



New Year's Resolutions 2012

As I look back over last year's resolutions, it's time for me to contemplate, what should I strive for in 2012?

I will abandon my call for legislation to recall sidewalks as they pose a scraping and cutting danger to all children.

I will forgive myself for mistaking a bottle of tequila for olive oil and subsequently using it to cook my child's mac and cheese.

I will wear noise blocking headphones when I'm in the bathroom so I will not have to hear the screams of "MOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!!!!!"

I will stop asking my daughter if it's wacky hair day at school.

I will come up with better responses when my son asks me his 30th "What would happen if..." question in 20 minutes.

I will take deeper breaths, practice more yoga, and take soothing bubble baths during my free time at 2:02-2:13AM.

I will try to model better eating habits for my kids. Therefore, I will eat my ice cream in the closet where they can't see me.

I will not make fun of Patriots' quarterback Tom Brady. Oh who am I kidding – as a Ravens fan, yes I will. More importantly, I will dig deep in my heart to try and honor my son's rights and accept his choice to be a Steelers fan no matter how much it breaks my heart and twists my brain.

I will petition Congress for a National Day of Sleep.

I will not resolve to lose weight. Rather, I will get my money's worth by filling my clothes to the greatest extent possible.

I will come up with less profane expressions every time I step on one of my son's LEGOs.

I will adhere to the advice of my orthopedic surgeons and change my brutal workout ways. (Of course I'm only writing this in case they read my articles.)

I will learn how to change my TV back to English after my son sets the language to Spanish.

I will stop calling him "weird" for his quirky habits, ostracizing him for not being quiet, rolling my eyes at him because I don't think he can read a basic social cue, and screaming at him when he can't follow a simple behavior plan. After all, my vet says for a one-year old puppy he really isn't THAT bad. (yes, he is...)

I will confess to my children that I lied when I told them Chuck-E-Cheese is ONLY open for birthday parties.

I will refrain from driving to my daughter's school and telling her friends that when she was born she was hairier than a chimpanzee every time she texts my phone contacts that "my mom looks like an old grandma with long hair."

I will quit using the sledgehammer to kill spiders on my walls and ceramic tiles.

I will stop sending Christmas cards to people I met once 15 years ago.

I will start handing the camera to other people so I can be included in pictures, thereby providing proof that I DID attend my kids' birthday parties, holiday events, family gatherings, school activities, etc.

I will no longer wait until my child has charged \$1,800 to my iTunes account before I check what he is playing on his iPad.

When telemarketers call my house, I will stop telling them that the person they are trying to reach (me) is dead, in jail, pinned under a clown-shaped moonbounce, or secretly living overseas as a Teletubby.

I will terminate my case with the IRS claiming that the families of stinkbugs living in my house are tax-deductible dependents.

I will accept that no matter how many packages of cookies I buy, Keebler Elves will not appear at night to clean my house.

I will find more crafty means to secretly throw out the stacks of general schoolwork papers my kids insist we must keep despite the fact they will never refer to those pages again.

I will patent a waterproof notepad and pen so I can capture my best ideas which always come to me when I'm in the shower.

I will complete my memoir "Things I Find in My Children's Pockets".

I will come to accept that when I ask my kids to clean up, "well, it's better than it was" is going to have to suffice.

I will dedicate time contemplating life's most meaningful questions, such as, "If I can't be found on Facebook, do I still exist?"

I will discard my ear buds when I'm walking around with my iPod. Rather, I will use little speakers so that everywhere I go people will think I have my own theme music.

I will not believe my children when they tell me they don't flush as a scientific experiment to measure how long it takes poo to melt.

*Written by Shelly McLaughlin, Pathfinders for Autism
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