

Getting rid of our 'treasures' (19, 10, 13)

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It started when the next door neighbours unexpectedly announced that they intended to hold a garage sale on the upcoming Saturday. They were cordially inviting others in the vicinity to get into the act. It was a kind thought, but it allowed us only three days to retrieve our myriad treasures from the confines of the basement to offer them liberation or at the very least, a new basement where they might be received by more appreciative owners.



Miriam seized the opportunity to get rid of “stuff” that had accumulated since the Dark Ages, that murky time when we were young and foolish and purchased everything that we thought might provide us with pleasure, not realizing at the time that it’s not really “stuff” that provides one with pleasure but rather experience with other human beings such as children and grandchildren and okay, to be fair, let’s include dogs here, but not Chihuahuas that are simply too small to be considered legitimate dogs and should rather be classified in the small rodent category along with mice. I hope my aunt does not read this as she loves her tiny Chihuahua.

We threw ourselves into the task, and up came the by-gone treasures placed neatly in the garage with a fervent vow declared that nothing would ever be returned below to despoil the basement which was now looking much tidier indeed. Saturday arrived and so did the rain which cut down on the turnout. We were not surprised that other neighbours were not into garage sale mode because, really, it does take some time to sort and part emotionally with meaningful items such as my football referee’s outfit with the lovely black and white striped top and matching socks and baseball cap.

I loved to referee high school football games, and the outfit was very hard to part with, but hey, my referee days are long gone despite the fact that sometimes when I argue with Miriam, I wish I was in that outfit whereupon I would throw my red flag (weighted nicely with as small rock) into the air, blow my whistle, and suggest, “Miriam, you are clearly offside on this issue; I am docking you five yards, and suggest that you improve your argument.” Such are the delinquent dreams of senior males. In fact, I think that most men see themselves in that sort of “managerial” role when they argue with their wives. The wives are the ones who sit in the stands and shout, “Kill the ref!”

Saturday, we cleared \$200, and I am not going to report this paltry amount on my income tax statement despite what Stephen Harper might think, because his senate pals make much more than \$200 in perks to which they are really not entitled, especially that rotund fellow who claims that he lives in PEI.

After the garage sale, the real fun began. For garbage collection day, the night before, we placed many unsold items at curbside with a sign that read “Free!” Wow. The results were amazing. Everything disappeared.



Miriam contends that people drive around our neighbourhood the night before garage pickup so as to spot and grab any treasures that they might find. It’s not like we live in Rosedale, but we noticed one gentleman with a trailer who picked up all of our metal items including four heavy bed frames. Obviously into recycling, we reasoned, which is good!

The following weekend, I managed to get rid of tons of debris which I advertised as “firewood.” I have no idea what we will display this Saturday, but I think we are now listed on a local “Treasure Map”

produced by the Chamber of Commerce.

Garage sales make great opportunities for those of us who have been acquisitive to part with our treasures, even old football uniforms. Mind you, I kept my cleats. You never know. There might be an emergency. And I think my grandsons will be impressed when I describe a time “long, long ago” when grandpa played and there were only four teams in the league – Western, Queens, McGill and U of T. Yup, it was the aforementioned Dark Ages!