

Chapter 1 : Family: Mother shot herself and 2 kids inside Fairfax Co. house | WTOP

We are so excited to announce the pre-launch of ASH + AMES, a new social-selling jewelry company that empowers women and gives back to developing countries.

I called the doctor on the telephone Said Doctor, doctor, please, I got this feeling, rocking and reeling, Tell me, what can it be? Is it some new disease? Tonight the regulars were there, sitting by the cash register, drinking beer, talking idly, watching the bugs fly into the big lighted sign. They would have expected the same deferral if they had been gathered together in one of their business establishments. Except they had none. In Arnette, it was hard times. In the town had had two industries, a factory that made paper products for picnics and barbecues, mostly and a plant that made electronic calculators. Now the paper factory was shut down and the calculator plant was ailing-they could make them a lot cheaper in Taiwan, it turned out, just like those portable TVs and transistor radios. Norman Bruett and Tommy Wannamaker, who had both worked in the paper factory, were on relief, having run out of unemployment some time ago. Henry Carmichael and Stu Redman both worked at the calculator plant but rarely got more than thirty hours a week. Victor Palfrey was retired and smoked stinking home-rolled cigarettes, which were all he could afford. Screw this national debt shit. We got the presses and we got the paper. Now, rolling another of his shitty-smelling cigarettes, he said: He picked up a greasy red plastic paper-holder from his desk. Stu knew about poor. He had grown up that way right here in town, the son of a dentist who had died when Stu was seven, leaving his wife and two other children besides Stu. It had been enough to keep the four of them eating, but that was all. At the age of nine, Stu had gone to work, first for Rog Tucker, who owned the Red Ball, helping to unload trucks after school for thirty-five cents an hour, and then at the stockyards in the neighboring town of Braintree, lying about his age to get twenty backbreaking hours of labor a week at the minimum wage. Now, listening to Hap and Vic Palfrey argue on about money and the mysterious way it had of drying up, he thought about the way his hands had bled at first from pulling the endless handtrucks of hides and guts. He had tried to keep that from his mother, but she had seen, less than a week after he started. She knew what the situation was. She was a realist. Some of the silence in him came from the fact that he had never had friends, or the time for them. There was school, and there-was work. His youngest brother, Dev, had died of pneumonia the year he began at the yards, and Stu had never quite gotten over that. He had loved Dev the best. In high school he had found football, and that was something his mother had encouraged even though it cut into his work hours. Eddie now owned a string of fastfood restaurants across the West and Southwest, and in Arnette he was an enduring figure of myth. In Arnette, when you said "success," you meant Eddie Warfield. Stu was no quarterback, and he was no Eddie Warfield. But it did seem to him as he began his junior year in high school that there was at least a fighting chance for him to get a small athletic scholarship. Then his mother had gotten sick, had become unable to work. Two months before he graduated from high school, she had died, leaving Stu with his brother Bryce to support. Stu had turned down the athletic scholarship and had gone to work in the calculator factory. He was now in Minnesota, a systems analyst for IBM. He thought that Bryce might have his own guilt to carry. The marriage had been the best time, and it had only lasted eighteen months. The womb of his young wife had borne a single dark and malignant child. That had been four years ago. Since, he had thought of leaving Arnette, searching for something better, but small-town inertia held him the low siren song of familiar places and familiar faces. He was well liked in Arnette, and Vic Palfrey had once paid him the ultimate compliment of calling him "Old Time Tough. But there was a car coming now, Stu saw. A Chevy, no lights on, doing no more than fifteen miles an hour, weaving all over the road. No one had seen it yet but him. Well then those bank people would turn round and want a hundred and fifty. Hap looked at him, irritated. He happened to know that Hank had gotten in the habit of taking Cokes out of the machine without paying the deposit, and furthermore, Hank knew he knew, and if Hank wanted to come in on any side it ought to be his. He went on to explain why. It crossed the white line and its lefthand tires spurned up dust from the left shoulder. Now it lurched back, held its own lane briefly, then nearly pitched off into the ditch. Then, as if the driver had picked out the big lighted Texaco station sign as a beacon, it arrowed toward the tarmac like a projectile whose

