

Creatures of Habit

Author Unknown

I am a creature of habit. I need consistency. It is crucial to my mental well-being. I habitually do the same thing every weekday morning. Any deviation from the following routine will upset me and most likely: make me feel rushed, not feel confident about how I look, worried that I will be late for work, aggressive when I am driving my car, short tempered with the people who are closest to me, etc. Here we go...

The alarm on my cell phone goes off at 6:45 am. I hit the snooze button 3 times. I get out of bed at 7:05 am. I walk to my kitchen in the dark and put on coffee. I walk to my bathroom and take a shower at 7:10 am. I finish showering at 7:15 am. I return to my bedroom and say, "Lights" to give my wife the chance to cover her eyes with her pillow before I turn them on. I pick out clothes and put them on. It is 7:20 am. I put on my watch, my glasses, and my hearing aid. I check to see how much cash I have on me and put my wallet in my left back pocket. I place my phone, apartment keys, and car keys in my front left pocket. I walk back to the kitchen and pour my coffee into my travel mug. I do not eat breakfast as it tends to make me hungrier during the day. I walk to my couch and turn on Channel 2 for the morning news at 7:25 am. I sit down and take a sip of my coffee. Ahhhhhhh. The effect of the caffeine is almost instantaneous. I watch the news for 5-10 minutes depending on how far I have to walk to my car. (I live in the city and park on the street somewhere within three blocks of my apartment.). I walk back to my bedroom, hug and kiss my wife goodbye, put on my coat, walk out my door, press the elevator button, and stare intently at the numbers to see which car will arrive first. The elevator door opens. I get in. My day has begun. My routine has made me calm. I am ready to proceed to the next part of my day.

The other side of the coin...

I am a creature of habit. I woke up this morning at 3:36 am. "Albert" was screaming again. He does that when his roommate snores too loud. His roommate snores a lot. It didn't bother me too badly to be woken up that early. If I get up really early then I can go to the bathroom without someone walking in to tell me to hurry up. I don't like feeling rushed. It makes me angry. I throw things when I get angry. People say this is a "bad habit" but at least the staff know that I am angry and they help me sooner. I wish I could speak better. I wish more people understood my signs.

I would like to take a shower before work today. I hope there will be enough hot water left if people take showers before me. I hope there is time. I hope that "Fred" doesn't steal my things or break my hearing aid again when I'm in the shower. I hope that Fred doesn't try to steal my toast at breakfast. I don't like to miss breakfast. I am irritable when I'm hungry. I feel worried. I bite my finger when I get worried. People say this is a "bad habit" too.

I don't know the staff this morning. The staff doesn't know me. I wonder what happened to "Linda." She was my favorite staff. I would hug her goodbye every morning. She knew that I like regular coffee. I hope the new staff doesn't make decaffeinated coffee. I don't like it. I spit it out if

Thomas E. Pomeranz, Ed.D. • President and CEO
8126 Wellsbrook Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46278
Voice: (317) 871-2092 • Fax: (317) 871-2096 • tpomer@aol.com
www.universallifestyles.com

people try to fool me and say it is regular. I can tell people say that spitting is disgusting. Decaffeinated coffee is disgusting.

I like to look nice. I help with my laundry and fold my clothes so that they do not get wrinkled. My roommate is a pig. He throws all of his clothes in the bottom of this closet and tries to wear the same dirty clothes every day. This morning he went through all of my drawers when I was still eating breakfast and got grape jelly stains all over my favorite shirt that my mother bought me. I got very upset and threw his clothes in the toilet. Staff said, "Do not destroy other people's property." I showed them my shirt and they told me that I should have washed MY hands after breakfast. I started yelling as loud as I could. Staff did not understand me. I started jumping, screaming, and pointing at my roommate. Staff did not understand me. I punched my roommate for what he did.

Staff Standing Wrapped me. I don't understand.

I was able to calm down just before we were about to get on the van to go to work. I'm sorry I hit my roommate. I feel guilty and sad. The new staff are nice. I feel bad that I scared them. I am tired from waking up so early. I showered with cold water because I had to go 5th today. I didn't get to watch any TV this morning because we were running late. I didn't get my favorite seat on the van. I didn't hug anybody before I left. Decaf...Yuck.

I say to myself, "Tomorrow will be different."

It consistently is.



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