

## **That's Hysterical! Now, Get Out!**

### **Season 2 | Episode 5**

#### **Procrasti-Cleaning to Delay Doing the Other Important Stuff**

**[00:00:00.460]**

On this episode of That's hysterical, now get out. This is the very odd recording in the studio. The studio I spent a lot of time in. In fact, I've spent a lot of time here the last week or so trying to focus and edit. And normally, when I record this podcast, I'm not in the middle of a file that I should be editing. But actually, that file is a distraction, believe it or not. As much as I need to get this editing done, this editing is the easy part of my job compared to answering an email from the virtual assistant, the VA of one of my clients. And I haven't gotten up the motivation, the urgency to answer this email, and I need to answer it. But instead, I'm working on this client's project instead. It's really annoying that I can't just go do the email, but this is actually, Hello, ADHD. Welcome. You do this thing, especially with my email inbox, because somebody is asking me questions that I was not prepared to answer today or yesterday when the email came in for being honest with ourselves because I had a pre-op appointment this morning and everything went well.

**[00:01:42.960]**

It was to go over my scans. I didn't get a chance to talk about it, I don't think. Did I? I don't even remember. No, I didn't yet. And the reason I thought I did was I spent a lot of time in the car today, and I know I thought about what I would say on the podcast, and I had to have a quick check on my phone of, Wait, did I record an episode today? It would make sense that I did. I definitely drove a lot, but I was driving a lot for my pre-op appointment, and I think I just needed to drive in silence. So the appointment today went well. The scans looked good from my ultrasound. Good, in quotes. I can't believe I just said good. I looked at the report today and it said, No fibroids, which okay, that was good. It was funny because the next line said something to the effect of just suspected adenomyosis. It's really funny, the word just. I work in audio, and I edit a lot of people's dialog and speech. Much of the time, I make my clients sound a lot more confident than they would sound if you listen to the raw audio.

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There's a lot of ums and verbal ticks and stutters, long pauses while people are thinking. People don't notice editing, they notice confidence. So when they hear unedited, they might maybe lower their expectations of the information and content they're given. So that's why people use an editor. I take out the word just a lot of the time, especially when people are talking about themselves and they're saying things that's almost self-deprecation. A lot of women I edit will say things like, Oh, I'm just a mom. I'm just a housewife. Meanwhile, there are also women out there saying, Oh, I wrote just one book, or, Oh, I'm just a doctor. I'm just, I'm just. And they minimize themselves and their accomplishments. And those who say things like, I'm just a mom, I'm just a housewife, do you know how much skill that takes? Do you know how much skill that takes? It's astounding. I take out those words, the words just a lot of the time when

people are describing themselves or their accomplishments because it minimizes them. Instead of, I'm just a mom, I'll edit out the just so that it's, I'm a mom, I'm a housewife, I wrote a book, I'm a doctor.

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We don't need just. I feel like the world judges us enough without us having to put that expectation on ourselves that what we do is so minimal. It was funny to see on the report the sentence of just suspected adenomyosis as if she's just got one little condition. I mean, we're still going to clear her for the hysterectomy, but just adenomyosis. My doctor isn't like this. This, I think, was on the report, and I understand it wasn't meant in a way of, Oh, we're minimizing your pain, or whatever, because my doctor is wonderful. The doctor who's performing my hysterectomy is wonderful. The team, I haven't met the team, but I hope they're wonderful. I have high hopes, but there are still some things that I'm coming to terms with as far as my anxiety and what I'm trying to get through. I don't know why I had this big deal about the email that I need to answer, and I decided, you know what? Maybe it's this hysterectomy coming up. I didn't really process the pre-op appointment as much as I could have because once again, my son was home. He's fine. He's not sick.

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He had a fever yesterday, and we had to keep him home another 24 hours after his fever went away. But him being home has stifled some of my motivation to work. I shouldn't say stifled. It's like... And also this, I have to radically accept it of, okay, he was homesick for three days, and that was tough. And it's been tough because the past few weeks, we haven't had as much babysitting and child care as we normally have had. These are the few weeks where I need that. I know I'm going to need that during recovery, so I almost feel like we're rationing how much we ask for child care, but not really because our circumstances have just been so busy the last few weeks. But it's been hard. And that's never to say that my kids are a problem. No, never. In fact, I wish I had the energy. I wish I had the capacity to do more and be more for them? And I have to remind myself I'm doing the best I could possibly do under the current situation and circumstances, and I have to give myself that grace. Do I feel like if I go to this email and answer it, am I going to be adding more to my plate?

**[00:07:28.650]**

I'm worried about that because I'm looking at what I have and I feel like I'm juggling. And as long as I have at least one ball constantly in the air, but I'm shuffling things around, I'm okay. And it's okay if I drop a ball, too, because I'm used to juggling this number of balls. It's my system of balls that I'm juggling. But as soon as an email comes in, it's like somebody's like, Hey, I'm getting ready to throw another ball. I'm like, Oh, concentrating on the ones that got going. I'm looking at that other ball and I'm in my flow here. I was. I've been in a great flow for getting my work done and trying to be in mom mode and trying to do the things I need to do and trying to have fun and get that self care that I'm supposed to get. I don't stress out. I don't stress out over things like an email. But those who know no, okay, those who have maybe social anxiety or people-pleasing tendencies or general anxiety or fear of having somebody else throw another

ball into your already juggling arms. I think I must have wanted to record this podcast because at one point during the night when I was processing files, which is more just clicking and waiting for the computer to do its thing and my big, hefty software to do its thing, I was playing around in Canva, and I designed the cover art for this podcast.