velocity is very nearly spent. Stu could hear the worn-out thump of its engine now, the steady gurgle-and-wheeze of a dying carb and a loose set of valves. It missed the lower entrance and bumped up over the curb. The car showed no sign of slowing from its relentless fifteen. Stu got out of his chair, leaned over Tommy Wannamaker and Hank Carmichael, and flicked off all eight switches at once, four with each hand. It plowed into them with a slowness that seemed implacable and somehow grand. Tommy Wannamaker swore in the Indian Head the next day that the taillights never flashed once. The Chevy just kept coming at a steady fifteen or so, like the pace car in the Tournament of Roses parade. The Chevy jumped like an old dog that had been kicked and plowed away the hitest pump. It snapped off and rolled away, spilling a few dribbles of gas. The nozzle came unhooked and lay glittering under the fluorescents. The front end smashed into the low-lead pump, knocking it off with a hollow bang. Almost deliberately, the Chevrolet finished its degree turn, hitting the island again, broadside this time. The rear end popped up on the island and knocked the regular gas pump asprawl. And there the Chevy came to rest, trailing its rusty exhaust pipe behind it. It had destroyed all three of the gas pumps on that island nearest the highway. The motor continued to run choppily for a few seconds and then quit. The silence was so loud it was alarming. His shoulder bumped the map case, scattering Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona every whichway. Hap felt a cautious sort of jubilation. His pumps were insured, and the insurance was paid up. Mary had harped on the insurance ahead of everything. Hap, Tommy, and Norm reached the car together. He turned away, clutched his ample belly, and was sick. It was a ghastly rich sick-dead smell. A moment later Hap turned away, dragging the driver by the armpits. Tommy hastily grabbed the dragging feet and he and Hap carried him into the office. In the glow of the overhead fluorescents their faces were cheesy-looking and revolted. Hap had forgotten about his insurance money. The others looked into the car and then Hank turned away, one hand over his mouth, little finger sticking off like a man who has just raised his wineglass to make a toast. Vic and Stu looked into the car for some time, looked at each other, and then looked back in. On the passenger side was a young woman, her shift dress hiked up high on her thighs. Leaning against her was a boy or girl, about three years old. They were both dead. Their necks had swelled up like inner tubes and the flesh there was a purple-black color, like a bruise. The flesh was puffed up under their eyes, too. They looked, Vic later said, like those baseball players who put lampblack under their eyes to cut the glare. Their eyes bulged sightlessly. Thick mucus had run from their noses and was now clotted there. Flies buzzed around them; lighting in the mucus, crawling in and out of their open mouths. Stu had been in the war, but he had never seen anything so terribly pitiful as this. His eyes were constantly drawn back to those linked hands. He and Vic backed away together and looked blankly at each other. Then they turned to the station. They could see Hap, jawing frantically into the pay phone. Norm was walking toward the station behind them, throwing glances at the wreck over his shoulder. There was a pair of baby shoes dangling from the rear-view mirror. Hank was standing by the door, rubbing his mouth with a dirty handkerchief.

Chapter 2 : 8 Signs of Bad Parenting That Every Parent Should Know | WeHaveKids

Before I had kids, in my head, I was the kind of laid back mom who drifted along with her kids, from experience to experience, laughing and shunning the pack of other stressed out moms who I definitely WASN'T part of.

It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over wastes of worldly fortunes sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star. She never existed before. The woman existed, but the mother, never. A mother is something absolutely new. They have clung to me all my life. Buck "Oh, mother, mother, mother," the boy groaned, and he longed, as if his heart was breaking, to lay his head on her knee, and look up for comfort to her face, as he had often done in his childish troubles. That is their tragedy. A mother always has to think twice, once for herself and once for her child. Everything gets reduced to essentials. Tell her you love her. The mother is queen of that realm and sways a scepter more potent than that of kings or priests. A child is a child. They get bigger, older, but grown? It need not be acquired, it need not be deserved. Something, seemingly, from Heaven That has come to me and you. Winnicott, *Playing and Reality*, The mother of boys work son-up to son-down. Thy image is still The deepest impressed on my heart. When I needed to get across, she steadied herself long enough for me to run across safely. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, comrades and friends "but only one mother in the whole world. They worked for me, both night and morning; They helped to smooth away my fears, For never were these dear hands idle; I think of them with love and tears! I thought their beauty was sublime; I felt no harm on earth could touch me If they were near me all the time! I may sometimes forget the words, but I always remember the tune. If it were easy, fathers would do it. To top that, I saw her reach into the wet garbage bag and fish around in there looking for a lost teaspoon. Bare hands "a kind of mad courage. Right or wrong, from her viewpoint you are always right. She may scold you for little things, but never for the big ones.

Chapter 3 : Quotes about Mothers (Sayings about Mom, Moms, Mother, Mums, Mamas, Mommies, etc)

"I Was A Really Good Mom Before I Had Kids", by Trisha Ashworth and Amy Nobile. Funny and easy to read and identify with. Ashworth and Nobile invite moms to discover how to love modern motherhood as much as they love their children.

