

Me, My Crap & How I Got Rid of It.

Yes I did!! I went there - your closet. Why? Because I have been to mine and survived.

Today, I will fully admit that my family, friends, enemies, general people that have been to my house think of my house as some white trash version of the Guggenheim. I think, that is a small bit extreme but I do require order, neatness, cleanliness, calm, peace, and grace in my home and I don't have a problem doing a little work to get there. So until my roommate moved in I had empty closets. (Yes that is a plural noun. I did not miss speak. I had more than one empty closet in my house.) The room I was using in my own personal walk-in closet was somewhere south of 50% of available space. Now I am using about 60% of the available space in my closet to accommodate his stuff. Although my other closets are closer to full, they are still fully accessible and usable to anyone that would need something from them. However, it has not always been that way.

As a child, I held on to everything that I came in contact with. I was afraid of losing everything – I might need it later for something. We were poor and I didn't have much to start with. Like most people, I noticed having stuff made me feel more apart of things. I mattered because I had stuff – rocks, strings, pressed flowers, nuts, bolts, paper, small toys, bits of cloth, tin cans, shoe boxes and anything else that looked shiny, was free, and I could carry home. By the time I was six, my room was stuffed to the gills with random crap. You couldn't even open the door much less walk through without fear of gravity's influence.

Then a funny thing happened, I had to go to school. At the time my family lived in a not so great area of town and my mom, being the upwardly mobile intellectual white trash diva she was, decided I needed better schooling than the city school around the corner could provide. She had to act fast if she was going to save her precious daughter from a mediocre life. A plan was hastily constructed and I was informed of my parents' (read mom's) decision. We were moving to the county and I was going to a private school. Better class of people, better school, makes a higher class kid. (It wasn't until 25 years later she gave up the social improve of her daughter but I digress.) Our old house was sold, a new one was bought, and moving day was coming up fast. Looking back it would have been nice if my parents had asked my opinion but I understand the reality – as cute as they are, as precocious as they are - seven year olds are not and should never be decision makers. They are still in the oven and should be left to rise in their kiddy time.

This doesn't change the facts, I had a part to play in move, and I had to packing my room. My mother was VERY frustrated with me. All my junk had to go before moving could commence. I was holding up the mom train - never a good place to be. I remember sitting on the floor in the middle of my bed room crying my eyes out because my stuff had to go. I felt as if my whole being had to be tossed aside for an unknown future I did not understand, could not see, and had no part in creating. My stuff was my identity and it was going out with the garbage.

At this very moment of lowness, I had a seven year old light bulb moment. This was my crap. I owned this crap. I had found most of this crap in the cove we currently live on. This stuff was crap – no not kidding crap. And I could find more crap. I did not take this new idea at

face value. I had to prove it to myself so I ran out the front door (my mom was packing the kitchen and I didn't want to get beaten for not working on my room), when to the side walk right outside my house, and picked up a rock. Yes there is still crap in the world! I can't tell you how relieved I was. I could let go. I ran back in the house and stared chucking everything in sight. I required none of this stuff – I could always find more. As the piles went down, a funny thing happened, I began to feel better. I had been a gloomy child in many ways but now I could feel my mood rising.

That was a powerful lesson. It wasn't until much later in my life, when I started to study physics, that I understood why I felt so much better as the stuff left me. **EVERYTHING IN YOUR POSSESSION, AND I DO MEAN EVERYTHING, HAS AN ENERGY SIGNATURE THAT IS CONNECTED TO YOU – GOOD, BAD, UGLY, OR INDIFFERENT.** The more stuff you have the more little connections you have. The more connections you have the more energy drains away from you and the more chaotic you feel. I like order and calm, and like most people in today's world I need all my energy I can get! Sharing it with stuff I don't need is a waste of a precious resource.

Part of my road to Enlightenment and homesteading is getting rid of stuff that does not bring me anything. I have to sit down with myself periodically and asked a really hard question. Am I ready to get rid of all the crap around me? This does include people and animals but another time to tell those stories of mine. The following are my rules of cleaning out the crap.

- 1). Decide you are ready to clean out the crap.
- 2). Sit down and think about what you really need and what is extra.
(The following are my rules. Just as an example)
 - a. If it doesn't fit, it goes.
 - b. If it's out of date (food, condiments, pantry items, etc) it goes.
 - c. If it doesn't work, it goes.
 - d. If it is worn out, it goes.
 - e. If it's someone else's it get returned in the cleaning week or, it goes.
 - f. A semimetal item that I have not worked through my issues with.
* I make a note, yes a post-it, I literally write down that I still have not dealt with x, and put it on my to-get-over list.
 - g. If I haven't used it in a year, it goes.
* If it's something I use almost every year but not this year for some reason I keep it. Turkey tray is something I did not use this year I won a turkey and didn't need the big tray to serve it on. I will use it again.
- 3). Find a time, at least once a year, to repeat this process.

I have found that I am unsettled when I have not done this for awhile. Too much stuff accumulates and it gets me off balance. As I watch some TV shows that try to get people to clean up their houses I see the same thing. Too much stuff causes too many problems. And I'm just too cute for that kind of drama. Think about.