Something in the way we move

My family and I are moving to a new home on Saturday. We are still within Irvine as we have been in our last three moves. Larry and I have moved perpetually ever since we were married—San Francisco to Santa Barbara to Irvine to Irvine to Irvine to Irvine.

In some ways I like to move. It forces me to go through all of my "stuff". Packing puts me face to face with my unfailing consumer misjudgments and regrettable purchases and fold them up neatly in last week's paper.

 see I have this waffle maker I bought when I found out I was pregnant with my daughter. It's made it out of the box, but sadly is still wrapped tightly in its original bubble wrap with the directions taped on top.
Every time I move I have to look at myself reflected in its chrome lid. Not the mom I thought I was going to be, the one that sprang up every morning before the rest of her family to make them utopian waffles with tall perfect squares. But the mom I actually am, the mom whose kids wake her up in the morning begging for Dinosaur Egg Oatmeal and Cheerios. Not a bad mom, just not the one I thought I was going to be when I bought that blasted waffle maker.

Remember the children's book called "The Borrowers?" It was about tiny people who lived in your house and "borrowed" things to furnish their small house—like a spool of thread for a dinner table. Moving makes me wonder if I have reverse borrowers. I call them "The Givers." Every time I find something like, let's say, a can of hearts of palm in my pantry I think to myself, "Oh, The Givers left that here." They have been VERY busy in this house. They gave me, 1 refill for a glue gun I don't own, 6 cans of evaporated milk, leggings (yikes), 1 bag of parrot food, and one very large broom (industrial size). I like "the givers," I just wish they

shopped at Anthropologie instead of Costco.

I have to go pack up my kids' room tonight. They have their own "givers." I call them Grandma and Gramps.

(Picture lifted from the Esty store of Mazie Jane.)