

*B.Y.O. Stuff; A hostess learns the Japanese Art of Decluttering*

Welcome! Thanks for coming to my place! I think you'll notice there's a little more open space since the last time you were here. Notice there's plenty of room for your coat on my coatrack.

It's because I Marie Kondo-ed every room! Everyone was always talking about her book, but I finally relented and read it myself. And it WAS life-changing. And it WAS magic.

Can I get you a glass of wine? I have to tell you all about it- it's really changed my life! Actually, I think I threw out my wine glasses, so do you mind drinking directly from the bottle? That's fun.

How it works- and this is an oversimplification- is you go through each room in your house and part with any item that doesn't bring you joy! I did that with my wine glasses and I've never looked back! What's "Riedel" in the grand scheme of my life?

Anyway, sit down, sit down. Isn't it much more spacious in here? Sometimes I can't believe it's the same apartment!

Are you looking for a coaster? Don't worry- there are none. I held them lovingly to my bosom and parted with them amicably. But don't worry- you won't ruin the coffee table because I also got rid of that. Lib-er-a-ting! Bye-bye, Ethan. Bye-bye, Allen.

Isn't it surprisingly comfortable sitting on the floor?

I'm sure this has you thinking about your priorities. It's been a real paradigm shift for me. What's truly important in my life? I decided to keep this photo of my mom because it does bring me joy. I decided to let go of my actual relationship with my mother because it was fraught and not always joyful. I haven't spoken to her since reading, nay, *doing* the book. Kept this picture though. Mom looks great.

Everyone, I know you just sat down on the floor but would you indulge me and get up? Field trip! Let's all go gaze at my sock drawer! Marie suggests an ingenious way to roll socks instead of folding. Imagine that!

Here we are! Oh I forgot. I did roll them, but then I decided to part from my socks in round two of my Kondo-purge, along with my underwear, bras, and most of my shoes. That's why this sock drawer is peacefully empty.

I was surprised by some of the things that did not give me joy. My measuring cups. My toothbrush. A whole bunch of documents. But I thanked them and shredded them and they're gone! Life is so much simpler without them. Will I need them for tax season? Perhaps I *would* have, but I decided to part with filing this year.

Remember the way in which my recliner, when extended, would get perilously close to my task lamp? Well, you won't bump into my lamp now. Because I don't have one. Or a recliner! Or a fridge! I know it's dark and hungry in here. But darkness is pleasingly simple, isn't it?

I'm not doing it justice. You must read this book. It will change your lives. I'd let you borrow my copy but I got rid of mine.

You look uncomfortable sitting there on the floor in the dark with your crudite in the palms of your hands. You're too enmeshed in your worldly goods. Ugh. How Western of you.

Okay. I'm not getting any joy from you. Thank you for coming and being here with me. Would you please leave?

