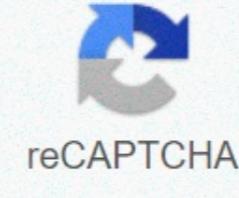




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Failure a love story

Allocation of excellence in company culture. Early rate through December 4Apply NowSalesBy Geoffrey James, Contributing Editor, Inc.com@Sales_SourceSuccess is great, but there are also substantial benefits to failure. The list below is based on a conversation with one of the world's top motivational speakers, Art Mortell author of *The Courage to Fail*: Failure teaches you more than success, especially about yourself. Failure renews your humility and grinds up your objectivity. Failure creates the perfect opportunity to try out new ideas. Failure helps you make corrections so you stay on target. Failure makes you more mature and more resilient. Failure reminds you to be kinder to yourself and those around you. Failure is a badge of courage because you dared to take the risk. Failure develops the vital emotion of patience. Failure alerts you not to take things as personally (or so seriously). Failure grounds your self-esteem on who you are, not what you do. Like this post? If so, sign up for the free Sales Source newsletter.Inc. helps entrepreneurs change the world. Get the advice you need to start, grow, and lead your business today. Sign up here for unlimited access. The opinions made here by Inc.com are their own, not those of Inc.com. Skip to content

For months, I felt no connection whatsoever to my newborn son. Then one day an idea took hold that changed everything. Trying to remember how exactly the exact moment I fell in love with my son, Nathaniel, is difficult. It could have been when he listened intently as I read him my favourite book from childhood, *The Velveteen Rabbit*. It could have been during the walk when he reached out from his baby carrier and grabbed my finger. But I know for sure that this wasn't the first time I kept my child - and the shock I felt not experiencing the rush of love I expected to become a mother was staggering. Even though I had a cesarean section, I still expected to see Nathaniel right away. I thought he'd be lifted over the curtain and placed on my chest. He would open his eyes, and we would look at each other, and the collective wisdom of generations of mothers who had come before me would beam into my heart. Instead, my son and I had our first meeting in the recovery room at the hospital, hours after his birth. My parents and my husband were there. A nice nurse kept asking me where I was from one to ten on the pain scale. Someone handed the baby over to me at some point, but the memory is elusive, just out of my reach. The last thing I clearly remember was being in the operating room. The baby had just been delivered, but he wasn't crying yet; the nurses still have his mouth I shook violently, either from fear or of all the drugs pumped into my system. I begged the anaesthetic to do something for my nausea. Before she added another drug My IV, I heard a nurse ask my doctor the reason for the C-section, presumably for hospital paperwork. It's late and I wanted to go home, he said. I suppose he was joking, but after 36 hours of labor I wasn't really in the mood to laugh. In the blurry weeks that followed, I went over the events of that day in my mind like a crime scene investigator, trying to figure out exactly when something went horribly wrong. Because something was clearly terribly wrong. When I held Nathaniel, I felt a pounding, all-consorting anxiety. One word left through my head like a drumbeat: escape. I wanted to put Nathaniel in his crib, walk out the door and never come back. When we took him for his first examination, I sincerely hoped the doctor would see that I wasn't up for the challenge of motherhood and allow us to leave the baby there. What kind of mom was I? What kind of person was I? You're a monster, I told myself. A monster that doesn't love her own child. It didn't make sense. I've always thought of myself as the kind of woman born to be a mother. But here I was, desperately plotting my escape from the role I craved most in life. When my husband took pictures of me with the baby, I tried to force my face into a smile, but my eyes told the truth. They were flat and empty. My voice sounded like it was coming from a long tunnel. I had no appetite. Food tasted wrong. A few friends suggested I might postpartum depression, but I didn't think so. It felt like a crutch, an excuse. Besides, I didn't cry all the time. I didn't cry at all. I just sat there, either numb or panicked, unable to do anything right. I wasn't sick. I was useless. I can't do it. I won't do it. These words ran through my mind day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute. Every time the phone rang, I hoped it was someone calling to save me. Friends came and visited, but they always left. Take me with you, remember me and beg one of them. I tried to pretend I was joking, but I wasn't. I felt worse after a few weeks so I had a psychopharmacologist I saw a few years back. She was simple and told me that with the right medication, I would feel just like my old self. I didn't believe her. My old self was gone - I was sure of it. I went back to a therapist I saw before my marriage, but she became more a friend than a counsellor over time. I was ashamed of her to see me in my current state. I went once and didn't return. Next I tried an old-school psychoanalysis. Dr. Freud, as my husband called him, was warm and reassuring, he wanted to talk about my childhood and I wanted to focus on the present. By now, Nathaniel was more than 2 months old. I feared that if I didn't get better soon, I would never bond with him. Also, my maternity leave has come to an end. I had to have a more Approach. A friend gave me the phone number of a postpartum-depression hotline, and I made it with me for weeks before I got up the nerve to call. When I finally did, a friendly woman assured me I had PPD, and that it was susceptible. The other doctors I saw also told me, but she was the first one I really believed. She told me she heard women say exactly what I said all along. I