

The audacity of being real

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Raise your hand if you're perfect. If you've never made a mistake, raised your voice at your children, husband, friend or parent, cursed at an idiot driver, cursed at an idiot driver in front of your children, lied about your age, weight (or in Angel Kane's case), your height, drank or ate too much. If you did raise your hand, pat yourself on the back.

Liar! Seriously, most of us have made one or more errors in judgment. That is life. And for someone to admit that they are not perfect, well this is the first step to being real. That takes a lot of audacity, being real.

I admit... I, Becky Horan Andrews have made a fool of myself on more occasions than I'd like to admit. And trust me if there were no witnesses to some of my little embarrassments, I would gladly lie and say, 'No, I would never drink a little too much red wine and call my best friend a Polly Pocket.' OR... 'In college we spent those years, reading the bible, praying and eating milk and cookies'. But alas, I'm a little too transparent. If there is something you're embarrassed about, trust me, I've probably got a story that will make you feel better.

I foolishly thought that when I graduated from college, I also earned a degree in adulthood that somehow would guard me from making mistakes or making a fool of myself. Wouldn't that be nice?

Not long after my husband and I purchased our first home, I wanted to sell it. It was too far from everything, we didn't have neighbors AND we couldn't get cable! We were living like animals. But I had no one to blame but yours truly. My dear sweet husband reminded me of this one day after I demanded we sell our home even though we'd only bought it 6 weeks prior. He was right. I remember calling him to tell him I found our first home. He loved the house and location but

kept asking me, "Are you sure, there's not much around?" I thought I'd made the biggest mistake of my life. But then we settled in, had two little boys, made a ton of memories and eventually got cable.

I quit my job in television news not long before I gave birth to my oldest child. I was living in a different state from my husband and really wanted to be home. I couldn't justify a 3 hour one way commute. When my arrival date approached, I knew my unborn child would have to weigh at least 10 pounds to explain the amount of weight I'd gained. When he arrived, the first thing I thought was not, 'Oh he is so precious. I love him so much.' Nope, instead I thought, "He's not 10 pounds. Oh God, that little twit of an obstetrician was right, potato chips should never be considered a vegetable!" But it turns out my little boy was just the perfect size, even if his mother wasn't.

It's impossible to glide through life perfectly. There's not much fun in that anyway. What's the use of gaining life experience and not sharing it? It's tough when we mess up but, it's a tragedy when we're not honest about it. Being real is a beautiful thing... Who knew!?

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