



I FORGOT I HAD AN APPOINTMENT...

Goldie Grossbaum

It was exactly 3:15 when I remembered. The problem was that the appointment was for 2:30.

And I had forgotten all about it.

It was a double dentist visit.

I had been determined to get dentist visits for all the kids done before school started, and I had missed the first two.

I was mortified. Embarrassed. Annoyed.

And with no other choice, I called the dentist's office to admit my shortcomings; I was not supermom after

all. I forgot the appointments.

"Hi, I had a 2:30 double appointment and I have a feeling I missed it..."

Before she could reprimand me, I tried to save myself some grace.

"I'm mortified. I'm so embarrassed this happened to me. I can't believe I forgot. I have it in big letters on my calendar, I remembered this morning. I don't know what happened..."

But the truth is, I *do* know what happened.

I'm running mommy camp! I want to

say.

All the kids are home ALL day.

And it's 106 degrees outside.

And I'm in my ninth month.

And I had seven appointments this month that I DID remember.

Doesn't that count??

And I'm nesting.

And I have lists and lists of closets and drawers to organize and I haven't gotten to a single one!

And...my house-cleaner is away for the week. THE WHOLE WEEK!

And I'm still making three meals and 17 snacks EVERY SINGLE DAY!

Doesn't that count? Shouldn't I be excused?

But of course, I don't think she's interested in hearing my life story and I don't think it will help.

"You missed two appointments. Barbara will call you on Monday," she says sternly.

I tell her the truth about how I feel. "I feel like I'm being sent to the principal's office. I'm so sorry about this. Please tell me what I should do."

The more profusely I apologize, the softer her tone is slowly getting.

What's the worst that can happen? I think to myself.

They'll pin a picture of me on the bulletin board under "Worst Mom of the Year"?

They'll kick me out of the practice? I don't think the doctor wants to lose eight patients at once.

"I'm just so sorry, I don't know how it happened... well, maybe I do," I can't resist adding. I do want some sympathy, after all. "I'm in my ninth month, and perhaps I've finally lost the last bit of non-scatterbrainedness that I had left..."

I am informed that there's a fine I have to pay for missing the appointment.

It's not fair! I want to shout, similar to how my kids say it when they lose computer time.

You don't understand, I was never late to school in my life! Not in elementary school, not in high school! It's only since I became a mother that I've started being late or missing appointments! Don't judge me! Don't teach me a lesson! It's because I have kids! It's not my fault!

But then I remember that I'm the mother and I must act like an adult.

We reschedule the appointment and I set up a dozen or so reminders to make sure I don't miss it. It's tomorrow. Perhaps I'll bring them a plate of cookies just to soothe my broken ego, but I can't fight reality.

It doesn't matter how punctual I was in high school; having kids changes it all. I'm okay with it, really, I just wish everyone else was too.

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