

# BE BRAVE

## Find strength in the slow days.

Reflecting on this month, it was challenging to find my glimmer amid the chaos. I recall a Sunday afternoon in Dublin at the month's start—perfect weather, a run along the Irish Sea, stretches, a shower, a face mask. Life felt perfect. I called a friend to express how life felt too slow, having been used to a hectic pace for the past three years.

His response? 'Make the most of the slow days.' I remember sneering at that advice.

Then Monday arrived, and chaos erupted. My husband called, concerned about our youngest, Kian, who wasn't doing well. Knowing how competent he is as a dad, I realized it was serious. I rushed back to Waterford and spent three sleepless days at the hospital. Kian recovered, but the week that followed was a whirlwind of disruption. Just as things seemed to calm down, my daughter Kristi fell ill, leading to another week of sleepless nights, unwashed laundry, takeout meals, and infrequent showers. During those three weeks, I yearned for a slow day.

Finally, peace returned, and I enjoyed another serene Sunday with my routine of running and self-care, only to get a call from my husband about me packing his laptop and not mine, prompting a five-hour round trip to Waterford.

After all of this, one evening, I decided to switch off my laptop at 5 PM and took the kids to the beach. Sitting on the rocks, watching them play in the waves, I breathed in deeply, grateful we emerged from the turmoil relatively unscathed.

Now, when life slows down, I cherish it—I breathe, read, stroll, solve puzzles, and play with my kids.

My friend Elmarie often says, 'Busy with what? Busy being busy,' as if it's a badge of honor. Reflecting on this, I realize how life laughed at my complaints about slow days, as did my friend. So, let's slow down, ladies. Leave the laundry for an extra day, savor the calm moments, and let your heart breathe.

