

Life – A.M. Blues

Situation:

After my shower and after getting dressed yesterday I didn't feel like getting started with the day. I was just sitting on the edge of the bed staring out into space. I wasn't looking forward to what was I was facing. Not that this day was any different than any others. I had to go to work – and I just didn't feel like it.

Symptoms:

I was thinking about how nice it would be to just get back into bed and shut out the rest of the world. I hate having to work. I wish I was rich. This job makes me feel like I've lost my sense of freedom.

What was I feeling? Nothing – I just wanted to go to sleep.

Solution:

I remembered what I learned in the Taking Charge class – that lots of times people don't feel like doing things that are expected of them. And that happens no matter where you're at, at home, at work, in school, in the hospital or cruising on a ship in the middle of the Atlantic. It's part of life. So there didn't have to be anything wrong with me, it didn't mean that I was getting depressed again. It was something all people face. Just because it was distressing, did not mean it was necessarily dangerous.

Another thing I remembered was that no matter what I felt like – I could command my muscles. OK legs move, it's time for breakfast. My muscles could carry me through what I needed to do – one step at a time.

It wasn't true that I was feeling nothing. Once I took the time to examine what I was really thinking, I was upset about work. I used to like the job. Now it's boring. It's the same thing day after day.

My brother James is always bragging about how much he likes his job at IBM. He's the smart one. I didn't finish college, so he's got a better job than me. He's got a better life than me. He must have – he makes more money and he's got a nicer house.

That's the thought that really got me to change my thinking. I have a good job. It's not the greatest and it's not the worst. It's in the middle – it's an average type job. I'm not wrong for my job and James isn't right for the job he has. One is not right and the other wrong. There are all kinds of jobs in the world, and who says one is better than another one? Then it hit me that it really wasn't healthy for me to be comparing myself to James. What I needed to be doing was comparing me to me. I needed to focus on the improvements in my life.



In the past:

There was a time when I couldn't work. My depression got the best of me. I know that in the past I would have been stuck in the anger. I wouldn't have shown it on the outside and because I wasn't the explosive type, I had no idea that I was angry. I would just shut-down. I thought I was a failure and everybody was better off than me. I was more comfortable staying in my own little world than having to deal with anybody – family, friends or co-workers.

Now that I am more conscious about my thinking I can do something about my moodiness.

