

Aug16

Oh, Honestly...

Posted on [August 16, 2015](#) by [cindyricksgers](#)
[Standard](#)



Yes, I'm tired, a little moody and experiencing a bit of the end-of-summer blues...but I'm okay. Really.

I was just feeling pretty good about finding time and stamina to write blog posts two days in a row (and now this makes three! Hurray for me!), when I started getting responses that suggested I came across differently than I'd intended. Yikes!

Empathy, hugs and understanding. A few "you're as young as you feel," one "you're still a spring chicken" and a couple "you're much younger than me." Suggestions that we get together, apologies for being neglectful, sorry we couldn't be there. Advice, from friends and family, to

look at the positive, to not be so hard on myself, to choose a better story. One friend even shared the post on her social media feed. Oh, my!

I am not miserable. Clearly, I came across as if I was...but I'm not.

I do often experience, as I said, a bit of the blues around my birthday...out of habit more than anything else...but that's just one of the cycles of my life. I come out of it energized and determined to shape an even better life in the coming year.

Even the incident that formed the habit – the birthday without a birthday party – was not horrid. I truly *was* a selfish child. Melodramatic, too. I loved it when it was “all about me.” That rarely happened in a family as large as mine. The year I didn't get a party, it seemed to be *all* about me. I wallowed in it, played it for all it was worth, and relished every bit of self-pity I indulged in. In my mind, it seemed more important than anything else that was happening, and that suited me just fine.

That's embarrassing to admit, but true. I have moved on. I don't believe I am still that selfish, though I do still indulge in a little melodrama now and then. I suppose that came through in yesterday's post...though I wasn't trying for it.

So, just to be clear, *I am okay*. I appreciate all the kind thoughts, good wishes, encouragement and advice...but really!

I don't need to be bolstered up, do not need to be coddled, do not want to be pitied or, for heaven's sake, be made the center of attention in any way. Honest!