It originally came from <u>an answer from Katie Scott on Quora</u> to the question "Has a therapist ever told you something completely unexpected?"

It reads:

"When I was at one of my lowest (mental) points in life, I couldn't get out of bed some days. I had no energy or motivation and was barely getting by.

I had therapy once per week, and in this particular week I didn't have much to 'bring' to the session. He asked how my week was and I really had nothing to say.

'What are you struggling with?' he asked.

I gestured around me and said 'I dunno man. Life.'

Not satisfied with my answer, he said 'No, what exactly are you worried about right now? What feels overwhelming? When you go home after this session, what issue will be staring at you?'

I knew the answer, but it was so ridiculous that I didn't want to say it. I wanted to have something more substantial. Something more profound.

But I didn't.

So I told him, 'Honestly? The dishes. It's stupid, I know, but the more I look at them the more I CAN'T do them because I'll have to scrub them before I put them in the dishwasher, because the dishwasher sucks, and I just can't stand and scrub the dishes.'

I felt like an idiot even saying it. What kind of grown ass woman is undone by a stack of dishes? There are people out there with *actual* problems, and I'm whining to my therapist about dishes?

But he nodded in understanding and then said:

'Run the dishwasher twice.'

I began to tell him that you're not supposed to, but he stopped me.

'Why aren't you supposed to? If you don't want to scrub the dishes and your dishwasher sucks, run it twice. Run it three times, who cares?! There are no "rules" around this kind of thing."

It blew my mind in a way that I don't think I can properly express.

That day, I went home and tossed my smelly dishes haphazardly into the dishwasher and ran it three times.

I felt like I had conquered a dragon.

The next day, I took a shower lying down.

A few days later. I folded my laundry and put it wherever it would fit.

There were no longer arbitrary rules I had to follow, and it gave me the freedom to make accomplishments again.

Now that I'm in a healthier place, I rinse off my dishes and put them in the dishwasher properly. I shower standing up. I sort my laundry.

But at a time when living was a struggle instead of a blessing, I learned an incredibly important lesson:

There are no rules here.

Run the dishwasher twice."

Take care of yourself, forgive yourself, and take life day by day!