

The Wind

There is something to be said for emerging out of a depressive episode. One begins to see color again and starts to experience possibility again. I think of a task that I want to accomplish and I actually can accomplish it. It is as if the domino effect, reverses and everything gets a new vertical alignment.

Yesterday, I sat out by the water in an effort to sit and write in my journal. The wind was very strong and it kept blowing my paper and I couldn't write. I would adjust my chair all around trying to find a place in which I could be outside, enjoy the sun, the water and nature and write. It just wasn't going to happen. The wind simply would not comply.

I finally put my journal back into my little case, put the pen away and just sat there staring at the water with all these things in my head that I wanted to write, but was not going to be able to – at least not where I wanted to. It came to mind the correlation between the wind and my illness.

The force of mental illness can, at times, be very overpowering. It pushes and pushes no matter how many times you move your position, it is still there. The sun was out yesterday, it was 70 degrees and it was a beautiful by all visual perception. The wind however, was quite cool and powerful – yet invisible. You can't see wind – you can see the effect of wind, but you cannot see wind.

I sat for a little while as this parallel started to come to my mind. I was thinking of solutions for the wind. I could put up a little tent or something; I could do all sorts of things that would in fact be counterproductive, because my objective was actually writing. By the time I would have made the environment conducive for writing – I would have been worn out and would not have written a word.

So, I loaded up my golf cart and started back to the house. I thought to myself, I need to write and darn it – I am going to write. I came home and sat at my computer. I didn't want to be at the computer – I continued to look outside through my window. I could not see the wind – everything looked perfect outside and I was a bit frustrated I was not out there.

While pouting – I realized that once again I was blocking my ability to write because of the environment I wanted to be in. Then came the “ah ha” moment. The inner dialogue went something like this...

“Cory, writing is the objective for this afternoon. It is therapeutic for you, it is helpful to others and it is what you do! You have written in prisons, you have written on the streets, you have written in hospitals and you have written in while sick – I'll be damned if anything is going to stop you from writing. Today you look out a window onto a beautiful yard, the sun is shining – everyone is safe, including you. Today, you didn't have to walk miles to get out of the wind – you got on a golf cart, for crying out loud. Today, you didn't have to find something to write on or with – you have every tool

imaginable to write with. You don't have to like the fact that you can't write "where" you want – but you must realize that you can write. You CAN get out of the wind. You can either sit here and stare outside, concentrate on the wind and not your writing OR you can write and know that another day will be perfect for writing by the water."

After this little lecture from myself – my mind shifted in its thought process. I looked outside one more time and thought – BLOW you pesky wind, BLOW all you want... I am behind walls you can't effect and I began to write...

I did get some writing done, but not a whole lot. I did however master something and it related to what I had just gone through with a depressive phase. This illness is going to be in my life no matter how many ways and times I reposition myself – however, I can take myself to safety and comfort. It may not always be the environment that I wish, but I can do it. So, BLOW wind just BLOW you are not going to stop me from my passion or my mission.