

When Yes Means NO!

Posted on Apr 14, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

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So many times I've come to the end of my metaphorical rope, only to have my nine year old tell me –as we are in the car, on the way to school- that he volunteered to bring cupcakes and goody bags to his class and big surprise, the party's today at 2pm. Since my nine year old knows me well, he knows I can't say no to bringing cupcakes to his class. I may say no to a new video game, cookies before dinner or an impromptu sleepover but never anything that involves school. He knows I would rather tie that rope into a noose than disappoint his class or teacher.

Another situation where my yes disease takes over is when it comes to planning a bridal shower, baby shower, birthday party or any other social event that involves icing and gifts. I wind up getting so wrapped up in the planning, ordering, shopping, tasting, cooking and executing that I am the one person who never actually remembers the event. When everyone is headed home, I'm knee deep in dirty dishes and swearing to my husband that this was the last time I ever host anything at my house again! He always rolls his eyes.

Then there's the shop at home parties. This is where crafty businesswomen sell everything from clothing and cooking utensils to makeup. We all have friends that are ready to strike it rich in the makeup biz. The only catch is the next Estee' Lauder needs your help. All you have to do is invite 40 or 50 of your closest friends, cook and serve them a meal, all so she can hit her first goal and make it one step closer to winning a hot pink vehicle. How can you say no? Reluctantly, I usually agree and immediately I resent this friend. And by the time the night of the party rolls around, I hate her. But do I tell her? Of course not! I just avoid all of her phone calls, emails and text messages from now on.

I get frustrated at myself for saying yes to things when I really don't want to, but I really get frustrated at ridiculous "favors" that are asked of me. My younger brother comes to mind. I love my brother, his lovely wife and their "5!" beautiful children. However, nothing irritates me more than when he calls me to ask if I can watch the kids so they can go on a date! It's not that I don't adore my nieces and nephew; it's just that there are so many of them. I usually decline the invitation to baby-sit, much to my brother's dismay.

I am getting better at saying no to things I don't have time for. But if you really have no one else to ask I guess I can fit it into my schedule... you selfish little twit.

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