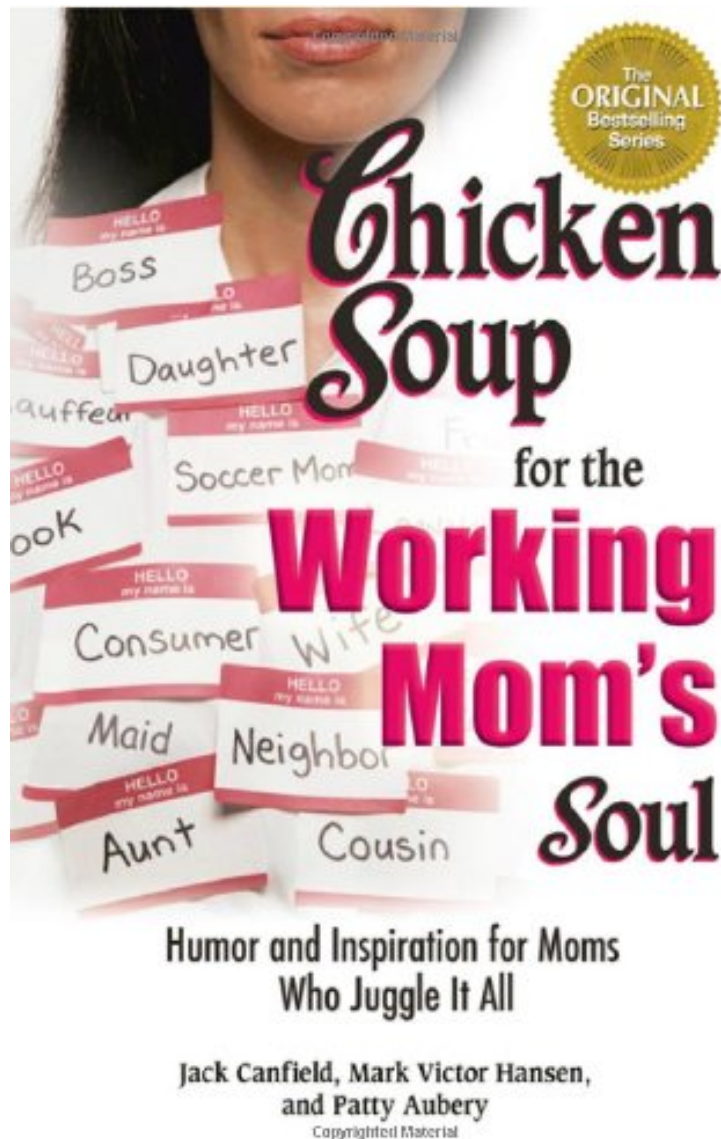


[Free pdf] Chicken Soup for the Working Mom's Soul: Humor and Inspiration for Moms Who Juggle It All (Chicken Soup for the Soul)

## Chicken Soup for the Working Mom's Soul: Humor and Inspiration for Moms Who Juggle It All (Chicken Soup for the Soul)

Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Patty Aubery  
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Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Patty Aubery : Chicken Soup for the Working Mom's Soul: Humor and Inspiration for Moms Who Juggle It All (Chicken Soup for the Soul) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Chicken Soup for the Working Mom's Soul: Humor and Inspiration for Moms Who Juggle It All (Chicken Soup for the Soul):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. good not greatBy AmatthewsMeh....good not great...got kinda bored and havent been able to finish it.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

**Mom's Work Is Never Done** Whether you work full time or part time, in an office or from your home, or are a stay-at-home moms *Chicken Soup for the Working Mom's Soul* is for you. The stories found in this heartwarming book are from women who, day in and day out, juggle and balance their careers and their families. Whether it's a busy day at the office, followed by music lessons and baseball practice, preparing dinner, or helping with homework, then snuggling and tucking in the little ones, life for a working mom is a busy one. But it is also an enriching and rewarding life, and the stories shared in this book by working moms will show you that it's not important to be 'Super Mom' all the time, just some of the time!

