



# I was going to fold the clothes, but instead I held you

by Regan Long



Today my patience has run thin and all I could think about was having a few minutes to myself, but as you fell fast asleep on my chest, it was an easy choice despite a list of things needing to be done.

Because instead. . . I held you.

I was going to get the dishwasher unloaded and the overflowing pile in sink washed.

But instead I held you.

I was going to get the clothes folded that have been sitting in the dryer, re-fluffed one too many times. And I was going to rewash the laundry that sat wet over night.

But instead I held you.

I was going to grab my two minute shower and if I was lucky, I was going to blow-dry my hair and maybe throw on a little makeup.

But instead I held you.

I was going to answer some work emails and respond to a few missed calls that have needed returned over the past 72 hours.

But instead I held you.

I was going to vacuum up the crunched mini wheats that you accidentally spread through the living room and stairwell, and likewise clean up some of the toys that are strewn in every room but the playroom.

But instead I held you.

I was going to get dinner in the crock pot and go through the pile of mail that has been sitting on the counter top since Monday.

But instead I held you.

I was going to carry you upstairs and lay you down as I was pretty certain you wouldn't awake if I did. Maybe you would have been more comfortable in your bed?

But instead I held you.

You see, your little legs are already bunched up on the chair as it seems like it was just yesterday that your tiny toes were still resting upon my stomach.

Your tiny breaths and sweet hands fell so perfectly around me, yet soon you will prefer to stretch out in your own toddler bed.

It turns out that my plans for this time weren't going to accomplish what I have right here in my arms.

I found my calm and the peace and the satisfaction right here, right now, because of one simple choice...

Instead, I held you.



by Liz Denfeld



**Regan Long** | *Regan Long has two passions in life. One is being a mother, and the other is writing. In 2006, Regan graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Elementary and Special Education and has found a true love working with children. Her ultimate dream came true after she and her husband, Terry, were blessed with their four children, Kendyl, Kaden and Kennedy, and Kelsey. Regan has found such inspiration navigating through motherhood and not only is able to capture some empowering moments that she has experienced, but seeks inspiration from women of all ages trying to handle one of the toughest jobs in this universe. As she has led a very nontraditional childhood and young adult life, she felt compelled to share some of her own experiences intermixed with her devout faith that leave every mother, daughter, grandmother, aunt, sister and mother-to-be, wanting to read, reread and share her heartfelt moments that will leave you feeling nothing short of inspired and touched. As Long states herself, as a mother, what more do we want then to feel empowered, motivated and inspired; to learn from our mistakes, expand upon our strengths and share the good, the bad and the ugly with fellow women to know we are not on this journey alone? We all have a purpose to serve on this earth and hers, without a doubt, was to become a mother. Regan is so fortunate to have been blessed with the ultimate gift that this world can give, becoming a mother. And for her, to be able to share that passion with the world is a true gift in itself. Join the conversation with Regan at [The Real Deal of Parenting](#).*