Avoiding and Neglecting Your Child Neglecting your child physically or emotionally can affect him or her in an extremely negative manner. Child neglect is a very common type of child abuse, which can hurt as much as physical abuse. Ignoring the needs of children, putting them in unsupervised or in dangerous situations, or making the child feel worthless can lead to low self-esteem and isolation. Many times this can affect the mental health or social development of the child and may even leave lifelong psychological scars. According to *The Lasting Impact of Neglect* by Kiersten Wier, published by the American Psychological Association, neglect can lead to a long list of problems including low self-esteem, social withdrawal, poor impulse control, stealing, problems with coping and regulating emotions, and pathological behaviors like tics, tantrums, and self-harm. Neglect can also affect intellectual functioning and academic achievement. A child needs to feel loved and cherished. The effects of neglect can last a lifetime. Physical or Verbal Abuse Exposing a child to physical violence or verbal abuse can be very damaging to his or her psychology. Many children are victims of these types of abuse. Many parents vent their frustrations at their children without realizing what sort of psychological damage they are inflicting. Even one spanking or slur, even a small bruise or remark can leave its mark. Such acts can lead to the child losing confidence and developing an inferiority complex. According to the Centers of Disease Control and Prevention, abuses like these can cause lifelong psychological, physical, behavioral, and economic problems and poor physical and mental health. Aside from observable signs of physical damage, the effects may last a lifetime and might manifest in depression and anxiety or in high-risk behaviors such as casual sex, self-harm, crime, chemical dependency, and other unhealthy, dangerous behaviors, including eating disorders, sleep issues, apathy and lethargy, hostility, and attention deficit disorders. Punishment might be required when a child does something wrong, but when they are extensively punished for small matters, it may backfire. A child requires physical contact with the parent like hugs, kisses, and other signs of affection. If you yell at your child, call him or her names, or say that he or she is no good, the damage can be permanent. Setting a Bad Example There are many parents who do nothing to discourage bad behavior or manners in their kids and turn a blind eye to their behavior. As the saying goes, what you sow is what you reap. If you are someone who shouts or uses bad words in front of children, then it is only natural that they will take after you. That may be why the children of smokers or drinkers or drug users are more likely to start experimenting with substances at a young age. Those parents are in no position to stop them, as they have the same bad habits. Fighting or indulging in physical or verbal abuse in front of the child also is not a sign of a good parent. It is very important to offer a good example for the child to follow. Favoritism or Partiality When a parent makes it clear that they prefer one child over another, it can be very damaging, and those children are more likely to exhibit depression later in life. Be it with education, food, or other essential requirements, girls often get less opportunities, beginning in their own homes. Many parents even have the habit of complaining to others about their own children. They grumble or complain about their child in front of others rather than communicating and parenting responsibly. Parents who are overly critical and compare their child to others are also causing them damage. Oppressive, Overbearing Authoritarianism It is true that a parent usually knows what is best for his or her child, but often parents force their choices onto their children without considering their interests, intelligence level, or capacity. Many are very controlling and look to achieve their own unfulfilled dreams and ambitions through their children. An authoritarian parent is one who demands constant obedience and uses threats, shame, and other punishments to enforce good behavior. Research suggests these oppressive tactics are toxic for kids. When the child cannot live up to the expectations of the parent, it can be very de-motivating and disappointing for everyone. A child requires encouragement and motivation, but forcing them to be something that goes against their own nature can affect them adversely. Children whose every need is fulfilled may fail to realize the real value of money and may develop bad habits.

Too Much Pampering or Interfering On the flip side of neglect, too much pampering or involvement can spoil the child by making them too demanding and dependent. Many parents overprotect their children and interfere in their activities to such an extent that when they grow up, they are incapable of taking care of themselves and become anxious, incompetent, and incapable of making decisions. Not Trusting the Child Many parents believe others more than they believe their own children. Sometimes, they do not even allow their child to offer an explanation. Many have no faith in their children and de-motivate them with their words or actions. This sort of behavior can cause a child to rebel or do things they are not supposed to do. What Would a Bad Parent Do? Can good kids survive bad parenting? The effects of bad parenting run deep and long. Many kids lose self-esteem, develop bad habits, or feel inhibited for the rest of their lives, so take time out for children, teach them good manners, and correct them when they do wrong. Many of us including me have suffered from the effects of bad parenting. I had a neglected childhood where I was forced to stay away from my parents and also suffered from favoritism. I am sure that there are many who suffered in childhood like I did, if not more, but it is up to us to turn that negative into a positive. What I suffered made me a much stronger person. It made me promise myself to do better and never let my children suffer the way I did. Should I have kids and risk being a lousy parent? The first thing a current or prospective parent should realize is that you cannot be perfect in all aspects. Humans are prone to making mistakes, but we have to learn from them, correct them, and not let them affect our children. Though it may not be possible to be a perfect parent, at least you can try to be a good one. But what if I want to be a friend to my children? When parents neglect to set rules and boundaries for their children, it is only natural for the kids to become brats or display unacceptable behavior. By being a friend instead of a parent, you do them a disservice. It is your choice if you want to be a positive role model or be a bad parent. Managing tantrums, mistakes, and mischief wisely can help your child become a good citizen. I think I have covered all the major signs of bad parenting. Have I left anything? Feel free to add them by way of comments. Questions must be on-topic, written with proper grammar usage, and understandable to a wide audience. My child is horrible. No method of punishment works for her. She does the same thing you tell her to stop doing over and over again. Am I a bad parent? What do I do? Punishments can often make children rebellious. Talk to your child calmly and try to understand her problem. Maybe that will help you know what you are doing wrong. Communication can solve a lot of problems.

