

Finding stuff

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I'm not equipped to solve the world's problems, at least not today; I'm sufficiently challenged working through mine own, thank you very much.

So, today I let the pandemic, politics, global warming and loss of forest habitat take a back seat to working on problems I could face by myself, in one afternoon, within the confines of my own garage. I narrowed my scope and focused my brain on questions right there in front of me. What follows is a summary of my labors du jour.

I found the ball peen hammer on the empty shelf of a cabinet I hadn't opened since installing it. I'm happy to have found it, since I've had that hammer for thirty years and I love old, familiar tools. Just what I used it for while installing garage cabinets, I couldn't tell you. Which reminds me, I still haven't found my 8 oz cross peen but I will. Eventually.

I came across sundry boxes of assorted doodads we used for the various last minute chores attendant to moving out of our Puyallup house and into this one. So the ball peen hammer is not the only tool I found in an odd place or as part of a strange collection. One bin included a paint brush, some sandpaper and a small flush cut saw. So far, so good. But it also included a plug-in 3-way circuit tester, one of my missing tape measures and a copy of TIME magazine from September 21, 2020. Can't tell you what moving chore I tackled with that odd collection of items but there you go.

We have enough boxes and packing materials to move a small town. Which should come in handy in this, our retirement manse from which we hope never to depart. Right.

I found a small rust spot on my saw table and if you know me at all you might think I instantly whipped out a pad of steel wool and some mineral spirits and put it right. Which would usually have been my response. But while the mineral spirits are right at hand, my stash of four-oh steel wool is nowhere to be found. For this small a spot I might have used a quick spritz of WD-40 and a 3M pad but, you guessed it, the WD-40 is still packed away. Somewhere. Normally, my obsessiveness would have dictated a quick run to the hardware store but, Covid. And that rust spot is going to eat at me (and my saw table) until I find what I need to put it right. So, the search continues.

Mary is in the process of preparing her garden shed for use – painting and laying floor tiles and installing hooks and clips and such. And once her implements de gardening are installed in her shed I may have an even money chance to get my... er, our, OUR garage organized. Maybe.

Meanwhile, the exploration of mystery boxes and odd bins continues. And if I'm honest, having a problem as miniscule as organizing my garage makes me happy. It distracts me, if only for a few hours at a time, from facing the import of events beyond my driveway.

I am beyond thankful at my lot in life. I'd be even more thankful if I could locate that steel wool, but why be greedy.