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## Life With an Organizer

By  
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With all the new homes being built in The Villages I've noticed that Home Depot and Lowe's are selling a great deal of "organization" paraphernalia. I keep expecting to see them put up a sign "Special Discounts for Anal-Retentives."

At the risk of sounding chauvinistic I must say I believe this particular malady, let's call it "AR," is gender specific because those of the female type seem to be more affected than those of us guys. And, if a man should marry a lady with "AR" it is a certainty that major changes in his life will follow shortly after leaving the altar. Needless to say, all these changes will be positive ones and will make him a much better person and he'll wonder how he stumbled through life without them.

I have a friend, I'll call Billy, who is married to a lovely lady, that I'll call Sara. Billy was sharing with me his introduction to "AR" correct living. He said, "I don't really mind taking off my shoes before entering the house, after all societies more ancient than ours have been doing it for thousands of years." I nodded in agreement and he went on, "And I don't mind having towels in the bathrooms that are strictly off-limits for normal towel use. She doesn't know it, but sometimes when I in a hurry I'll dry my hands on the back part of those ornamental cloths, and put 'em back just like they were." He seemed almost gleeful at the thought that he had put one over on Sara, so I didn't spoil his mood by letting him know the true "AR" woman notices the slightest disarray or items out of place immediately. Some just won't mention it until it suits their purpose later.

Billy went on to say, "There is one teeny, little thing that I haven't mastered as yet and it sometimes plays havoc with my mind. Sara says I am unable to find things I need from time to time and it's because I'm not really looking for them. That's just not true. I've discovered, an "AR" person won't leave items in the same place for any length of time. For whatever reason, just when I've memorized where everything is, she changes its location. I go looking for a knife to peel the potatoes and in the drawer where there used to be knives I find oven mitts and trivets. Can you see what I'm talking here? Sometimes I think I only imagined that's where the items use to be."

Billy was really getting worked up now and he almost spat out the other "AR" related situations in his daily life, not angry in the least, but I could sense his frustration. "Can you believe that she actually labels everything in the house, as if I didn't know what everything was? She said it wasn't done so I would know *what* everything was, it was done so I would know *where* everything was." I smiled to let him know I felt his frustration and he continued, "You know what I found her doing the other day? She was cleaning all my tools.... Can you believe it, my tools? She was wiping down each ratchet, socket, wrench, hammer, screwdriver... even the grease gun. Then she vacuumed the tool box... clean as a whistle."

Billy looked at me and then said, “You know, I love my wife and I wouldn’t change her for all the money in the world. I like going to my dresser and finding my underwear pressed, folded and placed neatly in the same corner... well, usually... every day. I told Sara I wouldn’t have to have more than three pairs of socks and stuff because she washes them as soon as I take them off and has them back in the drawer by the next day. She really works hard around the house.”

I told Billy that he was lucky to have a wife that tended to his needs so lovingly. He agreed and said, “I could tell you a lot more that she does but I don’t have time right now. There is one thing, however, sometimes I get to thinking that Sara’s so organized that when it’s our time to make our final plans she’ll tell me, “Just bury me in a clear plastic box, with a white lid... properly labeled, of course.”

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