**[00:09:11.470]**

It felt really good. It felt so good to see what I had in my head all of a sudden on the screen. Then I downloaded it and realized I needed to save a folder on my desktop for it. I was like, Oh, am I starting this adventure? I'm like, I don't have a choice in an odd way because I already have started it. I don't really know what episode I'm on as far as recording. I'm recording a lot of these episodes and just leaving them in my phone and uploading them to my computer and probably going to add some music and put it together and put it out while I'm in recovery. That's really what I want to do during recovery is put this together for anybody else maybe going through it needs to hear this stuff. Currently, the countdown is twelve days. Twelve days. So it's getting more real and time is going both very slowly and faster than I would like it to go as far as my to-do list. And you can tell it's the end of the day because I have zero shits left to give once again, and people just keep throwing balls in my general direction, it feels like those weren't even balls thrown at me, the cat vomiting.

**[00:10:44.780]**

I mean, it's weird. He looks at me. He has to look at me to be like, Hey, you see what I'm going to do? You see what I'm doing? Like, Why? If you're listening to this, I most likely edited out the cat vomit sounds that had to happen that very moment I was pressing record. And you know what? On top of all of that, my fucking uterus is sore. Like, it's not even our period anymore. It's the day after. What the fuck is your problem? Do you know you're leaving? Is that it? You have to give one last like, Hey, look at how much pressure I can cause. Do you want to see if we can look three months pregnant? How about four months? But honestly, I've been up and down with my weight my entire life, so I don't even know, honestly, unless it's to the point where I look seven, eight months pregnant with adenobelly at the end of the day with the bloating and the pressure and the swelling. It's funny, I'm a bigger gal. And when I did lose a lot of weight and I was a smaller size, I noticed the endo belly more.

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But since not being as active the last few years and really doing a lot of stuff for comfort, I've put on about 30 pounds, so I don't really notice the big difference by the end of the day as far as looks. I guess I do, actually, because my pants fit tighter. I'm noticing now my underwear is tighter than it was earlier today. I do have new underwear coming. That's another thing that I did was put in an order for new underwear and nightgowns and a few dresses to wear out and oversized sweatpants because I know people are like, Where are dresses? It's fall. It's late fall. It's going to be like gross late fall in a week or so. I don't want to deal with dresses. I bought a few and they're more for when I feel up to going for church. I have these high hopes that I'm going to be able to do the holiday concert even if it's sitting down. I'm in the choir. That

was another thing I did tonight was I went to choir rehearsal and we got new music. I'm singing there, and I know I'm there more for my own mental health.

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I'm telling myself, Well, if I feel well enough and the concert's short enough, maybe I can go and sit and sing. I'll be about five weeks, four weeks out of recovery. Four weeks. I don't know. I don't know about that. We'll see. I won't be cleared to go back to work, but will I be cleared to do an hour-long concert sitting? That's another thing I'm thinking about with my mental health. A lot of things that I do for my mental health is being taken away with recovery. My yoga, my driving, my choir, I won't be going to rehearsals, I'll have walking. Walking is a joy, but it's one of those things like going to the gym. I hate going to the gym. I hate being at the gym. But when I leave the gym, I feel really good and I know it was really good for me. A lot of times, I was walking, especially the last few weeks, it's been really great for me. I know I need to do it, so I need to amp that up. But again, it's going to be ugly winter soon. Maybe I'll have to pick up my mall walking again.

**[00:14:49.360]**

I love mall walking. Mall walking was actually one of my favorite things to do in the winter. All right, so I'm going to wrap this up because I lost my train of thought so many times between a cat who needed to make his presence known and play with toys and throw up and stare at me awkwardly while he did it. I love him so much and I'm sad I'm not going to be able to pick him up. I feel like he knows because I'm trying to start to train him of like, You need to hop up on the sink by yourself. I can't keep lifting you up because we put him on the sink to get water. He's a spoiled cat. I don't want to get into that right now because I need to go back to work and send that email. By the time I recorded this podcast, I could have replied to that email like three times, but I'm not going to think too hard about that. Take care, folks. When I get in the car, Little man, stop. Stop being naughty and making noises. I love you. Don't give me that. Little man.

**[00:15:56.040]**

Stop it. Tiny boy. Yeah, that's right. Itty-bitty, pretty Kitty. My special boy. That's right. It is being recorded. I will tell all my friends about you. Don't be a naughty Kitty. I think he's mad that I can't pick him up in a few weeks because that was one of the things that was brought up at the pre-op appointment. Can't lift more than 10 pounds. It's going to be very hard.