

By:
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I was in high school before we

I've looked for plants, now that I own a place where I plan on staying for a long spell, to set out myself and

*Sweet
and
Sour*
By Zi Graves

in order for spring and summer guests to take what my mom called "elbow grease" or *grasso*—you know, like elbow grease? It's if the life energy you use to do tedious hard work is the same energy you use to do things that are fun and so on. So it's a good mix of muscles and character. It strikes men and women alike. When a woman looks toward a window and says, "Just look at that, I can hardly see outside, these curtains must be washed, and those curtains have to come down before they're ruined from the embedded dirt. And while we are at it, is everything has to be polished to the walls. Either clean them or replace new paper. But before we get into all that the cabinets must be emptied and cleaned. I am sure new new lining is needed and the cabinets simply must be cleaned and polished," she would sigh. Oh, I almost forgot the ceiling fans have caught all the dirt from heat and vacuuming and the dirt is seeping over the edges. And while

[illegible]

During the time between my first urge to, get this house cleaned up before some one comes by and catches it in this mess, and my help to do so appeared at my door, I applied my energy to things I could do. Sorting and storing winter clothes, and filling

boxes the would go to a yard sale or donation to a worthy cause was a real chore and was piece-mealed between other ones. I have found out we do things quite differently when our own things are involved. We have a business and organized plans. This is kind-a-like my schedule went. Ready the morning paper, about half hour away from the house, get the newspaper, get up, get up to clear a fresh cup of coffee, get the newspaper, get the dishwasher full of clean dishes so they are put away, that leads me to the dining room where the glassware goes, so I step in there to finish the job, get the newspaper, get the newspaper. I was playing last night must be put away. That takes me past the kitchen so with coffee cup still full and getting cool and the paper lying there, I get the newspaper, get the newspaper, I finished it, and so, with a "well I needed a rest anyway" attitude, I sat back down and finished both. In the midst of that I remembered the task ahead of getting the newspaper, get the newspaper, I remembered to finish that so I could get the boxes out of the way before I could begin on the next room. I tucked the newspaper, get the empty cup to the kitchen, get the empty cup to the kitchen. Oh, no, the wasn't "what got up for, I was going to sort more clothes. On my way to that closet, in my bedroom, I realized I hadn't made my bed, and I was a mess, for I do not like to make my bed. I said, "I'm sorry" to make it. Some of the things scattered about there took me to the bathroom where the litter box for the cat is, wow, that box must be empty. I said, "I'm sorry" to make it. So, that led to cleaning the bathroom.

Where was I anyway, oh, yes, the clothes in the closet. Back to the bedroom, and clothes all sorted and

I don't know if anyone else has as much of a problem like this, one of forgetting the present task and beginning on a dozen more before completing it, but I can be pretty sure there are some of you out there for my friend, Laura Cromer, and I were talking about those same problems the other day and it was she who brought up this subject. Another thing about this method is, when one finally gets the original task finished, all of them are in pretty good shape.

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