

Some Days, I Don't Want To Be Brave

BY CHRISTY WILLIAMS

Some days, I don't want to be brave.

Some days, I want to go back to the way things used to be.

When things were safe and predictable.

When I was in my comfort zone. Where big, scary growth doesn't happen.

Because lately, I've been overwhelmed with all the big, scary growth.

I'm overwhelmed with looking for a job that will give me the flexibility I need to be there for my kids the way they need me to be, do work that I enjoy, and that still pays a livable wage that will cover my rent. (No to mention baseball, dance, cars, phones – oh yeah, and food.)

I'm overwhelmed with parenting a teen and tween – and hoping they'll be okay as we navigate our new normal that comes with divorce.

Not to mention school shootings that happen in our school district.

And I'm overwhelmed with the daily stuff of life.

The incredible chaos that is the month of May when you have one child in elementary school and one in high school.

A daughter who is turning 16 and wanting to make it so special for her amidst all the chaos of school and getting her driver's license this week, and a week of finals next week.

And a son who is heading into middle school next year...and you're trying to embrace the last week of elementary activities, and not wish away these moments. Moments that seem to happen all day every day for the last week or two of school.

Plus all the normal weekly trips to doctors and physical therapists and baseball and dance and friends' houses and the pet store (you know, to set up the new "free" fish tank we were gifted).

The things I've always done, but now I'm trying to do while managing our new normal and looking for a job in every spare moment of the day.

Being so overwhelmed doesn't make me feel brave.

Being brave, to me, is feeling the fear of the big, scary changes and decisions – and doing it anyway.

But right now, I just feel lonely in my overwhelm.

And not at all strong.

I want someone to give me a hug and tell me everything will be okay.

To remind me of how much I trust the Universe. (Because sometimes, I forget.)

To tell me they've got my back.

To remind me of my strength.

And that they believe in me.

Because I could use that reminder right about now.

And because some days, I just don't want to be brave.

Photo by [Riccardo Mion](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

Sip a little more:

***Finding The Magic In The Messiness Of Splitting
Up Together***

***Let's Talk About The Stupid, Jerkface Language
Of Divorce***

***To My Husband, At The End Of Our 25-Year
Marriage***

Be brave.

Go for your heart's innermost desire. Unleash it into the world. By doing so you unveil the most needed treasure for the multitudes who's hearts beat through the same desire system. Each beat is a prayer.

Leahanne Woods Smith

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