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Accepting myself

Why we should learn to love and forgive ourselves in order to be happy

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Over what was a minor disagreement in terms of miscommunication with a person who I assumed was close to me, he decided to completely disengage with me. I was hurt and rationalised the pain by telling myself I was sensitive. A friend wisened me when he told me, "I was being touchy not sensitive". He added that I seemed to be giving greater consideration to my friend's apparent disengagement with me, than giving myself credit for being faulted unfairly.



What my friend said, suggested to me that because I was perhaps unaccepting of myself, I was being oversensitive to what I construed as rejection of me. I realised that similarly because of my non-acceptance of me, I plague myself with self-doubt when I imagine I commit a mistake.

I also, again because of my non-acceptance of me, seek love and approval when not forthcoming from someone I want it badly from, to make me feel complete. Worse still, I see myself sometimes becoming aggressive and want to prove my point when I am unaccepting of myself.

I seem to believe that self-acceptance is a sign of hopelessness and diminishes my self-esteem, which is perhaps incorrect. This awakening I attribute completely to a beggar I encountered a few days ago, who when refused alms by the driver of the car in front of mine, simply told him, "It does not matter if you do not reward me, someone else will." The beggar apparently took the refusal to give him alms as a rejection of his request and not of him as a person. Thus his self-esteem remained unaffected. Truth I cannot deny.

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