

I reread the following entry from my notebook:

The card slid into the slot and a green dot appeared on the first try. Opening the door the room appeared to be quite small. “Well, this is home for a week,” I thought. Only one queen-sized bed mostly filled the room. Would it have been enough room for two?”

Hang the clothes. Where’s the closet? Fill the drawers.

Now attack the bag. All receipts (itemized! no alcohol!) must be saved. Finding a pocket in my folder, I tuck them carefully away hoping I remember where I stored them. What can be emptied from this clear plastic file and left in the room? Boarding passes, as I was about to toss them in the wastebasket, I thought twice and tucked them away with the itemized receipts. Luggage claim tag that they never even ask for anymore, toss. Getting to the end of the file, I slowly pull it out of my folder. There, staring me in the face, in large black ink, was a love letter from Lizzie! “Have fun, Mom. Love (written as a heart) Lizzie.” Always so thoughtful I thought as my eyes misted over. I do wish she could have come with me.

From that narrative entry, I wrote this informational piece:

Order, order, order. Step by step. That’s how my life goes (purposely) and then up pops something to stop me dead in my tracks and help me remember what it is all about. What is important. How time really does fly and even though when your children are young and parents of older children tell you that, you nod, but really don’t believe it. Then suddenly you hear yourself saying it to parents of younger children. Please really hear me and believe it, you think and hope.