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# Afraid to Admit

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The underground truth that we can't face  
will always dictate our behavior.

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## What Are You Afraid To Admit?

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Mick was disgruntled and needed to hear himself think. He buzzed Carol on the intercom and asked her if she could come in for a moment. Carol knew the routine, Mick thinks best when his lips are moving and today he was especially in need of some lip smacking thinking. “Carol,” Mick started talking before she had a chance to break the threshold of the door jam, “why doesn’t Darek like me?”

The question caught Carol off guard. She was about to make a sound when Mick corrected his words, “that’s not what I meant. I mean, why doesn’t Darek know that I care about him and that he can trust me?” Carol, ever the effective listener knew exactly what was going on and made sure she handled this situation properly.

“I leave him thoughtful messages when his department hits their goals. I take him golfing, to lunch, and even buy his wife flowers and have them delivered to his desk. What am I doing wrong,” he looked at Carol with a helpless but pitiful feature that bespoke the underground truth that Mick didn’t want to face. Carol knew all too well what was going on.

Mick wasn’t finished thinking and without giving Carol a chance to respond he continued, “I don’t send you flowers.”

“You’re right, you don’t,” she confirmed and then added, “nor do you send flowers to your wife.”

“Right, but she doesn’t get upset and she knows that I care for her,” he said gazing out the window.

“How do you know that?”

“What,” he asked?

“That your wife doesn’t get upset about never getting flowers?”

“You mean she does,” he genuinely looked surprised.

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“Have you asked her or are you giving way to your assumptions,” Carol articulated?

“Ok, bad example. What about you, I don’t take you golfing and it doesn’t seem to bother you, right,” his looked cracked Carol up. “You know I care about you. Heck, I don’t take you to lunch either, do I?”

“Not very often, at least,” she replied.

“So why is it so difficult for me to connect with Darek and why does it seem so easy with you,” Mick was slowing down. Carol knew he was ready.

“Mick,” she looked straight into his soul, “do you care about me?”

“Absolutely, you know that!”

“Yes, I do. When my son was hospitalized you set up a nerf basketball hoop on his hospital bed and you visited him often during his stay. You gave me time off with pay and I didn’t have to ask for it. You don’t have to send me flowers, take me to lunch, or golfing because you really do care about me.” Carol paused...

“Look into your heart Mick, how do you feel about Darek?” Carol was quiet. Mick became pensive; the room became silent except for Mozart’s Magic Flute floating through the room as Mick and Carol sat in reflective thought. Mick’s head kept shaking back and forth as though he was fighting an inner war.

“What are you afraid of Mick,” Carol broke the silence.

### ***What are you afraid of?***

Mick took a deep breath, “I guess I’m afraid to admit that I’m still angry at Darek over the Martinson’s account.”

“When will you let it go?”

“I don’t know if I can.”

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Carol took deep breath and summarized their short discussion, “Mick, when you are ready to forgive Darek for something you admit wasn’t his fault, only then will you finally give permission for Darek to feel safe around you again. He doesn’t think you like him because you don’t.” Mick dropped his head.

“Anything else boss,” Carol asked? Mick smiled and thanked Carol.

No amount of effort or learned behavior can mask the smell of anger, unmet expectations, distrust, disappointment, or frustration. Your ‘Way of Being’ speaks louder than words; it’s who you are inside. Learning to be aware of your underground truth and giving them permission to surface will empower you to improve.

What you resist persists. Mick’s anger has got ahold of him and until he faces it head on, he will be a servant to than anger.