

Home Sweet Home

by Suzy Hopkins

Her house was beautiful. It looked like one you might see in a magazine. My perky sister-in-law had custom made drapes, a one of a kind fireplace, a spotless kitchen, a manicured yard and a well maintained redwood deck off the elegant dining room. No knickknacks or clutter.

However, when you visited she would scurry over to plump up the pillows on the couch the minute you stood up. She would snatch your plate from the table as you ate your last bite so she could dunk it in the soapy water in the kitchen sink where she was washing the dishes. She would sweep the ashes out of the fireplace before they were cool. When her husband cooked hamburgers on the grill she would be scrubbing off the cooked-on grease with a wire brush as he was serving the food. He owned a large restaurant in town and ate most of his meals there. I think I know why.

Her house was a perfect example of 'spic and span'. But I always felt awkward, like a bull in a china shop, and didn't visit often. Her house was not a home.