Seeing the Forest for the Trees...

I cannot control it all — I can barely make myself remember I am human and not superhuman.

October 22, 2018 By Lisa Vento Nielsen

I have to say I am so very lucky. And surprised oftentimes of how things work out for the best, without planning it to do so.

I was struggling earlier this month and late September, too. I dreaded October without realizing it — this month, this big month where everything everywhere is about breast cancer (but only ONE DAY about the kind that kills — metastatic breast cancer — smdh)… I had a lot of balls to juggle this month and the recognition that, again, I am not who I was in terms of being able to run, run, run all day long and not take care of me.

But it is so easy to slip into that, without thinking. That need to be all doing, all controlling — the spaces taken up by those who would/could help long gone, as "You are ok now." Even though, now, I am not quite ok — do not think I ever will be able to do what I used to do without ceasing, without caring, without thinking of myself and yet, it is what I have been doing to get by each day of increasingly frenetic activity or running to games, to practice, to appointments — from one "crisis" per child to another (nothing hideous, but trying nonetheless).

And the back of my mind thinking, "I need to write. I need to advocate. I need to use this platform to share my story, to help others, to do more…" but also knowing that I was kind of burned out for a few weeks and attempting to regain my equilibrium is not as easy as it once was.

In my house, there is one person who does it all — like you other mamas/sisters/daughters reading this, it is me. I am in charge of keeping the house clean (despite its and the fellow residents' absolute refusal to help/keep it clean), the cooking, the shopping, the kids (just in general from reminding its shower time to helping with homework to planning weekends and doctors and such not) and also hubby who (God bless him) cannot plan for anything anytime — and when I sit him down to go over the week or the weekend's plans, or ask him to help or what have you, he asks for a list, as though I have a list — it is just everything and do what you can.

And of course there is my budget — my woefully, depressing, anemic budget — and the bills that need to be paid and my happiness in having some clients but knowing it is not enough — yet — and that I do not see how I can take more on because now, right now, is when I have drawn the line in the sand.

I stopped taking care of me sometime around 3 months ago — maybe more. I became stretched

WAY too thin and forgetting how I need to try to take care of me, to respect my body more, to give myself time to rest — but how? Every day is something else — every week is slammed with appointments, events, things to do and weekends are even worse.

I am still trying to work this out but I know it will involve getting more rest, planning less, and just letting some chips fall where they may. I cannot control it all — I can barely control my body to get myself to sleep well or to have these moments where I remember I am human and not superhuman — that I need to get these kids to have chores and to actually do them, that if my husband needs a list, I need to get him that list, that I need to remember that rest is never a bad thing and I can never get enough of it. And the bills, the budget — f@ck it. It means nothing compared to health and wellness. Sometimes, I forget — even I, the poster child for what is something really bad that can happen if you let stress and running like a lunatic be your life…

Nameste, Life — time to play it on my terms. Who's in? And who can help me figure it out?

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