Chapter 4 : I Was a Really Good Mom Before I Had Kids

This bundle gives you three books for the price of two and includes I Was a Really Good Mom Before I Had Kids, I'd Trade My Husband for a Housekeeper, and Dirty Little Secrets from Otherwise Perfect Moms Best selling authors Trisha Ashworth and Amy Nobile tackle the tough issues of modern day parenthood and marriage with a frank, yet.

Share Before I had children, I was deeply discomfited by the idea of breastfeeding. A tiny person, feeding off of you? Off of your boobs? It provoked all variety of confusing fears about the psycho-sexual experience of motherhood you have to expose your boobs? Of course, when I finally did have children, that all changed. My personal experience of breastfeeding, apart from the pain and difficulty more on that in a moment was "to be maximally gushy about it" transcendent. Nursing my babies, nourishing my babies, holding them close and providing for them "me! But that was in the privacy of my home. Nursing in public was difficult for me: I was anxious about exposing myself, about receiving disapproving glances and unwanted stares. And every disapproving glance or unwanted stare stink-eyed in malls and libraries, ogled at DisneyWorld, asked to cover up on a plane just reinforced my shame. It also, however, provoked a measure of frustration and, later, outrage. How was I supposed to care for my children, nourish and nurture my children, when so much of the outside world frowned upon it? That mothers "women" are made to feel any measure of shame around the act of nourishing their children is, in my opinion, deplorable. And the fact that it was not so very long ago that I felt such shame "and that I bought into the shame long before I even put a child to my own breast" still hurts my heart. The calculus was simple: But is any such calculus ever so simple? A good friend wrote me last week and recounted her experience with breastfeeding her newborn son: I tried for a solid month. I practiced latching with him every day. And every two hours from the time I had a fairly traumatic c-section experience, I pumped in order to try to get production going until I hoped his latch would develop. For a month! I took medication in order to help production. This was horrible for me. I felt like my baby was basically being poisoned with formula, and that I was failing as a mother. This was made worse by the fact that all information outlets were telling me that it is practically impossible not to produce enough milk. I had a lactation consultant who visited me many times and whom I visited. I talked to La Leche League. In short, I tried. The parenting community might not be out-and-out hostile to formula-feeding, but there is absolutely an entrenched and often very vocal bias against it. In my experience, that bias is most often motivated by a desire to see breastfeeding more widely accepted in the public sphere "every image of a bottle-fed baby, arguably, reinforces the idea that bottle-feeding is the norm" and to encourage new mothers to overcome whatever shame issues might be holding them back from nursing their children. I had a great deal of trouble breastfeeding both of my children. It was, for the first month or so with each of them, mind-bogglingly painful. With Emilia, I was fortunate enough to have a lactation consultant who told me that I would not be a bad mother if I ended up choosing to formula-feed "her permission to give up was exactly if perversely the motivation I needed to keep going, because the knowledge that I could quit if I got to the breaking point was enough to push me to continue to keep giving it another day, day after day, until the pain receded. With Jasper, I was not so lucky. I know this and that if I quit, I "and my child "would regret it. It made me crazy "literally. My post-partum depression worsened under the constant pain and intensifying anxiety, even as I reminded myself that someone, at some point, had told me that it would be okay to quit. It would be wrong. I should be able to do this. A good mother could do this, would do this. And so I persevered. It never really stopped being painful, with Jasper. He nursed round the clock, and my nipples bled, and I almost never slept. I was sparing with my PPD meds, for fear of contaminating my milk. But I battled the gathering dark, and persevered. I nursed publicly, and proudly: And then I quit. Exhausted from the lack of sleep, and the pain, and on the verge of falling headlong into the dark, I quit. And I felt ashamed. I could breastfeed; what kind of lactivist was I, anyway, if I chose not to breastfeed? I was right to stop. I was losing my battle with PPD, and my doggedness with my breastfeeding efforts had a lot to do with that. And an institutionalized mother would have to bottle-feed anyway, so. I was right to do so. But it would have been nice to have not felt so strongly that it was something close to bringing upon myself the End Of My Maternal World to quit nursing. It would

have been nice to have felt, really felt, and really believed, that it would, really, have been okay to quit nursing. It would have been nice to have felt "to have believed" that to choose to not breastfeed was not a damnable choice. Fine for them, I thought, but not for me. You are a good mom! Look what you did! And this, I think, is both entirely reasonable and entirely unreasonable. I did do something awesome. Breast is best, we know that, but there are a great many factors that make formula-feeding an entirely reasonable choice for a good mother to make. The nursing mom should be an established figure in public life and in the culture, and we should work hard toward promoting her as such. How do we do that? How do we make this, always, about choice? Because it should be about choice. If we make about anything else, we just hurt ourselves.

