Here it is halfway through February already.

There are still several things that went on my to-do list earlier in the year yet to be checked off.

As I write this, I am surrounded by paper. It's on my left, on my right, all around me. Arrrg!

I cleared out a file drawer last January and had the best intentions of cleaning up some but now all I see are bigger piles of agendas and the like. Yikes! I better get busy.

Time just seems to slip away. I start working on something and I tell myself I'll get to the filing when I'm done and then something else comes up and then the phone rings and then someone asks me a question and the next thing I know, I'm jetting out the door and it didn't get done.

It's probably going to take a Saturday or Sunday afternoon to accomplish this task. I'll just pencil that right in. I make a list, sometimes daily, with the most important things I want to accomplish at the top. Well, my messy desk doesn't seem to make it anywhere on that list. Maybe I'll have a few minutes after I get this column done to tuck a few things away in a file. Then again, probably not.

Let's check that list for Monday. Hmmm. I don't believe I see filing on there at all. How odd. It needs done. Why isn't it on the list?

Things seem to go that way at home, too. For example: I have two drawers at home with old paid bills, letters, cards, etc. I finally got that all-important "Round-tuit" and cleaned one out. I sorted and filled and filled shoe boxes and shredded — and repeat. Now it is home to my pajamas and where they were is now where my purses are and where they were is Christmas

stuff I don't want in the basement. Whew.
The second drawer? Don't ask.
There was a sign on my mother's desk at the Marathon station and subsequently at the garage on Pierce Street. It read, "Don't touch my mess! I know where everything is."
For the most part, the same is true of my desk at work. I can usually lay my hands on something in pretty short order. Sometimes, not so much.
Hey. Where did that list go?