Not only because I'm a nurse by profession but also because my own father has dealt with it the majority of his life. Over the years, he's come a long way. Of course, if you ask my mother, she may have a different story to tell. She's the one who has to live with him everyday.

So, I have been proactive about this slide down hill into that unforgiving black hole. I returned to my psychiatrist. I'm trying to avoid sleeping all day. And I started reading again.

What made me even realize I may be having a problem is my support group leader asked the question to everyone, "What do you do to improve your quality of life?" I personally had a list of answers, which included therapeutic horseback riding and visiting the local gym as often as possible. But these things don't always work because when it's raining there is no horse back riding. And here in Louisiana, it's always raining. Plus, sometimes I just cannot make it to the gym because of other obligations or I'm just too tired.

And although I have my husband, I just get plain old lonely. It seems as if the lives of my friends are rolling along smoothly. While I'm stuck, stuck in the muck of multiple sclerosis. And it stinks.

I haven't been doing the things that I usually enjoy. For example, it took a lot for me to even blog today. I spend a lot of time resenting those around me that are physically able-bodied. This is wrong, selfish, and unhealthy for me. And I know this. But that's how my mind works when I'm living on the edge of depression.

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