

## Not a Vacation

This week I went back to my home town. I even went with my cousin Marie. Sounds like fun, right?

Well, except that the task was to clear out my Mom's home after all most 60 years of living in it. I admit that I was feeling pretty overwhelmed at the prospect. Two years ago I had tackled my brother's one-bedroom apartment, and that was pretty tough too, though probably because I was also dealing with getting his body from the county morgue, and other associated details. We were also in a place where we knew no one, so there were no family and friends to support us. Lucky Marie, she gets all the fun trips!

So, while it was a ton of work, and I don't want to have to look at another old greeting card ever again (my cousin and I agree that this is apparently an inherited family trait), it wasn't as bad as I thought. We took one room at a time, and all through the week, neighbors and friends popped by to help out - Ernie, whose children I grew up with, looked through the garage for me and figured out what of my Dad's tools were worth saving, other folks helped with names of folks to clean, cart away TVs (we had three non-working ones in the house and garage), and my old car (don't ask), others to provide additional trash cans, another to go to Goodwill for us, and take the precious stuff to our realtor friends who are helping us sell the house, and our friends who fed us a couple of times during the week (and would have more, if we'd let them). Soon, more boxes beyond what we brought back with us will fill my apartment, and I will have to figure out what needs to be kept and what can be let go.

On the house sale front, the good news is that the house is in a prime location in the LA area. Despite what you read generally about California real estate, my Mom's neighborhood is still holding value quite nicely, with a major renovation across the street, an over \$1 million house being built a few doors away, and the house next door sold for a pretty penny. It's also in the middle of the elementary, middle and high schools on a quiet street with a great school district. Even the appraiser thought it was all good news. Given how difficult real estate is these days, I am incredibly grateful.

Since I was able to physically go to my childhood home this week, here's the link to the amazing [Arcade Fire interactive music video](#).

There was a bit of knitting along the way - basic socks. I finished one of the stranded ones down there, and then went to one color at a time because I was basically brain dead. These are intended for Afghans for Afghans, which will be accepting socks for the rest of the month. Feline inspection was doubled because they were knit at a distance.

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