

The joys of motherhood

I just put my son down in his bed and my arms suddenly feel empty. Ben isn't quite a month old yet and I hate the thought of leaving him to go back to work. I just love being here when he wakes up, the feel of him in my arms, hearing the sounds he makes in his sleep, feeding him and suddenly having my cat, Padme, curl up on my lap next to him... the list is just endless. Sure, there are some things I don't enjoy all the time, but nothing is perfect. There isn't a part of life that is perfect for anyone. If someone tells you anything different, they are most likely lying to you.

I only have a few short weeks left before I have to go back to work and I know that they are going to fly by. How does one expect me to be able to get up and know that I have to leave my son with someone else and be able to concentrate on my job? Not be able to look at his adorable little face for eight hours? I don't even have set hours and that is going to kill me! Maybe it would be better for me if I knew that I would work a set schedule, but at Goodwill, I work different hours every day and every week. Working at Goodwill isn't a bad thing, it's not the job that I hate, it's the thought of leaving Ben.

I love the thought of being able to stay here all day, with a work schedule that I set, and know that Ben is only an arm's reach away. Being here when he learns to roll over, to crawl, here his first attempts to talk...