

## WHAT AND HOW TO DO WHEN YOU ARE VERY VERY BUSY!

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The alarm clock still rings and 6.30 a.m. I reach and shut it off. At 9-ish I wake up. The first trip is to let the dog out for a minute or two. Then I make the dog's and the cat's breakfast. Then I realize that the sink is full with yesterday's evening's dishes. Put them in the washing machine. I read last night a nice story, go back to bed and read it again. Then I shower and dress. Then I make my breakfast, eat and tidy up.

The clean washing has been in the washing basket since Friday, which was 4 days ago. I start pulling them out. The telephone rings. Long conversation with girlfriend, discussing the coronavirus affair. We both try to solve the world's problem and make suggestions to each other. Then I take out my dog for a walk. He stops at every kind person who is willing to stroke him. I know all the dogs by now who are walked by the canal. I observe the weather and try big deep breathing, so my lung takes in the fresh air.

On the way back to the house, we stop at Norman's garage and visit with him as he knocking flat the thousands of cola cans that people put out for him. He takes them to the recycler. He gives a deep massage to my dog who appreciates it very much and wants to stay always longer. I go back home and the telephone rings. A few important and unimportant calls. It is my coffee time then and I make coffee. Must put on the television and see the news on CNN or MSNBC, or nowadays I even levelled to watch our president talking to the press. He has calmed down a lot lately, and he looks paler than before, as he probably does not get the Florida sunshine every week. His face is getting spottier from the lack of sunshine. He still has not had the coronavirus test, he refuses. I bet you that he is scared like you and me. After coffee I sit down at my computer and look at the 2,456,892 messages that I have daily, but I get bored with them. The correspondence and papers are up to the ceiling in a pile that I have to do, answer, fill out, send, phone, reply. Some of them are many months old, and some of them needs paying, those I hate and I put them back. There will be trouble Sophy, I say to myself – and I know, there is always trouble when the bills are not paid. I write one or maximum two letters, then I go and watch the 12.00 o'clock news on the television. Then I remember I have not watered my plants for many a days, so I rush to water. I make puddles, I search for the wiping cloth. My kitchen closets are untidy, so I start pulling out the strainer, the pressure cooker and the heavy equipment, then I suddenly remember that when I washed my clothes in the laundry, I lost a blue sock, so I run upstairs for it, but it isn't there. (Note to myself: to get a net-sack to put the socks in it) I come down, and start my shopping list, but the telephone rings with more appointments. I say OK OK, but I don't look in my calender. In the afternoon I look, oh the appointments were not good for that day, so phone back the hospital and change them.

At 3 o'clock I watch It is a Deal on Channel 4, and look around the programs what is in the evening and make a mental note. Most of the time, I forget those. At 4.00 I start cooking, I love cooking and I read all my 200 cook-books to decide what the dinner will be. I make a terrible mess when I cook, and as I have no servants I have to clean up afterwards. By 6 o'clock I am done, then I feed the dog and the cat and I go out with the dog for a walkie, then I come back and eat, and watch TV until 10.30 and dead tired I go to bed.

I didn't fold the washing again! I'll do them tomorrow!

