

## Tales From the Office Trash Basket

No matter how much you try, you never get a handle on the quantity you accumulate in your trash basket.

For a paperless society, I'm dog paddling near the shoreline. I take advantage of the whole mobile banking and check depositing deal. Not receiving bills in the mail anymore is a goal I will try and get under my belt by the end of 2019.

In the meantime, I decided to examine the contents of my home office wastebasket. To be truthful, I have more control over it than in a regular community workplace. Tell me if you honestly would want to stick your hands into a basket where others have thrown out partially eaten frosted cupcakes, sticky candy wrappers and leaky pen refills?

I dug into the bottom of the receptacle – mine is a white plastic molded one – and discovered a mustard yellow Post-it note in perfectly neat penmanship. You don't see such beautiful cursive handwriting these days, but I am stepping off topic. I was at a meeting and a note was slipped to me requesting that I phone the treasurer of our organization. I had his cell and home number written there for me so I didn't have to look him up in my contact list.

My hands easily wrapped around a desk sized calendar tear-off sheet for January. I stopped to look it over and noticed that I had circled my late mother and sister's birthdays in remembrance. The calendar is covered up by my laptop, and isn't necessary. Next year I won't buy one and save a tree.

A yellow and white note came up next. On one side I had written down a new password and user ID before I put it on One Password, my handy app for organizing such items. I turned the paper over and yes, I had used the back, too, to write down the name and phone number of someone I would need to locate on my next trip. As for writing on the backs of paper, I try very hard to do that.

I am ashamed to say that my fingers grabbed out a second yellow and white slip that had only one word on it: Frontier. I have no clue as to why I had written the word down. It meant something at the time, but for the life of me, I can't recall it.

My hand reached in and pulled out a piece of lined notebook paper folded neatly into fourths. I opened it up and recognized the outline of a talk I gave to a women's club about my trip to Africa. Notes were listed in order of how I was going to put together a PowerPoint presentation. I paused to re-live that enjoyable occasion.

A few tiny strips off of Social Security statements are scattered at the bottom of the waste paper basket. I love the ones that give you directions for opening sides one, two and three in the proper order. I never do.

Last but not least, there is one lone crumbled Kleenex sitting in the corner of the basket from earlier in the week when the sniffles almost got the better of me. Whew. I saved myself from a full-blown cold, though. Some of those over the counter herbal remedies work well at the first sign of distress.

It's trash day at our house, and I will start with an empty basket by my side. Oh, I remember why I have to call Frontier.