

Personal Growth Concepts™

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Q&A Forum - Review

Jobs Resembling Our Family of Origin

[21-Jan-2003]

Fellow Q&Aers,

I haven't sent out a Q&A since October of 2002 - and for a very good reason. During the latter part of November, as I was getting ready to send one, my laptop crashed and I lost all my email addresses. They were not in the directory I was backing up so I have been reconstructing them as best I can. Please be patient with me. I just spent 4 hours reloading email addresses (and, yes, I now know exactly where they are and am backing them up weekly!) and attempting to reconstruct the Q&A list. If you have unsubscribed from this list previously and find yourself back on it, consider rejoining. If you still want off, please notify me again (sorry) and I will remove you asap. If you find yourself on the list and don't know how you got there, decide if you want to stay on or not. If on, do nothing. If you want off, please notify me - again, via return email and you will be removed asap. If you had friends, coworkers or email buddies that you signed up or signed you up for the Q&A, please check with them to see if they received this Q&A (2003-01). If not, have them let me know and I will get them back on the list.

Also, I am continuing to look to grow the list. Please feel free to cut and paste this email to a friend and encourage them to sign up -- or just forward it to them using your email options.

Finally, some good things are happening here at Personal Growth Concepts, Inc. I have promoted Michael Abromowitz, MFT to Clinical Coordinator and Roseann Moore to Community Services Coordinator. You will be hearing more from and about them in future Q&As. Now..... onto the question.....

Q: I have heard that our jobs resemble our growing up family, with the good and the bad of that past, and we try to cope with the job much the same way as we did when we were growing up. Is this true?

A: A lot of times we find ourselves gravitating to certain jobs or occupations because they feel familiar to us. The feelings often resemble the feelings we had from childhood and we end up enmeshed in the same type of conflicts. I believe God often gives us additional chances to work through things. Another phenomenon occasionally occurs, and that is a "reaction formation," where we end up in jobs/occupations that are the exact opposite of what we left at home in our family of origin, usually equally unhealthy but in the opposite direction. Perhaps the best book I have read on this is by Janet Woititz and is entitled Home Away From Home and is currently available in my lending library. As an adult grandchild of an alcoholic, I once found myself in a job where my boss was was an ACOA and his boss was an active alcoholic, just like in my family of origin! I was grateful for my training and ability to grasp the realities of my future there and left shortly thereafter. So, yes, it can be true. Although I am sure there are exceptions, and I would stop short of declaring it a rule. I try to remember that what feels comfortable, usual or frequent is not necessarily healthy. That is an irrational belief that a lot of us need to work on changing. I wish you peace in who you are and in all that you do. John

Quote: "The time is always right to do what is right." - Martin Luther King, Jr.

Bonus Bonus Bonus

When I was a kid adults used to bore me to tears with their tedious diatribes about how hard things were when they were growing up; what with walking twenty-five miles to school every morning uphill both ways through year 'round blizzards carrying their younger siblings on their backs to their one-room schoolhouse where they maintained a straight-A average despite their full-time after-school job at the local textile mill where they worked for 35 cents an hour just to help keep their family from starving to death! And I remember promising myself that when I grew up there was no way in hell I was going to lay a bunch of crap like that on kids about how hard I had it and how easy they've got it! But....

Now that I've reached the ripe old age of 33, I can't help but look around and notice the youth of today. You've got it so easy! I mean, compared to my childhood, you live in a Utopia! And I hate to say it but you kids today, you don't know how good you've got it!

I mean, when I was a kid we didn't have the Internet--we wanted to know something, we had to go to the library and look it up ourselves! And there was no email! We had to actually write somebody a letter--with a pen!--and then you had to walk all the way across the street and put it in the mailbox and it would take like a week to get there! And there were no MP3s or Napsters! You wanted to steal music, you had to go to the record store and shoplift it yourself! Or we had to wait around all day to tape it off the radio and the DJ'd usually talk over the beginning and screw it all up! You want to hear about hardship? You couldn't just download porn! You had to bribe some homeless dude to buy you a copy of "Hustler" at the 7-11!

We didn't have fancy stuff like Call Waiting! If you were on the phone and somebody else called they got a busy signal! And we didn't have fancy Caller ID Boxes either! When the phone rang, you had no idea who it was it could be your boss, your mom, a collections agent, your drug dealer, you didn't know!!! You just had to pick it up and take your chances, mister!

