This last week a country song by Dierks Bentley caught my attention. He sang: “I know what I was feeling, but WHAT was I thinking?” You’ll have to listen to the song for all of the tom-foolery details, but the line reminded me of past experiences where indeed I can remember my strong emotion, but not the details of what I said or did.

Feelings are valuable. They’re like the notes on the piano – each sound gives our life variety, richness and depth. But played without the rules of music theory, discipline and practice, random pounding on the piano makes the dog run from the room. The practice of pausing between a feeling and the action is worth the effort. Our musical refrain can then be: “I know what I was feeling and I’m proud of how I responded.” (Or the country song version might be: “My truck, my dog, and my girl are in sweet harmony!”)

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