

MY JOURNEY

I hate Facebook. Okay, I don't really hate it, I even bought stock in it, then again, maybe I shouldn't admit that. What I don't like about it, though, is how so many women who are on it can sometimes make me feel insecure about the life I'm leading. I love my husband and kids, and I am proud of the life I chose to follow, but these other women seem to have it all. They have high-powered careers they make look easy, along with perfect children who are great at everything. I know intellectually that this is probably not true, just because they aren't posting that their Straight A daughter is dating a guy with bad skin and a lopsided ponytail or that their high-powered job as a doctor really mean they prescribe medical marijuana at a dispensary. My problem is that when I see it on Facebook, there are those minutes where I do wonder what the truth is.

Growing up, I was told I could do everything. I could have children and be a big part of their life, I could work a job I loved, and I could have time for family and friends. After all, I was woman and you bet you were going to hear me roar. But, as I got older and wiser, I came to the realization that just doesn't always work. I know there are women in the media, who say they do it all, but it's a matter of physics, something has to give. For some women, there is no choice about working or staying home with your kids, and I respect those women immensely for providing for their family's needs at a high cost to themselves.

Most of us chart out a course for our lives, and I had done just that. I graduated college, got married and worked my way up to being a television comedy writer. Writing for television was a job I found very rewarding. When I was thirty-four my husband and I decided to have kids. We had taken fun vacations and after working for a while, my career was moving in the right direction. I never thought being pregnant and having kids would in any way change that direction. But the late nights of writing for television were not in sync with my pregnant body's need to put on my pajamas, eat the contents of my refrigerator, and fall asleep at 8:00 p.m. By the time I was six months pregnant, my stomach pushed me so far away from my computer that it seemed the baby was telling me it was time to take a break from writing. I wasn't ready, though, so, I ignored the little alien, at least for the next four months. After that I couldn't ignore it because it was causing me a great deal of gas pains, which, oops, I discovered was labor. This was my first child, so who knew that when the miracle of giving birth begins, it can make you feel like you want to pop a Gas-X.

So, the baby was here and, after staring at his adorable face for what I know now was too long because my husband had to tell me to take a shower, I wondered how I was going to pick up with my writing career where I left off. I mean, I'm still woman, I can still roar. That is, if I'm awake. So, maybe I need to readjust my map and take a different path. I decided to take a little time off, but that "little" time turned into seven years, just the amount of time for my second child to start kindergarten. And now when I considered going back to work, things were completely different, especially in Hollywood, where seven years is longer than Justin Bieber's been alive. At this point, my agent had retired to a place that no one screams at him anymore, the network executives I knew had been replaced by young,

college students, and the once popular shows I wrote for are in reruns on TV Land. So, now what? My kids are in school all day, I can't really go back to my old job I did I really want to anyway? My job has become raising my kids, which, to me, was very important, but am I a failure because unlike those women on Facebook, I can't or don't want to do everything?

My life's map has made a different turn; maybe one I didn't see coming, but one that is good all the same. Maybe I wasn't going to go back to writing for television, that was no longer my journey, but that didn't mean I needed to give up writing either, I still had a lot of stories to tell. So, I began writing a book, articles and blog posts. I was still a writer, only now with two kids, a great husband, and a different purpose. Maybe for me, I did have it all.