Chapter 5 : My husband forgot Mother's Day flowers, so I had sex with someone else

When it was time to give her solid foods, I fed her fruits before vegetables (gasp!), and I never waited the recommended days to see if she had an allergic reaction (she never did) before moving methodically onto the next food.

Has this poem touched you? Now he is getting ready to do 40 years. I hate my dad. He was never there for me and is a drunk, but I still find myself crying alone in my room wanting my dad to come comfort me or to come walk me down the aisle when the time comes. I really wish I did growing up. My mum is also absent. One day all the storms will pass. There is no rainbow without rain. Good days will come. At least you see what it is at a young age. You will find your own family in this world. It will be friends or who you marry one day. Once you work on your expectations with your parents, it will help with the pain. I am 32 years old, and I have been married to my wife for 10 years. She had three children from two different men. When we married they were ages 1, 3, and 5, all boys. The two youngest were from the same man. Now they are 10, 12, and 15 years old. I do not have any biological children, and as my wife had her tubes tied after the youngest, it is very unlikely that I ever will. Over the years of supporting my boys in every facet of life, financial, emotional, and everything in between, I have come to love them so much. At 15, my son and his mother found the bio on Facebook and bio has reached out to my son. He has my support in whatever he decides regarding bio, but internally I feel protective and a little jealous. Is it too late? If you want him back, then give him a chance. He came back in my life when I went to high school. He has a job, but he spends his money with friends and never thinks about me. I gave my dad so many opportunities to be my dad, but he never tried. Now I have a son. I feel for my son. I have no family. He was never there for me because he has been in jail since I was born. I would still want to see him again and give him a chance to be in my life. A little bit about me real quick. I found my bio father when I was When I found him he said he had no idea that I was even conceived, let alone born and living an entire life. My opinion on your situation is you are literally the only person who can answer your question. You have to decide within your heart if you want him around, if you are ready forgive him, and if you want him to be a part of your future. I hope you allow him to at the very least explain his side. It will help you decide if you want him around and give you the peace of mind you need. He left before I was born. I am 13 now and have never seen him. Sometimes I wonder how it would be if I had a father. It is hard to see her struggling to find me school clothes and shoes. I could never ever forgive him. I think to myself, does he even know my name at this point in time? Does he think about me? I just want to know if he loves me. I felt just like you. I thought I would never forgive him for what he did. He left my sister and my pregnant mom, but I found out more to the story of what happened. I do know that meeting my father was scary, and I had so many questions, so much anger, I put off meeting him. I wondered will he be what I expect? Will I be what he expects? Will he love me? Will he accept me? After meeting him I feel like the missing place in my heart in filled. I hope to have many more times with him, but if all I ever have is that one meeting I at least can say I have met him. Try not to hate him until you know what happened. Maybe ask your mom. It might not hurt as bad as you think. Good luck in your situation. Please remember no matter what, if you have the chance to meet him, try not to pass it up. You might regret it. He went into the military. He said he had to find a better job. I was sad, but I understood. And now he is moving back and acting like he missed nothing. And I am so conflicted, like first I feel pissed off then I feel guilty, then I get sad, then I get pissed again because I am sad, and the cycle repeats. My father and mother split up and moved away from each other when I was seven. Then a year later they got back together. Then shortly after, they were slip up and divorced. I acted like I was fine, which tricked my emotions into making me feel that way. My dad was with several women after the divorce. One was a cutter and she made me feel very uncomfortable. Next was a lady who had a child who tried to kill her brother. Next was a Brazilian woman who treated me like crap and talked about me in from of her son and my dad when I left the dinner table. I told my family how badly she treated me and they made him break up with her. He dated her behind my back. My father was an alcoholic throughout all this, and all his girlfriends encouraged his drinking and partying. To this day I remember sitting on the couch when I was young and my father putting his hand up my thigh and I flipped out. He had been

arrested when I was young and has been taking care of my baby sister who is a year younger than me. He tells my mom that he is never able to get in touch with me, but he never once called or texted me. I always have to be the one to say something. My dad is currently in jail. My dad never abused or walked out on my life or never said he loved me. I love and miss you so much, Papa. He has never been there for me. He has made this year in particular a living hell for me and my mum. I will never forget the line "always my father but never my dad. This really upsets me because I have given him multiple chances to be in my life. He got married after he and my mom split up. Since then I guess he just forget about me. To all of the young people, Never ever blame yourself. Your dad obviously is selfish. My mom just passed away and she was the best mom. It makes me sad reading some of these comments. Hang in there guys. Your dad is missing out. His loss, most definitely.

