



A CHANCE TO HAVE SUNLIGHT

By Timothy S. Klugh

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Creativity by all means seems equally measured with depression. It seems the more depression grows in me, the more elaborate my creativity has become. I have seen the splendor that my mind can create and the deep emotions that bring these works to life.

However, it comes at a great price. For I know and have come against the lunatic inside. It may be an incredible source of creative inspiration, but it is nothing I or anyone else can live with. So it remains restrained by medication. For the benefit of pills, I get to live a life with much more normality to it. Yes, some creativity is lost, but it is worth the cost to not be caught up in the insanity.

Life is like clouds that on occasion grow dark and sometimes turn into storms. On a lucky day, it is partly sunny, and I feel the best that I can... almost natural. Some people walk directly in the sunlight, and they tend to have a happier disposition. They live in a life that wants to be pleasant, and although they have pain, they do rise from it. Oh, how I would like to have that in me.

Would it not be nice to be in the sunlight even if it meant losing that creative drive? Would it be a curse if at worst I would not have the creativity inside? What would it matter? If I did not have that creative spark, would I even miss it? If I never had it in the first place, how would I know what I was missing? To live in the sunlight without the creativity would mean living without the depression. That would be as important of a gift to me as much as others weigh the significance of my creativity. I would love to experience what it is like for the clouds to disappear and only sunlight remain. It must be paradise.

Would it be worth it? I do not know. I have had dear friends say would I not prefer that my life was full of creating things and feeling emotions so deeply rather than not having such abilities? I guess I should be more grateful for this talent even if it comes with depression. So I appreciate what I have, but it does not mean I am OK with it. To be in the sunlight is forever beyond my reach, to be free of the darkness inside. Those who get to experience the sunlight, what a wonderful blessing they have indeed. I feel the energy and the freedom radiate from them, and I long to be there too... to feel that wondrous peace that those non-depressants naturally ascend to. If given the choice, I will go with what God intended me to be, but it does not mean I do not yearn for the light that I can only see when the clouds part.