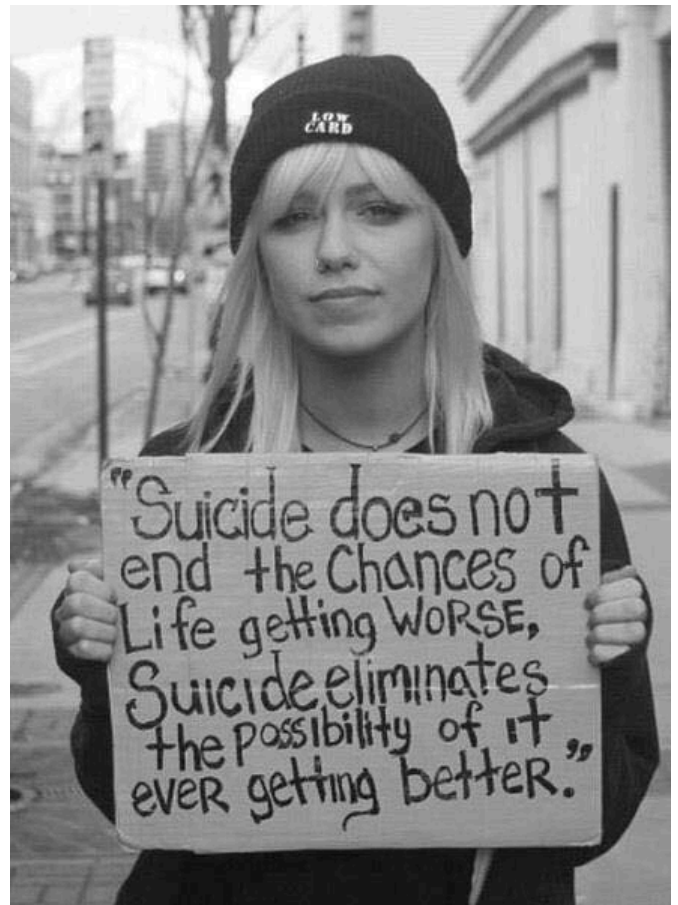


# On depression as a necessary winter before the spring...

Imagine if we, as a culture, could embrace depression. Imagine that in any life cycle there are, as in nature, seasons. Depression does not always have to be viewed as pathology.



The industrial age introduced clocks, the digital age upped 9-5 to 24/7.

We are not meant to operate outside of the natural order of things. Riotous springs are followed by productive summers. In fall, as energy wanes we're motivated to prepare for winter and muster the energy to get things done. In winter we accept that little grows, days are short and if we give over to the darkness and rest, we'll recharge.

I've learned from the creative people around me, as well as my own experience, that a depression is a terrible thing to waste. We will emerge from them. When we do, we can allow for the riotously creative personal spring that follows. It will be there when we're ready to embrace life again.

To every season there is a time and a purpose.

Accept the winters. And please keep faith, your personal spring will follow.



Courtesy  
GardeningAtTheEdge.wordpress.com

See also: [The Rose](#), Bette Middler's timeless hit.

*"Just remember in the winter, far beneath the bitter snows,  
lies the seed that with the sun's love in the Spring becomes  
the rose."*

*Reframe your understanding of it. Imagine it as a love song  
for yourself.*

**"Seasonal Affective Disorder"** (SAD), is also predictable and seasonal, but the above reflection is on the experience of **major depression**.