

## ***A Working Mother's Cry . .***

*We will call her Carla. She is typical of so many mom's who go to work every day, not because they want to, but because of necessity. These are women who many times appear to those around them to "have it all together", but. . . My heart identifies with this cry.*

10/29/04

### ***Is there life on this planet???!?***



It's the one question I have every night as I'm drifting between being awake and falling asleep.

Ironic, because all day long people ask me "how are you?" And I respond with a big bright smile, "fine, how are you?" Like we care.

We're too busy to care, that's the sad truth. Too consumed with our own lives and problems.

I'm guilty. I hit the floor running every morning at 5:15 a.m. , rush to get myself ready, do the kids lunches, then grab a cup of coffee as I head for their bedrooms to wake them up . . . One by one, those little eyes open and I can see in their faces the comfort they feel to see my face... those blurry eyed smiles, I'll always see them in my mind's eye. These are the people I live for, the people I get up everyday for, and work for.

. . . Though lately, I've noticed some changes. . . They're growing up. I'm not surprised, I expected that. What I didn't expect is to find that these little people that I once influenced in every way are now influenced by others and I feel so powerless. It's something I can't see or feel or touch, but I see the difference in my children. I feel so guilty for not being able to reach inside their little hearts and minds and fix everything. You see, I used to be able to do that for them.... At one time I could fix anything that ailed them. A hug, a kiss, a Band-Aid, a cookie.... I had it all! I miss those days. I felt in control.

. . . Things are so difficult, I have to be mom, dad, psychic, counselor, friend. Hard to know which hat to put on sometimes.

. . . Not to mention, ME! What about me? where did *I* go in all of this? Who's taking care of me? I guess that's one more thing I *need* to do, but that will be the first thing dropped from my "to do" list... ME.

But I feel so lost, so alone, lonely and I don't know how to make myself feel better. It's strange, when someone asked me what I like I found myself saying a bunch of things and then realized, "I don't like any of those things! Those are the things my husband likes and things my kids like. I enjoy doing those things with them, but I would never do them on my own."

Truthfully, I don't know what I *would* do if I had the opportunity to do whatever I wanted. I would probably sit on the couch in shock. After a while I would get up and start picking up dirty socks, toys,

video games, car magazines and old newspapers. . .

Then I give myself a dose of tough love and say "you made your bed, now lay in it".. and sometimes I cry: actually a lot of times I cry.

. . .Every day I sit outside my oldest son's school waiting for him, and as I sit in my car the tears just start rolling down my face. Sometimes I don ' t even know why really, but sometimes I just want so much for someone to say "Hey, how are you?" and mean it. Someone to say,"Sit back, relax, I got this." I would tell them, "I'm lonely, I ' m tired of being tired, I feel guilt over things I don't even know why I feel guilt over. I feel empty inside, like a shell."

Those times when I stop and am still, I feel flooded with so many different feelings, I don't know what to do with all of them. Furthermore, I don't have time for those feelings. There's homework, and dinner and cleaning and laundry, bath time, fights to settle, parent teacher meetings and that's all between 4:30pm and bedtime, which for the kids is around 9:30 and mine hopefully not later than 10:30 . I try to push all of my feelings down deep inside because, if I dwell on them I can't take care of others, and that's my job, right?!

. . .Is there life on this planet? *I don't know... most of the time I question if there's any in me.*

