

The letter for – *When Parenting Tiny Humans is Hard*

Hey lady,

Parenting small humans is HARD. It is work. It gives us so much and it is absolutely worth it all. But what we don't say aloud is that parenting takes so much from us too. It takes the obvious big things like unlimited freedoms and the shackle-free, responsibility-free privileges of life, but it's the everyday things that feel the heaviest. Our mental space for thoughts to form, to be present for conversations, for information to be consumed. Our physical space, so that sometimes our body still feels like it belongs to us and our neck doesn't kink from holding it just-so so we don't wake the small person snuggled in against us. Our patience, so we can make decisions with a calm mind, so words don't slip out of our mouths followed by instant regret.

We're not supposed to say these things because we assume others are hearing us complain, and not how we still wouldn't change a thing, that we adore this life we've chosen, and every day we make small choices for the things we carry guilt for. It can be both, and. Hurt and hope. Adoration and frustration. Give and take. Overwhelming joy and bone deep exhaustion. 'I just need a break' and 'I miss them so much!'

This is not meant to be a reminder that you're a phenomenal mama; deep down you already know that and we see the depth of your gratitude for this life. But this is a reminder that these moments can coexist, that you are not alone in feeling the weight of this coveted role in life, right alongside it's beauty. It is a reminder to continue scaffolding in the support that best suits you and to lean on your village, because we're right here with you.

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