Chapter 6 : The Stand - Language Arts Class

It's a good place to be in, though I will always regret my mother's choices that prevented her from seeking help. While my own mental health is stable, I still worry about my kids.

By Claire Zulkey 7 minute Read There are some women you never want to be. Like the one who gets a boyfriend and then ditches all her single girlfriends. Or the new mom who suddenly knows better than every other mother in history. A rescue greyhound, I was proud of the way people stopped on the street and asked about his interesting markings and his past life on the track. We used to make dinner guests watch his racing videos. We have no fewer than three greyhound posters framed in our house and at one point I was sending out stationery with a custom-made illustration of him. I blogged about him to death. My husband and I took him to the fancy, expensive dog beach, cooked him chicken breasts, marched him in dog parades. The day he came home, aside from the initial excitement of introducing the baby and the dog to each other, I realized something: If he had never come home, I might be OK with it. Briscoe is a very good dog in a lot of respects. He never barks and is never aggressive with people. I hate being this person. I feel like the bad guy in a Disney movie who is evil because everyone treats him as such. I reached out to some friends who had similar experiences. They, like me, are ashamed of the way motherhood changed their feelings towards animals, and so they requested that I not use their real names. Both, like me, were animal lovers who preferred dogs to babies until they had their own children. Stephanie adopted her first cat six months before she met the man who would become her husband. I would never dream of hurting my cat, but there were times when I would yell and then be terribly embarrassed by it. Shortly after they got married and bought a house, she her husband adopted a beagle named Angel they adored. However, she suffered from extreme morning sickness and was having a difficult time connecting to the idea of a baby. Jessica missed Angel so badly that she decided to adopt another beagle halfway through her pregnancy. Then baby Nina came about three weeks early. Instead of a touching first moment together, Charlie lunged at the baby when the carseat was placed on the floor. I was hormonal and overwhelmed and in tears. I started to despise that dog. I always thought that parents who gave away their dogs were horribly selfish. I reached out to Cory Smith, director of pet protection and policy at the Humane Society, and shamefully confessed. According to Smith, the arrival of children is one of the top five reasons people relinquish their animals to shelters. In the grand scheme of thingsâ€”when you consider the horrific treatment many animals sufferâ€”a shorter walk or a grumpy word said in a moment of exhaustion is ultimately not that big of a deal. And I have a cute solution, in the meantime:

Chapter 7 : True Confession: I Had A Baby And Now My Dog Is Driving Me Nuts

I promise that I will be a very good mom to my kids. BTW my mom used to say I will never be able to bear kids cuz when i was a kid i dint like other kids(I had an inferiority complex) which is very rude I feel, you just cant tell a 12 or 13 year old that you cannot bear kids in the future.

I shudder now at the thought. Shortly after the birth of our third daughter, I remember thinking that I was so done. Even though I am one of those lucky women who has easy pregnancies if there is such a thing , I was ready to put that phase of life behind me. Looking back when my third daughter was a newborn, and my other girls were ages 4 and 2 , that was the hardest stage of my life, hands-down. With a husband who worked crazy hours and traveled incessantly, I was continually alone and yet never alone. The constancy of being needed all at one time by three people and even the dog often left me feeling suffocated. It seemed like I spent my days preparing food, feeding my messy kids, and then cleaning it upâ€¦ only to repeat the cycle just as it finished. My daily life had become an exhausting circle of mundane repetition. But it got easier. Before I knew it, there were no more diapers to change. Soon they could all dress themselves, and they were becoming more independent all the time. They could help clear the dishes and make their beds. They would buzz around our house as a little unit the beauty of having all girls perhaps? One went off to kindergarten â€¦ and then anotherâ€¦ I was finding more time for myself, time to catch my breath amidst the chaos of raising a family, and I felt like I was finally coming out of the fog that moms with young kids know all too well. And then a crazy thing happened. I began thinking about having another baby. What was I thinking?! Him cracking that door open set my mind racing. Shut that door quick, Buddy!! Being the pragmatist that I am, I started pouring over the Internet, in search of parents describing what life was really like with four kids. Did they feel overwhelmed? Was it impossible to get everyone to where they needed to go all the time? This was not a decision I we wanted to make lightly. Having another baby would change everything. For months my thoughts swirled. Would I be able to handle four kids? What if I had twins?! Are we pushing our luck after being blessed with three healthy children? If we had a boy, how would that change our family dynamic? But mostly, this thought consumed me: If we had one more baby, would I become a stressed-out, lesser mom to the children I already had? Was that fair to my three daughters? I often felt stretched-thin just among my three kids; how would I be able to give four children everything they need? Ultimately, after much back and forth, my husband and I finally decided that if we were talking about another baby this much, perhaps something was left unfinished for our family. And then along came daughter 4. She turns two this week. I feared that her arrival would coincide with me feeling like a failure as a mother. Surprisingly, she has brought me more peace than I ever could have imagined. As a newborn, she basically slept in my arms all night, feeding whenever she felt like it. Whereas I was once the schedule police, my youngest ate and slept at different times every day. When it was time to give her solid foods, I fed her fruits before vegetables gasp! And forget taking her to gymnastics or music classes. I only take this one to Target. In many ways, her first two years have been a free-for-all, but she is a well-adjusted, sweet and happy little girl. And I know that I have never been happier myself; we have never been happier as a family. Even though there is obviously more to do and one more person to worry about although the older kids are a huge help with their baby sister! I know none of it will last forever; my older girls have shown me that. When did my year-old get so grown up anyhow? There is no Supermom, I now know. There are only women who are doing their best to raise good people. Perhaps that realization has come simply with age and maturity and not because I had another baby , but either way, I feel like I have turned a corner on that front. In fact, allowing them to see you make mistakes and not taking life too seriously is beneficial in its own right. There is more than one way to do everything. We often get so caught up in the hustle and bustle of daily life that we forget to really live in the moment. Having a baby around again has changed that for me and for all of us. The enjoyment she gets from the simple things is contagious. Her sweet request to play pulls me from the dishes in an instant. The laundry can wait if it means having her scoot backwards into my lap so we can snuggle and read a book. I will set anything aside to have her run, giggling, back and forth between my husband and me, as she dives into our arms on each end. As a

