

Being the Mom is Hard

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I had lots of reasons why being a mom is hard but they all seem to slip my mind as I put my baby to bed tonight. Even though I don't remember all my reasons, I still remember that it's hard. Cooking, cleaning, feeding, washing, scrubbing, loving, refereeing, playing, shopping, organizing, teaching, learning, and the list goes on. It's hard to be the kind of mom that I would like to be with all the pressure that I feel to do everything I need to do. Right now, my life is about as busy as I could imagine it being, but I am loving it. I get stressed out and get grumpy, but after a moment or two (or twenty) to myself I feel better. I look back before I had Whitney and was homeschooling the girls and had a bigger house to organize and clean and wonder what I did with all that time I had. I must have wasted it because I don't remember much of what I did. Ok, I know, I'm rambling. I guess I should go to bed. Tomorrow is another day.