felt so alone in my dark, ugly mind, but she personally spoke to other women who went through exactly what I was going through. They got better, and I would get better too. The wife of the hotline suggested a therapist specializing in PPD. When I called her, she told me that the fact that I experienced guilt about my negative feelings about motherhood was a good sign. It meant I didn't want to feel that way. And she told me she had PPD too, and she came across it and went on to have a second child. On my first visit, she gave me her personal copy of Brooke Shields' book on postpartum depression, *Down Came the Rain*. After reading the book and with the therapist's counselling, I started to feel better. I went back on the antidepressant I took before I got pregnant, which made a big difference. And something else helped me too: a line from an article I read about Rosanne Cash. When she described her work ethic, she said, Just come on. Just do it. Even if you feel like s--- and you think you're terrible and you'll never get better and it'll never go anywhere, just show up and do it. And finally, something happens. It talked to me. I felt like a terrible mum and I didn't know what I was doing. I couldn't figure out what cry means I'm hungry and what means I'm tired. I couldn't wrap the baby to work. I didn't know how often to bathe him, or when to put him down for a nap, or to put him in pajamas or to let him sleep in a diaper. I was sure that if left alone in my care, he would die. But when my mind started with his refrain from I can't do it, I won't do it, I thought of that quote from Rosanne Cash. Just showing up, I told myself instead. Just do it. So I did. And she was right: Something happened. I started to get the hang of it. I turned a corner when Nathaniel was 3 months old and I returned to work. I love my job, so going back to it - and going back to my pre-baby routine - made me happy. Eventually I rediscovered my confidence, which felt like it had been put in a car, driven in the middle of the desert and set on fire. It took me a while to come to terms with what happened during the days of my child's life. More than once I found myself wishing I knew him when he was first born. And of course it's foolish because I was right there. But also, I wasn't. To see us together these days, you'll never know. When he smiles my heart like fireworks, in a thousand small stars. I love nothing more than snuggling with him or reading to him. And I think I'll never understand exactly what went wrong, whether I was traumatised by the C-section, or if I experienced some sort of hormonal accident, or if people with my type A personality - those of us who like to do things perfectly on the first three, who like to be in charge - are only destined for a certain degree of panic when we become mothers and lose control of absolutely everything. I thought I would fall in love with my baby the first time he was in my arms. But that didn't happen. It couldn't happen until the thing that broke in me when he came into the world was fixed. But I love him now, boundlessly, without premeditation. And maybe in the end what matters most isn't the moment we fall in love, but what we do with that love once it takes hold. © Copyright . All rights reserved. Printed this link is to an external website that may or may not meet accessibility guidelines. JACKSON HOLE, Wyo. -- You're a central banker. You know this extension will end just like all the others. You know you and yours will end up killing it. You already know you'll have to do too much everything at once because you didn't do enough when you need to. And you know you can't name an extension that didn't end that way. You know well that the idea that three rate hikes to date are enough to cool the economy is ridiculous. You know that the idea that hasn't passed enough time to assess their final impact is sillier yet. You know that the funds rate is currently no higher than it was in August 1998; you know it's not a coincidence that the economy is now growing even faster than it was then. And you know that in a recent episode it took a 300 basis point increase in the funds rate (up 6% from 3%), a 214 basis point increase in bond yields (up 8.08% from 5.94%), and a 237 basis point increase in mortgage rates (up 9.20% from 6.83%) to cap the economic growth rate to the tune of 1.3 percentage points. You know that Jim Bianco is right when he points out that come the second day of the year, a whole lot of Americans will be looking at a bathtub full of water, a sport utility full of gas, and a mattress full of cash. You know that the water and the gas don't matter much, but you're pretty sure that not a whole lot of that money goes back into the bank. You know the bond market won't do your job for you. You know that stocks are even happier in the wake of three tightening than they followed three relievers. And you know they're laughing in your face. Well? What are you doing? Pure Tomorrow You do two things. Switching to triple zero means you're a sissy today be, but you issue another message in the New Year for a few days (and credit for this line of thinking goes to Jim). A formal statement, statement, through a mouthpiece, whatever. You get out there (provided we're all still here) and said Hey. We couldn't be happier that this year thing went off without a hitch. Honest. We are delighted. However, we have some bad news. All that pump we did? At faster and faster rates for a while now? It's going to have to stop. And then, after giving fair warning, you end up doing something that will actually be taken seriously. Something you should have done seven months earlier. You squeeze through a half-point rate increase when you meet about a month later. Epilogue You are a central banker. Cupid strikes. Magic, pure magic, courses through your veins. You start to think that maybe, just maybe, this time is different. And then it hits you. The lover is different. The words are different. The locations are different. And yet the last scene of the last act is the same as it's ever been. Was.

