

Garage Sale Gal **THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC**



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Thankful ***Lynda Hammond***

There were some tense moments. Some sneers, tsk-tsks, head shaking and disappointing looks.

But we got through it. Now that it's over we can laugh about it. In fact, on this Thanksgiving Day weekend I'm even thankful for it.

It was my recent garage sale where I sold more than I wanted to and tempers flared as my family forced me to unload some of the treasures I've bought at garage sales.

Yes, it's true I've got a bit of a problem. I buy so much I've over stuffed my house and three-car garage. I'll just come out and say it: "My name is Lynda and I'm a hoarder!" That's right, I've pictured myself on *Oprah* seeking professional help where home organizers unload my treasures by donating them, having a garage sale and (gasp!) throwing some away. But on this day the only "experts" around are family—husband, Mom and Dad. And at times it wasn't pretty.

I know they're just *things* but I get attached to them. You see, with each item comes a great story and marvellous memories. Take for instance the huge coffee table I bought for just \$5. It was a struggle to get it home, I discovered an old French franc in the drawer and there was newspaper lining it from the 1940s. I even wrote a column on this particular table. But I sold it. It's gone—to a cabin up north where it'll sit on the buyer's porch. Oh the humanity!

The impending doom reared its ugly head right after I set up my sale. Suddenly everything out in the driveway looked beautiful to me. Do I really want to get rid of that strikingly tall, red glass vase from the 60s and do I have the strength to see that table I bought at a garage sale in Indianapolis for just \$1 walk away in someone else's arms? In most cases, yes, I let the stuff go. Waved good-bye and told stories about how I came across it. But there were other moments when I just couldn't bear it.

One man picked up a vase and said "Wow, this is really pretty. You don't see 'em like this anymore. How much is it?" I hesitate for a split second then come up with an answer. I tell him 'I'm sorry. I don't think I want to sell that after all'. (I know, I know. It's bad garage sale etiquette and I don't recommend doing it!) He was disappointed but said he understood.

Another buyer would ask how much something was and my Mom and I would yell out conflicting prices. (Mine higher, hers lower.) She'd look at me and shake her head with that 'shame on you' look.

It's been two weeks since I've garage sold. Yep, I've missed out on two fabulous weekends of treasures galore. I was chatting with Mom the other day when I announced that I was "going garage saling tomorrow".

"Don't buy anything", Mom warned me.

I'm thankful I no longer have to do everything my Mother tells me!



(pic by Lynda Hammond) Millie, my Golden-doodle (Golden Retriever/Standard Poodle mix) and my Mom, Phyllis Brinkman are thankful for each other. This picture was taken about four months ago when Millie was just a baby. I'm thankful for them, too, even though Millie chews up toilet paper and Mom gives me a hard time at my garage sales!

MY FAVORITE FIND

Do you have a garage sale find you love? Something that makes you smile when you look at it? Share it with us. Send us your picture. Include your name, email address and phone number and email it to: Lynda@GarageSaleGal.com. Watch for the story of *your* treasure in this column!

Lynda Hammond is a former television anchor who left the anchor desk for the love of garage sales. Contact her at Lynda@GarageSaleGal.com. Lynda also does garage sale segments on 3-TV's Good Morning Arizona.

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