



## MOTHERHOOD

# I Love My Family Dearly but I Desperately Need Some Me Time

by Sheryl Berk | July 16, 2020



I am trying hard—very hard—not to hate my husband. When I fell over the flip flop he abandoned in the middle of our kitchen floor, it took a tremendous amount of restraint not to hurl it at him.

I have also kept my temper in check when my teenage daughter blasts TikTok videos on her phone and the dog whines for me to give her a treat. The noise and untidiness in our home is on constant replay, and although I love them all dearly, [I'm sick of being surrounded day and night.](#)



I desperately need some alone time. (Twenty20 @davep)

## Take your workflow wherever you go





four months when I woke up gasping for air, terrified but not sure why I was gripped by such a sense of panic.

The answer has become increasingly evident: I'm trapped and I need to get away.

Here's the thing: there is truly nowhere to go. It's not like I can run off for a spa weekend or even hide out in my favorite Starbucks. I can't engage in retail therapy (the few stores that are open don't let you try anything on), or stuff my face with buttered popcorn watching a shameless chick flick at the cinema.

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## My Latest Videos

Saying Goodbye to the Sidelines

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These days, it's all about family togetherness—24/7 with no relief in sight. We eat together, we watch TV together, we walk in circles around our townhouse complex together. My dog is underfoot and my spouse is ever-present: when I needed to talk to my book agent yesterday sans interruption, I had to bribe him with a batch of freshly baked cookies. The aroma enticed him downstairs long enough for me to take a 10-minute call.





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Sheryl Berk is a New York Times Bestselling Author and celebrity ghostwriter, as well as the former founding editor in chief of Life & Style Weekly. With her daughter Carrie Berk, she has written three children's book series: The Cupcake Club, Fashion Academy and Ask Emma.

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MOTHERHOOD

## Nothing Makes Me Cry Like Looking at Old Pictures of My Teens

by Katie BinghamSmith | June 22, 2020

I have a picture of my daughter taped to the inside of my closet door. In that photo, she is 6 weeks old and we are wearing matching pink shirts. I remember exactly when it was taken— a hot July day right after I finished nursing her. My daughter had fallen asleep and my mom...

**CONTINUE READING**





## FAMILY

# I Held It Together Until a Locked Debit Card Sent Me Over the Edge

by Katie Collins | May 3, 2020

"Unable to process transaction at this time." The message on the Trader Joe's pin pad stared me in the face. "Try again," said the cashier behind her required face mask. I did. And again. And yet again. And then the manager came. And we tried again. And still the same message "unable to process transaction..."

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**MOTHERHOOD**

# I Know How She Does It: A Review and Q&A with Laura Vanderkam

*by* Grown and Flown | June 2, 2015

Not long after my second child was born I went back to work. I was grateful to have a new job, thrilled for the opportunity to be back on a trading floor and determined that having young sons would not hold me back. One day shortly after I returned to work my nanny called —...

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## PARENTING

# The “Mommy Track:” Interview on C-SPAN Washington Journal

by Grown and Flown | May 10, 2015

The Mommy Track was a term that first appeared in The Harvard Business Review in 1989 and was largely criticized as a way women were shortchanged in the workforce. But in the twenty-five years since the debate began, women continue to leave their careers in droves as the pressures of parenting often give them little...

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## MOTHERHOOD

# When Parents Ask Kids for Tech Help

by Grown and Flown | May 8, 2015

Most of my generation related to the Super Bowl advertisement that showed an amazed Katie Couric and Bryant Gumbel mystified by "The Internet." I still remember the day email was introduced in my office and I thought I was pretty hip with my first huge cell phone. Today I email and text, have a rarely...

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## PARENTING

# “In Defense of the Mommy Track”

by Grown and Flown | May 7, 2015

Lisa Heffernan writes in Vox about the Mommy Track and the success that companies find when they manage it well. Vodafone, the telecommunications giant, announced in March that it was changing its global policies for new mothers. Beginning this year, all women will be offered 16 weeks of paid maternity leave and the ability to...

