

Collapse

Nobody asked but ...

My closet collapsed in the middle of the night. A calamitous noise brought me upright, my eyes wider than humanly possible. I first blamed the cats. But when I turned on a light, I saw that a lion's part of my earthly possessions lay on the closet floor in disarray.

I have been cramming stuff into that closet for 8 years. There were clothes in there older than my 8 grandchildren, some maybe older than my daughters. Yes, there was a least 1 sports coat I bought in college in the 60s. There were clothes that had seen both UK football victories over Tennessee, events at least a quarter-century apart.

Have you ever had one of those nights, when you cannot get back to sleep, and your mind creates a mile-long train of horror circus cars? You are sure that A always begets B, which in turn brings C, inevitable followed by D, which of course is associated indelibly with E, F, and G.

But in the coolness of morning, you see that there can be solutions, separate solutions for most of those problems. And those problems are not necessarily interconnected. E, F, and G may never come to pass, just as there surely is an unforeseen X, Y, and Z. Reality is not strung together in the same way as your worst case scenarios.

A simple respect for the natural law of gravity would go a long way to calming these troubled waters.