

Civilized Visualization or Worrying About Worrying About Having the Big One

A new study tells us we should stop worrying about worrying as if we didn't already know. It all started when some group of research pointy heads found out that worrying about paying health insurance premiums was causing people to get sick. Their conclusions were the patient was going to be sick anyway so may as well jack up the premiums.

Now we are told if one worries about having a heart attack, one more than likely will have the Big One than if one does not worry about having the Big One. So now we have a worry about a worry, if that makes sense. But of course it does.

It's simply a matter of civilized visualization. If the baseball player visualizes himself striking out, well, that most likely will be the result. We do know that in the end the survival of the fittest strategy may come down to who can worry less about worrying. Or as my good pal Clem Oakley used to say, 'it's time for some very, very hard liquor right now.'

Good old Clem, rest in peace. Clem always knew what to do when things seemed darkest. Clem knew how to deal with things like worry. Clem always saw the mug as half filled which for him meant he had just chugged the other half.

But Clem aside, one should worry a lot about having a heart attack, no? Don't you just hate to visualize all that chest clenching and pain and loss of awareness and sensitivity for others? Those having heart attacks almost always are focused on their own needs and entirely ignore the needs of others that are most likely becoming stressed as well.

So now, thanks to folks like you, we have not one but two things to worry about; 1) the Big One and 2) the worry about the Big One. As a consequence we now must spend our days thinking through all our worries and our difficulty remembering them all, which could be a plus or a minus.

Not to cheer too soon, because all this eventually causes new anxiety and probably new worry as well. You know what they say; one little worry leads right to another and nine days later out pops a brand new little baby worry crying its heart out. It's a cultural thing and an element of pride. Once you really learn how to seriously worry, amateurism simply will not do.

As a sideshow, a whole entire industry will pop up over night teaching everybody and his brother how to cope with worry; 'we don't get rid of it, we just dull the pain.' Sounds like fun. Sounds like another thing to worry about. Somehow we just can't wait to attend all those worry capacity building workshops. As a group, we have found that group worry brings us closer to each other and our common worries. We also recommend it for families with rude and crude teenagers. Talk about worry...bring me the bottle, Clem.

What this all means in the final net net is that we just have to learn to deal with more worry if we want to get the full benefits of a worry based existence. What me worry? Why not, it's good for you, no?

Well, yes and no. If one worries enough about having a heart attack, maybe one will also change one's diet and adopt an exercise plan. Or not. So the positive aspect of doing positive things that help prevent a heart attack may in fact offset the negative aspect of worrying about the big one.

So be it. But just because it is, should we worry about it? The unpopular truth is probably so. That's life. Like the jaguar in the jungle, what you worry obsessively over won't sneak up on you in the middle of the night, right? Who wants to wake up in the middle of the night having the Big One? It's enough to spoil the entire evening...

No worries for the real worry pro though, adding a worry or two presents no problem. Worries need room to expand and grow if they are to become healthy and vigorous and mesh into the melting pot of full blown anxieties and neuroses. And subsequently aid in the increased dysfunction of both individuals and tribes. What's not to like about that?

Just remember that things are never as bad as they seem and never seem as they truly are; your problems emanate solely from your peculiarly skewed perceptions. You are somewhat strange. Don't try to blame it on nature or nurture; be a real man or a real woman and simply take the blame yourself. In the long run it's less painful and certainly less confusing.

Whatever you do, don't blame me. Just remember you were told worry is us and that's all you really need to know, right? Right?

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