

Title:
Clutterbugs

Word Count:
568

Summary:

"This house is so cluttered I can't find anything," said my husband. I looked around, and realized that most of the clutter was his, on that particular day, anyway. He seemed to be oblivious to that fact. He's not only a closet packrat, he builds guitars. He rebuilds guitars- guitars that don't quite meet his specifications when he buys them. Our living room is a guitar parts morgue. We could open up a store. They ought to make tables that have a slight angle...

Keywords:

house,comedy,humor,funny,laugh,clutter,clutterbug,packrat,housekeeping,,meander,meander magazine,dianne james,humorous,humor articles,comedian,comic,jokes,chuckle,comic,meandermagazine.com,jokes

Article Body:

"This house is so cluttered I can't find anything," said my husband.

I looked around, and realized that most of the clutter was his, on that particular day, anyway. He seemed to be oblivious to that fact. He's not only a closet packrat, he builds guitars. He rebuilds guitars- guitars that don't quite meet his specifications when he buys them. Our living room is a guitar parts morgue. We could open up a store... They ought to make tables that have a slight angle to them, because every flat surface in our house gets piled with guitar parts, newspapers, mail, art supplies, telephones (yes we have several that don't even work, but "might be salvageable"), and all the equipment that goes along with the guitar building and playing. His "workroom" has a tendency to overflow into the living areas. He said, just the other day, that he wanted to use the other bedroom to "store" stuff, too. I had to make a decision, to blatantly show him that most of the clutter is his, or keep quiet and put all his things away in his used-to-be-a-bedroom "workroom". He surely would complain then, because it would be "put up." We can't ever find things that are "put up." We "put it up" so well, that it's never to be seen again. Might as well go buy another one, for all the good it's gonna' do us looking for it.

The trouble is, I think, we have too much stuff. If someone came by today and asked us to take up our cross and follow Christ (or Yeshua), we wouldn't be able

to find it. The Spring cleaning bug has died, too. It comes around once a year around March. Things get spruced up and "put up" and then it slowly fades away, back to the way it was. Little baskets I put around to hide the parts, and pocket contents he dumps out when he comes home are filled to the brim with all kinds of things- gloves, dog leashes, papers, and one even has an amplifier balanced on top of it.

Dust is another problem. We live in the Southwest, where rain is as scarce as change from a vending machine. Lots of dust causes lots of static electricity, which in turn causes computer freeze-ups and malfunctions. With both of us being avowed computer geeks, that certainly is a problem. We are frequently unplugging everything and plugging it back in to release the charge. I even bought some anti-static spray the other day, but alas, it is lost, after just one use. We live in Colorado, but you'd think I was back in West Texas with all the dust that seems to creep in here. I work at home, so my husband thinks I have all day to just go around and dust, and find things. He has no idea... Well, occasionally I do the chores, but anything that needs dusting that's more than five feet high, isn't going to get dusted. If I can't see it, it isn't there. It doesn't bother me, as long as I can't see it.

Maybe I'll start building pianos. They have lots of parts. And they're really big. Nah. They have a flat surface on top. I'd never be able to get into them to work on them. Besides, I'd never get anything else done, just playing the piano all day...