

## “Simply Thankyou”

### Introduction:

After more than twenty years of fighting depression, many psychologists and many psychiatrists and so many cycles of medication, this simple personal insight brought me home!

To all those beautiful people who have suffered from depression I would like to say “Thankyou, Simply Thankyou” for doing such a wonderful job. Thankyou for being such beautiful and courageous messengers , such shining beacons!

I hear your pain , I have felt your pain, and now I hear your message and I hear it loud and clear for your message is simply the pain of humanity and the way it has to live now. The way we are living now is so wrong, so wrong, there is so little human-ness left in the way we live. We need to change, and we need to change now! So now relax in the knowing of a job well done, your message has been heard, that there has never been anything wrong with you, you are simply a gifted messenger!

I know that place you go to; that deepening, darkening tunnel, which you shuffle down with trembling knees, and your body full of terror and panic. I know that place you go to, where the tunnel ends, where your bare feet are on solid ground but your toes are dangling over nothingness, an empty abyss, and it is so dark and frightening. Then dimly just ahead there is a faint outline, misty at first, that slowly forms into a shape, a doorway, and it's only about five feet away.

And I know that moment when you are rocking on the balls of your feet, trying to decide wether to jump or not. “ I wonder if I can leap across in one bound or shall I take a few steps back and take a running jump?”

Then for some reason, you stop rocking and plant your heels firmly back on the ground, and from somewhere deep, deep inside you grab hold of something primal, something essential and you turn around facing back the way you came and take a deep breath. I thank you in this moment for choosing to return to life rather than taking the leap of death.

All ahead is blackness and you squint your eyes and then dimly percieve a minute spec of light, so small you are not sure it is real at all. So you slowly retrace your steps, and that little spec of light gets bigger and bigger as you shuffle fearfully upwards.

You are heading back to the light and it is your light, and it is getting brighter and brighter until it's the colour of Cornish Ice cream and you can feel it's warmth enfold you, and suddenly you are out of the tunnel, back in the gallery of life.

So you take your light and sit down, and relax and look back at where you came from. The tunnel is gone, the entrance has been bricked over, then plastered over and some artists have painted a mural over the place honouring the purpose of the tunnel.

You are Home, you are safe! Well done and Simply Thankyou!

Namaste' Bob and Barnaby Eden. Woof.