

## **Life... Depressed-Staying in bed until the last minute**

### ***Situation:***

Last Friday I had a 9:00 appointment. I woke up really early and didn't feel like getting out of bed. I just stayed in bed thinking and glancing at the clock every once in a while. The only reason I got up out of bed at 8:15 was because I knew I had to get ready and get where I was supposed to be. I didn't want to mess up the other person's schedule by not getting there on time.

### ***Symptoms:***

Later on that day I thought about how I waited till the last minute to get out of bed. It's my depression that's making me so unmotivated, and I really don't like it. I haven't got any purpose in my life. I feel like I'm always in this hole and I'm tired of always trying to crawl out. I feel as if there's no purpose to my life.

### ***Solution:***

I told myself that even though hanging out in bed wasn't the best thing to do, I wasn't wrong I was average. I took the secure thought that I did make it to my appointment on time. So, I didn't deviate from my original goal.

As for my purpose in life, even though I'd like to have something more, at this point my mental health is my purpose. Now that I think of it, my mental health can always be my first purpose, even though I may have other ones like career or relationship goals in the future.

My depression may be making me feel unmotivated, yet I know that staying in bed for a long time after waking up isn't really in line with my goal of mental health.

I made a firm decision that the next time I wake up earlier than I have to, I'm going to command my muscles to move and get out of bed. Then I'm going to either read something for my mental health, or write out an example.

I also realized that before, I just tried to tough my way through my days. Now I have some solid tools to use while I'm toughing it through. And I'm not *always* feeling depressed. There are some times when I feel relatively OK. Not enough to suite me. I get impatient like everyone else, and that makes it average.

I realized I was setting my standards really high. I expected to make it through this depression in a few months. That was a disappointment, a self-appointed expectation, that led to a self-induced frustration. I can't set a time-line on getting well like I would on a work project. I just have to endorse for each and every time I choose to consciously change my thoughts and command my muscles.

***In the past:***

If I woke up and started working myself up, the whole day would have been miserable, really. I've got a long way to go, but I am making the effort. I'd like to be more comfortable more of the time, yet I've learned that I need to bear the discomfort and comfort will come.

