

Pace Yourself

*By Eydie McDaniel*

On Face Book a recent joke featured a floor plan. The limited realm was a small four-square-walls apartment. The caption read "Looking at the map for some weekend travel ideas." After I got to LOL, I sent it to friend who replied: "Ha!!!! Pace yourself."

The first thing next morning I immediately Laughed Out Loud at his next reply, a green sign like on a highway announced: DUI CHECK POINT. CORNER OF HALLWAY AND KITCHEN.

This inspiration started my piece for the Writers Group in a few hours and I continued:

Suspect Apprehended, Failed Breathalyzer, Property Damage, Disorderly Conduct, Plead Guilty, begged for arrest!! Officer applied home detention ankle cuff. Suspect heard weeping from both ends of the hallway.

The smaller travel map of my isolation zone offers the scenery featuring: Hardware Mesa and Cat Food Cliffs. Despite the warm climate, Daddy Hank, my elder Dachshund, suggests couch apparel: a tasteful gray blanket with fringe to frame a face for funny pet photos.

Because I had to, I vowed to accept this and I am coping just fine being alone. I do not have temptation for silly drinking. I do have an amazing flow of social support. At first I just felt happy not to feel lonely or board. But it got better and better.

On Thursday the 19<sup>th</sup>, I stashed my horrid paper sorting pile and exchanged it for sorting my hardware. I have been frolicking ever since. There is a good chance I'll uncover every buried corner.

So, what to do when there's nothing to do? In my life, there never really is nothing to do. I'm having fun finally getting some long-delayed chores done. I am always moving, or texting or talking to someone, unless it's time for a yummy nap. I have completely caught up on laundry. I've eaten half way through my freezer. I changed out an ugly entry hook thing. I made two lamps. Almost every item in my massive hardware inventory from C-clamps, cotter pins, to counter sinks, is now sorted, re-arranged, and even labeled for easy access.

When my body or my Doxie boys' bodies need to move, the loveliness of spring beckons me to enjoy the trees and creek trail out my door. Once in a while I encounter folks outside the area in my own personal travel map who are somewhere near as careful as I think we all need to be now. Right now I don't actually have to go out there and my adventures at home sustain me. Henry, Baxter and Molly Brown stay close and always make me feel welcome. With time well spent, I have now entered the group internet world. This is my first deposit in the WG-WG virtual bank. I have attended a planning meeting, a church service, and an amazingly supportive Sage Singer chorus rehearsal that left me feeling like I just had a room full of hugs.

Wha Hoooo! There's Plenty to do!