Untitled

Still trying to see what I would use this blog for, but probably things that are currently pressing my mind or to just vomit my nonchalant thoughts into a text document so I can re-read them later. Don’t necessarily think this will be a diary, maybe a log of what I have been thinking about or some place where I can piece out my thoughts. I remember one of my professors back in college told us how interlocked our thoughts were to writing. I see this a lot when talking to friends about issues and ideas floating around in my mind. They don’t seem to take shape until I put words to them and even then, I am discovering what new links and pathways to the shapeless thoughts bouncing around in my head. I miss writing and I don’t think I ever kept up a running journal in blog format, but we’ll see if this ever comes to fruition.

It’s crazy how much mental illness has taken the spotlight recently. A friend of mine recently opened up about their mental illness and how they’ve been able to fight it through therapy and psychosis. The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing everyone to thinking everyone else was doing okay. And to think that all this can be linked to one thing: social media (more on this another time). I think everyone could use bit therapy, we’ve all gone through some sort of shit in our lives that we’ve probably suppressed or ignored. There seems to be a definite stigma against those who claim to have form of mental illness and honestly, it’s a breath of fresh air to hear so many people come out and be a proponent for it. Listening to people try and describe the hellish conditions of their depression is hard to even grasp unless you’ve gone through a version of it yourself. People who have contemplated suicide have described it as not necessarily wanting to die, but just wanting the pain to stop. To think, they get pushed to a point where they think suicide is their only option out… The devil and his tricks man.

I’ve come to learn that therapy comes in many different forms and not necessarily laying down in front of a shrink. I guess the trick is to find your own therapy, which is much harder than it sounds obviously. The Bible calls us to rest, and maybe this is what God is talking about… Maybe that is why God chose to rest, because he himself knew the implications of what life would mean for all of us. But again, this all seems like rambling spaghetti. Hopefully I’ll re-read this and make some sharp edits to make my incoherent thoughts seem somewhat sane.