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## I locked myself in the bathroom just to get some me time

I had to lock myself in the bathroom just to call a mom friend. *"Do I hear water running?"* she asked, confused. *"I'm scrubbing toothpaste off the sink,"* I admitted. *"I'm multitasking."*

Stress cleaning aside, I yearn for a little fun, a carefree hour or two of blissful zoning out. Yet every time I try to needlepoint, page through Vogue, or (heaven forbid) sleep in till noon, I am guilted into getting up, changing the sheets, making tuna casserole from scratch, helping with online college history homework.

It's been 30+ years since I studied the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, but I'm actually intrigued and hijack my daughter's course pack. Those philosophers make a damn good point: all people (moms included) are imbued with natural rights. In their case in the 18th century, it was to practice free speech and self governance.

In my case, it's to spend at least 60 minutes a day doing nothing—and by nothing, I mean *something* for me. That might entail polishing my toenails bright blue, getting lost in a trashy new beach read, or simply shopping online for a little splurge (the weekly [Fresh Direct](#) order doesn't count).

I treated myself to a pair of sexy, straps sandals the other day. I have no idea where or when I will wear them, but I don't care. They're cute, they were on sale, and they make me happy.

## We moms don't have to be martyrs

As mothers [we need to remind ourselves that we don't always have to be selfless martyrs](#) even in times of a pandemic. Just this morning, I saw the laundry waiting on my bed to fold, and I cheerfully shoved the pile





EMPTY NEST

# Wishing Away Mother's Day

by Grown and Flown | May 10, 2014

Nine years ago my father died shortly before Father's Day. That first year I wanted to close my eyes and pretend there was no special day honoring dads as my grief was fresh and overwhelming. As Mother's Day nears, I am grateful to have had my 87-year old mom in my life for so long. But in...

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EMPTY NEST

# Change, Ambivalence and the Facts About Stay-at-Home Moms

*by* Grown and Flown | April 13, 2014

Stay-at-home motherhood is a highly examined aspect of modern life with a Babylon-level of voices and opinions. Lisa weighed in last summer with her writing, *Nine Reasons I Regret Being a Stay at Home Mom*, Grown and Flown's most widely read and debated post to date. When Pew released research this week entitled, *After Decades...*

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EMPTY NEST

# My Mother's Necklace: The Lavalier

by Grown and Flown | May 10, 2012

Cathy, a Grown and Flown friend writes: Her face was a perfect oval, with large round deep-set eyes and a Roman nose. That face possessed a genuine beauty far exceeding the allure of any gemstone. The wedding band she wore was gold, small and unobtrusive. She rarely wore other jewelry, saving her lavalier for special occasions. Her jet...

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College

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these troubled times, any woman who doesn't have a complete mental breakdown and hurt herself down on the ground in a hysterical fit is a super-hero.

We all need an antidote to the everyday that our lives have become. But it takes tremendous self confidence and strength to cease and desist the barrage of daily demands and allow yourself time to reboot. When I do, I find myself screaming and complaining less. I practice loving not loathing, and I appreciate the moments my family and I spend together wholeheartedly.

All it took was a trip in the kitchen (I'm pretty sure I didn't bump my head but you never know) to knock some sense into me. I deserve a break, a respite, a quiet moment so I can hear my own thoughts or just revel in the silence.

I've discovered that my favorite Me Time involves writing down my thoughts in the "Notes" folder on my phone—a quarantine journal of sorts where I can contemplate and vent. It's a lovely, relaxing pause in my day, even if the dog is now scratching at my door to take her out for a walk.

*"Mom! I need your help!"*

*"Honey, what time is dinner ready?"*

I shrug. At least it was nice while it lasted...

### More to Read:





## MOTHERHOOD

## A Stay-at-Home Mom of Grown Kids Wonders What Her New Job Title Is



by Janelle Sims | July 22, 2020

I'm struggling. I'm struggling with identifying my purpose, my role, my identity at this stage of my life. I suppose I am at mid-life-crisis age, but that's not what this feels like. Becoming a purple-haired, bungee-jumping, motorcycle mama isn't what I need. I am seeking a title. My kids are grown, how do I answer...

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