

Do You...

Be You...

Be Flawsome!

*A Journey of Music,
Mental Health and Motherhood*

Krista Garrett, M.S.

Copyright © 2020 by I am Flawsome, LLC All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher, addressed “Attention: Permissions Coordinator,” at the address below.

www.lamFlawsome.me Info@lamFlawsome.me

This book is dedicated to my family: my husband, Nick, and three beautiful children, Juliette, Charlotte and Noah. You were my inspiration to start writing and this is a product of love for you to look at and know how much I love you as well as remember how crazy I am. Also, my dear children, given the material you have given me in recent years, we can possibly afford college without Mommy and Daddy having to sell our major organs on the black market.

To my parents and sister, thank you for standing by me when I was either difficult, impossible or both. I appreciate your unconditional love and support. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

To my tribe: to everyone that has encouraged me to be me and use my powers for good. Thank you for inspiring and encouraging me at times when I just wanted to give up - you live and embody it: **YOU ARE ALL FLAWSOME!**

CHAPTER 1

Parent Time Out

Can I Go into Time Out? **Part 1**

So, for those of you that follow my life online, I have focused on the foray and comedy slapstick that happens within the home. Today, I'm going to give you a taste of what being the mother of twins and a precocious little man looked like when you unleash them into the world when mentally unprepared due to lack of sleep and a diet of coffee and children's songs. Mind you, at this stage of the game, I had limited trips out by myself because I learned two things, a) they smell fear and making direct eye contact seals that deal and b) they learn at a very early age the concept of divide and conquer.

Over the last few years, regardless of my children's age, I have been taught lessons about how hard it is to not have a clone. My first mistake was taking the children to the pharmacy at a local grocery store not within the confines of a cart or stroller. I tend to avoid this particular store because they don't have carts that carry more than one child. Oh, they do have

those carts, but they are left outside, in the elements, and look like they would give anyone standing within 2 feet of them tetanus or herpes. Their competitor, located approximately ½ mile away, has carts readily available that have the availability to hold 25 kids. Ok, I am embellishing – the carts can hold 20 children plus two grown adults. Anyway, I digress. I had to pick up a prescription for the girls and figured I would just walk all 3 angels in, get the prescription and quickly return to the parking lot. Well, I was wrong, so very wrong. Just reliving the memory is causing me to curl into the fetal position.

It began as soon as we walked through the automatic doors. Charlotte is leery of automatic doors and she freezes between the door frame and the door. So, I think, I'll just pick her up and carry her while using the iron kung fu grip on Juliette's hand and having her hold Noah's. Well, what I underestimated was Juliette's ability to morph into an octopus. This is when mayhem and destruction ensued. Thinking the laundry aisle was safe territory, we begin the trek to the back of the store. Little did I anticipate that my daughter would develop lightning fast, ninja reflexes and proceed to take her right arm and use it to grab any

and all products at eye level to either drop on the ground or clutch proudly in her fist as if it were a trophy or flower bouquet she just earned after winning Miss America with her brother quickly imitating because, well, what's what you do. All she needed was her other hand to do the Queen of England wave.

As a result, I must employ a walk that is so unsexy; it mimics a waddle or a hockey goalie – the “walk in the middle of the aisle, with children slightly in front, mother move. It is very impressive because of the multiple components, the combination of the bob and weave while dropping said child's left hand to employ a sweeping motion to grab the unnecessary object, flip it onto the shelf (sorry, stock person, it will be returned to the wrong spot), in order to quickly secure hand before my child has time to process the feeling of freedom. This works effectively all the way to the pharmacy.

Next step, secure children while collecting and paying for prescriptions. Not an easy task but doable. Put one child (the boy because he's the smallest and easiest to lift, on the counter to look cute with hope the attention by new, unfamiliar people will be ample distraction, while using legs, feet and sheer

core strength to contain the others on the floor, providing a barrier between the counter and the entire store. This method allows you to develop lower body and core strength while entertaining the children with a ridiculous tangoesque dance. This is only a short-term solution, if you can distract the children on the floor with such options as “look honey, here are pill containers...let’s see how many of those you can pull down and open in the next 3 minutes” while praying the pharmacy staff sees it is three against one and out of sympathy move the transaction along. This will not always be the case because you are now the store entertainment that breaks up monotony for those getting the show. Now mothers you can use this to your advantage, particularly if you have a drama queen and a performer like I do. This is when you have your active, potential freedom runners perform their ABCs, *Twinkle Twinkle Little Star* and stomp out a version of a tap dance trying to outdo each other while the quiet one sits on the counter smiling and looking cute. Be sure to not let your guard down though because although there is a distraction, the attention span is fleeting and either child can develop “shiny object syndrome” and bolt at any time.

