

Where there's no will, there's no way



So.

The mind is an extraordinary creation. It can write sonnets and symphonies and imagine the light bulb and the silicon chip.

It can also cause doubt and deception.

This past week, a close friend (and once, more than a friend) suffered a tragic end to her life.

It was the very definition of tragedy: no health issues, two loving children, capable work skills and still in her 40's.

Yet she gave up. Everything.

The origins of depression are confusing and intimate. They are rarely "solved" by support from loved ones, no matter how ardent. It takes self-will.

It's wrong to suggest that is "easy to say". It's quite hard. It's quite hard to try consistently, then urgently and then desperately to break through a wall of self-doubt, despair and depression.

Especially if all the doors and windows are bolted from the inside.

When the only "help" allowed is in liquid form, it's just a matter of time before tragedy ensues.

I unashamedly consider myself a highly imaginative person. Despite this, I find I am incapable of imagining that low a depth. That one can deceive oneself into believing that they are so devoid of any value that there is no reason to live.

I can intellectually understand it, but I cannot *feel* it. I have always had the idealistic certainty that everyone has value. I only wish I was better at convincing others.

At the end, though, platitudes don't matter. All along it was always about belief. Belief in a better life. Belief in oneself. Belief that things will work out.

Without that belief there is no hope and without hope, will fails. And where there's no will, there's no way.