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Sometimes Promises Are Meant to Be Broken

~Amy Cushing

I'm a dreamer. I always shoot for the moon.

Most days I fall back to Earth. I gently land on the desert floor, dust myself off, and move forward. But every now and again, I catch a shooting star and soar through the night sky, witnessing the beauty below, and feeling the euphoria of flying at the end of shining achievement.

This past month I've missed the shooting star.

I made some lofty goals in January---nothing off-the-charts hard to achieve, but for a mom of two little ones, maybe a bit much. I've succeeded part of the way: I'm off diet soda; I've created a binder of healthful home-cooked recipes loaded with goodness, and I've stayed away from social media and spent a lot of time with my kids---a lot of time.

They've really needed me the past several weeks.

Three weeks into the New Year, their world seemed off-kilter. It's quite possible they were still recovering from the holiday craziness, but whatever the catalyst, they needed me more than

usual. I happily obliged. It's been both amazing and at times rough. They're two and five...ages that are synonymous with figuring out the world. I would rather take time for me off of my plate and add it to theirs.

Mommying is hard---like skull-screaming, oh-my-god-am-I-doing-this-right hard. To call it a balancing act doesn't do it justice. It's survival---and not necessarily for the parent, but for the child. They're burdened with the task of figuring out this crazy world. They look to us for inspiration on how to cope with the daily confusion and to make the next step when it seems uncertain. Living on this planet is hard. Our job as is to guide them. Some days it works, some days...not so much. Regardless, it's our responsibility, our dedication to our children.

We are their hope. We are their rock.

That's where I've been the past six weeks---stuck between a two-year-old's unpredictable tantrums and a five-year-old's ever-developing empathy. I'm a parent foremost. If it means my writing sits on simmer, so be it. Parenting is my all-time job, every day.

The endless nights, the long days, and the heartbreaking battles you must endure with your little ones can be exhausting. The smiles, the snuggles, and the moments of clarity when your little boy finally gets what you've been talking about endlessly for the past three weeks...incredible.

I am a writer. I will always be a writer, whether I write every day or manage to squeeze in a few paragraphs every few weeks. My creative spirit is always with me, whether I'm agonizing over each word, standing in the grocery line, or reading about the incredible world of dinosaurs...five times over.

Every day my imagination explodes with inspiration. My times of expression may be limited, but the creative joy is there. Always.

Blog post, February 2014