

International Women's Day.

Let's see... what did I do to celebrate? Today I braided my daughter's hair, made a banana and Nutella sandwich to-go for my son, scrubbed three toilets and two showers. Took my two-year-old to Chick-Fil-A for lunch with some mom friends where he ate a little and climbed around the playground a lot while we talked about kids, school teachers, neighborhoods, lipstick and lashes, and monthly adventures. I drank Diet Dr. Pepper and picked up groceries. Made phone calls about medical bills and folded laundry. Texted a good friend. Or two. Or three. Rescued the little girls from Maceys when they called and said, "Will you come get us? We're dying!" Laughed because I knew they were going to do that when they decided to ride bikes to the Dollar Store on a snowy, rainy, blustery day. Made Ham and Swiss paninis for dinner. Dipped mine in raspberry jam. Cried because I felt overwhelmed about the massive undertaking of planning for childcare arrangements, rides and various ins and outs of my very busy little family in preparation for major surgery and recovery coming up in a few days. Washed dishes and took Jesse for a walk. Listened to an iPhone recording of a vocal warm up of our cast singing "Close Every Door" from before our closing night performance last week. Felt nostalgic. Then wrote about my day and posted it on social media. Thinking I am about as "woman" as you can get. And I like it.