

## **Depression is not my Enemy**

Depression is not my Enemy, for She is a Trusted Friend!  
She tells me where to find Rock Bottom,  
upon which I build my refuge.  
It is apt to be certain you have Rock Bottom,  
and bashing your head repeatedly is a good test for some,  
albeit one that goes 'Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!'

Depression is my Friend, Rock Bottom is my Refuge,  
and around this Rock Bottom Refuge, I build my  
Hard Rock City, complete with party scene, night life,  
and superheros sipping lattès in every café.  
But I cannot share this Hard Rock City, with party scene  
and all, with anybody but my lonely self, and that  
is why it hurts.

I cannot share my Hard Rock City, nor my Depression herself:  
all I can share is my perspective, to whomsoever will choose to listen.  
Depression is not my Enemy, though many choose to make Her so;  
my real enemy is that thing we call Boredom: the burning, simmering,  
aching sensation that tells you that useful things to do are in short supply,  
that your utility to mankind is running out, and that maybe your  
precious physical resources with which your body is sustained,  
are better given back to nature to be shared with everybody else.

That is the terror of boredom, a pain as real as fire, a terror almost as scary  
as that scariest of possibilities, that I may harm my friends: for they are  
what I cherish most in this life, beyond all material possessions and  
spiritual achievements, for if you have friends that you love, whom you  
love as friends simply for being who they are, and who love you back likewise,  
what more do you need.

For me this is the magic of the Gospel, that if we have friends like these, and give all for  
these friends like Jesus did, then in time we can and will change the world. Two thousand  
years of history is living testament to this truth.

No, Depression is not my enemy, She's just a friendly feminine, feline creature that likes to  
sleep on top of me, catlike, not wanting to move unless She really needs to. But she has  
those claws, like all felines do, and from time to time, they accidentally dig in.

No, I do not fear Depression!