

Ouch!

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Saturday, 29 October 2005
Last Updated Saturday, 29 October 2005

After 13 hours of moving and 2 hours of driving all in one day, my body is tired. We pushed and pushed all day. We dropped things. We banged up our bodies on countertop corners, door frames, other boxes, any number of stationary objects, but still we pushed.

We wanted to be, nay, we HAD to be done by the end of the day- not only for our new tenant, but for our sanity. At one point, I announced that I wanted to be out of the apartment and on the road by 7:30. It was still 4 hours off and we had been working for 5 hours. It seemed reasonable at the time. 7:30 passed. Then 8:30. By 9:30, we were finally ready to start the trip up to our final destination (somewhat disgruntled that we couldn't fit everything into the 2 cars). We're going to have to make another trip down next weekend. It's good though. We've been neglecting family and friends. Time to start catching up with people.

The next day, yesterday, Dan had to go to work after all that and then only 6 hours of sleep to recuperate. So, per our agreement, I got up with him and made breakfast (challenging without many groceries) and lunch. As I reached over the oatmeal with a jar of cinnamon (a small jar... not Costco sized), I felt what should have been a knife plunging into the middle of my back. Although I was relieved it was not, I was nonetheless dismayed not to find any blood to explain the searing pain. It seems that after all the weight that we carried out of our apartment and such long hours, a small jar of cinnamon and the weight of my own outstretched arm was enough to push my body over the edge. I realized that all of my admittedly ambitious plans were going to have to be postponed. I wanted to go for a long walk, unpack the kitchen, finish unpacking the bathroom, and then once the stove was installed, I wanted to bake! Unfortunately, it seemed as though none of that was going to happen. As it turned out, I was able to get quite a bit done anyway. I almost finished the kitchen and the bathroom- limited only by the inability to finish bringing the boxes up the stairs. I started our inventory system (don't even get me started- between all the butter, shaving cream, soap, shampoo, and toothpaste we have, I've got pages of material).

Dan wouldn't let me bake because I was supposed to be taking it easy, so we got a frozen pizza at the "hippy food store" as Dan refers to it and chilled out. It has been so long since Dan and I sat on a couch and just enjoyed each other's company. No lists, no planning, no laptops, no stress. My head was completely empty and happy and sleepy.

We went to bed very early (yes- Dan too) and took some melatonin to keep us asleep after 5 weeks of packing and moving and driving back and forth, we needed a little shuteye. I woke up at about 4 am, turned over and seized up my neck. I suppose I did more than I was supposed to on my first day here with a seized back. My body giving me the figurative "f@*\$ you! I'll show you," a big ole' outstretched finger at my grand plans. So now I can't lift anything and I can't turn my head. Even blowing my nose and sneezing causes certain discomforts.

But right now, as I sit in silence, gaze fixed (unable to look elsewhere) on snow-covered Cardigan bathed in the pink morning light, I know that all is right with the universe. I have my peace. I have my husband and my dog with me. I have a house that we built. I hope I never forget that I am the luckiest girl alive.