

Breakfast is downed, the dishes washed and the day is open for constructive activity.

I remember my task to start and to finish a quilt block each for our former guild presidents. I remember the instructions. I had found the readied kits, finally. Putting things away for the holiday season muddies the mind.

Since the holiday season ended I find myself waddling from the kitchen to the quilt room as if I were an elephant but now wondering why I left the kitchen and what I needed in the quilt room. Elephants never forget, says the adage. So why am I forgetting why I left the kitchen. What was the item that I needed?" Why did I come in here?" My forehead wrinkles.

Life is complicated enough without forgetting why my feet go somewhere and my mind goes in the opposite direction. Perhaps I was always forgetting to remember. Perhaps this is my normalcy.

The waddle wandering has been happening for a few years, as I remember it, so I cannot blame it on this past holiday season. Usually retracing steps can defog the memory, thereby unfurl the wrinkled forehead. However, the current reason for waddling from the kitchen is completely forgotten; never to be brought to the frontal lobe.

"Why did I come in here," I ask myself quietly. (Not wanting anyone to know about another short coming). "What is it I wanted in this room?" The room is the quilt room/art room. A place where watercolors are used and tons of fabric are "hidden" in every corner. I could have entered the room thinking that it is time to sort fabric, fold fabric, and purge fabric. But, no that isn't the reason I had crossed that threshold. "Oh well. The reason for my quest will come to me. I will just retrace my steps," I console myself. But that means traipsing downstairs and then turning around hauling myself back upstairs. Good exercise but will it work out the brain freeze?

Sometimes the item I am searching for is found while I drift off to sleep. "Sleep on it and it will come back to you", is another adage. It does work. "I will remember this as my subconscious tells me that the item in question is, let's say, the kit for the Presidents' blocks." I tell myself to "remember" and to just think of "blocks" as I slip deeper into slumber. When the allotted amount of sleep ends nothing is retained, not even a dream. I had forgotten what I had remembered. What a blockhead!

There is comfort in knowing we are not alone when we have to retrace our steps just to jump start our memory glands. Perhaps I have to eat breakfast again to remember what I forgot.

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