

Salami Therapy

Ever had one of those situations that kinda bugs you and you just can't seem to shake it unless you voice your opinion about it? I get them all the time, frankly, and I'm sure it has more to do with my personality than it does things going awry all around me. But that's a subject for a completely different commentary.

The other day I was at my local grocery store and wanted to pick up a couple of sticks of salami. I have a favorite brand and, unfortunately, they were out of stock. I kindly asked the service person about it and she assured me she would put it on her order list and have them in the following week.

Week two and no salami. I asked again (perhaps not as kindly) about it and she assured me she would put it on her order list and have them in the following week.

Week three....you see where I'm going with this, don't you. So here comes the nagging compulsion to voice my concern. I email the general office and explain my situation—rather sheepishly I might add—since we're only talking about some friggin' sticks of salami.

I receive an email back several days later and the general manager was quite self-assured, told me he spoke with the store manager, and they now have them in stock.

I stopped by after work the next day to pick up my beloved salt/fat infused piece of cholesterol meat product and, lo and behold, they don't have it. She was quite friendly, though, when she offered to put it on her order list and have them in the following week.

At that point I asked to speak to the manager...the same one the general manager had referred to in the email. She stated he had been transferred out of that location three months ago. I whipped out my copy of the email (yes, I know what an anal-retentive thing that is that I even thought to bring it with me) and showed her what the general manager had told me just two days prior.

After fuming home I sat in my office and reflected: Am I really all worked up over a couple sticks of salami? Really? Really?

Then the epiphany hit: God is totally cracking up over this. Not that I was out of my beloved salami, but that I needed to learn how to take things that hit me emotionally and prioritize their importance. I am now ashamed at what degree this situation permeated my being. I have been saved by grace in order to spend eternity with my God and Savior. Sure, I'm only human (still) and life is full of irritating things, but I need to focus on my true self-worth. I am loved, and I get to love my Lord forever. Kinda makes my salami debacle seem awfully petty, huh? So I will take my Salami Therapy to heart with a renewed insight and thank the Lord that He can use anything....and I do mean anything, to bring me to my senses and closer to Him.

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