

Holiday Life... I don't like this gift

Situation:

Yesterday's mail brought a Christmas card from my sister Maggie. Tucked inside the card was a little angel pin with a tiny ruby colored stone on it. My first reaction was, "This isn't something I would ever wear!"

Symptoms:

The thoughts continued... "Now that's a pretty poor reaction to a gift! I should be grateful. Maggie's taste and mine used to be similar. Christmas time is for good thoughts, and not liking a gift someone bought for me isn't a very nice thought." It was like I was ten years old again and my Mother was lecturing me, "It's the thought that counts." Then I wondered how many gifts I've given to other people, that they haven't liked.

Solution:

I decided to look at the situation from a sensible point of view: Not everyone likes all the gifts they receive – it's average. There are probably millions of people a year who get things they don't especially care for. So, I'm not wrong I'm average for not liking the little angel pin. I don't have to like everything. In fact, it would be exceptional for me to like every single gift I ever received. Maggie's not wrong, she's average for selecting that particular gift. I'm sure she thought it was nice, or else she wouldn't have picked it for me.

In the past:

Normally I would stash something I don't like in a drawer or a closet. I felt obliged to keep it for at least a few months. "Obliged" is part of the judgement, "I should - I should like it, I should keep it." This time because I took the time to investigate not only my thoughts but the temper (the fear & anger) I was thinking, I thought of a good solution: I could give the angel pin to the eight-year old girl next door along with the other gifts I bought for her. Her birthday is the same month as mine is. And just to keep myself from working it up any further while I was wrapping it up, I kept chanting the thought: "I'm not wrong, I'm average!" ✍