

MORNINGS JUST MIGHT KILL ME



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How I stopped fighting my natural rhythm and learned to work WITH it instead of AGAINST it.

There are two kinds of people in this world: the ones who jump out of bed at 6 a.m. ready to seize the day... and the ones who hit snooze three times, question all their life choices, and need two cups of coffee before making eye contact with another human. Guess which one I am?

I don't understand morning people. My best friend's dad was one of those chipper, rise-and-shine types. At 5 a.m. sharp, he'd burst into the living room where we were sleeping and start singing. **Singing. At 5 a.m. Why was he singing??** I wish I were kidding. There I was, wrapped in a blanket burrito, eyes glued shut, trying to pretend I wasn't being serenaded by a middle-aged man with way too much joy in his heart.

Now, as an adult running my own business, you'd think I would have finally embraced mornings. I mean, it's what you're supposed to do, right? The early bird gets the worm?

Nope. I'm still not a morning person.

It has to be some sort of fatal flaw, right? You're supposed to embrace mornings. Seize the day!

I tell myself I'm going to rise with the sun, feel that seize-the-day energy, and start my morning with gratitude and a green smoothie.

But... no. That fantasy usually ends with my resetting the alarm and pulling the blanket back over my head.

I've embraced mornings, to an extent. I get up, tend to the schedule, check my emails... but it's all done in my pajamas, armed with coffee and exactly zero conversational skills. No talking until 10 a.m.

Eventually, I realized it wasn't just about how I start my day. It was about how I start showing up for myself.

I've learned that "embracing mornings" doesn't mean waking up at 5 a.m. to journal, work out, and crush your to-do list before sunrise. It just means showing up for your day as you are, even if that means sipping coffee in your pajamas.

Over time, I've had to learn that some parts of ourselves aren't meant to be fixed...they're meant to be *understood*.

You can read every productivity hack and try every early bird routine, but at the end of the day (or the very slow start of one), some things are just innate.

For me, that meant finally accepting:
I'm not a morning person.
I never have been.
I never will be.
And that's okay.

It's not about being lazy or lacking drive. I have plenty of ambition. I just rock 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. because I'm not a night owl, either.

Embracing this part of myself has helped me protect something even more important: my health. I've come to realize that I need rest more than most people my age. That's not a flaw... it's information. And it's been key in helping me prioritize energy, healing, and making the most of the hours where I do shine.

We don't all operate the same... and we don't need to. Some of us just do our best work in the bright glare of late morning, fueled by caffeine, quiet, and a whole lot of self-acceptance.

So no, I'm not a morning person. But I *am* a person who knows her limits, owns her rhythm, and still gets it done without having to get the gross worm. *DR*

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