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My husband and I passed out last year. I realized that we were no longer intentional with our marriage. I realized that we live on autopilot and have been for a long time. Get the kids and ready for the day, at night get dinner, homework and full baths then prepare to do it all again tomorrow. Weekends were spent taking kids dancing, birthdays, and church, getting groceries and laundry done. Roman was dead, and if we didn't spark it back, our marriage would soon follow. We realised that we were no longer intentional in our marriage, we realized romance took back to strive for parenting and we had to make a plan to be deliberate. Here are five ways we have committed ourselves to being deliberate to bring romance and connection back. 1. Hire time to have one meal alone together for a week. We don't have the funds for a weekly nanny and we don't have a village at all, so we take one lunch break a week to meet and eat together. This time with him life gives for me. It's the only time I have during the week to sit across from him continuously to the kids and really talk to him. If you can afford a nanny, awesome! Make it your goal to schedule a date night each week. If you saHM and don't have lunch breaks, then ask your husband to come home while your child sleeps so you two can sit across from each other to share food and talk. When there is going to be, you can find a way! 2. Pray OUT LOUD together. It's huge for us. There is something special about kneeling next to your husband and saying the words on your heart to God before Him, and it is equally gratifying to hear your husband's heart out loud to God. The vulnerability that is required for this is so connected. When you pray out loud together there is no place to distress against each other. 3. Go to sleep at the same time. I know it sounds like nothing to worry about, but actually I think it is. When I let my go to bed and I don't sleep on tv or phone time it sets the gap between us for the disconnect to multiply. Even if you are not tired, go to bed with your spouse. There is premeditation in being next to it. 4. Know how your spouse needs love and love him or her that way. My language of love is a quality time, the language of my husband's love is gifts. Lunch together each week fills my novel tank and little gifts fill it up. It doesn't have to be complicated, a little note placed in his wallet, sending free coffee to his Starbucks app. Small little tokens provide romance and show love. 5. Be deliberate with your words. I feel like romance starts with the words we say, You look good today. Your spouse's text on the way from work and say you're glad to see him or her. If you have a busy day or a day off in your marriage still watch your words. If God hadn't been proud of words about to speak and then rethink your words. You can express your pain and sadness in a way that glorifies your marriage and doesn't ruin it any further. The inclusion of these small steps took us away from autopilot and reunited us through the daily routine of caring for our children. This post comes from the TODAY parent team community, where all members can post and discuss parenting decisions. Find out more and join us! Because we're all in this together. Two years ago, my husband and I undergone a transformation in our marriage. Some would call it a rough spot. Others would call it marriage growing pain. I call it the scariest time I've ever lived, and until about a year ago, I wasn't able to write about our family stress because it made things feel too real. But, if I learned anything through our therapy journey it was that we entered the club the day we entered our therapist's office, a club I didn't know existed until I slowly began whispering to my close friends that we were looking for therapy to smooth our differences. It turns out family problems and the stress that comes with marriage are long term topics no one wants to talk about at cocktail parties. No one wants to post a picture on Facebook that says: We're both smiling through gritted teeth because we've just had a huge argument behind closed doors and we're pretending that everything is fine for the sake of appearance. #Blessed #TherapyRocks. Until I was brave enough to say something to my friends, I couldn't know how many couples were dealing with the same stresses we faced. I realized that I wasn't the only one who at one time or another felt that the novel had died in my relationship. And, if you're reading this by shaking your head in agreement, just know that I understand how difficult it is to take the first step toward fixing your relationship. You're not alone. The therapy is worth it, even if it's because it helps you decide that you are going to actually end your marriage. Just get a meeting. I promise it's worth it. The realization that my son would be heading to college hit me one summer day. As my son's reality of leaving home washed over me, I found myself feeling panicked. Not because I was nervous about the inevitable tearful farewell in his dorm room. My panic wasn't because the thought of sending him on my own made me want to sit on