

Hospital Life... I need my caffeine

Situation:

After class yesterday I went to get a cup of coffee and all I could find was decaffeinated. Yuck!

Symptoms:

I was thinking: "This is really stupid. This is a hospital, why can't they have the same stuff that's in the real world. I'll bet the staff gets real coffee. Some hot-shot administrator is probably doing it to save money."

Solution:

The first thing I thought of was OE – Outer Environment. The fact that there wasn't "real" coffee, the staff and the administrator are all things outside of me. I can't control them. I can control my thoughts about them. Me being and staying upset about this isn't going to make a pot of regular coffee appear on the spot, so I better do something else.

It's been hard for me to label things as trivialities. Having caffeine is important to me. But I know what they'd say in class – the caffeine isn't as important as my mental health. So this one incident is a triviality compared to my mental health. It's not worth me getting riled up about. Caffeine is a want – not a need. My mental health has to come first if I ever want to get out of this place.

I know why they do it. I watched the video explaining that caffeine is a stimulant and can interfere with meds. And I've seen things on TV too that tell people to avoid caffeine in all kinds of other conditions. So wanting caffeine is average, and not being able to have it is average too.

In the past:

I would have fumed about this to my Mom when she came to visit. I would have complain to the staff about it, every day. It would have been another "injustice" in the system.

Instead of thinking that the hospital system was doing something good for me, I would have convinced myself it was something bad.