**A Mother’s New Year’s Resolutions *(Tidbits)*\* When I forget to go to the store, I won’t boil the macaroni necklaces my kids made for me in preschool.  
\* When I hear one of my kids wake in the middle of the night, I will run upstairs to supervise before he relieves himself in the sink.  
\* I will resist the urge to explain to strangers why my son is wearing winter boots, a bathing suit bottom, and an inside-out and backward pajama top. I will be grateful that he is able to dress himself.  
\* I will not tell my children that the Play-Doh dried up just because I don’t**

**feel like cleaning up after them.  
\* I will always protect the rights of my children, especially their right to remain silent.  
\* I will learn to accept the outbursts and tantrums as a part of life. After all, I promised to love my husband for better or worse.  
\* When my husband and I go to a restaurant without the kids, I will not roll up his sleeves or move the knives from his reach. I will not accompany him to the bathroom and remind him to wash his hands with soap.  
\* I will pack the kids’ lunch boxes the night before so I don’t throw in a slab of frozen lasagna as they’re running for the bus.  
\* When I’m tired of hearing “mommieeeeee!” a thousand times each day, I will resist changing my name to “Please pass the spinach.”  
\* I will develop an ability to have a conversation with an adult that doesn’t revolve around labor pains or children’s toilet habits.  
\* I will be more flexible about children’s nutritional requirements by counting the ketchup and green crayon as vegetables.  
\* When my children beg for a pet, I will buy them each a hutch for the dust bunnies that have multiplied under their beds.  
\* I will count how often I repeat the phrase “You’d better listen because I will not repeat myself,” until my kids actually notice that I’ve spoken.  
\* I will be a good, fair, and loving parent, giving my children a solid foundation on which to build their lives. After all, they may be responsible for choosing a nursing home for me to live out my final days.**

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