his bed and cry. No, I felt panicked because I didn't recognize my marriage. Years of frustration and stress from raising children, stress in work and living together for almost 20 years left my marriage unrecognizable. Somewhere along the way, we have lost our spark and our once-close bond. Like most couples, our conversations revolved around carpools and bills, and our evenings were spent thrusting Tv. We've become more like two roommates Rent. More and more bickering and hurtful feelings were replaced by deep conversations and respect. The indignation hung like a heavy cloud over our marriage, and most days, it felt like my husband had become a stranger to me. And I wasn't sure that our marriage would be able to withstand the absence of children living at home. When I had a hard time looking at what we had become with each other, slowly and insidiously over time, I realized that I wasn't sure I would be married to my husband when my children left home for college. And it scared me to death. I met my husband when I was 20 years old when my hips didn't sway and my face wasn't a road map of crow's feet or sunspots. He was part of almost every memory I have in my adult life, and I couldn't believe that I was seriously considering leaving. But if I were honest with myself, the thought of spending empty years of a nest in a marriage full of resentment and pain, too, didn't seem too appealing. On a warm summer day a few weeks after my devastating awareness, our marriage came to a crisis point. As a silly argument escalating hopelessly out of control, I threw words into my chest that I never dreamed I would say. Words we both knew could never be taken back. I want a divorce. With these stinging words hanging over our heads, the sounds of our children laughing at the funny YouTube video on our patio floated in the kitchen. The reality of what I had just confessed felt selfish as relief, but I stunned myself in silence with the feud that I was saying. After that, the silence in the kitchen was deafening. My husband looked at me from all over the kitchen island, his blue eyes flashing hurt and sadness. So, that's it? Is that all I get? 20 years together and you're not even going to help me try to put things back together? In my pain and confusion about not acknowledging my marriage, it didn't come to me to know that care wasn't the only option. It didn't come to me either that he didn't want to leave either. I had a choice. And I made a more difficult choice that day. I chose marriage treatment. I decided to take the steps necessary to find kindness in our marriage, gentle reminders that we are still closely related, even if we could not remember who we were before two children, a dog and a mortgage. I decided to go through the couple's therapy path in the hope that we might reconsider what our retirement years would look like down the line. Our story could have ended suddenly that summer day in our kitchen. Instead, we decided to rewrite the end of our marriage. We realized that while we cracked the veneer of our marriage, the foundation was strong. We could recover, slowly and carefully, each bringing new bricks and mortar we created together in our sessions. At first I kept our family matters quiet, for I shame that my mine marriage seemingly failed. And, it didn't help that some of the people I said immediately exclaimed: But, you guys are so perfect together! You can't break up! And so, we were silent in our struggle, relying on each other for support. Often, I felt like the only couple who ever had to take a closer look at the issues that have been swept under the carpet for so long. But, slowly, I realized that I had nothing to be ashamed of. The reality of children leaving home can shake even the most enduring marriages with their foundations. And I know we're not alone. I'm proud of how hard we worked to redefine ourselves as a couple. I'm not shy to admit that we fought like a couple anymore. In fact, I am grateful every day for this moment in my kitchen. We found romance in our marriage again through hard work, open communication and a greater dose of honesty on both sides. Marriage is hard. It's very hard. I wasn't prepared for the emotions that came with not only really facing your kids leaving home, but also being able to rediscover who I really am after nearly 20 years of laundry, carpooling and parenting. The light is bright at the end of this proverbial tunnel, yes, but sometimes it's so dazzling that you have to take a step back and blink until you can get your bearings. But when you can clearly see again when this light comes into focus and you can see your relationship at the end of the tunnel, walking towards it doesn't seem difficult. I'm just glad I saw the light before it was too late. This post appeared first on Grown and Flown. Related videos: This post comes from the TODAY Community Parenting Team, where all members can post and discuss parenting decisions. Find out more and join us! Because we're all in this together. Together, forced marriage romance novels urdu pdf. husband wife forced marriage romance novel best urdu novels

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