result, her innocence has also helped me to feel more in tune with my older girls. I feel like I have more patience with them these days, as their baby sister reminds me that they were tiny and helpless not so long ago themselves. Our last baby girl has truly been a gift in every way. I had been so worried about the stress and the responsibility she would bring that I had forgotten how fun it is to have a baby around. She has helped me refocus at this stage of my life. I feel like she was sent to me “to all of us” for a reason. If you, too, are thinking about having one more baby, obviously your experience may be drastically different than mine. There are no parallel lives. When my daughter was born, her sisters were 9, 7, and nearly 5. Perhaps this post might be very different if they had been 5, 3, and 1! With that said, there are certainly moments when I do, in fact, feel completely overwhelmed. The kitchen is rarely clean, and the amount of laundry this family of six accumulates is indeed impressive. We eat more takeout than ever before. I have yet to find a way to be two places at once or to grow another set of hands. My belly is even softer now after being stretched out and back yet one more time. They are the small things. One small thing herself reminded me of that. Our decision to have one more baby really has changed everything for our family “for the better.”

Chapter 8 : How Having One More Baby Has Changed Me as a Mother - Harvard Homemaker

Before I had children, I was deeply discomfited by the idea of breastfeeding. Neither pregnancy nor childbirth alarmed me - both would be uncomfortable, I figured, and the latter would involve some extreme measure of pain, but, really, nothing that the ordinary horrors (the monthly bloating and cramping and general misery) of womanhood hadn't prepared me for - but breastfeeding?

