

The Great Clear Out - Part 1

I am not a hoarder. I do not like to step over crap to get to what I want to deal with, I actually like order along with some random piles (because I am that kind of creative person).

Over the past few years, though, when my brother died suddenly and I cleaned out his apartment and inherited his stuff, and then the next year my mom got ill, and I had to close down her house (in which she and my father had lived 60 years), then with job and caring for her to the end of this life, and ending a job less gracefully than I would have wished, well, things had gotten out of hand, and frankly, beyond my overcoming. I had a guest room/office that was a mess, and where, although there were paths to every point in the room, there were boxes and a closet that was, shall we say, not so functional? I've been calling it The Room of Doom. Oh, and a storage unit with the best furniture from my Mom's house, boxes from that old job, and boxes from the job I had when my mom was so sick? Yeah, it was a lot.

So much that I enlisted the help of a former parishioner who is lovely and amazing, and a professional organizer. She looks gentle, but it's a boot camp kind of experience in the best possible way.

We did one day together and got the Room of Doom looking like this:



and the closet, a total mess, is now a functional space!

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Yeah, I haven't seen that much floor *in years*. It's kinda awesome. Now the main living space was a wreck because that sorting central, and there is all this family memorabilia that is just killiiiiing me. Pro-tip: do not be the last member of your immediate family to be living, if you can help it. This all would have been fixed for me if I had taken worse care of myself. Except for the dead part. But I digress.

I am now in the "finding homes for stuff" phase of the sort. Fortunately with the furniture, it is all decent stuff, so if younger cousins decide to pass on things (which I wouldn't blame them for because they didn't pick it out), I might actually get a bit of money for a couple of pieces, while others are going to make a home with me, and dreck like the director's chair on my balcony can go to the dump. The classic rock music is going to a family friend, I need to see who the LOTR fans are in my network, and things like that.

By the end of the week, I won't have gone through ALL my stuff, but enough that things will be

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functional, and if I need a storage unit, it will be pretty small. And it will be a very good thing.

Part 2 will be more beautiful space!