

Starting with a clean(ing) slate



The new year is still a month away, but there's no reason not to start now on wiping the slate clean. Or, in this case, starting with a clean(ing) slate.

I'm not a big believer in coincidence. I think life is just life, acting either randomly or quixotically, depending on your romantic bent. "Coincidence" is just us trying to connect dots to have things make sense. The dots may or may not exist, but we like things tidy that way.

One thing is for sure, life is funny. Sometimes funny ha-ha, mostly funny strange. The more strange, the more we want to see coincidences.

Yesterday, two things happened close to concurrently. Totally unrelated, but there you go...the essence of coincidence.

First, I got a call from one of my bowling teammates that we were not likely to field a full team – again – and that there was some thought to just ending our participation this season. I take all my team commitments seriously and that made me acutely aware of our poor showing...and showing up.

Add in the fact that every member of our team is nursing a debilitating injury or illness and the concept of dropping out of the league is more appealing than one might think. I just wasn't sure we were "allowed" to drop out. My teammate (our captain, in fact) said she would call and find out.

In between her call back, my Dad and Stepmom's house cleaners came by for their first official cleaning appointment. It's a

two woman team and I went through my proper introductions.

I told them I like to keep the house warm, but please drop the temperature however low they want to be more comfortable. I informed them there was bottled water in the fridge if they needed it (I heard one cough, no doubt due to dust in areas I never clean). And I plopped myself out on the patio to be out of their way.

Eventually, one of them opened the patio door to work out there and I jettisoned back inside to my office. They use a solution of vinegar, apparently because it cleans better, but it leaves a slight "aftertaste". She told me what to buy her for next time to clear that up (Pine-Sol with lemon).

I must say, that pergo floor in the office hasn't looked that good since they installed it. And the fact that they cleaned all the fans and lamps definitely showed they were going to places I wasn't. There were also some things they apparently *don't* do, that I will check with them next time about.

Overall, what a pleasure. Granted, my house is never really "dirty", but the difference between not dirty and clean is significant.

Later in the day, my teammate called me back. We're out. No more bowling for the foreseeable future. Yes, I spent money this year to ramp up for the league – a new ball, a new bag and my recent bowling brace. But, the strong positive is that now my wrist has a real chance at healing.

Interestingly (I won't say "coincidentally"), the savings from bowling each month is exactly equal to what the house cleaners asked to charge me each month. Coincidence? Serendipity? Nah, just life throwing a curve ball (or, in this case, a hook ball) that I just happened to not whiff on.

It's pretty convenient for me on my upcoming budget, though,

and I like convenience. Almost as much as I like starting with a clean(ing) slate.