

Hospital Life... Waking me up before 7:00 a.m.

Situation:

For the past two mornings someone's come to wake me ten minutes early. Wake-up time is supposed to be 7:00. This morning I really got upset about it.

Symptoms:

Thoughts: " Why are they doing this to me? I need the extra ten minutes of sleep, don't they know that? The staff here is always rude and inconsiderate, especially to me. I don't think they like me at all."

I wanted to yell at the person to leave me alone. That I'd get up when I was ready to and not before then.

I was feeling pretty ticked off. I had an instant headache. I knew it was going to be another bad day. I just knew it.

Solution:

All of a sudden I thought, I don't have to let this one thing make it a bad day. It's one of those irritations and frustrations we're learning about. I could stop myself and think back to what I was thinking.

Getting up 10 minutes before it's time to is distressing, it's not dangerous. To me it may be upsetting, but I am safe.

I didn't need the extra sleep. It was a want, not a need – a nice to have, not a gotta have.

The staff here wasn't "always" rude and inconsiderate. That was an exaggeration. It was something I was telling myself to make them more wrong and me more right.

Staff isn't picking on just me. The fact is, there are more patients than staff, so they have to wake people up when it's getting close to seven o'clock. It would be impossible for them to be in everyone's rooms at seven o'clock on the dot.

I realized that I was also thinking about some of the other patients who wake up on their own at 6:30. I wished I could do that too, but I don't. They're not right for getting up and liking to get up early, and I'm not wrong for not waking up by myself.

In the past:

This would have been a big deal for me. I would have convinced myself that "they" were wrong and that my rights were being violated somehow. Because I



thought it was a big deal – I would have stuck with that thought. Then all day long I'd be watching out for all the other things I didn't like.

I would be mean and bitter, first to the staff and then it would spill over to everybody, even my friends or family when I talked to them on the phone.

Before I thought I had to learn to control my whole life, and I didn't know how. Now, I'm doing my best – one event at a time.

