

The Nesting Phase

Written by

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In my early years, when we lived in a bricks and mortar house, I was a clean freak, especially once we bought the resort. With three young, very active children, a busy cleaning service and a demanding resort, my life was always in chaos so an orderly house became my refuge; my calm in the storm. As the kids grew older, we upgraded our furnishings and I had girls from my cleaning service come in every two weeks to keep things in order. When Jim died, with my world turned upside down, my friend Joyce moved in and looked after us. My clean house preserved my sanity and saved me from certain madness. When Rick and I became a couple, Joyce moved out but she continued to keep our house clean in the winter months while in the spring and summer she was the resort baker.

Rick is now the clean freak in our family, (one of the many reasons why I love him so much) and so I still have that clean place to fall when I need it. Karley's agility has become more and more encumbered, particularly in the past three weeks as her belly has grown. The disarray of her "nest" was beginning to drive her crazy. With an active toddler around, any semblance of order in the house had gradually deteriorated and so today we recruited Rick to take Makai to the leisure centre while she and I cleaned. We found homes for the clutter that has been accumulating on every surface and we vacuumed, dusted and washed floors. By noon, every room was neat and tidy and one very pregnant mom was feeling a whole lot better.

The picture I have posted here is of Mark, Bryden and Faith Dilley, (Taunja's girls and husband) (Taunja is Rick's niece) taken recently while on a fishing excursion. They have been anxiously waiting to see their photo on the web (since Uncle Rickey was there earlier this month) so it is about time I put something on. Sorry, Bridey and Faithy for taking so long!!