

A Typical Day

My husband came home after a long day of work not too long ago to find me and our 1-year-old daughter lounging on the sofa watching T.V. This was the third day in a row he had come home to this. Considering how it looked, I can't blame him for saying, "Do you watch T.V. all day long?"

At the moment he said it, I was rather hurt, but I was tongue-tied. The next day I sat down during my daughter's nap-time and wrote out my typical day. It goes something like this . . .

I wake up in the morning and tip-toe around the house until my baby Melise wakes up. Then we both get a quick breakfast. It's either eggs or oatmeal. Eggs are more work, but oatmeal tends to go everywhere—face, hands, tray, floor, etc! Oatmeal days are also bath days.

Speaking of baths, I'm training my daughter to take long, luxurious baths, which is the privilege of every female. Of course, all that water play is good for her development, too.

Next comes Sesame Street. When I grab the T.V. remote, Melise starts babbling and giggling, like she knows what's coming. We dance and clap together for almost an hour.

It's 10 a.m. when Sesame Street ends. This is when the chores begin. I set Melise down to play with a toy on the kitchen floor and start to put away clean dishes from the dishwasher. A minute later, I have to go find where Melise has wandered off to. I bring her back to the kitchen and set her in front of her toy again. I unload a few more dishes before I have to rescue the cat from Melise's affection. I start reloading the dishwasher with dirty dishes until Melise swipes a dirty spoon and I have to negotiate its release. I try to wipe the counters down, but Melise starts clinging to my legs and crying to be picked up. I pick her up and we do a little dance with lots of spinning that makes Melise laugh.

Nap time finds us at last! While Melise becomes a sleeping angel, I work on the computer. I

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Written by Susan Pfaltzgraff

type up a storm, never knowing when those big brown eyes are going to be open again—and too soon they are!

Lunchtime follows nap and then back to chores. Kitchen, laundry, vacuuming—all of it is equally interrupted by a curious, energetic child. Some days I never finish the kitchen because of all the interruptions. If there is one room I wish would fall off the house into a big dark pit, it's the kitchen!

We finally reach the peak of the afternoon. I must admit that I get lazy at these hours of the day. I drag my feet. I purposely avoid the kitchen. I follow Melise around and let her pick the chores for an hour. If she digs into the flower pots, well then it's time to sweep the floor! If she wants to play in the nursery, I guess it's time to organize the shelves in there.

Then I get a hug. It's a special, clingy hug from my baby that means "I'm tired, let's just sit." I get us both a snack and we crash on the sofa together. She leans against me and we turn on the T.V. That is just moments before my husband gets home each day.

So my excuse for looking like a lazy couch potato is simply this: bad timing!