

Her broom was worn to the nub.

She didn't realize that the daily sweeping away the dirt, stomping the broom to clean away clinging cob webs and jabbing at the corners in the kitchen to get to the dirt would make a mark on the bristles. The broom was spent. It lived a good life beginning with my high school finals and ending with five years past my 20th reunion.

"Here dad," I said as I handed him a new broom complete with a string at the top in order to hang the broom on the nail. "This broom is a gift from me. Sweeping will become faster and less messy." "Did you ask your mother if you could throw away her broom? She won't want a new broom," he said while taking a swig of percolated coffee.

Mom had been in the hospital for two weeks. I was visiting. A three hour plane ride brought me home to feel 15 years old again. No matter how I planned it I was not "at home" to take care of dad and visit mom while she recouped from a surgery. I was the little girl who couldn't lift a finger to change things without permission.

"Here," I said as I handed dad a new set of toweling. "These will keep you warm and comfy when you dry yourself after your bath. And by the way, mom said to be sure to take a bath tonight," I informed him. "Mom said!" After putting the towels in the bathroom on the bottom shelf because, "I don't want those towels. They don't absorb. I want my regular towels," he told me. "Take those away." The old ones were as old as the broom. Both worked well, according to the one who brought me into this world.

Change is difficult to accept. Every New Years Day I try to change. However, I run smack dab into road blocks, like parents keeping to their comfortable ways. They had been using that floating bar of soap in the bath for years. No need to try a new fragrance.

I haven't purchased a pure cotton set of bed linen since the last century. The sheets nowadays feel clingy and are less than cool to the touch. Guess I am my dad's daughter. And my laundry detergent is no longer available. I am having difficulty finding the right substitute. As soon as I do I will be sure to put my mind into finding a new yoga workout place. The last two places in which I was enrolled closed doors to down-dog, up-dog and plank.

My last year's resolution was to find a new yoga class. Perhaps, I must do first things first. Once I find the right kitchen mop with replacement sponges I will return to yoga. Once I find a new waffle iron that doesn't have to be turned upside down in order to cook, I will return to yoga.

Change is wearing. I am worn to a nub.

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