

Rene Ruballo

“Can you describe how it started?”

It started with my loss of interest in basically everything that I like doing. Martial arts, comic books, toys, things like that and I just didn't really feel like doing anything any more. I just felt...like giving up sometimes, sometimes I didn't even want to get out of bed.

“What did you think was happening to you?”

I am thinking there's got to be something wrong because I'm waking up and I'm going, I feel like nothing matters. My children, my family, nothing matters.

“Can you describe a typical day?”

I'd either stay in bed or jump on the sofa. I wouldn't want to do anything, much less go out. I wouldn't go out at all. I'd stay, stay in bed just worrying, as hopeless as, nothing else. What else is there?

“Why didn't you seek help right away?”

I was hoping that it would just go away. I would just hope that, hope this would just go back, I'd go back to how it was, but it didn't. It just got worse. It'd just get worse and worse and every day was a struggle, just to do minor things.

“How does depression affect sleep?”

I'd sleep twelve hours and other times not sleep at all. I'd be up, and then it would start. I'd get up sometimes I'd wake up in the middle of the night and not get back to sleep for a couple of hours. And that's what it was, I just, I don't know, feeling of hopelessness that would just constantly nag me and I couldn't get to sleep. I wouldn't sleep at all.

“How do the children feel now that you are better?”

Well they feel they got Daddy back the way he used to be. I'm doing more things with them and you know, taking more interest in things and school and, not that I didn't have it before, but it's just a, if I didn't have interest in myself, how would I have interest in anything else? But then it's funny because when I would think about my family, and that would motivate me to, well if I'm not doing it for myself, I'm doing it for them. And I had to do it for them.