

Perfect Mommy...

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It's 7:30 in the morning. The kids are patiently waiting by the back door, teeth brushed, hot breakfast in the first stages of the digestion process and backpacks sit neatly at their feet. Meanwhile, the matriarch of the family zips her bag, gives her makeup and perfectly coordinated outfit a quick check in the spotless bathroom mirror and ushers her compliant children to the car.

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They cruise into the school's drop off lane a full 20 minutes early. The kids hop out of the car and shout "au revoir maman!" The mother watches her little charges walk into school ready to for a full 8 hours of learning. Not a care in the world.

Mom pulls out of the school parking lot and heads to her first appointment 30 minutes ahead of schedule. Did I mention the outfit is a size 4?

Who is this woman? I'll tell you who she is. She is a figment of your imagination. She is the illusion that a lot of moms have subconsciously created because of reasons beyond explanation... probably society. This ultimately sets us all up for failure. Sure there may be one or two women who have no problem at all keeping weight off (but, seriously they've never had a weight problem in the first place), keeping the house in perfect order and arriving everywhere ahead of schedule. And she never raises her voice at the children. I hate this woman!

Hate is a pretty strong word so instead I'll say; I dislike this woman, if she does in fact exist. Mainly because most mornings I have to separate my fighting boys as we rush out the door because one is breathing too hard or ate the last of the Fruit Loops. And sometimes for fun we spend the five minutes we have to spare looking for my youngest child's glasses. We then make a mad dash for the car, throw backpacks with papers flying out of them in and pull into the school parking lot in time to hear the bell ring. This means that I have to walk in with the kids so the school secretary can give them a tardy slip. When she asks for an excuse I stop short of saying, "Because they like to torture me when I have an early meeting" and instead say, "Oh, you know, just overslept. We stayed up late reading War and Peace."

When I slid into the driver's seat, I notice gummy bears that have melted into the passenger seat floor mat. I also realize the pants I'm wearing are tighter than they were a couple of weeks ago. I then decide to go on another diet, right after I eat some chocolate to make me feel better.

So this is my life. One husband, two children and me. Not the perfect mommy. I don't read to my kids every night (but I do read to them), my kids have eaten brownies for breakfast, I have raised my voice at my children (once or twice) and I have expired dairy products in my fridge. I also have two wonderful boys who love their parents and each other, a husband who I still enjoy talking to and a home that while cluttered, is still a very warm place to live. Perfect mommy, no, real mommy, definitely!

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