***Messy Trunks***

By Pamela Boe

I don’t kid myself that my life is any busier than anyone else’s. I’ve got two kids, but other families have more. I am a stay-at-home mom, but other families have both parents working. I live in a small cottage with a limited amount of stuff, but other families have large houses with a whole lot more stuff.

So why is it that I can’t keep anything orderly or clean like so many other people do?

I’m not saying I need to have my house ready for a full spread in *Better Homes and Gardens*, but I would like to be able to at least find my dadburn living room phone when it rings—or find the TV remote—or find my reading glasses. I have like five pairs of reading glasses, and I have no idea where they are.

But at least in my home, nobody can witness my shameful lack of organization.

If only I could stay there, safe from prying eyes—but no, my Varmint, who is ten, and my Critter, who is nine, are active little punks. They do various sports and activities that require me to taxi them all over God’s creation.

“So what’s the problem?” you ask.

Sadly, my astonishing lack of organization does not limit itself to my little cottage. It has well and truly invaded my car to the point that whenever I open the trunk to retrieve a ball or a softball bat or anything else, I have to brace the rest of whatever is in there from tumbling out like some kind of Rocky Mountain avalanche.

We’re talking beach towels and wet wipes and water bottles. We’re talking sporting goods and extra shoes and boxes of Goldfish Crackers: Extra jackets, canvas shopping bags, empty cookie boxes (I have no idea how those got in there), and for some reason there is always a box of broken crayons—no coloring books, just broken crayons.

I have no idea why.

If I’ve managed to park away from prying eyes, it’s not so bad, other than the fact that I have to try to support the sloughing mass, which usually fails, and inevitably results in me picking everything up off of the parking lot asphalt. Have you ever tried to casually pick up what essentially amounts to the contents of an entire mud room off the asphalt of a parking lot without drawing attention to yourself? It’s not for amateurs.

Oh, I’m getting better. I’ve nearly perfected a system where I support the pile with my behind and one arm, while rummaging for whatever I need with the other. It’s like doing the Hokey Pokey but without the music.

Now, when I have the misfortune to park it next to SuperMo—Ack!—I feel Shame. I mean, there they stand, smugly, in front of the trunks of their sparkling-clean mini-vans or SUVs, with the doors proudly wide open. Everything is in its place. Usually there is some kind of organizer compartment that is perfectly laid out: No Mess, No Searching, No panicking when it all starts to slide, No rotting food or stale half-empty Gatorade bottles.

I hate those women.

No, that’s too harsh. I just don’t know how they do it. Do they reorganize every night when the kids are in bed? Are they not in the perpetual rush that my family is always in? Is it all done with lights and mirrors? Do they have servants or minions? I must know! Not that I’d change anything or do something as rash as clean out the back of my car. It would ruin my system.