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Motherhood is Like a Circus

Live out your
circus & find
beauty in the chaos

Sometimes I wake up feeling like motherhood is a circus.

It's crazy, chaotic, something you look forward to, sometimes something you dread, and leaves memories intertwined in your heartstrings forever.

I dread the days when my children are grown, when they run out the door and forget to say goodbye, and when they feel too proud to hold my hand in public.

Motherhood is like a circus.

Sometimes all we can accomplish is wrangling the little monkeys and cleaning up nonstop behind the animals. Sometimes I feel like all I have accomplished in the day is picking up toys, vacuuming snacks that were purposely trampled on, tackling mountains of laundry, keeping a steady flow of snacks for the toddler going, and trying to knock a few items off my own to-do list.

Sometimes I feel like I am in a cage, cut off from the outside world. I often get this feeling of personal neglect, because as moms, we tend to focus on caring for our young and forget to take care of ourselves. Sometimes I feel like I don't have enough mom friends or people I can truly open up to about my personal struggles since becoming a mom.

Sometimes I feel like I am unhealthily hungry. Hungry to be around people my own age who understand the meaning behind the words I am saying. Someone who I can hold an actual conversation with rather than speaking in the third person so my son understands it's time to change his diaper, take a bath, or pick up his toys. Someone who listens the first time without a stream of elephant tears that follow within 5 seconds of the conversation.

Motherhood is like a circus.

We crave company. We love when our husbands return home from work and when we don't have to eat our meals alone.

We crave companionship, much like the animals at the circus. We crave to be nurtured, encouraged, and paid attention to. But, more days than not, no one even notices that our hair is still in a messy bun, we are wearing sweatpants from the day before, and our shirt has been on backwards for who knows how long.

We crave intimacy. To have a close-knit relationship with our children – for them to open up to us, trust us, and want us to be their protector.

We also crave the intimacy of our partner – our better half. We crave their appreciation, attention, and affection. We crave that flirtatious wink that tells us they still think we are attractive, even when we are knee deep in dirty diapers, filthy dishes, and neglected hair.

Motherhood is like a circus.

We thrive when we overcome obstacles, mend relationships, and embrace new beginnings. We expect the unexpected, find joy in the mundane, and our hearts soar at the beautiful sound of our children's giggles.

Our hearts overflow when our husbands make our toddlers belly laugh and when our children grab us by the hand to show us something new.

Motherhood IS a circus.

We are mothers. We live and thrive in the messy, not because we aim for mess, but because we have learned to understand it, appreciate it, and embrace it. We live for appreciating the ordinary – the entire family eating breakfast together, the late night movies while snuggling in mom and dad's bed, and the playdough creations that give our children a sense of accomplishment.

We have learned to appreciate the messy moments rather than live in disgust with them. We appreciate the mounds of laundry, piled high dishes, and toys that cover the freshly vacuumed living room floor in under 5 minutes.

The adventure of motherhood may be a circus, but it is a circus I want to live in and appreciate as long as I possibly can.

So, please hand me the way-too-expensive cotton candy and sentimental circus cup, because I want to remember these days for the rest of my life.

**My circus,
my monkeys,
lasting
memories.**