

Only A Small Portion Of Bliss For Me, Please

Tonight my kids are staying at my Mom's, the cleaners have been here and Larry picked up Chin Chin for dinner so, when I walked in the front door I thought, "my house actually has a shot at staying this way for at least a little while."

It is weird because on a "normal" day—messy house, rioting kids, frantic mind/body scramble to get dinner thought-of, produced and on on the table—I would think this is all I wanted. But I miss all most of it. Don't get me wrong, this is blissful, but only in small portions.