This column originally ran in March 2011. I tweaked it a little but not a lot. How sad.

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've read somewhere we should always write down our goals for the next day and prioritize them so the most important things get done first. Well, my messy desk doesn't seem to make it anywhere near the top of that list.

Perhaps I don't think it's important enough but it really needs done. 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? Could be that it is written in disappearing ink.

Things seem to go that way at home, too. For example: I have a drawer at home with old paid bills, letters, cards, etc., that I have been meaning to clean out so it can be used for something

else. It needs done and I would benefit from the space. Still, it never shows up on a list. I just keep stuffing in more and more until I can hear pieces fluttering down the back of the dresser when the drawer is opened and closed.

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? Uh oh. I think I wrote it on disappearing paper!