

A Tisket a Tasket...A Room Full of Baskets!

by Trish Berg

(Published by Organized-Mom.com)

I am not sure how it happened, but somewhere along the line, my house was invaded. They came in and brought with them toys, clothes, and clutter of every imaginable shape and size.

You see, I have four little aliens living in my midst, and they sure know how to mess things up!

But I have found a way to manage their clutter...at least somewhat.

I have placed baskets of every shape and size at strategic points in each and every room.

As the day goes on, they play with their toys, and spread their clutter across the carpet and into the hall. Just before nap and bedtime, I have them pick up their toys and put them in the closest basket.

There are baskets under each of the end tables, and baskets next to the couches.

I didn't spend a lot of money on these baskets. I found most of them at garage sales. They are more useful than beautiful. They serve a purpose: They help me to keep my sanity.

You see, I was born a neat nick. It really isn't my fault, you know. It was the way God made me.

My mom often told me the story of when she first recognized my "neatnickitis." I was about two years old and she tucked me in my crib for bedtime only to be summoned back by my screeching.

It seemed that she left a magazine out of place on the end table in my nursery. Who could blame me! After all, I was the master of my crib, the queen of my nursery! And I wanted things to be NEAT!

So now, many years later (never mind exactly how many years..), here I am with these four little aliens messing up MY domain with THEIR stuff. (I guess I am no longer the Queen...)

The invasion happened slowly. When we only had one child, the clutter seemed more manageable. Then came the second one, and the house began looking like a playroom.

Then number three and four, and well, you know, it actually can look more like a zoo than a home at times.

So I had a decision to make. I could either evict them, or find a way to live with them.

Since I am their mother, and I do love them more than life itself, I decided to find ways to share my domain with my little aliens.

I am not saying that my house now looks good enough to be showcased in Better Homes and Gardens or anything. But it does look better with the baskets than without.

I still struggle with my neatnicketis at times, and have been caught like a deer in the headlights trying to throw away some of their "stuff" that seemed old and unused. But thanks to my baskets, I can stay ahead of the game most of the time.

So if you are experiencing an alien invasion of your own, give baskets a try. You might find that a room full of baskets might just save you from becoming a basket case yourself!