

Jan7

One Room

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[Standard](#)



It's been a while since I moved my sleeping arrangements downstairs. My stairs are steep, and my little dog has a weak bladder that necessitates several trips outside each night. With my brittle bones, bum knees and unpredictable bouts of vertigo, it made sense to spend my nights on the ground floor. So, my narrow bed doubles as a sofa, and my lower story functions like a little studio apartment.

That opened up new possibilities for what had been my small bedroom in the upper level of my story-and-a-half house. The larger upstairs room, which had once been two tiny bedrooms for my daughters, has long been used as my art studio. The other room, I decided, would be a perfect place for exercise, meditation and journal-writing. I moved my Pilates chair up there. I gathered up all exercise books, tapes, CDs and DVDs, and arranged them on the shelves. The medicine ball and hand weights were given a corner spot.

Then, I got busy with other things. For several months now, I've been working my way through a whole-house, long overdue deep-cleaning and de-cluttering project. That, in tangent with painting the floor, dominated my spare time. It also generated a lot of excess. I brought bags to the Transfer Station, and boxes to the Re-Sale Shop. Still, there were plenty of things that no longer belonged wherever I'd pulled them from, but still did not have a "place."

That nearly empty room at the top of the stairs became the depository for all of that "stuff." Then, with the downstairs finished (for the most part) and the New Year looming, it was time to finish the Exercise Room. Which was now a much larger job, as it had become a storage room. Uncharacteristically, I took a few photos to document the mess.





In trying to hook up a strand of colored lights, I accidentally knocked out my telephone and internet service. With the holidays, it was going to be several days before a repair could be made. A perfect opportunity! Without the distractions of news, social media and computer games, without the ability to stall by chatting with family and friends, certainly I could accomplish something meaningful!

And I did!

I still managed to find several diversionary tactics. There were extra dog-walks and lots of coffee breaks. I set up my new bullet journal, finished a book, and played about one-hundred games of solitaire. Nevertheless, I got that one room *done*. Thoroughly done. From the attic spaces under the eaves to the dresser drawers and the curtains and plants in the window. One. Room. Done!

