

The Grudge

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By Tammy Miser

Words and how people use them often play around in my head. Someone asked me if I held a grudge since my brother's death. I did have to think about it for a while before I answered, my answer was a conclusive "no". Their response was "How are you able to say that when you get angry, lash out and spend so much time on the web site and talking to others." Of course this point's out none of my good qualities, such as the cookie crumbles.

First we have to dissect the words grudge and grievance. A grudge is deep-seated, a feeling of resentment or hatred. This is something that you or others bear and/or give and is an emotion derived from detestation. Grievance is a cause for complaint or protest; be it actual or theoretical circumstance and is based on an injustice or having been wronged. This is more of a moral emotion derived from love of yourself and or others and something you mostly bare as a form of grieving. Just an added note, one may turn into the other.

My latest bout with the grudge was a flooring job we had in our home. We decided we wanted to get some new flooring. We checked around and found we could get it done cheaper than we could do so ourselves, so off to our encounter from hell. They scheduled a date for our new flooring and in plenty of time before the holidays. We were so excited, explained they had no need to worry about the furniture we would remove all of it before they arrived and we paid them in full before we left.

The day they scheduled to start our job my husband had a root canal and I myself had to work so we left our home unlocked for their conveyance. My husband arrived at our home before I did only to discover they were ripping up the wrong room and not only was it the wrong room but a room we stored much of our moved furniture. As he walked through the room he discovered they had ripped two items down he had bolted to the wall one leaving a huge hold in the wall and the other ripping the back off of the item. The items that they removed from that room were placed in the garage, some it was busted and the rest covered in sawdust. I think my husband was in shock because he called me before confronting them. I personally felt he was exaggerating because he tends to do so, however when I returned I was in tears.

If you think this is the end of the story it is only the beginning. One of the toilets was not sealed properly so it has the flooring in the bathroom. They left our heat pump piping out of the drain causing it to flood under all the lower level flooring and buckle it. The stairs were truly atrocious it was not properly installed, as the rest of the flooring. On top of it all they cut off the stairs and other sections of the home causing huge gaps they cannot be fixed.

We did contact All About Carpet and he said he would come and check it out. He sent out someone who had no clue what was going on and no authority. So again we waited for him to show only to get another with no clue. The third time is the charm and what were we thinking he was a no show land wouldn't return calls.

We contemplated our next step. It wasn't really enough money to take it to court and they knew that. We decided to post it on ripoff.com, my old Cleaning website with

photos, wrote Shaw, turned them in to the BBB, and finally ran an ad in the paper with photos for about a month all of which brought about no response. By this time I was really ticked, my thoughts were picket, get signs made and line the streets with them, put magnetic signs on my car, go in and give them a real good piece of my mind but my husband wasn't going for it.

I had a real grievance they ripped me off and it showed my dim-wittedness for giving them payment in full before the job was finished. When I look back the thought that kept coming to mind was: I had a business and would never treat a customer like that, I went out of my way to make them happy and I would never want my name ran through the ringer. Why? Because I took pride in my work and the work I represented and would never entertain the idea of ripping someone off. So in essence; I was going back to my childhood and pointing out "That's not fair". I was resentful and had a bruised pride. I thought many unmentionable things about this man and his business as I strived to wipe out my source of pain. Not only did I want to settle the score but beat him at his own game, after all none of us want to be losers. I had this concentrated motivation propelled by hate directed upon this individual and their actions.

Holding a grudge never gets easier, we can never get a grip on it. It brings to mind Ally (my dog), chasing her tail. Ally runs after the hairy little pest; sometimes even getting a handle on it but ultimately she never wins. Ally just retires to her bed, unfulfilled, out of energy, still peering at her downed tail and contemplating on the next time. Grudges leave us with a feeling of indifference, fatigued and completely defeated all of which leaves us stressed.

The stress we inherit from a grudge wreaks havoc on our physical and mental state. It can result in feelings of distrust, rejection, anger, and depression, which in turn can lead to health problems such as headaches, rashes, upset stomach, ulcers, insomnia, high blood pressure, heart disease, and stroke.

There is a very simple solution, just do not focus on it and let it go! If you cannot come to an understanding with the association and circumstance then come to terms with yourself. You will then be able to move on by freeing up much needed time and energy for the better things in life.