

DOORMAT

I will not be a doormat.
I will not be a doormat.
I will not be a doormat!
oh, just walk all over me.

*Being Spiritual
doesn't make me
your DOORMAT*

HI.
I'M MAT.

**I AM NOT A
DOORMAT**

WELCOME



Doormat

By Ken Proctor



I... am Doormat. I choose... to be Doormat. Through complacency...okay, laziness... I chose the easy path... I choose the easy out. I avoid responsibility, because responsibility is hard. It is simpler to do less... to be less... to let my kids do as they please... let them go where they want with who they want... as long as they don't ask much from me.

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By Ken Proctor

Published by SpiritDrivenLeadership.com



Spirit Driven Leadership is a project of Ministry Management Seminars

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to let my kids do as they please... let them go where they want with who they want... as long as they don't ask much from me.

If they don't expect much from me... I

can't disappoint them.....can I?

I am... I choose to be... Doormat.

* * * * *

I... am Doormat.

I choose... to be Doormat.

Through love... the charity and endless giving kind of love.

I love my kids so much... I would die for my kids... I have died for my kids. Sacrificing my life... my time, my cash, my tolerance, my patience, my gifts, my dreams, my career... my life. And I would give it all again.

I love them enough to never say "no"... to never say "later"... to never make them wait while I am busy or talking to someone else.

I love them enough to take them anywhere they want, when they want it... to focus all my attention on them when they demand it... to support them without question whether they are right or wrong.

I'm sure... that if I just love them enough, and keep loving them... eventually they will become better people... like me.

I am... I choose to be... Doormat.

* * * * *

I... am Doormat.

I did not plan to be Doormat... and I'm not sure how I became Doormat.

Sure I love my kids... but it's a tough love.

I define the rules... we have lots of rules... so that my kids know exactly what is expected of them. I tell them what to wear, what to eat, where to go... and who with... I make the rules...

And when they forget the rules... I remind them. And when they forget again... I tell them again.

When it becomes evident that they aren't going to abide by a rule... I love my kids enough to change the rules.

And when my kids have made it plain that they feel the rules are unjust... eventually, I change the rules again... because I love my kids.

Now my kids ignore the rules... my kids ignore me.

I am Doormat. But I'm not sure how I became... Doormat.