

Our Un-Heard Cries
M' Aimer Pour Qui Me Suis
By Karissa Anne Lowell

There are so many of us out there and no one is really listening to us.

Our cries go unheard and all we are asking is that you love me for whom I am and not what you want me to be. Is this so hard?

It is not our fault and we are not blaming any one person for what has happened to us. We are just one of the thousands of Americans that suffer from the worse plagues known to humankind, -depression.

Some people think AIDS is the worse plague to hit humankind, but it is not. Don't get me wrong, it is bad, however, man is responsible for the spread of such diseases as AIDS and HIV. It is a sexually transmitted disease. Depression is not a sexually transmitted diseases and no single one person is responsible for it.

Depression is an illness. It is genetic and heredity. It is passed on from one generation to the next and if it does miss a generation, Praise Be to God.

Depression is the mis understood illness. HIV and AIDS are better understood. People whom contract AIDS and HIV get better understanding and support from family members, support groups, peers, employees, and the medical professionals who take care of them.

People with depression often get second rate mental health care. This is because their health insurance limits their out patient and inpatient benefits.

Many people with depression often have to use their state mental health and hygiene facilities and at times there over crowded and under staffed. The clinic waiting lists are long and some people who desperately need it have to wait for months to get into see the next available psychiatrist or therapist.

Even those people with good medical insurance have limited benefits. The only thing they have to their advantage is that they can afford the cost of their prescriptions for their medications.

I am one of those Americans that suffer from depression. I can tell you I hate it. I have tried so many of the medications to help with depression. I have become med. resistant. It has destroyed many of my relationships. This is because not many of the men in my life are willing to accept me as I am and stick with me. They cannot LOVE ME FOR WHOM I AM.

I have other mental health problems as well. This does not make any of us that have depression or any other mental health problems stupid, lazy, good -for-nothing, or anything else.

Most people with mental health problems are very intelligent. They have been able to work up until the time their health became just too much for them

to bear. They did not get the empathy or understanding they needed in their work places. They were forced to get on social security.

All it would have taken to keep them in their jobs was understanding, compassion, and a willing ear to listen to them.

These people cries went unheard and no one cared about what they were

going through. Their families, friends, co-workers, and employers abandon them. The only ones to understand them were a good psychiatrist or a therapist. One thing, they are hard to come by.

I want to relate a story in this article for all to read.

I met a nice, young man, on one of the web tv newsgroup name "SOUL2SCREAM." It was an online support group for depression and with persons with mental health problems.

An SOUL2SCREAM, was where I met most of my online friends. It was at this time I had a new classical WEB TV internet appliance and way before I had bought my Dell Computer.

July of 2001, I received two e-mail replies to a post I posted over there at SOUL2SCREAM. One private e-mail came from a gentleman in Texas and the other from a nice, young man, in Illinois.

It was this nice young man that I thought was my soul-mate. Don't get me wrong now. He helped me through a very difficult time in the beginning. It was later on that I found out he could not or rather he would not accept me as I am and could not love me for whom I am.

Robert and I went together for about 13 months. We had few conflicts, however, at the end he proved he could not accept me as I am. He stayed with me because he had no luck in finding another woman.

He lacked sensitivity, understanding, and compassion toward those of us with any kind of disability.

It is people like Robert, who are more disabled than those of us who have one.

Robert saw me once a month and I never told him he had to keep seeing me but it was his choice to do so.

When we first started seeing each other. I made it very clear that he could see as much or as little of me as he wanted? He was under no obligation

to stick with me. I did not want him feeling sorry for me at all. That is the thing We-People-with disabilities don't want is Pity, Sympathy, or anyone feeling sorry for US! We just want to be heard, treated like we are human beings with feelings and needs, and we want to be understood.

WE want no special treatment. Just treat us as if we are human-beings with emotions and feelings. Is this too much to ask?

Depression is the misunderstood illness. This is because what people can not see they are often afraid of. They run from it rather than seeking any Knowledge about it.

Mental Illness is not contagious and you cannot catch it from anyone. It is not transmitted from one person to the next except by genetics and heredity traits.

Education and information are the keys. It unlocks the doors of ignorance and open the doors to understanding the nature of our illness.

If our love ones would stick by us thick or thin, rather run away from us

and treat us as if we are not lazy and good-for-nothing. We have a better chance to recover for our depression. Recovery does not mean a complete recovery. It just means we will get better. One thing none of us, know when we will suffer a relapse of depression.

All any of us can do is take one day at a time and hope for a brighter tomorrow and a cure from depression all together.

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