And we didn't have any fancy Sony Playstation videogames with high-resolution 3-D graphics! We had the Atari! with games like "Pong" and "Asteroids" and the graphics sucked! Your guy was a little square! You had to use your imagination! And there were no multiple levels or screens, it was just one screen forever! And you could never win; the game just kept getting harder and faster until you died! Just like LIFE!

When you went to the movie theater there no such thing as stadium seating! All the seats were the same height. A tall guy sat in front of you, you were out of luck! And sure, we had cable television, but back then that was only like 10 channels and there was no onscreen menu! You had to use a little book called a TV Guide to find out what was on! And there was no Cartoon Network! You could only get cartoons on Saturday morning, and then only if your dad didn't kick you out of the house (our Dad's lived with us, too -- talk about constant yelling, and no trying to buy your affection with presents, but I digress). Do you hear what I'm saying!?! We had to wait ALL WEEK for five crummy hours of cartoons. That's exactly what I'm talking about! You kids today have got it too easy! You're spoiled, I swear to God! You guys wouldn't last five minutes back in 1982!

Bonus Bonus Bonus

One day Satan and Jesus were having a conversation. Satan had just come from the Garden of Eden, and he was gloating and boasting. Yes, sir, I just caught the world full of people down there. Set me a trap used bait I knew they couldn't resist. Got 'em all!"

"What are you going to do with them?" Jesus asked.

Satan replied, "Oh, I'm gonna have fun! I'm gonna teach them how to marry and divorce each other, how to hate and abuse each other, how to drink and smoke and curse. I'm gonna teach them how to invent guns and bombs and kill each other. I'm really gonna have fun!"

"And what will you do when you get done with them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, I'll kill 'em," Satan glared proudly.

"How much do you want for them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, you don't want those people. They ain't no good. Why, you'll take them and they'll just hate you. They'll spit on you, curse you and kill you!! You don't want those people!!"

"How much?" He asked again.

Satan looked at Jesus and sneered, "All your tears, and all your blood."

Jesus said, "DONE!" Then He paid the price.

Isn't it funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world's going to hell.

Isn't it funny how we believe what the newspapers say, but question what the Bible says.

Isn't it funny how everyone wants to go to heaven provided they do not have to believe, think, say, or do anything the Bible says. Or is it scary?

Isn't it funny how someone can say "I believe in God" but still follow Satan (who, by the way, also "believes" in God).

Isn't it funny how you can send a thousand jokes through e-mail and they spread like wildfire, but when you start sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing.

Isn't it funny how the lewd, crude, vulgar and obscene pass freely through cyberspace, but the public discussion of Jesus is suppressed in the school and workplace.

Isn't it funny how someone can be so fired up for Christ on Sunday, but be an invisible Christian the rest of the week.

Are you laughing?

Isn't it funny how when you go to forward this message, you will not send it to many on your address list because you're not sure what they believe, or what they will think of you for sending it to them. Isn't it funny how I can be more worried about what other people think of me than what God thinks of me.

Will YOU pass this on? I just did, will you...

FINAL BONUS FINAL BONUS FINAL BONUS FINAL BONUS:

Subject: Moses & Jesus

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shined his flashlight around looking for valuables, and when he picked up a VCR to place in his sack, a strange, disembodied voice echoed from the dark saying,

"Jesus is watching you."

He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight out and froze. When he heard nothing more after a bit, he shook his head, promised himself a long vacation after his next big score, then clicked the light back on and began searching for more valuables.

Just as he pulled the stereo out so he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard,

"Jesus is watching you."

Freaked out, he shined his light around frantically, looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot...

"Did you say that?" he hissed at the parrot.

"Yep," the parrot confessed, then squawked, "I'm just trying to warn you."

The burglar relaxed. "Warn me, huh? Who the heck are you?"

"Moses," replied the bird.

"Moses?" the burglar laughed. "What kind of people would name a parrot Moses?"

The bird promptly answered, "Probably the same kind of people that would name a 140 pound Rottweiler Jesus."

END OF BONUSES END OF BONUSES END OF BONUSES END OF BONUSES

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We wish you peace in who you are and in all that you do!

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