

Where have all the towels gone?

One mom and her never-ending chore

This morning, after my shower, I dried myself with an infant towel. You know the ones—the small square pieces of fabric meant for a newborn that have a hood attached to them. This one was white with yellow duckies. I have to admit that I was only somewhat dry after the experience.

When I checked early yesterday morning, all the towels were neatly tucked away in the linen closet.

By the end of the day, all of the towels in the house had been used. Yes, all of them.

You also have to bear in mind that we did house chores yesterday and while house chores don't

normally require towel use, Taliesin, whose job it is to mop the floors, has given up on the idea of wringing the mop. He prefers saturating the floors with soapy water and then uses four bath towels to dry them.

My good friend, Alan, who comes over quite regularly, asked me once, "Why aren't there ever any towels in the bathroom?" (you know to dry your hands off when you are done washing them). My

response, "Well, I can't seem to keep them in the bathroom."

I put them in the bathroom all day long but ... I am sure you see the problem.

Oh, and then there are the projects that involve towels, like washing the car or using the towel as an umbrella during a rainstorm. Sometimes I find towels in the family room covering the stain of juice or diet soda that one of the kids was trying to wipe up (hey, at least they tried). I even find towels in the middle of my driveway or in the yard.

Karen and husband Stan with kids Taliesin, Draigh, Tim and Alea.

Every time my sister calls, which is almost every day, she asks me what I am doing. She has come to expect my response: "Doing laundry." It doesn't matter if she calls me in the morning, afternoon or evening, the response is always, "Doing laundry." I think I am up to at least 14 loads of laundry a week—about two loads per day sounds accurate.

So, for all of my friends and family members who don't hear from me regularly on Facebook and wonder what it is I am doing with my life these days, the response will always be the same: "Doing laundry."

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MY LIFE

BY KAREN FORRESTER