

Painting on a smile...

I posted this on my Facebook page today but felt it needed sharing on here too so apologies if you've already read it over there.

Sometimes it's the people who seem the strongest, who are actually the ones who are struggling the most.

A bit of a serious one this morning, but reading this post over my morning coffee stopped me in my tracks.

On this blogging journey I've 'met' (albeit virtually) some wonderful people and one of these wonderful people is Laura from [Dear bear and beany](#).

It's a funny old place the blogging world, but Laura has been around for a similar amount of time as me and we just 'clicked'. She is kind, knowledgeable, funny and caring and nothing is ever too much trouble for her.

So this morning, as I read her post about her hidden struggle with post natal depression, you can imagine my shock and sadness that;

- 1) I had no idea so couldn't support her when she must have really needed it, and;
- 2) She has had to hide it and try to carry on as normal just so people think she is coping.

It broke my heart.

The sad thing is, I know many people that silently struggle on

and I truly believe it's beyond important to seek solace in someone, even if it's one person, so the burden is shared.

I got a message from a lovely reader of mine a week or so ago with a poem she had written about suffering from PND. I didn't know when was the right time to share it. It was so honest and so raw that I couldn't just put it on Facebook without doing it justice.

Anyhow, I feel that now is a good time to share it, along with Laura's post at the bottom. The two things combined are so powerful and if reading this helps just one person, it was completely worth them bearing their souls like this.

You aren't alone.
There is help out there.
Tell a friend.
Things can get better.

Loads of love Knutters.
Gem
X

*"Every day I try my best,
To smile and say I'm fine,
But the truth is that sometimes,
My worst enemy is my mind.*

*I can't always see through,
The clouds inside my head,
The thoughts that spiral inside,
Whirl around and spread.*

*I know I have a lovely life,
A family I can call mine,
A job, a house, a happy place
A husband that is kind.*

*So many things have happened,
All of which have made me me,
The person that I am,
But not the one I long to be.*

*All these jumbled mixed up feelings
I wish I could just sort
The anxiety and depression,
The horrid meaningless thoughts.*

*They stop me feeling happy,
These feelings that lie inside,
The crippling depression,
I try desperately to hide.*

*One day I will be better,
One day I will be free,
One day I will be happy,
One day I will feel like a new me".*

By Chloe.

And here (below) is a link to Laura's post.

DO head on over for a read and leave her a comment if you like. I am sure she will find comfort in the fact she has been understood and isn't alone.

**[Living with Post-natal
depression behind closed
doors.](#)**

**By Laura @ Dear Bear and
Beany.**