

Kicking My Pride To The Curb

I absolutely love having my “stuff” together.

Dishes maintained. Counters cleaned off. Kids bathed regularly. Laundry folded and in drawers (see how I added the “in drawers” part, that’s the tricky part right there). Floors swept/mopped/vacuumed. Dinners planned out for the week; with the ingredients actually in the house. Homework done each day. Being caught up with friends. Having my material ready ahead of time for Bible Study and Youth Group. Doctor appointments not only scheduled, but saved in my phone so I don’t forget them. Bills paid and budget maintained. Date time planned with Thad. The list goes on (seriously, I have a list. It goes on much longer than this)

Part of enjoying being a parent has dwindled down to kicking my pride to the curb. Allowing people to help and allowing for certain tasks to be undone in favor of time well spent with my family. As I’m writing this my boys are building a road out of blocks so they can race their cars. Rori is successfully destroying the road. The dishwasher needs to be unloaded, and the toy room leaked out into the living room.

I purposefully moved my laptop to the dining room this afternoon so that I could be present with them. I’ve stepped away from my work 15+ times so far, and I’m sure there will be more interruptions before this gets published.

This kind of stuff used to drive me insane inside. Those voices inside would sarcastically say, “I thought YOU decided to be a stay-at-home mom. Weren’t YOU the one who wanted this life? How is it that when you worked full-time the house never looked this messy?”

This week in particular I had to allow friends to come over and hang out with my kids so that certain things could be

accomplished by their deadlines. My mother-in-law even did a load of my dishes last night. This is so humbling for me. My pride says not to accept help, not to need anyone, and more importantly that if they help, they have to do it my way. I'm learning to throw away that kind of thinking.

I'll never forget the time my sister-in-law came over and thought she'd be nice and wash my sponges in the dishwasher for me. I had never done this. I just use the sponge until it's gross, then throw it away. It was so hard for me to say thank you, and I felt like a complete snob for not embracing someone else's way of helping me.

My encouragement for you is this. Kick that pride to the curb, whatever it is invested in. Let people help you, just as you love to help others. Say thank you even if it wasn't done your way.

In the same way, don't allow your version of having your "stuff" together become an ultimatum. Meaning, if you did your best and the dishes still aren't caught up, or the floors didn't get mopped, let it be. You can still call it a good day. Your version of a good life in your head should never control your feelings on the outside. Laugh a little at the messes, roll with the change in plans and kick the pride to the curb!

Update on my interruptions. Add in 1 diaper change, 3 brother disputes resolved, 2 owies that needed to be kissed and 1 time settling who *really* won in the race.