

Guest Blogger Samantha: Waiting and Obsessing Over THE Private School Admissions Letters

Description



Waiting For Letters: Time Drags On

Waiting.

Itâ€™s the worst. Itâ€™s a little mini-hell. The minutes pass like hours, the days like years.

And now, as most of you wait for admission letters from the various schools youâ€™ve applied to, you have an intimacy with waiting that you could have done without. But here you are, waiting nonetheless.

Ugh!!!

So, as you sit, trying to fill the time, itâ€™s only natural that you start thinking about thingsâ€¦ And then, because youâ€™re only human, doubt creeps in and starts playing games with your mind.

You think about that interview at that school you love. You know, the school that is PERFECT for your kid. Like, if you get into that school youâ€™ll never have any problems in your life again. Ever. Really. The interview there was great. You really felt comfortable with the Admissions Director, like you were long lost sisters, or BFFâ€™s or whatever. You were wearing the same shoes, which was so funny, because when you commented on that she chuckled and mentioned being like-minded.

Right.

Youâ€™re like-minded.

Do you think she was just saying that?

Do you think she thought the shoe comment was weird?

Oh my God, I commented on her shoes. Iâ€™m such a moron! She probably thinks I have a shoe fetish or something. Like Iâ€™m Imelda Marcos. Oh shoot â€” she might have family in the Philippines, or maybe she once knew someone from the Philippines. Now she probably thinks I was saying something bigoted and awful. Oh God, weâ€™re never getting in â€” Iâ€™ve ruined my childâ€™s life forever!

Sound familiar? Let me make you feel better. The Admissions Director is definitely not admitting you because you made a comment about shoes, or because you shook her hand too hard or not hard enough. Neither is she wondering about whether your outfit matched at the coffee or if your kidâ€™s clothes looked too small. Even the spinach you are convinced was in your teeth the day of your interview will NOT be the deciding factor in your childâ€™s admission.

If only it were that easyâ€¦

See, thereâ€™s gender and birthdate, legacy and siblings, personality and diversity. Those things make random shoe selection look simple!

Now, assuming you didnâ€™t talk on your cell phone throughout the tour, or check your Blackberry twenty times during your interview, I can pretty much give you a free pass on the small transgressions that you are now sure are the death knell for admittance.

You are ok. You are just powerless.

So, acknowledge all the things that there are to obsess about, from your tone of voice to wearing white before Memorial Day, and then let it go.

And try to remember that obsessing is Mom 101, but surrendering is an AP class.

Good luck!

Samantha Goodman is the mom of a First Grader at Wildwood School and a preschooler at 10th St. Preschool in Santa Monica. Samantha's son also attended 10th St. Preschool. Before her current parenting hiatus she was a screenwriter in Hollywood.

Samantha's previous guest blog pieces: Previous posts: ["Wait-Listed At Wildwood"](#) and ["What Its Really Like At Wildwood School"](#)

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Author

admin