

PLUMP!

That is the only word that I can find to describe it! HA! All is great and good and I absorb it all for all that it is worth... and then PLUMP! ☺

Sometimes one just wants to curl up and forget the world because with mental illness, it seems that even the good stuff in life has to be watched closely. So very frustrating. All is okay now – thank goodness – but yesterday and the evening prior – was not okay. It made me SO very mad that I was feeling all that bitterness and resentment and all those words and actions came flying at me of the past. That is not what I am about nor is it what I want to be about.

I should have found something productive to do, however that is not what I did. I sat and stewed recalling the past and listened to my mind repeat so many details that are better left unsaid and not remembered. Why oh why do we do this to ourselves? I have no idea! It does nothing for our recovery and blocks all communication of those that want to help because we can't see any light.

It is an attack of the mind and the reason I write about this today is so that those living with mental illness know that it is just that – an attack of the mind. It is not you. I realize that when I am bombarded by this attack that there are two different “Cory's” – there is the one that is taken back to the past and is scared to death and mad as hell. Then there is today's Cory – a guy that wants to take the past and make it right. I simply cannot stand the idea of someone having to live with my memories. I do not wish that on anyone. Nor do I want anyone to simplify the daily challenges of the mentally ill. It is NOT easy – in fact, it is quite difficult.

I am very fortunate to be home and to have parents and friends that celebrate what I do but are keenly aware of my mental illness. I am going to say this to simply drive home the point – because it is very true. I would not have lived through this past 16 months if it were not for that support. It wouldn't be possible. I cannot stress enough how much family support and friends are to a mentally ill person. I cannot stress enough how dangerous indifference is to a mentally ill person.

If I had been diagnosed with cancer – I would have support all around me... but I wasn't diagnosed with cancer, I was diagnosed with something just as severe that threatens my life always... I am not suicidal, thank God – however I lay in bed yesterday saying to God – when can we stop? When can what I have to offer, be enough? Now that was yesterday – this morning I woke up and said, “Bring it on God – let's change some lives!” ☺

I have gone through several episodes in the past 16 months that I would not have been able to manage on my own. I am not a victim of anything... but it is important for people to realize that my ability to do what I do – does not come from just me. It doesn't matter what I do or where you put me, I have Bipolar Disorder and it is not fun. Nothing is going to take that away. Some understand this and some just brush it off as behavioral. Regardless of how anyone treats my illness – it doesn't change my battle. I don't have that choice. I can't say, “Ah – it's nothing, I will get over it”. If I did treat my illness that way – it would kill me. With family and friends that empower me and

realize that what I face is very real – I have been able to rebound each and every time. I am very fortunate for this.

I hope that I am communicating this in a manner that is productive. The mentally ill that I know, don't want to have pity on them – they (we) simply want to be understood and have compassion rather than judgment.

x

Days like yesterday remind me of how much people need help with the challenges they are faced. An illness that was not their choice but is treated as if it were, leads way to the illness being even stronger than it needs to be.