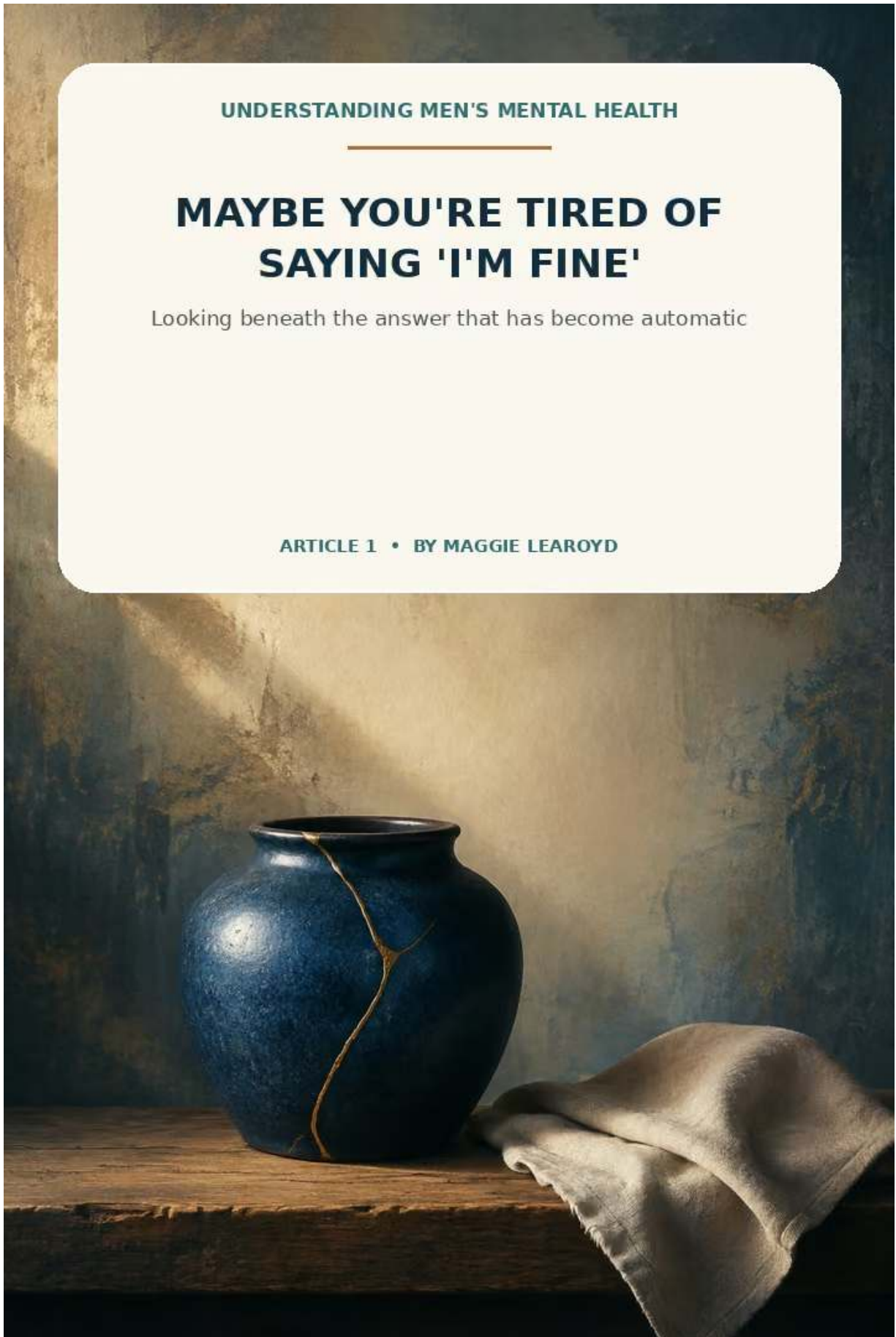


UNDERSTANDING MEN'S MENTAL HEALTH

MAYBE YOU'RE TIRED OF SAYING 'I'M FINE'

Looking beneath the answer that has become automatic

ARTICLE 1 • BY MAGGIE LEAROYD



Maybe You're Tired of Saying 'I'm Fine'

Looking beneath the answer that has become automatic

"The curious paradox is that when I accept myself just as I am, then I can change." — Carl Rogers

If You're Reading This...