Ok, so now we have the prescriptions...we should be done right?! NOOOOOOO, I realize as we veer past the dairy aisle that we are almost out of whole milk. This should be something I can easily pick up and take to the front, right? NOOOOOOO, not possible because due to my momentary lapse in sound judgment and common sense, I realize I need an additional arm to carry a carton of milk while carrying one child, holding onto the other two while balancing a purse and another bag with said prescriptions. But I'm determined to do it anyway. I think to myself, I'm 40 something years old, I have a master's degree, I've worked in high pressured positions, I'm smart, I can do this. This is when you laugh uncontrollably while thinking, "foolish, delusional woman, there are three of them, one of you. Did you hit your head or are you drunk? Perhaps, you have a third arm stored in that purse you're clutching". Before my common sense returned, I opened the milk case and as I'm reaching for the milk, Juliette decides she's going to scale the refrigerator case. To prevent a bovine catastrophe, I put Noah down in order to retrieve Juliette. This is the break Charlotte has been waiting for. Mind you, this child cannot run. I mean it; she doesn't know how to

run but today is when she decides to pick up her stride. I turn around to find her gone. Anyone else would be hysterical but because nothing really fazes me anymore, I listen for the giggles coming from behind the refrigerator case that is a stand-alone in the middle of the dairy section. Charlotte is crouched in the cookie dough. Good choice, kiddo, but running from mama is a big no-no. Had you climbed in with doughnuts and cheesecake, then I would have looked past this infraction.

Now, mind you, this is just a tease of what is to come. Now I'm wrestling with a cookie dough crazed toddler while holding a purse, a carton of milk and trying to maintain control over the real threat...Juliette while praying Noah doesn't get any ideas. Well, the inevitable happens, both get free. We have lift-off and the race begins. I can honestly state for the record, my body hasn't moved that fast since 2003 and that admission is made with my head hung. I grab Charlotte, milk, purse and start racing through aisles after the wayward ones. They are good, too good. Juliette maintains a good pace, running through canned goods, pet food, juice...I almost catch her in the cookie aisle but like a stealth cat, she leaped and

wiggled free. My saving grace before exhaustion and hyperventilation is saggy pants. Yes, Juliette's pants fell off and for once in my life I was thankful for public exposure. This gave me time to catch up, secure her, grab the one that isn't as mobile because he's fascinated with the toy section, take all 3 children, grab packages and march myself, disheveled to the self-checkout where I proceed to scan and bag three children, a half-gallon of milk and a partridge in a pear tree. As I'm marching to the van, with a child under each arm and one hand clutching the unfortunate one that has to take the walk of shame, muttering the entire way I wonder to myself how time out would look like in the middle of a grocery store.

This is a thought that has entered my head only a few times. While my children are extremely creative at home with their methods of destruction and mayhem, they are very well behaved in public. With that said, there are times, such as today, where they lose their little minds and desperate times call for desperate measures. There are parenting books, one in particular, that suggests giving a calm verbal reminder that they are not displaying the desired behavior and then leaving the child that is not listening behind in the

aisle and for the parent to hide around the corner as a means of teaching a “life lesson”. Have you met my children? If they were to look up and see that momma has disappeared, we could be looking at a revisit to Attica. I would be traumatized...not to mention go hungry because I would be blacklisted for life from every grocery store in our town due to the damage that would ensue once my minions are unleashed on unwitting store stock. I only have three grocery options people and I’m not about to be forced to live off the land because of a sudden lapse of sanity on my part. But I digress again...time out in public...not possible. Sure, going to the car, effective but then you are penalizing the innocent as well. Putting a child, let alone more than one, in time out in a busy public place...I’d rather have a rusty nail driven through my eye.

My fantasy would be a time out for adults...just a few minutes away from the knee-high offenders to clear the brain. Sure, for me that’s nap and bedtime but what about the other 14 hours?! Hey, I may be onto something, retailers...an area for parents to segregate themselves from their children for 10 to 15 minutes in order to mentally regroup so they can go on to finish the to-do list. Throw a bar in there and you’ve got

yourself a winner! Just something to think about...in the meantime, I'm going to employ a tactic of discipline that has proven effective...the quiet whisper in the ear that there will be no television viewing or electronics until further notice – straightens up the most hardened child brainwashed by television.

Current Score: Kids: 1, Mom: 1 (although, I should get awarded extra points for maintaining sanity and quick thinking while outnumbered, but quickly deducted them because I underestimated my children). More to come....

Click [here](#) to purchase your copy today!