New Year’s Resolutions 2013

It’s that time of year... when I spend more time creating this list than I do following it.

I will stop denying my role in the removal of my kids’ TV programs from the DVR list. Instead, I will set a parental control to lock them out of their shows.

I will pay more attention so I don’t find myself mindlessly standing at the dryer, taking out the tee-shirts that now only serve as cleaning rags… and realizing by the sixth shirt that I am carefully turning the shirts rightside out.

I will get into the habit of changing my Amazon, Comcast, Netflix, and iTunes passwords DAILY in an attempt to reduce the number of times my son can successfully hack my accounts.

When my son cries it’s unfair I won’t buy a tarantula for him for Christmas, I will retaliate with my own tantrum pointing out it’s not fair I can’t have my own personal masseuse.

I will make sure when I say “thank you” in my head to my son’s teacher, I will also say it out loud.

I will patent and sell my technique for how I conquered the laws of physics to be in four places at one time.

I will put MYSELF on my to-do list.

I will not insist that every bad public experience needs to be an educational opportunity. Sometimes I will just admit crying is ok.

I will begin telling people I am 15 years older than I actually am so that they think I look AMAZING for my age.

I will stop feeling guilty about the number of times a day I have to say to my kids, “Mommy doesn’t know. Go ask Google.”

I will stop referring to my Mommy-self in the third person.

Perhaps I’ll give my joints a break and accept Motherhood as my official sport.

I will fabricate and show my children bankruptcy documents filed by the tooth fairy.

After unsuccessfully trying 34 varieties, I will finally give in and accept that despite loving pizza, there is NO frozen brand my son will eat.

I will begin writing notes of apology for my unusually bad behavior (in preparation of the Fiscal Cliff, I’ll be looking to become more fiscally resourceful. For instance, I can create new fashion trends just by sitting at my desk. I can show my daughter how to use paper clips for barrettes and the stapler can replace the tailor.

I will stop calling 9-1-1 and demanding they send a SWAT team (well, this isn’t exactly by choice…) when I find spiders the size of Delaware. I will just find larger weapons.

I will beg my children for their discarded technogadgets. And if they say “No,” I will steal them in the middle of the night and use them in secret. Although I don’t know how long it will stay a secret since I will need to ask them how to use these devices.

I will better label the spray cans of Pledge Multi-Surface cleaner and Kids’ Coppertone sunscreen to avoid having to once again yell out, “Hey kids, bring your shiny little selves back over here…”

I will begin following the airlines’ advice since they had it right all along telling you to put your mask on before you place your child’s mask. They know that you can’t possibly help your child if you can’t breathe yourself.

I will find more effective strategies to reduce my ice cream intake, for my latest attempt is questionable. I eat directly out of the tub, but leave the freezer door open that with the intent of not wanting to waste electricity I will only take a few bites. When the tub was emptied and the meat thawed, I realized this was not a good plan.

I will commit to memory the brands and product numbers for my partial root touch-up, my full root touch-up, my highlights and my lowlights.

I will stop pretending to be a professional driver on a closed course in case I shouldn’t have relied on the Mayans being right and we’re still here on December 22.

I will stop pretending to be a professional driver on a closed course in a BMW commercial when I’m on I-95.

I will learn to say “Don’t leave your towel on the bathroom floor,” in 13 languages until I figure out which one my children understand.

When people give me that judgmental glare, I will resist shouting out that I am a prize-winning cage fighter. (I have actually battled the puppy to get him in a crate before… which I believe counts…)

I’ll invest in real Band-Aids® and stop telling the kids the Scotch® tape is a special clear bandage.

I will complete my memoir “Things I Find Under My Children’s Beds.”

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