

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country
Don't U-Haul It

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The Bandera Prophet

After our third successful date, My Future Husband brought me to his ranch, planted me in a rocking chair on the front porch overlooking the magnificent hills and announced, "I cleared this land, built this house myself and I'm never going to leave."

So much for negotiation about where we would settle.

I was prepared for – gasp - moving, though it took a Pandemic to get me in gear. It's usually something like that or an imminent house closing to really set the wheels in motion. I mean, who ever wants to pack everything up and move?

Evidently, not me.

Since I had assessed the situation at the ranch and found that there was not nearly enough closet space, I decided this was the perfect time for me to downsize. Want to know the cool part about downsizing? You just pack up what you want, leave the rest, have a giant estate sale, and Poof! You're moved!

It's a great idea but there's only one problem – first you actually have to go through everything thing you own. In the beginning I was highly motivated to get all my stuff combined with his stuff, but then I soon realized he had too much stuff and there wasn't enough space for all my stuff.

So, sweetly I said to My Future Husband, "Oh honey, why don't we get rid of all those things that you don't really use anymore? We can have a gigantic Estate Sale and use all the money to buy us some new stuff – you know, 'our' stuff."

He bought it hook, line and sinker.

So I packed up my kitchen, hauled it all over here, grabbed Very Best Friend who is the Organizing Genius of All Times and set in to combine stuff. It took us two days, but we merged the kitchen.

Through the summer, I kept packing, moving and combining till we got all the way to the big deal – bringing over furniture. I hired movers because we're old.

Once all the furniture was arranged, I could really settle down because about 75 percent of my world surrounded me on the ranch. Luckily our furniture matched. Thank the Lord I never went through a French Provincial phase.

But now I'm stuck with a house that still needs me to go through the last two bedrooms and part of the garage. And I am not motivated at all to drive over there and work on it. Come to think of it, we still haven't even taken down the Christmas decorations around here. At least all the wrapping paper and bows are now combined.

I'm armed with more boxes, packing material and tape than a UPS store, but I still can't find a personal packer to make my life simple.

Maybe what I need to do is throw a giant packing party, masks and wine required. Then I could have some fun and my friends could laugh at all the crazy things I've clung to through the years. I mean how many mismatched earrings does a girl need, really?

Wish me luck with my U-Hauling.