

## Roughing it 1990's style, Day 2

Today was a day I've been looking forward to since my toddler held me captive in hotel hell last week for 6 days. Today Kendall went to Mother's Day Out for 5 hours. I love Tuesdays for this reason. I'm not going to lie, sometimes I feel guilty for loving Tuesdays so much. This week, though, THIS week I really needed the break.

Usually I spend a large portion of that 5-hour break every week on the internet. I try to clean and to take advantage of this rare time when I can run without a stroller, but mostly, I blog, write, chat, surf, shop, email and read. I try not to feel bad about that because this is MY 5 hours a week, and that's what I want to do, but it certainly doesn't give me a feeling of accomplishment at the end of the day.

So today I had to find something else to do for 5 hours. I took the first hour to just relax, drink some coffee, and watch some DVR'd Martha Stewart. Martha always makes me want to organize and clean, so I did for the next two hours. I even managed to get the toddler slime off the bottom half of all the windows. I can't remember the last time I cleaned windows.

I had two hours left, the house was clean, the laundry done, and I sat down with a fresh magazine. It arrived in my mailbox over a week ago, but this was the first chance I had to skim through it. My fingers flipped through the pages and I landed on an article by accident all about Post Partum Anxiety. I was glued to the pages, fascinated and frightened all at the same time. I've blogged a lot about my "Mommy Visions" and anxiety I've had since becoming a mom. This article spoke to me at a very deep level. I wanted to rush off and blog about it, tweet about it, to tell my friends about it on Facebook, to send an email to the author, but I couldn't. I was momentarily frustrated by the disconnectedness of this internet sabbatical.

This evening we left Kendall with a babysitter and went to a lovely, fancy dinner with three other couples. It was a free dinner that I found out about on Facebook last week from a girl I met online. I met the three other women who joined us for dinner on an internet message board all about babies, also. So this whole evening of fun, and discussions about infants and colic and toddlers and sleep depravity, ironically, would have never happened without the internet.

I went to bed happy, feeling accomplished, my house still clean, but, before I drifted off to sleep, I wondered just how hard I would have to work to meet people, to make connections, to hear from other women that they are paralyzed by "Mommy Visions" sometimes too if every day was a day without internet.