

# mothering

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Could someone please explain to me why Mother's Day is in May? You know, that delightful month when every mother wants to rip her ever-loving hair out of her head and who mumbles as she falls into bed each night, "How many days until summer break?"

Yes, Mother's Day is this weekend. It makes me think about what it is to be a mom. I love being a mom. I believe it is the best of who I am and my most noble job. I have always been a late bloomer, and I know now that I missed my calling to be a mother of six kids with a big house, too many pets, and a fantastic husband.



Instead, I am a mother of one little girl, one dog, and one store that I co-parent with my sister. And my life works...most days.

I am in the middle of a tough cycle. I have been doing the mama-shuffle hard and fast for a handful of weeks. And it is starting to grind on me.

After surviving weeks of work, parenting, some family needs, and personal strain, I marched into Art Fair weekend in Brookside this past Friday with a smile on my face - and bags under my eyes.



For weeks, I have turned myself and my daughter in every possible direction to try and keep moving forward. We have been bunking together most nights because, truthfully, I wanted to streamline the "exit plan" each morning. At 7:15 am when the alarm buzzes each morning, we hit the snooze button more and more until finally on Saturday we dragged our butts out of bed at 8:40 am - just in time for a 9:00 am "knock on the door" from MY mom to take my daughter to AIDS Walk to meet up with my sister and her family.



I was off to work. Sloane and I are deeply committed to both AIDS Walk and our store, and it was Art Fair weekend in Brookside, darn it. We had to divide and conquer and be both places at once.

So, while Sloane and Mom had my offspring and I was at work, it managed to get super-duper fab-u-lous-ly busy. By the time my daughter came to me after the Walk, I was turning in circles while we shuffled her suitcases and clothes to get her ready for her next big adventure - an overnight! On Sunday, she was joyful at the Paul Mesner Puppets with my mother's girlfriend - season tickets

must be used! - and played with them until I could get off work finally at 6:30 pm.

We two immediately hit Bo Ling's to celebrate surviving the weekend and to spend some quality time together without me having to cook or clean. (I love their quiet booths at times like this.) We did it! We survived the past few weeks and the endless weekend...and it wasn't too bad. Actually, it was pretty normal for most working families with kids.





But wait...now it is the beginning of the week again, and we are off like a shot from a cannon. Because this week we must manage school, work, soccer, voice lessons, birthday cocktails, gymnastics, Pilates, a luncheon, two meetings, a consulting gig and - stop, wait, what did I forget? Oh yeah, FEED THE DOG. And don't forget teacher appreciation day and the butterfly garden planting at school and the two large brown bags for artwork to come home (because our counter tops aren't stacked high enough with kindergarten art), and we must find time to read, brush our teeth, wash our bodies and...giggle.

We also have to rally as a family for me to go to Texas with my dad and stepmom to meet with a doctor at MD Anderson because last month my dad was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma.



So, my little girl is off to my sister's house mid-week to bunk with her cousin (one of her favorite people on the planet) while her mother is gone.



Sloane and I both know we are not not much different from every other mother we know. We are all crazy-busy, we are all juggling too many balls in the air, we are all confused, tired, stressed, and a bit slap happy. And we sometimes find some balance in sharing our collective craziness. The week I laid out for you is so similar to countless mothers' weeks that, frankly, I know I am not special or unique.

When you become a mother, you know you will have to learn how to be a good parent; you will have to study this new role in life and evolve to meet the challenges. What you don't realize is that being a mother will teach you to be a better daughter, sister, friend, aunt, business owner, community leader, volunteer...and woman. And that you will not trade it in for anything in the world.

I will be coming home late Friday night just in time for off-the-wall Saturday - 2 birthday parties, gymnastics, Pilates class, soccer game - and Mother's Day on Sunday.

I am grateful to my daughter for so many things. We will make plans for this Sunday. First we will sleep late in my bed with that grand dog of ours, and we won't have to hit the snooze button even once. We will probably grab a bite at Bo Ling's again and drop in to a couple of small stores to shop. Interestingly, STUFF will be one of them, because my daughter is the only person I know that loves our store more than me and her LaLa (Sloane). And we will take the dog on a walk and take a nap, if I have my way.



*CASEY*



*CASEY is Sloane.*

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## mark your calendar!

Brookside Sidewalk Sale - July 7-10, 2011

Trick or Treat Street in Brookside - October 31, 2011

"Wings of Hope" Holiday Open House - November 5 and 6, 2011

Meet-the-Artist Events & Trunk Shows are announced throughout the year

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