

Hopefulness

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No, I haven't fallen off the surface of the earth. Mary and I have both been under the weather of late (now recovering, so don't worry – or cheer, as the case may be) and when I'm not feeling well, I get cranky. I hope you will believe that refraining from writing blog posts whilst sick-cranky is a sign that I care about my readers.

Anyhoo, I've been on the mend and of course, first order of business was continuing to whittle away at the myriad of post-move projects that have been stalled during our period of languor. Mary's lining up quotes for getting the yard fenced, since my posthole digging days ended when I fell off the ladder. I've been working on storage / de-crapping and have built a wall to separate the workshop from the family area of the garage. And we've turned our sights back to making the house itself more livable whilst we wait out the final month or two (okay, three, dammit!) of frequent rain.

Yesterday, after our Friday night 'how shall we spend our weekend' discussion, I got up before my beloved and spent an hour moving all the boxes and stacks from the 'guest room' into the storage facility we laughingly call my office. When Mary arrived on the scene, and after vacuuming and setting up the bed frame, she banished me to my Michael-ish pursuits and set about turning the space into a guest room (kindly note the absence of air quotes this time).

Several hours of Mary moving stuff around and hunting for our jar of moly anchors and hanging objets and d'arts on walls, we now have a guest room worthy of the title.

And we feel better for it. Doesn't matter that I can't move my office chair more than a few inches before I run into boxes labelled 'unsorted papers and keepsakes.' We have a guest room, a place for overnight visitors to rest their heads without worrying about noisy hotel neighbors or check out times.

It feels great!

It will be a while before we entertain guests. Yes, we've had our shots but still, caution is queen. Even so, setting up a guest room and banishing from it every item that does not serve the purpose of making visitors feel welcome means that we are betting on the next visit from Pat and Patty. Or Mary's sisters. Or perhaps the long-awaited slumber party with Sherrio. And of course, most urgently, the family visit with Rachel and Louis.

It means we've laid aside the flurry of the move, job changes and political upheavals and are carefully considering life as an idea with a future.

There are lots of emotions that attach to setting up a guest room. And one perfect word comes to mind.

It's hopefulness.