

WHAT I MISS MOST

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What do I miss? I miss having a garage. One that is spotless, organized and neat. Bikes are hung on racks, the lawnmower is sitting in the corner, covered with a nice cloth, the recycles are in another corner and the trash cans are neatly stacked and sitting in their rolling cart. It is a place to park my car overnight so that it is not covered with snow in the winter, and requires no scraping of windshields before I can head to my errand. The seats are nice and warm, so my posterior does not freeze upon entering.

I miss my refrigerator. It allowed me to store the items I needed for a well-balanced meal that I would lovingly prepare for my family each evening. Vegetables were in the crisper, and the meat was thawing on a shelf, to keep it from spoiling. There would also be a nice loaf of homemade bread in the machine, so it could be served hot.

I miss having the room to leave my sewing machine out. Then, upon seeing a small tear or loose seam, I could sit right down and catch it so it did not get bigger. Having the machine out also allowed me to use extra moments to work on a project – a blouse or a nightgown for my granddaughter, perhaps.

I miss having those nice sets of stairs that would allow me to get some exercise instead of finding time to head for the gym. A quick run or two up and down every hour was great for the cardio.

I miss my lovely garden. Growing the vegetables for our table was so healthy, and having the tomatoes right there was a treat. Strawberries were also fun, as they would add a nice touch to my cereal – if they hadn't all been eaten out of hand the night before.

Hold on. This is not a creative writing class. This is not a fiction assignment. Let me start over.

Yes, I miss the garage, and the warm seats, but the snow on the car? Hah. Guess I will not go out today. Scraping the windshield? You must be kidding.

Refrigerator? Nope. Don't miss the cooking a bit, and as for the healthy well-planned meals – that ended about the time I had two toddlers running under my feet.

Garden? It went the way of the well-planned meals: out the window. Somewhere between my kids pulling up the carrots too soon and the back-breaking effort to get down on my knees to weed, the fresh vegetables lost their appeal.

Stairs? You must be kidding!

Yes, there are things I miss, but they all fall into the one category – I miss being able to get down on my knees to pick something up – and then getting BACK UP. I

miss reading the phone book without first trying to locate my glasses. But most of all, I miss *remembering*. You know: you are in the lobby when you realize that you forgot something, which means going back up in the elevator, then finding the key to get into the apartment, then actually finding the item you forgot, then repeating the process of getting back to the lobby. But, the good news is that I actually remembered at all! But as long as I can actually DO all this, I am still going to keep plugging on. Life is still good, don't you agree?