



Creating a love of home

The art of domesticity

A number of years ago I began to let go of my expectations of what my house and life needed to look like. I had to reconsider my aspirations to have a perfectly clean and organized house, because it became clear that no matter how hard I worked, there was always more to be done. I'd check one thing off the list and four more were added. I couldn't get ahead.

When your standard is “perfect” and your goal is “getting it all done,” you are pretty much guaranteed to fail, or die trying—unless you are a slave to your house. That is not how I wanted to live.

I had tried my best to figure out the secret to household management. I assumed it must be found in getting the right notebook for my to-do lists. Or creating the perfectly color-coded family job chart. Or disciplining myself and my family to actually use the notebook and the chart.

But no matter how many charts and systems I invented for our use, life didn't fit into the neat little boxes I had created. There were unpredictable kids. And crises. And tears. And life. The notebook started to collect dust on the shelf. I was a failure once again.

I had to admit that I was not the kind of person who uses household notebooks. I was the kind of person who liked the look of pretty notebooks. Ah, the light bulb moment.

*From the ebook NOT a DIY Diva, by Melissa Michaels
writer & creator of The Inspired Room*

NOTaDIYDiva.com