If you're reading this, I wonder what brought you here today.

Perhaps someone shared this article with you.

Perhaps you've been scrolling and something about the title caught your attention.

Or perhaps there's a part of you that's quietly wondering whether life has become harder than you've allowed yourself to admit.

Whatever brought you here, you're welcome.

There's nothing you need to prove.

Nothing you need to fix before you keep reading.

This isn't about deciding whether you're "strong enough."

It isn't about labelling yourself.

It's simply an opportunity to pause for a few moments and become curious about your own experience.

"I'm Fine."

How often have I said those words?

"I'm fine."

Sometimes I mean them.

Sometimes I don't.

Sometimes they're easier than trying to explain something I don't fully understand myself.

Sometimes I don't have the energy to talk.

Sometimes I don't want to worry the people I care about.

Sometimes I've said them so often that they've become automatic.

I wonder...

Have I become so used to saying I'm fine that I've stopped asking myself whether it's actually true?

When Did I Learn That I Had to Cope Alone?

I sometimes wonder where my ideas about being a man came from.

Was it my family?

My friends?

School?

Sport?

Work?

The world around me?

Did I learn that being dependable meant never struggling?

Did I start believing that asking for help meant I wasn't coping?

Who taught me that strength meant carrying everything quietly?

And perhaps an even gentler question...

Do those beliefs still serve me today?

What Does "Fine" Actually Feel Like?

If someone asked me not what I was doing...

But what I was feeling...

Could I answer?

Would I know the difference between being:

Busy...

Distracted...

Exhausted...

Content...

Lonely...

Peaceful...

Or simply numb?

Sometimes life becomes so full of responsibilities that I stop noticing what's happening inside me.

Not because I don't care.

Because I'm surviving.

I Wonder...

I don't need to answer these today.

Perhaps I simply notice what happens when I read them.

When somebody asks how I am, what answer comes out first?

If I answered honestly, would it be different?

What emotions do I find easiest to talk about?

Which feelings do I avoid?

Do I allow myself to cry?

What do I think would happen if somebody saw me struggling?

Who do I become when nobody needs anything from me?

When did I last feel genuinely calm?

What helps me feel like myself?

What have I been carrying that nobody else knows about?

Perhaps...

Perhaps I'm not weak.

Perhaps I'm tired.

Perhaps I've spent so long trying to hold everything together that I've forgotten what it feels like to put something down.

Perhaps I've become very good at surviving.

But surviving and living aren't always the same thing.

There Doesn't Have to Be a Crisis

Sometimes we believe we only deserve support when everything has fallen apart.

But what if understanding myself didn't have to wait until breaking point?

What if curiosity could begin while life still looked "fine" from the outside?

Mental health isn't only about recognising illness.

It's also about recognising ourselves.

Learning what restores us.

Learning what drains us.

Learning what matters.

A Gentle Invitation

You don't have to leave this article with a plan.

You don't have to make any promises.

You don't even have to know what you're feeling.

Perhaps today's only invitation is this:

The next time somebody asks,

"How are you?"

Pause...

Just for a second.

And before the words,

"I'm fine,"

arrive automatically...

Ask yourself quietly,

"Am I?"

Whatever answer comes back...

Meet it with curiosity rather than judgement.

That might be the beginning of understanding yourself in a way you never have before.

Reflection

Before you move on with your day, you might like to sit with one final question.

Not because you have to answer it.

Simply because it deserves a moment of your attention.

If I stopped trying to convince everyone else that I was okay... what might I finally be able to say to myself?

Final Thoughts

Many men have been taught that strength means staying silent, solving problems alone and putting everyone else's needs first. While responsibility and resilience can be valuable qualities, they do not require us to ignore our own emotional wellbeing.

Taking a moment to reflect is not a sign of weakness—it is an act of self-awareness.

You don't need to have everything figured out.

You don't need to justify your feelings.

You don't need to wait until life becomes overwhelming before checking in with yourself.

Sometimes the most meaningful change begins not with a dramatic breakthrough, but with a quiet moment of honesty.

As Carl Rogers reminded us:

"The curious paradox is that when I accept myself just as I am, then I can change."

Perhaps today isn't about changing anything.

Perhaps today is simply about beginning to understand yourself with the same patience and compassion you would offer someone you care about.