

Purge Festival and The Buying of More Things

There is a garage sale afoot. I haven't ever been in control of a garage sale and now I am throwing one myself, a purging festival, turning my house inside out for all neighbors to see. I'm a little scared because I'm one of these people who dive headfirst into a project and then afterwards start thinking about it. For instance, I'm not sure where the garage sale is going to be, but I know it's going to be somewhere in front of our house, where we don't have a whole lot of space.

The stuff that isn't ebayable is piling up in the house. The stuff that you really, really need to see in person in order to appreciate. The cool Japanese baseball shirt I got in Iowa City, Iowa. The awesome costume jewelry I bought in the 1990s. The antique jewelry boxes. The CDs and DVDs. The tub-o-plastic gigantic baby toys we have. And all the furniture from my parents' old house. They don't want it back.

Actually my mom is the Queen of Ebay now – you can actually sit, refresh your screen and watch her points go up over the course of a day. She plays Ebay like she plays tennis, she plays to win. And she's just selling stuff she finds around her house – hasn't even started going out and purchasing stuff to sell. I bought her that book "All My Life For Sale" by John Freyer, the guy who sold everything he owned on Ebay (you can look at <http://www.allmylifeforsale.com> and see the aftermarket resellers on Ebay, which is pretty fascinating) and though I know Mom's not really into books I'd like to think she skimmed it, and that informed her Power Seller-ness of today. Anyway, she sure understands the whole "letting go" of the cleaning out your house process.

I am not sure if I am completely there yet. I have to pat myself and tell myself it will be alright, that if I sell this sequined skirt, I still have 6 others, and if I really, really need the exact one I'm giving away, that I haven't worn in years, somehow providence might bring that same one back to me.

I have stuff saved up from every time period; gifts that I can't give away, shirts I've never worn but they're too good to throw out. I never even wear out any of my clothes, so I can't throw them away. I remember last year was the first year I ever threw away a pair of underpants, and then discovered I could go buy more at the store. I just never think of these things.

The things I'm going to try to sell at the garage sale are really nice things, too; especially the stuff my parents have given me (and don't want back; I asked already.) I'm going to be trading these in for things of lesser value, I believe. Our generation is the first one in a long time that will have less than our parents, and I'm ok with that, but I feel a bit weird looking at this ornate dresser sent down to college with me, and thinking it's going away for \$5, and I'm going to probably go to Target to replace it with a much less ornate one.

I have consoled myself with the fact that I think it's more important at this point in my life to 1) simplify, and 2) change my surroundings from time to time.

The only other thing I'm a bit worried about is the Buying Of New Things. I need to make sure I don't fall into that trap of thinking, "Well, I'm working very hard for my money, so I should deserve to buy myself stuff. Gosh, work was so hard yesterday, I should go buy myself a really nice shirt with the money I made, to reward myself." I want to make sure I am not overtly trading my time for money.

In fact I better get back to work. There's this new toaster oven that I'm saving up for.

(Garage sale already happened.)