

Every day this week I've come home absolutely exhausted. Just mentally spent. Wake up-work-dinner-bedtime-struggle to stay awake long enough to spend time with the husband-pass out.

What kind of existence is that?

Time and Money. Oh the things I could accomplish if I had more of both. The house is falling down around my ears, at least it feels like it. Yesterday I got home and after calming down Jaden (who was tripped by the cat which ruined her good mood) and getting her out of her dance clothes and Jonas out of his soaking wet clothes (he spit up cookies—yes COOKIES—at the dance studio all over himself and me) and me out of my disgusting clothes, I made my way into the kitchen and opened the dishwasher to unload the clean dishes. Only they weren't clean because the top sprayer thing of the stupid machine doesn't spray anymore, it would seem.

Call me spoiled (please go ahead, I dare you) but I rely on that dishwasher. I hate washing dishes with every fiber of my chore hating being. If I don't have a working dish washer I WON'T DO THE DISHES. I will hand wash no more than the pots and pans that specifically say "do not put in dishwasher, you lazy woman". You can imagine how fast dishes pile up with four people who have the nerve to cook and eat their own food.

Instead of doing the dishes, I closed the door of the ½-useless machine and posted this tweet:



Who wants to clean my kitchen? I can pay that person in hugs and kisses and good karma.

about 18 hours ago from twidroid

You should've seen my face as I typed it into my phone: I was the saddest lump of uselessness one has ever seen. I meant every word of that offer: all I could afford to pay someone to clean my kitchen was hugs and kisses.

I ignored the dishes and fed Jonas before putting the cranky boy to bed.

Jaden finished her left over spinach-mashed potatoes and I put in the Powerpuff Girls DVD for her.

Then I sat on the dining room chair and stared at the kitchen. Thought about the bathroom. Thought about the laundry. Thought about the kitchen floor.

Thought about the bank account(s).

Thought about the snack of (100 Calorie Snack Pack) cookies MIL gave Jonas at the dance studio.

Thought about the Twinkies(?!) both my kids and my niece and nephew had after lunch. After the cheetos they'd had *with* lunch.

Thought about the costume deposit and the "room fund" donation both due this week.

Thought about the vacation fund I have yet to contribute to.

Thought about my husband's work stress.

Thought about my friends.

Thought about my family.

And did everything in my power not to scream at the top of my lungs as I sat in that chair staring at the pile of dishes.

Matt came in from picking up a Papa Murphy's pizza and put it in the oven. "You tired, baby?"

I nodded but didn't elaborate. Instead I stood up and opened the dishwasher again, cursing it with words I would never say in front of the kids.

Matt took my hand away from the dishes and pulled me towards him into a hug.

I still couldn't let it out.

It wasn't until hours later, after the dishes were done (Matt hand washed most of them after we both loaded the bottom rack of The Machine) and the kids were in bed and I'd added roughly 20 more movies to the Netflix queue, when I was laying in bed chatting with a friend on my phone that it all came pouring out in silent tears. My brain couldn't keep quiet anymore and I inwardly screamed: when did I lose control over every single thing in my life? And how did it happen all at once?

Money: HA! There is no money. Not even going to bother elaborating on that one.

House cleaning: my list is a mile long and I have no idea how to clean the, what is that stuff in the cracks of the shower tile? Is that "mildew"? Whatever it is, I don't know how to clean it. And hey, those curtains could use some cleaning. The windows? How can we even see through them? I've washed the inside of them ONCE since moving in over a year ago. The dryer is gross and covered in Matt's whiskers which is a complete mystery to me as he shaves upstairs in the main bathroom and I would think the lint trap in either the washing machine or the dryer would catch them. AND THAT'S JUST THE ODD RANDOM CRAP! Nevermind the above mentioned rooms at large and the Summer Threw Up All Over state of the Garage.

Child Raising I: I miss my kids all the damn time. When I finally get to be with them, all of the other things (feeding, cleaning) take over and.....Last night while Matt and I were eating our pizza Jaden called from the living room for someone to come sit with her because she was all alone. My heart broke a little but instead of running to her, I finished eating my pizza. Slowly. Promising I'd be right there as soon as I was done eating. And I was and we cuddled and then we did bed time where I talked in funny voices and she laughed and said I was goofy. And it was wonderful. On the weekends, we have two full days of laughing and goofing and I can sit down with both kids and teach them all about the world around them and lalala happy times! In theory. But "Hello, Cleaning and Other Crap Taking Over! I've missed you!"

Child Raising II: The hardest and most gut-wrenching part of being a modern day parent, regardless if you work from home or outside of the home: the majority of your children's time will be spent in the care of another person: daycare provider or teacher. You will give them your little list of requirements and wishes ("Timmy needs two naps a day and could you not give him fruit swimming in corn syrup? And tv? Could you turn it off, maybe, in the afternoons?") then leave and hope they will follow that list. Deep down, however, all you can do is hope. Because, really? Who's to stop them from giving them twinkies and cheetos when they're 12 months old or 4 years old? And when that person is a person you love like your own mother and who is the mother of the love of your life? And that person is giving you virtually free child care? And you've talked to this person again and again and you know she's tired and you know she's hurting but oh my god, really? TWINKIES?

Deep Breath.

This weekend Matt is going camping with his best friend and I'll be hanging out at home with my best friend. We will both use this time to reset. I've already created a list for the weekend. It's not a big list and it includes "shower" but it's a good list and it will give me the sense of control I so desperately need in order to feel somewhat anchored and involved in my life and my family's. I'm very much looking forward to this.

Wish me luck.