

Garage Sale Gal

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC



Garage Sale Gal

Garage Sale “Gods” are smiling

Lynda Hammond

It’s Friday the 13th.

No bad luck here—knock on wood!

In fact, sometimes it seems like the garage sale “gods” are smiling down upon me. The things I run across at garage sales are nothing short of amazing—so much so that someone up there must like me.

Now, don’t get me wrong things haven’t always been rosy for me—no siree, I’ve had my share of life’s ups and downs just like everybody else. I’ve had some bad breaks--- lost jobs, walked out of the restroom in a fancy restaurant with toilet paper hanging out of my dress (I’m serious!) and as I struggled through one particularly difficult class in college I was told by the teacher that I didn’t have what it took to become a journalist. I remember, that professor—David Richter—I think he knew telling me that would light a fire under me. It worked. I showed him. Yes, I graduated from the Ohio State University with a degree in broadcast journalism—thank you very much. If only he could see me now---an accomplished...ah..garage saler!

I have done well in the garage sale game, too when the odds are against me.

I’ll give you a recent example.

My best friend, Amy McDonald from Salt Lake City came to stay with me and brought a gift-- a great one since I love coffee. It was one of those cappuccino makers. On the second day of her visit I was wiping off the kitchen counter when *!*crash*!**. I’d knocked the tiny, delicate glass carafe off its perch and right smack onto the floor. My friend looked at me instantly and said “What was that?” Later she would tell me what she was really thinking—“You klutz! I just bought that for you!” Don’t you just love best friends?!

Amy suggested we head to the store and buy a replacement----that they sell them at all kitchenware stores. Amy was right. They were easy to find but at \$29.99 a pop I cringed. The frugalista in me rebelled, I’ll find one at a garage sale,” I told her. But, Amy, who doesn’t care much for garage sales, had her doubts I’d be able to pick one up just anywhere. “Really? I’m skeptical. I’d be surprised if you could find one of those at a garage sale,” Amy told me.

Surprise!

That's right, Amy. I found one at a garage sale---I gloat. (My husband says Amy and I are more like sisters---sure we love each other but we're pretty competitive so if I get to prove her wrong even over something as small as a coffee carafe---I'll milk it for all it's worth!)

No, it wasn't that day, that week or even that month that I found it. But I did find one six weeks later at a garage sale in my own neighborhood. The people were selling a really old cappuccino maker that had a glass carafe---the exact size I needed. I left the ancient coffee maker and took the carafe for just \$3! Gosh, I love garage sales.

So, don't worry Prof. Richter, your ploy worked. Not only can I write but I can also find what I need---anytime---at a garage sale. And in this economy---that's not a bad talent to have.

(pic provided by Lynda Hammond) My friend gave me this cappuccino maker as a gift but some clumsy goof broke the glass carafe just hours after she gave it to me. You're looking at a replacement which I found at a garage sale. Yippee!

Talk to the Garage Sale Gal!

Do you have a question or comment about garage or estate bargain sales? Email the Garage Sale Gal: Lynda@GarageSaleGal.com.

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 local TV stations.

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Sometimes it seems like the Garage sale "gods" are smiling down upon me. Now, don't get me wrong I've had my share of life's ups and downs just like everybody else. I've lost jobs, lost contests and I've been told by more than one teacher that I didn't have what it took to become a journalist. I remember, that college professor---David Richter---I think he knew that telling me that would cause me to rebel and "show him". It worked. I did become a journalist. It didn't however, work when my third grade teacher took an extreme dislike to my picture of a president. Mrs. Arnett, at James Road Elementary School in Columbus, Oh., asked us to paint our favorite president and when I tried my best to portray Abraham Lincoln it didn't work. She asked me who it was and when I told her President Lincoln she turned red and gritted her teeth. I remember it so vividly. She pulled me by the arm, took me to the coat room (where the other students couldn't see) and violently shook me until I cried. "Don't you ever paint or draw a picture of President Lincoln again," she screamed at me. After I pulled myself together and stopped crying I decided art wasn't for me. I never told anyone about that. I was too embarrassed. Although today I know she probably would've lost her job. It greatly affected me. I've never wanted to be---or considered myself to be--- very creative and I think it was that incident that curbed my enthusiasm for getting artsy.

But I digress.

The one place I have done well is garage sales and that pleases me just fine.

I'll give you a recent example. My best friend, Amy McDonald from Salt Lake City came to

stay with me and brought a gift. It was a great one since I love coffee. It was one of those cappuccino makers, this one by Krups. On the second day of her visit I was wiping off the kitchen counter when *!*crash*!*. I'd knocked the tiny, delicate glass carafe off its perch and right smack on the floor. My friend looked at me instantly and said "What was that?" But she knew. She'd broken a few too in the past.

I felt bad. My friend said we should head to the store and buy one that day—that they were easy to find. And she was right. They were easy to find but at \$29.99 a pop I cringed. Me being the frugalistasta that I am, "I'll find one at a garage sale," I told her. But, Amy, who doesn't care much for garage sales had her doubts I'd be able to pick one up just anywhere.

Well, Amy, you would be wrong—I gloat! (My husband says Amy and I are more like sisters—sure we love each other but we're pretty competitive so even if I get to prove her wrong over something as small as a coffee cup—I'll milk it for all it's worth!)

No, it wasn't that day, that week or even that month that I found it. But I did find one six weeks later at a garage sale in my own neighborhood. The people were selling a cappuccino maker but, of course, I just wanted the carafe. I paid only \$3! Gosh, I love garage sales.

So, don't worry Mrs. Arnett, I'm not an artist but I can find what I need at a garage sale. And in this economy—that's not a bad talent to have.

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I have also done well in the garage sale game especially when the odds are against me.

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So, don't worry Mr. Richter, your ploy worked your student can write and she can also find what she needs at garage sales. And in this economy—that's not a bad talent to have.



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