



## It's Always Something

Gilda Radner and Mom shared a simple philosophy: It's always something.

Today proved it. Inspired to write, I dressed and proceeded to the bathroom to brush my teeth. Seeing proof that yesterday I had planned to clean the bathroom but didn't complete the task reminded me it was time. So I stopped, cleaned, returning to my computer several times to complete a thought that had seemed like a good idea earlier in the morning but was challenging to type wearing yellow gloves.

Returning a glass to its rightful place in my kitchen instead of my bathroom reminded me that I needed to eat, something that occurs to me usually about mid-morning on my "writing" days. So I ate...which reminded me that my kitchen still smelled bad from last night's good idea to not cook, but rather, rely on Papa Murphy's Pizza that you buy and bake at home.

The fire that erupted in the oven last night reminded me that I hadn't cleaned the oven since I'd had the bright idea of baking six squash for freezing, and that each had left a deposit on my oven floor that when combined with 425 degree heat became a bright, raging fire that destroyed the heating element.

Which reminded me that my husband was out purchasing a new heating element and that I had a mess to clean up in the oven.

It's always something. I thought I had a Dear Mom E-Letter all ready to go, but reality inspired this one instead.

Isn't it always something? Mom seemed to know in a way that sort of nicely reduced her expectations. She didn't think she could do it all in one day, or one week. So why do I????

I don't know. I just know that every time I think I can multi-task and I return to my computer wearing yellow gloves, I'm in trouble.

It does seem to always be something. For me, it's the quick tasks. Like, "If I go fast, the bathroom will be cleaned in five minutes!" Yes, it's possible, but not likely, especially given the fact that whoever built this house had the demented mind to put white tile around a white tub along with white cabinets.

Do you know how often white looks clean? And do you know how dirty white really gets? Yuck.

Which leads me back to my oven logic, thinking, "Five minutes? No way. OK, ten!" Hours later, it's done. Almost.

There is, of course, an easier solution. I can see your brain cells working now. You're thinking, "Duh, Dee Dee, don't you have a self-cleaning oven? Or a housekeeper?"

Yes, and no. Yes, I have a self-cleaning oven, but my kitchen has those same white cabinets as my bathroom and the last time I asked the oven to clean itself it melted some of the finish of my cabinets.

No, I do not have a housekeeper. It has been recommended by friends who had the guts to come over for dinner. Should I take the hint? Especially since they haven't returned recently?

My mother knew it was always something. She also knew it wasn't a good idea to have white cabinets.

Maybe I should add a new kitchen to my "to do" list?

The last time I did that, my mother died, suddenly, while my kitchen was down to bare walls. We were using our bedroom as a makeshift kitchen, new cupboards in large boxes had filled the living room. Total chaos, 20 years ago this December.

So no, I won't even think about new cabinets. I think I've healed more from my mother's death than from the upheaval of kitchen remodeling. I'll just let Comet help, and the next time I wear yellow gloves back to my keyboard, I'll smile and know it really was something.

My best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dee Dee". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent loop at the end of the second "Dee".

Dee Dee

*Dear Mom E-Letter is a free, monthly publication that encourages the journey of remembering and celebrating the gifts of a mom, and supports healing from loss. Please pass this on to your family, friends, as well as your pastor or parish nurse in order to help others who share this journey.*

**Dee Dee Raap is the author of Dear Mom: Remembering, Celebrating, Healing and Find Your Pink Flamingos. All rights reserved. To sign up for Dee Dee's free e-letters, go to [www.DeDeeRaap.com](http://www.DeDeeRaap.com).**