

**PTSD: I Thought I was Stronger than That**  
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I thought I was stronger than that.  
I thought I could put it in a box.  
I thought I didn't need anyone.  
I thought no one understood.  
I thought I could handle it.  
I thought no one cared.  
I thought it would go away.  
I thought I could forget.  
I thought I could forgive.  
I thought I wouldn't be missed.  
I thought I couldn't stand it anymore.  
I thought I was alone.  
I thought about asking for help.  
I thought they would think me weak.  
I thought I would say goodbye.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, with friendship and counseling can be overcome. Like the most severe physical wound, it is a wound deeper than heartfelt and can consume the soul.

You are strong but not invincible.  
You can put it in a box ... for a time.  
You may not need anyone, but we need you.  
You can meet hundreds who understand.  
You can handle it ... let us help.  
You know we care ... we've been there.  
You know it will never go away ... we can face it together.  
You can forgive but you needn't forget.  
You still miss those who fell ... as do we.  
You can stand with us.  
You are not alone. There are no dust offs for wounds of the soul ... but we are here waiting.  
You can ask us at any hour for as long as we live.  
You are not weak ... just human ... and have seen what mankind was not meant to see.  
You can say 'I need to talk' and we will say, 'Welcome Home'.

We will make it, together.