



Hello!

Motherhood is wonderful. Because of my children I have experienced more joy, more laughter, more love, and more wonder than I ever thought possible. I have also experienced such frustration, despondency, fatigue and assaults on my sanity that at one point I wondered if parenthood should be banned under Common Article 3 of the Geneva Convention on the grounds that it constitutes torture. In short, it is one tough gig.

I look back now on all the ideas I had before I had children and can reach only one, inescapable conclusion: I was a moron. I'd read all the baby books, thought long and hard about it, formulated my parenting philosophy and waited until I was "ready." However, the truth of what it means to be a parent only reveals itself when you become a parent. Good Lord, how can you be ready for something you've never experienced? How can you be equipped to do a job that offers no training, no pay, no holidays and no sick leave? And yet, fool that I was, I was convinced that I would handle it all with a sense of organisation and poise.

Yeah, that did not work out. To give you an example of how masterfully I have coped with motherhood let me recount the day that, while trying to apprehend a wayward toddler at a bowling alley, I crossed the line. You know the one: that magical line that you are not supposed to step across while bowling. Long story short, while the child who had only been walking vertically for a few months sprinted off with all the agility of Usain Bolt, I hit that highly polished, super-slick surface and became airborne. I landed with an ungainly thud on my ass and lost one of my bowling shoes which careened down the lane and hit the pins. They later found it mangled in the ball-return mechanism. For all of that, I didn't even get a strike. I did, however, get a lecture from a spotty seventeen-year-old on the importance of the magical line and why it should not be crossed. Oddly enough, as I stood there rubbing my throbbing buttocks, I'd already figured that out.



I'd like to tell you that that incident is unique in my experience as a parent. I would like to, but I can't. I have landed on my ass (literally and figuratively) more times than I can count. But that's parenting for you. It's trial and error and getting it wrong and waking up the next day and trying again. It is wonderful and terrible and I wouldn't trade it for the world.

In short I understand what you're going through and so I will share a series of writings that I scribbled down years ago when my children were young and I, quite frankly, was bat-crap crazy.

I hope to see you in two weeks time for the next instalment of "Memoirs of a Frazzled Mum." Until then, get the kids tucked into bed, ignore the mess in your house, take the phone off the hook and settle down with a nice glass of wine -- you've earned it.