

An agitated patient was stomping around the psychiatrist's office, running his hands through his hair, almost in tears. "Doctor, my memory's gone. Gone! I can't remember my wife's name. Can't remember my children's names. Can't remember what kind of car I drive. Can't remember where I work. It was all I could do to find my way here."

"Calm down. How long have you been like this?"

"Like what?"

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Stress Management

Picture yourself near a stream.
Birds are chirping in the crisp, cool mountain air.
Nothing can bother you here.
No one knows this secret place.
You are in total seclusion from that place called "the world".
The soothing sound of a gentle waterfall fills the air with a cascade of serenity.
The water is so clear that you can easily make out the face of the person whose head you are holding under the water.

There, now ... feeling better?

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Prayers Of The Stress Impaired

Lord, help me to relax about insignificant details beginning tomorrow at 7:41:23 am EST

God, help me to consider people's feelings, even if most of them ARE hypersensitive.

God, help me to take responsibility for my own actions, even though they're usually NOT my fault.

God, help me to not try to RUN everything.
But, if You need some help, please feel free to ASK me!

Lord, help me to be more laid back - and help me to do it EXACTLY right.

God help me to take things more seriously, especially laughter, parties, and dancing.

God, give me patience - and I mean right NOW!

Lord, help me not be a perfectionist (Did I spell that correctly?)

God, help me to finish everything I start

God, help me to keep my mind on one thing - Looking at a bird - in a time.

God, help me to do only what I can, and trust you for the rest.
And would you mind putting that in writing?

Lord, keep me open to others' ideas, WRONG though they may be.

Lord, help me be less independent, but let me do it my way.

Lord, help me follow established procedures today.
On second thought, I'll settle for a few minutes.

Lord, help me slow down and not rush through what I do.
***Amen**

The senior house doctor is doing his weekly rounds at the nursing home. He conducts a memory test with 3 elderly residents. The doctor says to the first resident "What's 3 times 3?"

"274" was the reply.

Turning to the next resident, he also asks "What's 3 times 3?"

"Tuesday" replies the second resident.

Turning to the third and final resident, the Doctor says "OK, your turn, What's 3 times 3?"

"9" says the third elderly resident

Startled, the doctor says: "Excellent, how did you come to that?"

"Simple" replies the resident, "I subtracted 274 from Tuesday"

After hearing that one of the patients in a mental hospital had saved another from a suicide attempt by pulling him out of a bathtub, the director reviewed the rescuer's file and called him into his office. "Mr. James, your records and your heroic behavior indicate that you're ready to go home." he said. "I'm only sorry that the man you saved later killed himself with a rope around the neck."

"Oh, he didn't kill himself," Mr. James replied. "I just hung him up to dry."

Aspiring psychiatrists were attending their first class on emotional extremes. "Just to establish some parameters," said the professor, to the student from Arkansas, "What is the opposite of joy?"

"Sadness," said the student.

"And the opposite of depression?" he asked of the young lady from Oklahoma.

"Elation," she responded.

"And you sir," he said to the young man from Texas, "how about the opposite of woe?"

The Texan replied, "Sir, I believe that would be giddy-up."

Bob went to a psychiatrist. "Doc," he said, "I've got trouble. Every time I get into bed, I think there's somebody under it. I get under the bed, I think there's somebody on top of it. Top, under, top, under...you gotta help me, I'm going crazy!"

"Just put yourself in my hands for one year," said the shrink. "Come to me three times a week, and I'll cure your fears."

"How much do you charge?"

"A hundred dollars per visit."

"I'll sleep on it," said Bob.

Six months later the doctor met Bob on the street. "Why didn't you ever come to see me again?" asked the psychiatrist.

"For a hundred bucks a visit? A bartender cured me for ten dollars."

"Is that so! How?"

"He told me to cut the legs off the bed!"

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Answering Machine At A Mental Hospital

"Hello, and welcome to the mental health hotline,"

If you are obsessive-compulsive, press 1 repeatedly.

If you are codependent, please ask someone to press 2 for you.

If you have multiple personalities, press 3, 4, 5, and 6.

If you are paranoid, we know who you are and what you want. Stay on the line so we can trace your call.

If you are delusional, press 7 and your call will be transferred to the mother ship.

If you are schizophrenic, listen carefully and a small voice will tell you which number to press.

If you are a manic-depressive, it doesn't matter which number you press, no one will answer.

If you are dyslexic, press 9696969696969696.

If you have a nervous disorder, please fidget with the pound key until a representative comes on the line.

If you have amnesia, press 8 and state your name, address, telephone number, date of birth, social security number, and your mother's maiden name.

If you have post-traumatic stress disorder, s-l-o-w-l-y & c-a-r-e-f-u-l-l-y press 0 0 0.

If you have bipolar disorder, please leave a message after the beep or before the beep or after the beep. Please wait for the beep.

If you have short-term memory loss, press 9. If you have short-term memory loss, press 9. If you have short-term memory loss, press 9.

If you have low self-esteem, please hang up. All operators are too busy to talk to you.

If you are blonde don't press any buttons, you'll just screw it up.

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Statistics on sanity say that 1 of every 4 Americans is suffering from some form of mental illness. Think of your 3 best friends. If they are okay, then it's you.

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A guy goes to a psychiatrist. "Doc, I keep having these alternating recurring dreams. First I'm a tepee; then I'm a wigwam; then I'm a tepee; then I'm a wigwam. It's driving me crazy. What's wrong with me?" The doctor replies: "It's very simple. You're two tents."

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A man goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Doc, my brother's crazy, he thinks he's a chicken." The doctor says, "Why don't you turn him in?" The guy says, "We would. But we need the eggs."

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There's a new 12 step program for compulsive talkers: *onandonanon*

...which is like the 1 for parents of dyslexics: Mothers Against Dyslexia (DAM)