

MIND SCRUBS FOR MOMS:

Discovering Your Perfect Path to Peace

***By
Preslaysa Williams***

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Dedicated to my husband.
Thank you for supporting my writing habit.

Mind Scrubs for Moms

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Chapter 1: Introduction

How Use This Book

I'm so glad you're here. This book assumes you want to thrive in your God-given role as a mother of young children. As a fellow mom, I want to help you along the way. Read this introduction first to get an idea of what **mind scrubbing** is all about. Then read the chapters in order since each chapter builds upon one another.

Use this book as a study guide. At the end of each chapter, you'll find questions to help you reflect and apply what you've read. Most importantly, go at your own pace. Make it your goal to finish this book, but don't be discouraged if time elapses and you haven't read it in a while. You're a busy mom, and I know life can get crazy. But I also know the value of finishing. Once you reach the finish line, you'll have the foundational principles to change your mind...and your life in your calling as a mother.

Thank you for taking time to read this book. Motherhood is an incredible journey, and I hope this book will help you enjoy it even more.

Preslaysa

Introduction

As women in the 21st century, we're expected to do it all.

- ❖ Keep a spotless house.
- ❖ Climb the corporate ladder.
- ❖ Maintain physical “perfection.”
- ❖ Raise successful children.
- ❖ And smile through it all.

Today's women are busy, busy, busy. Driving their kids to all types of activities, working on that crucial presentation at work, maintaining their homes, and trying to finish that book they started reading six months ago. This rush of activity breaks down when we add one small, but very important element, to the mix...

Young children.

Suddenly their needs (and occasional demands!) leave us frustrated, overwhelmed and even angered. Their endless curiosity, especially when it comes to all things flammable and hazardous sets off a never ending alarm in our brains and we find ourselves constantly putting out fires.

I know you have high hopes and noble intentions for your children. You wanted to be a constant presence in their lives: nurturing, loving, teaching and training them. You want to instill timeless values into their tiny hearts. Values which you hope and pray will shape them into the men and women God created them to be.

But during the daily grind of diaper changes and toddler tantrums, you questioned whether you made the right decision. And the world (and maybe some well-meaning friends and relatives) question your abilities and your choices.

You questioned them too.

Maybe Mom isn't enough.

But at the end of each day, you're too exhausted to focus on your original intentions for your children. And you start to wonder...am I really cut out for this?

You are. More than you know.

This book was written for you if:

- ❖ You wonder how other moms seem to manage it all, but you're struggling with squeezing in a shower in the morning.
- ❖ You want to have a positive influence on your children, but you inwardly berate yourself about your blah attitude towards the job of motherhood.
- ❖ You feel as if what you do for your children meaningless. You're tempted to re-evaluate why you decided to undergo this crazy venture in the first place.

There is no end to the constant stream of challenges we as stay at home moms will encounter. Motherhood will challenge us on all levels, and will reveal both our greatest weaknesses and our most profound strengths.

I wrote this book to answer the question: How can I find joy and fulfillment in a calling many consider small?

This book will show you how.

About Me



My name is Preslaysa Williams and I'm a **mind scrubbed Mom**. I've learned a simple process to enjoy the God-given call of mothering (most of the time!)

Before I underwent a mind scrub, I didn't understand why God made me a mother. Most days, it felt as if I couldn't walk through my house without stumbling over a gaggle of toys, picking up smashed Cheerios, or dumping the contents of another soiled cloth diaper down the toilet.

The laundry I folded earlier in the day was mysteriously tossed around the house, and much to my chagrin, my two year old learned to maneuver around the child safety latches

on my kitchen cabinets.

Days like this made me feel like I was running on a never-ending treadmill of cleaning (and re-cleaning) messes. Days like this made me feel like I wasn't cut out to be a mother.

When I left my full time job at the office to be a full time mom at home, I didn't know what I was getting myself into, but life soon gave me a crash course!

I could hear a high-pitched, accusing voice ringing in the back of my head. *Back in the day when women didn't have microwaves, they maintained their homes and children with ease. What's wrong with you?*

What was wrong with me? Why was I struggling just to keep up with one child when mothers used to have eight or more children and manage them with ease? A sense of failure and inadequacy threatened to do me in. This motherhood stuff wasn't brain surgery, why did I stumble? I must be a failure.

I bought the lie. Paid for it in full.

But I knew if I didn't do something about my self-concept concerning motherhood, my children would soon grow up and I would have missed the joys and wonders of the little years. The years when my children embraced the world with innocence, curiosity and awe.

