



To Have Kids or Not To Have Kids?!

Description

Man, I sure do love the rain. There are so many things about rain that remind me of the simple joys and pleasures in life. Rain takes me back to my early childhood, when my friends and I would have contests to see who could find the biggest puddles. It also brings me back to the bratty period in my life when my friends and I would purposely drive into puddles when people were walking on the sidewalk, for no other reason than to splash them and make them miserable. God, I was such a little shit. Earlier today, my young daughter and I were walking around, trying to find puddles for her to jump in, and I immediately had a flashback to a question I received a while back regarding children. The person in question asked what the point of having children was, and if I could go back and NOT have them, would I.

This was five months ago. I hadn't, until this point, even considered how to respond, because I just didn't know how to or what to say. And I still don't. So today's post will not focus on *whether* I would ever go back, but rather about why I would **never** go back, even if I could.

Life up until having children was great. It's pretty awesome only having to take care of yourself and your own needs. My only responsibilities revolved around paying the bills and keeping unwanted fat from gathering around my mid-section. I came and went as I pleased, I slept in on the days I didn't work and had no one to answer to but myself. And then came September, 2006. The day I found out I was pregnant with our first child was like any other day, except for the fact that I hadn't been feeling well for several days, so I finally decided to go to the doctor. I was convinced that it was strep throat, and then the doctor asked if there was any chance that I could be pregnant. My immediate response was laughter, followed by a pause and then, "Well, I mean, I GUESS it's possible, but I seriously doubt it." The doc told me that he would have me take a test, just to rule it out, so I did. And then I waited. And as the minutes passed, I became annoyed that he hadn't come back, because all I was expecting was the prescription for a z-pack, a smile and a "you're free to go." But that's not what happened. In fact, what happened was something akin to an out-of-body experience. I was sitting on the exam table, and the door opened. The doctor walked in, closed the door and then immediately opened the door again, peeked out into the hall, and said to the nurse, "Do you have it?" A lot of moms like to keep them as souvenirs. In the back of my mind I told myself that he was referring to a different patient, because the LAST thing I expected to hear was what came next. Well,

Mrs. Robinson â?? you definitely donâ??t have strep. Congratulations! Youâ??re pregnant.â?• I called him a liar. Seriously. I literally said to him, â??Youâ??re a liar.â?• So he responded by handing me the results that had been written on my official medical chart, and there it was, albeit misspelled. The word â??Positiveâ?•. Or in this case, â??positiveâ?•. In black-and-white, on my chart and there was no disputing it. I was pregnant, and in that moment, I knew life would never be the same.

Keep in mind, there should never be pressure on anyone to have children. After all, I can tell you from personal experience that not everyone was meant to be a parent. In this world, there are three types of parental figures. First, there are those who know from early on that they have zero desire to have children, and are perfectly content being the fun â??auntâ?? or â??uncleâ??, and there is absolutely nothing wrong with that, whatsoever. In fact, if you know you donâ??t want kids, then good for you. Thatâ??s a hard thing to admit to yourself, because society fills our heads with the idea that having kids is something weâ??re all meant to do, so kudos to those who choose to take the road less-traveled.

Next we have â??life-makersâ?•. These are people who have babies, but then act like nothingâ??s changed. They simply pass the kids off to someone else, at their leisure â?? or worse, keep the kids with them, but neglect them emotionally and physically. This is a notion I cannot comprehend. Iâ??m not referring to teen moms & dads, because I donâ??t believe most of them have the emotional maturity to know which steps to take in order to be a proper parent, but rather those who feel that having children somehow validates them as humans, but then ignore the fact that â??Hello! Youâ??ve got a fucking kid. Take care of your responsibilities. Responsibly.â?• If youâ??re lucky, youâ??ll be raised in a loving environment with one or both parents. But this is obviously not always the case. In many instances, youâ??ll have one parent and one life-maker. Or in other instances, youâ??ll have the unfortunate reality of being raised by TWO life-makers. They may call themselves parents, but they lack the mental fortitude to provide what all that entails, and thus the child suffers. (Side note: Iâ??m not talking about the men and women who make babies and then take off simply because they regret having kids; they donâ??t even deserve the recognition or efforts of my typing.)

Now, hereâ??s why I would never, if given the opportunity, **ever** go back and **not** have kids. Simply put, having children brings me a level of joy and fulfillment unparalleled by anything else. They are the first and last thoughts that enter my mind, every single day. My children are my greatest teachers. I learn more about life from them than most textbooks. Even when they are overly rambunctious and I want to tear my hair out, I canâ??t help but be madly in love with them. Seeing the world through their eyes is nothing short of heaven on earth. Sometimes, I get down to my daughterâ??s level, just so I can see the world the way she does. Everything appears larger than life, and even the smallest speck on the ground ignites my curiosity. Itâ??s so easy to forget the littlest pleasures in life, and when that happens, all I have to do is look at my children or start a conversation with them. Curious little buggers, they are, and I canâ??t help but feel a bit intimidated. In my childrensâ?? eyes, Iâ??m the one who turns on the sun in the mornings, and the moon, at night. I am their entire world, and they are mine. This is not to say that I donâ??t get out of the house and do adult things â?? itâ??s important to keep my identity as â??Kateâ?• separate from that of â??Momâ?•. And when Iâ??m out and having a great time with friends, Iâ??ll often complain to them about how early theyâ??re going to wake me up, and yet, when that time comes, I canâ??t even pretend to be upset. They need me, and goddamnit, Iâ??m going to be there. They need clothes? Iâ??ll dress them. They need food? I shall feed them. They need answers? I shall provide them, or we will google the answers together. They need comfort? I will hold them in my arms for an eternity, if that is what is required. See, having children doesnâ??t merely mean that youâ??ve created a life. It also means that you have made an agreement with yourself that for as long

as it takes, you will strive to be the best person you can be, in order to inspire your child to be even greater.

We always hope that our kids have more than we did, but that doesn't only apply to material things. It applies to all facets of life. And it's virtually impossible to give your kids everything...but then again, is it? There's a saying: ***To the world, you are someone, but to someone, you are the world.***• This is so apropos with regards to being a parent. Not everyone has the means to provide financially, but do children really care? After all, you may not be able to **give** them the world, but that's okay. Because to them, you **are** the world. And as long as you give them all that you can, emotionally, then you've succeeded where countless others have failed. You are a parent, and it's the greatest & hardest job in the world. And if I *had* the opportunity go back and change that **Positive**• to a **Negative**•, I'd scrunch that opportunity up into a tiny little ball and set it on fire.

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created

July 27, 2014

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