From Publishers Weekly If it ain't broke, don't fix it—that seems to be the byword of the creators of the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* franchise. This time working mothers are celebrated in an eclectic assortment of essays and cartoons. Selections focus either on the lighter side of life as a working mom or on the silver lining in difficult situations. Patricia Moore's essay on raising a grandchild whose mother has been incarcerated falls squarely in the latter category, as does Margaret Lang's essay, which begins with her husband's announcement that he's leaving her and their two small children. Any mother who has ever had the audacity to get sick during the first four years of her children's lives will relate to Mary Vallo's contribution; those who have ever attempted to breastfeed will send out a silent cheer to Ken Swarner for his hilarious account of his wife's attempt to pump breast milk after returning to her office job. Given the realities of life as a working mother, it's also a lucky break for the *Chicken Soup* folk that their short-short format is so well suited to this particularly busy audience. (Oct.) Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. About the Author Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen are sought-after national speakers and authors. They are the creators of The New York Times bestselling *Chicken Soup for the Soul* series. Patty Aubery (Santa Barbara, CA) is the vice president of the Canfield Training Group and Self-Esteem Seminars, Inc. She is the co-author of several *Chicken Soup* books including *Chicken Soup for the New Mom's Soul*, *Chicken Soup for the Beach Lover's Soul*, *Chicken Soup for the Teenage Christian Soul*, *Chicken Soup for the Expectant Mother's Soul* and *Chicken Soup for the Working Woman's Soul*. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. When Mommy Is a Writer 'And what do you do?' the gentleman seated to my right at a dinner party politely asked me. I was about thirty-two years old and the mother of three little girls. 'I'm a mom,' I answered proudly. 'Oh, so you don't work?' He sniffed. I will never forget the way this well-pedigreed captain of industry turned away from me in an instant to pursue a conversation with the woman on his other side—hopefully, somebody with a life. And I never forgot the sympathetic looks, the rude withdrawals, the assumption that I was surely not important enough or enlightened enough to make decent conversation. The women who were just starting to emerge in careers of their own back in the changing 1970s were sometimes equally disdainful. It was the era when all things seemed possible for women; Betty Friedan's book *The Feminine Mystique* announced that the world was bigger than a baked potato. And suddenly, work was the answer to getting beyond the kitchen walls. I was one of those women who didn't work 'outside the home,' as we were careful to enunciate, until my three daughters were safely launched in school at least for most of the day. I loved those years at home. But to be perfectly frank, I also found myself occasionally wondering whether I'd ever get my turn to do what I wanted. It came. But in a carefully selected way. I became a mommy-writer. In what turned out to be a perfect synthesis for me, I wrote about being a mom. That writing turned into a column. That column turned into something of a local institution that still goes on, thirty-three years and counting. My daughters grew up in my column, which made life both interesting and challenging for them—and for me. Where were the boundaries? Was it fair to share with thousands of readers how Jill fared on her first date? How it felt when Amy and I, the glorious battlers in our family, stormed in and out of each other's lives? When Nancy, the 'baby,' left for college, and I had to leave the door of her room closed for months rather than weep each time I saw it empty? Because my working life and home life collided constantly, it was sometimes impossible to figure out where one began and the other ended. My daughters were my 'material.' And to make matters more complicated, they could all read by the time I started writing for a living. Never mind that my husband, a judge with a very public life, would have welcomed some privacy. So in hindsight, would I have done anything—or everything—differently? Did my mommy life and my career have to be so inextricably intertwined? And so consuming? Yes. No. Maybe . . . Working from a home office, surrounded by laundry baskets, entertained by cries of 'She hit me first!' and 'I hate her!' and constantly battling the push-pull of Do I beg for an extension on my deadline so that I can go with the Brownie troop to the petting zoo? defined my life for years. Decades. Like so many working mothers, I seemed in a constant war with myself. And the very nature of my work—revelation—meant that I often spilled the beans on my family to my readers. All these years later, my daughters tell me that despite their furries, despite the times they slammed their doors in my face as if to say, 'This will keep you out of my life,' they kind of liked their celebrity. Now they tell me that it was 'cool' to have a mom who made them, well, kind of famous in the local sense. What makes all of this seem to have yet another life is that now I'm writing about their children, our seven brilliant, beautiful, and altogether stupendous grandchildren! Grandma, stop writing

about me!' the 'larges,' as we call the older children of the bunch, lament. But I've been this route before, and I strongly suspect that Hannah, Isaiah, Sam, and Jonah don't really mean it. I've even overheard them boasting to their schoolyard buddies, 'My name was in the paper again!' The 'smalls,' Danny, Emily, and Carly, can't read yet. I count it as a blessing, for now. So will I go on doing this? Will I shamelessly make my life as a wife, mother, grandmother, woman—and my career—a complicated fusion? I'm afraid so. Because 'living out loud' as the wonderful writer Anna Quindlen calls it, can become gloriously, hopelessly -addictive. Sally Friedman ©2008. Sally Friedman. All rights reserved. Reprinted from *Chicken Soup for the Working Mom's Soul* by Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Patty Aubery. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the written permission of the publisher. Publisher: Health Communications, Inc., 3201 SW 15th Street, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442.