When your piano playing and writing are your forte! My son 6 wrote this hilarious piano story! The 88 talking keys and the pop-out hammer! He has his own Wordpress also for his creative outlet. These 2 pages took him about an hour because he was explaining what he was writing. I think he learned it mostly from YouTube videos over the past couple weeks. Conversation right before dinner Now, I had already explained why 3 times by this point. A few minutes pass.. DD7 was complaining that DS5 has become a spammer. No other one would do. She was getting agitated and I asked her which dress that she was looking for and she said, "The blue one with the protozoa on it. I told her gently what the print was called. A baby cow is a calf, so a baby horse must be a half. How did you sleep? She and her brother, I got you a present. Yeah and I am going to get presents, too. From you, and Mom, and Daddy DS: How in the Heck did a 3-year-old figure this out??? I call my husband in amazement and said, "Look, he spelled Goldilocks. A rhombus has four sides that are the same size like a square. It is like a square on its side. A parallelogram is like a rectangle, with two sides that are long and two shorter side. Thank you for explaining that to me. Can you read it to me? My son was such a different flavor of intelligence, more "obvious" from the start. But my five-year-old just leapfrogged herself and shows no signs of stopping. They are so cute! I want to go to Hawaii one day! She seems pleased for a couple of seconds, and then her face turns into worry and adds: You know in Hawaii there are active volcanoes, and they are very dangerous? So we need to make sure we pick the right island! He had gotten my son to talk, who for some odd reason had decided this was a day he was not going to talk. Finally the doctor said, "What color is this, come on, you know what color this is. AHA, game just changed. Well what does it start with? If fire is hot, then ice is?? She is now moping that her hagfish idea is not going to work out. He asks me the following: Or Pi over 6 radians from the vertical? Do you think I will reach the inverse tangent of 1 mark? He kept saying "peas ah-vuh-vuh. He got quiet and then said "man dwive fowd trown victoria. I said "you mean a police officer? Saw one back there. The female has different coloration. The spines created the famous picture of Buzz Aldrin on the moon, with the reflection of Neil Armstrong in his helmet. My son took one look at the picture and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Look, Mommy! A special ed teacher showed him line drawings, and he was supposed to say what was in the picture. He did fine with "truck," "flower," and many other words. Then came a picture that was supposed to be a frog. The teacher looked at me and asked if my son knew what a frog was. The teacher had no idea what I was talking about. Asking the babysitter about her nostrils when she visits, and saying things like: He used to go potty once every hour or two then he realize that he got a treat for going a little bit. The kid managed to get over twelve treats in less than an hour. They sure keep you on your toes. We explained to him what a bison was, telling him that they have a body type similar to cows and sometimes people call them buffalos. The conversation moved on to something else but just before leaving he said, "Mom, buffalos are like God. It was even more amazing because his father and I are agnostics. Her only reaction when we found her was to ask for the light to be turned off. Mom says, "But why? You will marry the most beautiful girl in the world. Then he jumps off the coffee table yelling "To infinity! He excitedly explained that there is a really cool neighborhood of mid-century modern homes which he wants to tour. I followed his instructions and found the cute neighborhood guided by my four-year old. He also got me safely back on the expressway. He had seen it on Google Earth. Then he asks you relentlessly to explain Boolean math. But then he wears you down and you explain it and he gets it right away and then asks "what happens after base 10 when you run out of numerals for the last number in each digit? After my explanation that letters are used, he wanted to know what happens when we run out of letters. When we leave the stall, the woman next in line looks confused and asks where my other child is? The instructions say that it takes an adult an average of 1 hour and 20 minutes to solve the most difficult level. He does it in 7 minutes with an audience

watching. Then when discussing curriculum they caution that the literature component could be too mature. You, your child and the school administrator review the book list only to find that your child has read half of the list for the grade two years above his current level. I know that book. The school administrator responds slightly embarrassed but humbly recognizes he is right. Everybody seemed to give her baby dolls back then so she had several. Most of them were dressed in pink but one had a blue outfit on. Every time she picked one up I was in the habit of saying "That is a girl baby," or "That is a boy baby. She used to get mad at me and say "NO! She saw the three huge wooden crosses silhouetted against the sky and asked me; "Mommy, do Christians believe that Jesus is coming back? If I were Jesus and I came back and saw all these crosses I would think they were just planning on killing me again. He responded quickly the alphabet reversely meaning Z A and that too in 15 seconds. Now he is 3, he does read a Hop on Pop book from library and can associate the alphabet to numbers, i. And he can count more than When you look up ten minutes later, you see that she has completed the first three pages - correctly. You say it may be too hard for her, but tell her to go ahead and try. Sure enough, she draws what appear to be completely random lines between numbers. He wants to be involved with the discovery of the Higgs Boson particle. You already realized that your 9 year old has exhausted your Masters level of education and that Google is your best friend. He loved the puzzle so much that he wanted to put it together again and again every day. One day, as my wife and I were going about our business, we noticed that our then 2-year old son had turned all the pieces of the puzzle over so that the plain white side was facing up. He had decided to challenge himself by putting together the puzzle without seeing the picture. We watched in amazement as he quickly assembled the puzzle upside down from memory based on nothing but the shape of the pieces. The other day, on a routine trip to the bookstore, he discovered a book about the periodic table of the elements.

Chapter 9 : 50 Movies All Kids Should Watch Before They're 12

The adulterers website Ashley Madison is expecting a massive percent spike in sign-ups from women on the day after Mother's Day. According to its data, there was a percent increase in.

Content provided on this site is for entertainment or informational purposes only and should not be construed as medical or health, safety, legal or financial advice. Click here for additional information. Yes, we do want their advice, but not their harsh criticism. If a mother is obsessed with frilly dresses and shoes, she should wear them, not her unwilling daughter. Many times it calls for standing up for oneself. The old fashioned and disgusting notion that girls need to be nice all the time creates people-pleasers who please everyone and hate themselves. Tying self worth to size or looks is the best guarantee to a life lacking in self esteem. Would it kill you to go on a date? Any kind of negative comment from a mother is damaging. One of my absolute favorite memories as a child was playing with the mud in my yard. Give me a spoon and I could dig for hours. You deny a girl a lot when you expect her to stay clean all the time. Kids were meant to get dirty- boys and girls! Mothers should never have a girl question any decision by asking what her friends would think. Not unless they want the girl to make every decision based on what others think rather than themselves. If a girl is angry, let her be angry! Has your mother ever uttered something that devastated you as a child but that she thought was harmless? What is missing from this list? Share your stories with us in the comments. Article Posted 6 years Ago Share this article.