

Lynda Hammond
THE GARAGE SALE GAL



It's like my Baby
Lynda Hammond

I got the idea for this column when my husband and I were talking things over trying to analyze why I was so emotional about a garage sale incident when he summed it all up for me. “Well, you were leaving your ‘baby’ behind,” Kevin said. “Yes, that’s it,” I replied realizing now just what my problem was.

I’m going out on a limb here telling you this story. After I spill the beans you’re going to realize just how big of a garage sale fanatic I am—and a word of warning—it’s not a pretty picture.

I was a nervous wreck last Saturday.

I left a garage sale hoping my newly found treasure would be there when I returned. I gave the seller \$35 for the unique, painted pine—albeit wobbly-- table but it wouldn’t fit in my car.

I’d have to go home, pick my husband up, go get my dad’s van and then back to Scottsdale to fetch it. “No problem,” the seller told me. “We’ll be here.”

When I called home to let the hubby know he was going to help me, I discovered the phone was disconnected. What?! Confused, I called again—same recording “This line is temporarily disconnected”. When I left at six in the morning to go bargain hunting Kevin said he was going to clean out the garages—always a chore for him since I bring home so many treasures. I called his cell phone-no answer, called home again, still nothing.

Of course the worst comes to mind; for instance, while trying to organize stuff did he get fed up with all my “shopping” at garage sales and leave mid-garage clearing?

What follows below are some of the other irrational thoughts that popped into my mind (I kid you not!) as I made my way home still quite befuddled and worried about not being able to contact him all the while leaving my goods behind at a bustling sale.

Usually he calls and checks on me while I’m garage saling but today he hasn’t. (Sob!)

Something must be wrong. What if he’s hurt, trapped by one of my large iron garage sale finds, or speared by my harpoon from a sale?

If he is hurt what should I do about the table? Well, I can take Kevin to the hospital and then get it while doctors access his condition in the emergency room. If I can’t get the table right away, what’s an appropriate amount of time to wait before I pick it up? A few days or a week as Kevin mends? I bet Emily Post (Miss Manners) doesn’t have an answer for this one. Surely Kevin will appreciate the fact that I went ahead and picked up the table whilst his leg is in a cast or his cuts are being bandaged up?

As I drove along thoughts like these continued swirling around in my head.

But thankfully, when I arrived home, there in the garage smiling with his arms spread (as in look at what I did) is Kevin—alive and well in his newly organized garage. The phone was out of order after Kevin unplugged the modem while organizing his office and the cell phone was off.

So, all is well, the table is now sitting in my garage and I'm seeking psychiatric help! But seriously, it can be unsettling to leave something at a garage sale.

Tell me your story. Write an email sharing an occasion when you've had to leave your goods behind and search for a bigger vehicle.



(pic provided by Lynda Hammond) I was able to fit my new green Mexican-style table in my garage!

Lynda Hammond is the author of the new book, [The Garage Sale Gal's Guide to Making Money Off Your Stuff](http://www.GarageSaleGal.com). Check out www.GarageSaleGal.com for details on where to buy the book. Contact her at Lynda@GarageSaleGal.com.

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