

MY DESIRE TO CRY

By Courtney E., Sumas, WA

On the bus ride home after the high soccer game, I had an emotional breakdown. There's no cover up for it. I wasn't just having another bad day. It just was. The week was pretty good considering the previous happenings. So why was I crying about it? I have depression. Not all the time and not to the point where I want to kill myself. Just the average, I'm in a bad mood thing.

All the time my life, like probably a lot of other peoples, is at a swing set mode. At one point I'll be as happy as ever, and then I'll get ripped back down by sheer gravity of a gloomy incident. My head will be pulled down out of the emotional high I was in, and back down to the dark earth. The first time I realized that I couldn't stay in the sunny clouds forever, I was shocked. But then I started to get used to the up and down momentum, and would help the gravity have an easier job, and pull myself down before it could get me.

I've had the mentality of working with the gravity for a long time. Ever since past history, when I learned that having your heart torn apart suddenly by the dark monster they call reality, hurts more than if I bring myself to reality.

On the bus back I started thinking back to the weekend.

"Yeah, it seems like all of our past relationships with everybody are pretty much over and done!" I faced Olivia and Kameryn as they rolled to their stomachs in their sleeping bags. They have been my best friends for a couple years and we have been through almost everything together.

"I know, like everything with Katie and her friends, all of the fights we've all been in together. It's like we've all just forgotten." Kameryn corresponded with me as she smiled at us. "I love it here. Right at this moment, all of the freshmen kids seem like family to me."

I kept replaying all of the wonderful memories in my mind as I was on the bus, but all of those things made me want to shed some more tears. The thought that things might never be that way again saddened me.

The weekend before the game I had the best experience of my life. We had gone up to Hope Lodge as a youth group freshmen retreat. I had grown closer to God, and the friend ship with my closest friends had matured even more.

Yes, this is my reason for crying. I was surrounded by my friends Lydia, Kazia, Kayla, and Becca, surrounded by a bus full of rowdy girls that had finished volleyball games, and soccer games, and surrounded by girls who had sacrificed their bodies so much that we had 8 ice bags being passed around the bus. And I sat there crying my eyes out, while one of the ice bags dripped all over my i-pod.

No one knew at the time, they kept laughing and cracking jokes about life and themselves. But there I sat, the leaking ice bag wedged in between my head and the seat in front of me, and my eyes down towards the floor. I sat in that exact position for the whole bus ride home from Sedro Wolley to our high school. I didn't care that I was crying; it was the only thing I could do, and I knew it. Crying is normal, isn't it? Don't

you cry? I don't mean the sniffing, tissue, blow-my-nose type of crying you expect. But the waterfalls of tears, and the sobs so big you can't stop to get a breath kind of crying. It feels good to drown yourself that way. Everybody needs to cry, even if it's in public or you are getting weird looks from everyone.

I hope that from crying, people can let their true friends in. And I hope it helps you think about the things that are on your mind, or that you'll learn to let your guard down once and a while to really find your feelings. I hope that crying can help you know what to expect, help mend, and help prepare for your life. Like I know how it has helped mine.