

Monica's Story – Oops

One thing that has become really clear to me since I started Suppers is that there are an awful lot of us with blood sugar issues who are also depressed. We were sharing our coping stories at a meeting, and I got embarrassed. People in the group ran the gamut, from those who were completely satisfied with their medications and adored their doctors, to those who accepted medication as a necessary evil, to those who were adamantly opposed and would go to great lengths to avoid pharmaceuticals and doctors.

(I'm not up to the embarrassing part yet.) One man shared that getting back into biking was the best therapy he had ever had to elevate his mood. Between all the sunlight and exercise, he was not only happier but slimmer and healthier too. Another said she was perfectly satisfied with little mood lifts from chocolate and let herself do it since it didn't lead to bingeing. (I am getting closer to the embarrassing part.)

One woman got a big dog to force her out of bed in the morning. She knew if she had a dog that needed to run every day, she'd be able to start every day with a walk to the ball field. The dog is so ill-behaved if she doesn't go that there's a big incentive, like positive sabotage, to get exercise herself while she's giving the dog what he needs. Then there was the person who said a yoga practice was the best defense against depression. I could really identify with that.

One really scrappy older lady said that while she was at her doctor's office for another reason, she thought she'd see what happened if she complained about being "a little blue". There was a fiendish twinkle in her eye as she related that the doctor just handed her a prescription for an antidepressant, "Just like that." She chuckled it. It was like she snared him doing something naughty. That lady wasn't particularly depressive, I think she got by on her warped sense of humor.

I joined a meditation group and met with them regularly while pursuing my own spiritual practices. My meditation and my Suppers group provided me with a sense of belonging and community that nourished my heart. (That's still not the embarrassing part.) While undergoing medical treatment a number of years ago, I started to take antidepressants and continued taking them for about six years. I was not successful in my attempts to discontinue the medication for that period. I did not want to medicate, but I could not get off medication. A few months after joining Suppers, I started diminishing the doses and taking the pills erratically. I wasn't making a concerted effort to stop them, I just wasn't getting reminders that I needed them.

Oops.

I realized a couple of months had gone by. Ordinarily, I'm not so sloppy. It was just that one day I was out of my prescription and while I fully intended to go to the pharmacy, I just got too busy. I can't vouch for my memory (that's embarrassing), but I'll take some credit for my mood. I had removed sweets, added lots of healthy food, and dedicated myself to a meditation practice. If I ever feel the need for antidepressants again, I will take them, but before I do I will ask myself if I'm living right first.