

## Just in case...

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I'm getting ready to board a plane and just in case anything happens I know my family will be fine. This is the first time I've left my boys (children and husband respectively) for purely selfish reasons. Without giving you the long drawn out story, I was given the opportunity to go to New York City in December. The best part, the trip is free. Who could say no to that? I'll tell you who. Jay Andrews could. He said while I was free to take a bite out of the Big Apple he doesn't have the appetite. I understood and didn't have the heart to tell him he wasn't invited anyway.



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Preparing for a trip like this involved a lot of planning. Not for weather. Not for shopping or sightseeing. I couldn't just pack a bag. I had to prepare my home for the worst. What if mommy

didn't make it home? I can't help it. Anytime I step on a plane without my family I'm filled with the inevitable "what ifs." Not the sentimental "what ifs." More like, "What if Jay invites people back to our house after my very extravagant memorial service and they see how messy my closet is? What if they decide to use my guest bathroom? I haven't cleaned that toilet lately. What if someone sees my programmable scale, hacks into it and finds out how much I really weigh? What if people see the Tupperware container in the back of the fridge my youngest named "Harry." What if Jay is able to pull himself out of a horrible state of mourning long enough to try and find my life insurance policy and instead finds out how much I really paid for the living room furniture?

So just in case, I prepared. I cleaned every room in the house. Except my closet because, seriously there just wasn't enough time. I cleaned out the fridge; laundry is folded and put away, dishes washed, scale thrown out and all incriminating receipts put into an envelope labeled, "Property of Angel Kane."

I did all this so people would remember me as that incredibly witty, thin, organized and frugal woman named Becky Andrews. No one wants to be remembered as the chubby girl with messy closets and expired dairy products in her fridge.

I even went the extra mile for Angel. To prepare her for the visit she'll make to my house I cleaned out my utility room. She's always complaining about that room. I've never seen the importance in cleaning -much less decorating- a room that houses all the dirty underwear. That's what kind of friend I am. So when she comes to "visit" or take back all the gifts she's given me over the years, I know she'll leave my house happy. Not just happy because she took back that flower arrangement she'd wanted since she gave it to me for my birthday a few years ago. But happy that I finally listened to her and put an armoire in my laundry room.

*For comments email Becky Andrews at*