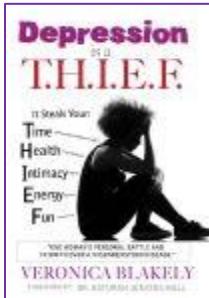


# DEPRESSION IS A T.H.I.E.F.

IT STEALS YOUR TIME – HEALTH – INTIMACY – ENERGY – FUN

## EXCERPT



### Introduction

The word thief, in numerous dictionaries, is defined as a person who steals, especially secretly or without open force; one guilty of theft or larceny; breaking and entering, robbery, aggravated burglary. (Webster.com and Dictionary.com)

As I reflect on the many years that have passed me by without accomplishing goals I had set for myself, everything I could remotely remember came back to one common denominator – Depression. How could one *thing* be given so much power as an interruption in my life of the visions and goals I once had? As I reflected on this phenomenon, I felt cheated, robbed, and violated to the point that all I could think of was, “How did this happen?”

It was then I came to the realization of feeling something had been stolen from me without my knowledge, permission, or recollection. That is when I grasped the concept that **Depression Is A Thief**. It felt like someone or something secretly, without force, broke into my psyche and stole my hopes, my dreams, and my aspirations. How did it happen? When did it happen? Why did it happen?

Upon further assessment, I looked back into the recesses of my mind and was finally able to evaluate chunks of my life: lost in **time**, deterioration of **health**, lack of **intimacy**, sluggish **energy**, and no **fun**. The **T.H.I.E.F** had been found and now I had to get rid of it, arrest it, or at least lock it up so that it would not steal from me again. Depression is like that unwanted or unannounced house guest who stops by for a short visit and now you can’t get rid of them.

Depression is also very tricky especially for those who do not show obvious exterior problems as they go through life daily as if nothing is wrong. That could not be further from the truth. To others you are the picture of health, you look good, smell good, sound good, and you do your job well. Everything about you is in place like window dressing in an upscale store front display. The truth is that on the inside you feel like one of those houses on the show called “Hoarders” (<http://www.aetv.com/hoarders/>) loaded with “stuff” in disarray in every room and you do not know where to start with the cleaning process. You are a mess, and no one knows it but you.

Parts of the past few years for me have been a big blur and now that my eyes are wide open, I am moving forward to get this thief out of my physical and mental house. Depression has overstayed its welcome, in fact, it was not even invited. I have decided to serve an eviction notice on this disease and I am putting my physical and mental house back in order.

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