

Parenting... Life In The Fast Lane

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There will come a day when you look around and have no idea how you ended up where you are. It's one of those days that starts out with an endless to-do list and ends with an intense game of "let's retrace our steps-back to town- because brother lost his lovie and won't stop screaming until we find it." It's that day where if something can go wrong or get lost or forgotten, it will.

Lately it seems as though my cerebral cortex has taken an early summer holiday leaving my family with a woman who may not remember to pack a snack for camp or turn the oven on to cook the meatloaf.

Our days are packed with music lessons, swim lessons, baseball practice, play dates and now that summer break is here, birthday party mania. Let's not forget that mom and dad have to make a living too. We are so busy in fact I have had to resort to carrying around a separate list for each child just to keep track of everyone's agenda. That list continues to grow with each passing hour.

With Each new item added I know I'm losing valuable information like identifying my children's blood type and replacing it with "baked goods for fundraiser due on Friday." I'm so focused on marking off items on this list at the grocery I don't even notice the 10 packs of full size candy bars my kids have thrown in the buggy. On top of my paper to do list I have mental checklist. Groceries: check, Seatbelts: check. And if my children weren't as loud as they are it would be-children: check.

On my way home from a Wednesday night church service my children were upset because I wouldn't stop at Burger King before going home. The phone rang in the middle and on the other end of that line was a "reality: check". Before picking up I looked in the rear view mirror and noticed that someone was missing. I began my approach back to church before ever picking up the line. When I did, my niece was on the other end. "Aunt Becky, where are you?" After explaining that I was on my way she asked the inevitable question. "Did you forget me?"

I didn't panic because several friends were still waiting at church with her. And when we pulled up everyone was laughing at me...Including my niece. After leaving, my oldest said "I'm so glad mom forgot you. Now I know she'll take us to Burger King."

Sometimes I'll get a wild hair and attempt to leave my house sans to-do list. Before I can open the door the background noise is replaced with the macabre theme song to a spaghetti western and you can hear Clint Eastwood say, "Do ya feel lucky punk? Well...Do ya?" I grab the list and rush out the door before I hear, "Go ahead make my day."

Little missteps in a family build the foundation for a life of laughter (or dysfunction, depending on how bad the misstep is). My little brood has seen their fair share. Most of which were the result of lack of sleep, money or motivation on the part of its matriarch. Parenting is hit or miss and let's face it, we always remember the misses with a smile and perhaps maniacal laugh. When you can laugh at the misses you know you're parenting in the fast lane.

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Telling Tales

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column “Telling Tales” and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own “tales.” They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com

You can read Angel and Becky's weekly column on-line at www.wilsonpost.com under the Style section.

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