I needed to learn how to mother joyfully. I needed to learn how to take care of my family, my home, and my work in a guilt free manner. I needed to learn to thrive in the seemingly mundane tasks of motherhood and cultivate patience through it all.

I needed a mind scrub.

**Mind Scrub: A thorough cleaning of my
worldview concerning motherhood.**

I started undergoing "simple scrubs," unsure if my efforts made any difference. I still felt exhausted at the end of the day. And life still felt more like a chore than a joy.

But little by little, I started to enjoy my days at home and cherish my children and their antics (most of the time!)

I'm not going to pretend mothering young children is easy. As a mom yourself, you know this already. But it doesn't have to be a drudgery.

This book is what I've learned about how to love mothering through a simple mind renewal process. I want to give you the advice, encouragement and help to enjoy your unique, God given calling. My goal is to help you spend your time as a mother with smiles, joy and a deep sense of mission and purpose.

A Mind Scrubbed Mom = A Focused Mom

Part I: The Problem

Chapter 2: Home Alone

Why do I feel lonely when I spend all day with my children?

Standing over my kitchen sink, I found myself lost.

Has life really boiled down to dirty dishes, poopy diapers and sleepless nights?

When others asked what I did for a living, I'd reply, "I'm just a mom." They'd nod their heads in sympathy, as if I were the skinny kid in gym class picked last for the dodge ball team.

The Bible promised I would be a joyful mother of children. Yet I didn't feel too joyful. Instead, I was burnt out and empty.

What happened?

First Days

The first day I stayed home alone with my newborn son, I was absolutely terrified. Of all the classes I had taken in my formal education, motherhood wasn't at the top of the list. I remember watching my son asleep in his crib and thinking, this perfect little creation is dependent on me for his livelihood, for his survival. And I felt ill prepared for the call.

It was as if I had been dropped off in a foreign country and I didn't know the language. I was surrounded by all the tools of the motherhood trade: diapers, baby wipes, breast pump, bottles, rocker, stroller, etc. but no one had given me a set of directions to go along with this brand new human being. I resigned myself to fighting the noble fight of motherhood. Alone.

Plunging Into Mommy Bootcamp

Floundering, I finally buckled down and got every book on motherhood I could reasonably read in between those infant feedings. I took notes, set up a schedule and blazed forward in my motherhood mission. I turned into a drill sergeant who ran a ship, er...home.

The drive to perfect motherhood drove me crazy.

Eventually, I abandoned this plan and floundered once again.

Seed Thoughts Become Weed Thoughts

After many misfires, I had settled for a happy medium during that first year as a mother. My house wasn't perfect, but it was presentable. Yet my life had been consumed with baby, baby, baby. Even my marriage had suffered as we underwent a subtle shift from being marriage-centered to child-centered.

And my own identity slowly crumbled.

One morning, as I looked out the window at my neighbors who drove off to work in the morning, a sense of inadequacy settled in my mind. While others were busy conquering corporate America, I was busy conquering dirty diapers.

I felt miniscule. Lesser than the less. Lower than the low. Unimportant.

While the rest of the world engaged in the important work of civilization, I was the maid, the cook and the babysitter.

I had absorbed the world's lie.

- ❖ The lie that those who choose motherhood have little education and nothing of value to offer to society.
- ❖ The lie that those who choose motherhood would work outside the home if they had any real talents or skills.

❖ The lie that those who choose motherhood are just the maid, the cook and the babysitter rolled into one.

My confidence was shot and one day seemed to melt into another.

Purposeless Days

During this period, I wasted a lot of time. Don't get me wrong, I did a lot. I signed up for every volunteer activity under the sun. I burned up all the gas in my car pursuing the never-ending errand run. The never-ending string of cooking, eating, emptying the dishwasher, filling the dishwasher, driving here and driving also left me stressed. Deep within, I had an itch to pull back, simplify my life and focus on the things which God had placed on my heart, but instead I used busyness to avoid them.

I chose busyness to avoid the loneliness.

When my husband would arrive home from work, I'd realize how much time had passed and a sense of emptiness and guilt dug into my soul. I partook of a flurry of activity, but I couldn't tell him what I did. I knew I needed to slow down. Instead, I'd repeat the cycle the next morning, hoping this time things would be different.

Time For You

- Growing up, what were some of the beliefs you held of mothers? When you were young, did you envision yourself as a mother one day?
- Now that you are a mother, does your experience align with the beliefs you held?
- Are your days packed with activity with little to show for it? If so, why?