

Love Matters.

I went from gregarious to burned out on people, to feeling guilty about being burned out, then to being shunned by those I truly cared about. I didn't understand any of it. The easiest solution was to blame myself, so I took all the blame. I kept trying until the night I sat with my dog near me, in a rented room with a handgun and one bullet. I put the bullet in the chamber and spun it, pointed the gun at myself and pulled the trigger. The gun didn't fire, and I didn't die.

That was the lowest of every low from a man who still loved life.

My dog moved closer, got on my lap, and we sat there all night.

That was 16 or 17 years ago now. The path getting to that low was fraught with happiness followed by pain, love followed by heartbreak, and finally stumbling and falling off the cliff into the abyss of depression. It was harder climbing back out because I was broken. My heart was no longer strong, my willpower was decimated, and I no longer cared about the life I had spent decades assembling. The good news was that the person I had lost and had been searching for, I had found. Or he had found me.

I decided to forgive everyone who had hurt me, and I tried to make amends where I could, but some people ignored me, and the rest mocked my apology. Instead of arguing, I merely said "You're welcome" for the apology they never gave. I forgave myself, and I've spent my years since then becoming a better person so that my life once again has meaning and is worth living.

Most people are on the treadmill of life, but I got off.

I do have a few friends, but it seems that most people don't like me except to say hi to, and I don't like most people either; my absence goes unnoticed. To me, having friends is like overpaying for merchandise I don't need, and which will only clutter my life.

The proliferation of the internet means I get answers to my questions, typically without any

added uneducated opinions.

I rarely let the absence of love get in the way anymore because most people don't know what it is; they don't know and don't care. They think love is a transaction, and when the transaction isn't in their favor any longer, they quit.

Written by Peter Skeels © 6-12-2026