

Life... Afraid of someone being at my house

Situation:

Last Thursday evening I went to a seminar with a few of my friends. Near the end of the presentation, when it was getting closer to the time to leave, I started thinking about some emails I had sent out two days before.

Symptoms:

Rather than going into a lot of detail, I'll just say that I was having second thoughts about the information I had emailed out and the persons involved. One of those persons has the key to my house, and I started worrying that someone may not have liked the content of the email and that they might get the idea to retaliate. I went so far as to think everyone involved would be waiting for me when I got home that night, that I'd have to explain my actions and justify what I did.

With all the thoughts racing around my mind, I had no idea what the presenter said during the last fifteen minutes.

I was tense. I could tell because my body felt rigid and stiff. I was afraid to go home alone and started feeling more than a little anxious.

Solution:

The first constructive thing I thought of was possibilities and probabilities... it's certainly possible that the person with the key could get in. But was it probable? Not really. I hadn't heard back from anyone since I sent the emails. I was probably scaring myself for no reason at all. The person who has the key has never used it in the past.

My insecure thought was that these people read the email from me while I was at the business seminar and got upset with me. My secure thought was that everyone had read the messages and decided not to reply. To be honest, at that point I just didn't know.

I knew my imagination was racing. It's one of my symptoms – being obsessive about danger, imagining things when they're not really true. Thinking like that then makes me depressed and overly suspicious.

Rather than chance going home alone, I asked one of my friends to stop over at my place for coffee after the seminar. It took a while, but I finally realized that if I truly didn't want to have this fear come up again, I'd call a locksmith in the morning and get the lock changed.

In the past:

In the past I think the fear would have kicked in sooner. I may not have even gone out that evening because I'd be afraid someone might be waiting outside

for me. If I did go out, I know I wouldn't have simply asked my friend over for coffee, I would have spilled out the entire drama, every single detail.

In a very real sense I would have been looking for someone to tell me I was right in doing what I did, even though I have my doubts that my actions were the greatest.

I've learned a valuable lesson: Just because I think something I don't have to broadcast it out in an email. I was afraid of them getting even with me because that's exactly what I was did in the email I sent out, I was getting even with someone else.

Next time I can remember that I am in complete control of my actions.

