

Reluctance to Letting Go

By Natalie Lawson

I have stacks and stacks of paper. Paper to recycle for most, but for me, they're treasures and reminders of happier times. Some are the cards I've received with love. How can I let them go? I hold onto them until eventually they're all in an album. On winter days it is fun to go through them. I always promise myself that this year I will get rid of them. But – when I browse through them I feel calm and at peace, reading and remembering certain events, consequently I leave them for another day. It's a fact that the last couple of years I've noticed receiving less and less of them. So eventually perhaps I won't feel inundated with piles of paper. That's a good thing, right?

How about all the other treasures I've collected? I can't take them with me when I go. I just came back from our Windsor Garden's garage sale. I bought a couple of pretty and useful boxes that I know will hold my husband's love letters to me that are now in a big box. I can reduce the amount I have by half. Still, letting go of some makes me unhappy.

I'm laughing good-naturedly remembering how the person I bought items from looking at me a little sad releasing their treasures to someone else. I'm a history buff and I bought a book named *John Adams* by David McCullough. I can assure them they're in good hands. Although when the time comes I'm not looking forward to letting them go!