Crisis of confidence...

So hubby and I were going out last Saturday night. Saturday morning, I decided I had nothing appropriate to wear. As in NOTHING. We rarely venture out at night, let alone in (nearly) Winter. I had an hour up my sleeve between having friends over & taking the middle child to a birthday party. I walked into Westfield full of hope and was ready to tackle some speed shopping. I literally went into EVERY farking shop in the damn centre. I ended up back at the old faithful Country Road & spent too much time looking at striped tees. Put the stripes down Ami & back away. I tried on a few things. Nothing was right, so I left & wondered if I had some 'dressy boots' I'd feel better. Ventured into DJs and was overwhelmed with boots and people, took a deep breath and left.

Meanwhile I was doing what every gal does, I was madly messaging my BFFs. They were both so kindly throwing their wardrobes at me! I kept thinking I wish I had the time to go over & raid their wardrobes.

With no outfit plan hanging over my head, I took Ben to his party and tried to forget about my clothing dilemma for 2.5 hours. After the cake had been cut, and party bags handed out, we raced home, I threw Benny out at the bottom of the driveway and headed to Myer. I was going to find some boots & throw an outfit together at home.

Nothing grabbed me so I headed for the clothes. I grabbed a few dresses and went into change rooms. I tried them on. And then I cried. I sat in the Myer change rooms and cried. I cried because I was tired. I cried because nothing felt or looked right. I cried because over the past year I have put on 10kg. I cried because I actually feel really shitty about myself. I was out of energy and I was out of time.

It then dawned on me that one of my BFFs houses was between my place & mums. Emergency message to mum to collect some clothes on her way over to look after the kids.

I got out of the shower and held my breath. Dear god please let something fit me. And it did. I wanted to cry relieved happy tears, but I already make up on so I kept my shit together.

We ventured out, I felt pretty good and was comfortable. Downed a quick couple of Moscato's and was feeling much better.

But it really dawned on me how important it is to feel good about yourself. My wardrobe has morphed 100% into a 'mummy wardrobe'. And why shouldn't it, I am after all a full time mum. But along the way I have completely lost myself. The weight has crept on, and it needs to bugger off. I'm an emotional eater... and the last 12-15 months have certainly been full of some overwhelming emotions.

No one but myself can kick my butt into gear. I get the polite comments, oh but you look lovely, there's no way you've put on 10kg. Well meaning and lovely. But it's how I feel in myself. Most of, ok all, my clothes are tight. It's disheartening and frustrating.

I've started at least 4 times this year on a 'weightloss journey' (ugh hate that term!). And who knows if I'll stick to it this time. Only time will tell.