

That's Hysterical! Now, Get Out!

Season 2 | Episode 2

Upcoming Surgery Means Fewer Shits to Give

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Getting out of nature is good for me. Taking my vitamins, drinking my water, I'm drinking my green tea right now. It's all good, healthy, Emily's stuff. I'm doing the best I can. It's true, I'm doing the best I can. I think I need to remember that, give myself some grace. On this episode of That's Hysterical, now get out. I hate how much focus this hysterectomy is pulling. It's less than two weeks away. I have said to my family, I have zero shits for anything other than getting ready for this, for getting my business in order, for getting my work done, for getting the house ready for recovery. For getting me ready for recovery. I have zero shits. I don't have shits for the deck that's being built. I don't have shits for anything on this, on the new switch that we got. Well, refurbished Switch. I don't have the shits. I don't have the fucks to give for this stuff. I really don't. It's one of the first times I'm like, I don't know, I'm having a real hard time with it. I don't know if I'm having a hard time with it or I'm having a hard time really expressing just how little I need to be given these shits.

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Please stop making me say I can't handle these shits because that's another shit to the pile of shits I can't handle. I'm crying because it's not even 9:30 in the morning and my son is home sick from school. So if my kids are sick, I automatically give shits about that. I have the capacity for shits, but it's frustrating. It adds more shit to the pile. How about that? This is an explicit podcast if I haven't already mentioned. So there's that shit. And then as soon as I give him medicine, it's one of those weird colds where as soon as I give him medicine, he's fine. He's absolutely fine. It's just a stupid fever that'll keep him home from school and make him feel like a truck hit him. And then he gets some Motrin or Tylenol and he's just fine. And it's fine. I don't want to get anybody else sick, but it's just another thing, if we're going to substitute for shit. But it's another shit that I have to give. I'm sitting here in tears because there was a shit that I did not want to give at all. Then I went upstairs to hear the banging.

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I'm downstairs working. I've been so fucking productive. I have this massive headache from staring at screens for so long. Most likely, it's a good thing I'm on my porch and closing my eyes and getting some sun. But I went upstairs because I heard banging and my husband was still asleep and we tried to let him sleep late because he works late. So he doesn't work well if he has to get up early and I hear my son banging around and I'm like, What is happening? And he's doing something with the Switch between the old doc and the old switch. And I don't know what it is. That's why I go in and I'm like, Honey, I really sorry. I have to ask you how to do this or ask you to do this, but he didn't want to get up. So he's like, I'm going to tell you how to do it. I'm like, Fuck. Fuck. I don't want to have to give this shit. I don't want to have to spend my fucking brain capacity, which is right now in between two files I'm working on simultaneously for

clients because I'm an idiot that starts two things at once because I get bored doing just one thing, so I need to multitask.

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I know I'm not an idiot. I love my ADHD right now, and I have to put that out there. And the thing is, I like my job and I like getting into hyper focus. I do get into a flow doing my job. So when I have to get out of a flow, even though I understand parenting, I wasn't that upset about it until it was like, Hey, you have to do this detailed thing. I'm not going to get out of bed and do it. I'm going to tell you how to do it. And it's like, I understand that Nintendo's and Switches and the few games I want to play, but please don't ask me to do things like reset controllers and put something in the dock and then press the home button. But apparently it's not the right home button because I was pressing the button with the house on it, but that's not the home button, apparently. So I don't know what the fuck I got wrong there, but it was not a good morning. And I'm shaking What the fuck am I supposed to do? I didn't have the shit to give for that.

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Now my husband's up because I couldn't do it. I was like, I'm sorry. I need you to come out. And he does it and, of course, it takes like a second. I'm trying to be like, I'm not an idiot. My mind is not there. It's on my work. If it's not on my work, it's on the surgery. If it's not on the surgery, it's on my house and what needs to get done. I love my family. But right now, the switch and docking for a specific game that my son wants to play when he has a billion gillion games that he could also play. I just, I wasn't there. I wasn't there for it. And I feel bad about it. I feel bad that I'm angry about it. I feel bad that my husband had to get up for it. And I could have just said to my son, just wait. Just wait. I think one of the best things I started doing when it came to deadlines and being overwhelmed and having to get all this stuff done and trying to figure out how to prioritize is actually President Eisenhower's method where he... I don't know if he did this part.

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I know the second part that he did, but this is what I do. I'll write a whole big, long list of tasks, and then this is the second part. This is the part that President Eisenhower did, and I always loved it. He would take a piece of paper and separate it. He'd draw a line down the center, horizontally and vertically. So there were four separate categories. And the upper left-hand one would be urgent, important. And then the next one would be urgent, not important. Not urgent, but important would be the next one. And then the last one would be not urgent, not important. And he would take all of the tasks that he had and he would categorize them. Oh, my gosh, even saying that and picturing that in my head right now, it calms me down so much. Because when I look at that moment, it wasn't that important. It felt urgent to my son. It wasn't necessarily urgent to me. It wasn't necessarily urgent to my husband. But at the moment, my urgency was just get my son settled so I could go back downstairs and work. That was my urgency and importance that it felt like.

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So maybe some of that stress was on me. I'm giving myself shit that sucks. This headache I've had for the last few days is really been fucking with me too. We're all worried because my son's cold. Like, Is it COVID? We don't know. His grandmother just had COVID a few weeks ago, but we all seem to be in the clear. Hopefully. That's a shit I don't want to deal with. I don't know what agent of the universe I have to talk to to hope that COVID is not something that I am dealing with in the next two weeks. Please, I beg to whatever agents or agency of the universe I need to beg nature. Getting out of nature is good for me. Taking my vitamins, drinking my water, I'm drinking my green tea right now. It's all good, healthy, Emily's stuff. So doing the best I can. It's true. I'm doing the best I can. I think I need to remember that, give myself some grace. The thing with the Switch is, I act like I don't know what's going on, but if you explain it to me clearly, I can understand it. But this just wasn't clicking.

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It wasn't making sense. It wasn't like, Go here, go here, go here. It was like, put this into the dock, plug this cable in here, plug the cable into the controller, press the home button, but not the button with the fucking house on it. What? I don't understand. And it'll enable the controller with the other dock with the other switch. I don't know. I can't even comprehend what both of them wanted. And really, they should have been having the conversation with each other. I did not need to be that go-between. All right. All right. All right. I really love Tara Brach and Radical Acceptance. My therapist reintroduced me to it. I was into it a few years ago, and then I let it last. So I needed to reread it. It was actually more the case. I listen to our podcast now, it's great. I can honestly just open up my phone and be like, Listen to Tara Brach's Radical Acceptance Podcast. And the episode plays and it's great. It just goes right into it. No ads or anything. Fantastic listen. If you need a companion podcast to listen to on top of this, I would recommend that.

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I don't know if we're the same. We're not in the same genre. I just really like her. I feel like if you're going through something like I'm going through Radical Acceptance, Tara Brach, talking to your therapist for sure. All good things. Anyway, I guess I'll leave this on a later note. I made an appointment with my therapist for six days from now. I don't know, I feel like I need a prep talk for all the stuff that's happening. I hope I don't have an appointment that day, but I'm not saying like I made an appointment without checking the calendar. Come on, who are we kidding? You know me. I will inconvenience somebody to look at my calendar to make sure I don't overbook myself. I hate that I overbooked myself with fun stuff this week because I was like, Let's play on all the fun stuff. It's not like I have to do stuff. Now I get to give fun shits. Those are fun shits to give. Okay. Here's to the fun shits. Here's to releasing the shits I no longer require or need, especially now. I'm going to take care of myself and I hope you take care.