

Volume 12, Issue 16: The Introvert In Me

The weekend before last my family went to a birthday party for the teenage son of a friend of ours that we had been invited to earlier that week. These are old friends of ours that we lost touch with more than a decade ago and just recently reconnected with. Reconnecting with this couple is such a joy.

At the birthday party, we got to see other couples we had lost touch with for just as long. It was a joy being in their company and I look forward to reconnecting with them as well. We had to leave several hours later, even though none of the other guests showed signs of wanting to leave any time soon.

In his partying speech, my husband reiterated that we were looking forward to reconnecting with this wonderful group of friends. However, something he said got me on edge. He asked them to not hesitate to invite us to all their families birthday parties and functions. Seeing how late we had stayed at this nice birthday party, I knew I did not want to be invited to tons of birthday parties.

I do not want to excessively add to the number of functions I go to. I don't fancy being on the go all the time and coming home late in the night. I want to stay home most weekends. And so, even though I want to reconnect with these wonderful folks, the introvert in me doesn't want to get in a space where I would be constantly going to one function after another, staying out late.

If you are an introvert, I bet you can relate to this in a way. We love good company, but only so much of it. If you are an extrovert, you are probably wondering what in the world I am going on about. You love extended company and interaction and would jump at the possibility of being invited to a myriad of functions, and hangout for hours on end. It's all good. We are just wired differently.

The Introvert In Me

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For His Glory,

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