

Healing Choices/ Diane MacKinnon, MD, ACC/ 603-577-1981

Greetings!

With spring just around the corner, I feel more energetic and enthusiastic about my coaching, among other things. I'm excited to be returning to True North Health Center to offer my workshop, Hummingbird Habits, again.

On a personal level, I've signed up for a couple of Triathlons and have started training. I was out running in the snow this morning, dreaming of warmer weather. I hope your spring is full of enthusiasm and joy, too.

Warmly,
Diane

I Am So Judgmental!

I broke a glass recently while my husband and I were cooking a big meal for my family. It was in the dishwasher that my husband loaded, and I opened the door to put a spoon in and shut the door quickly before my 14-month old nephew could get his hands on the dirty silverware. A crash sounded as I closed the door.

"Something broke," my husband said.

I opened the dishwasher and saw three glasses tipped over. One was broken. I removed what remained of it, along with the pieces, and threw them in the trash.

"You need to hook the glasses over the prongs of the rack so they don't fall over," I said to my husband. What I meant was: It's not my fault the glass broke; it's your fault.

A few minutes later, I turned to throw something out and my husband was opening a new trash bag and inserting it into the garbage can. I waited for him to finish with an eggshell in my hand.

"I had to take out the trash," he said. "I almost cut my hand on the glass."

I got his message: It was *your* fault I almost cut my hand.

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Healing Choices

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***"If you're being
dragged, let go
of the leash!"***

Free Coaching Session
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up an appt.

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"Sorry," I said, grudgingly.

Then I started to laugh. I'm not perfect and neither is my husband. Usually we are much more "evolved" than this scene shows, but we were both under a lot of stress at that moment, and regressed to bickering children.

It got me thinking about how judgmental I, and others, can be, and how often we shift blame to others rather than accept our part in whatever has happened. If we do it over such small things as a broken glass, how will we handle something really bad that happens?

I have been involved with terminal patients and too often I have seen family members spend all their energy on blaming each other instead of focusing on their dying loved one.

"You never visited her enough!"

"You never paid back that money he lent you!"

"You should have known she was sick!"

Those who are most vocal in their blame tend to be the ones who carry the most guilt. Rather than deal with their own behavior, they examine everyone else's.

I think the reason that we judge others and shift blame so much is that we have such a hard time forgiving ourselves. We are much more forgiving of others than of ourselves. We can't take on any blame because we will never let ourselves get over it.

But what if we could forgive ourselves? What if I held myself to the same standard that I hold everyone else? What if I didn't have to be perfect?

Then I could sincerely tell my husband "sorry you almost cut your hand," without having to think of myself as a terrible person who thoughtlessly leaves sharp glass around for people to cut themselves on. Then he would have felt cared for and I would have felt fine.

The dying could bask in the presence of their loved ones rather than wonder why everyone is arguing out in the hallway.

Everyone would feel better. Why don't we give it a try?

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