

Life... I broke the grill

Situation:

Yesterday evening I was on the phone with my sister-in-law. Since it was close to dinner time, while we were talking I decided to get out the George Forman grill to cook some hamburger steaks. I had the phone tucked between my shoulder and ear and just as I got the grill up to the top kitchen counter it slipped and fell on the floor. Barbara heard the commotion and asked if I was OK. I started crying.

Symptoms:

The first thing out of my mouth was: "Why are all these bad things happening to me?" Then Barbara went on to blame herself for distracting me and said it was her fault and kept apologizing to me. The top of the grill was shattered and the whole thing looked ruined. \$70.00 down the drain and we've only had it for three months. The more we talked the worse I felt. I finally told Barbara that I needed to hang up so that I could calm myself down.

Solution:

For me it's best to get away from a situation so I went and sat down in the sun room. Since no one else was at home I started talking calmly out loud: This is a "triviality" compared to my mental health. No matter how much this thing costs, it's not worth me staying upset over. Right after that I wondered if my husband would think it was minor. The truth was I didn't know how he would react. He might be mad, he might not be!

I have the courage to make a mistake, if in fact it was a mistake. The same thing might have happened even if I hadn't been on the phone, so I didn't have to blame myself.

In the past:

Barbara and I would have stayed on the phone. I would have brought up every other mistake I made in the last few months. I'd even go back to the toaster that broke when we were first married 15 years ago.

Before I thought absolutely everything was a big deal. Everything was poor me. No wonder I was depressed most of the time.