

Life... Postal service wasted spending

Situation:

I just read an article on the Internet entitled: Postal Service criticized for limo use. It mentioned that the biggest abuser used a chauffeur 460 times over two years. This is when I got worked up.

Symptoms:

I was thinking – they've just raised first-class postage a penny on regular letters and increased flat rate priority mail by 75 cents. What a rip-off, and these guys are using chauffeured limousines to get them back and forth to work. We, the public, are paying for their luxuries. The last time I got a ride to work was when I was 16 and took the bus! What a waste of money. This is really overdoing it!

I could feel my blood pressure go up and a good-sized headache coming in my temples. Stuff like this really fries me.

Solution:

Even though I was kind of enjoying the excitement of being mad at the government (the old “them against us” theme) and thought I had a right to be mad about the waste of money, I also know that it's no good for me. It's not good for my physical health or my mental health.

The fact is, this wasn't the first article I skimmed through at that particular site. My firm decision was to log off the Internet. I had enough negative stimulation for the day.

I'm not wrong, I'm average for my first response. Those come naturally. I am, though, responsible for keeping the response from turning into a full-blown stress reaction.

Outer environment – that's what all this is to me. I can't control things outside of me. I can control my thoughts about what happens outside me. I told myself, “Those postal executives are not wrong, they're average for using limos.” I didn't quite buy that at first. They are wrong! After I repeated it a few more times, I realized that they are average, not right, but average.

Then I took the time to mentally calculate what the rate hike was going to cost me personally. Let's see 1 cent times 100 letters, that equals a dollar. And I probably use those priority envelopes 5 or 10 times a year, so add on 7.50 max. So that comes to \$8.50. Is my mental health worth more than \$8.50? You bet it is! It's worth more than \$8,500.00. Case closed. No more working this one up.

I'm a dollars and cents person. So comparing my sense of well-being in money terms makes sense to me.



In the past:

Before, I would have fumed about this for days – and I'm serious. I'd talk to my wife about it. I'd take it to work the next day. It would have been a great conversation topic. I was interesting. I had an opinion. And because of it most of the time I was feeling on edge. Not calm at all.

I would have been upset over the “injustice of it all.” I would have said that it wasn't the money – it was the principle. Now I see these things as trivialities when I compare them to my mental health. There's nothing more precious than my mental health. Without it – I can't function.

