

# Write Your Life

## *A micro memoir writing project*

**Tossers and Keepers. Which one are you?**

### Out of Sight

While I waited by the front door, a child or two in hand, my mother-in-law would hand me a Corning Ware casserole dish. Inside it were a half a dozen rivoltini or a couple cups of ragu she'd made that day. She would hand it to me and say, "Ricorditi. Questo si chiama Pietro. Torna in dietro." Meaning she wanted her Corning Ware back.

Words to live by. And the corollary. If you don't want it back, you don't need to keep it.

I remembered her words a few days ago. On the cabinet counter by the back door of our house was an empty Rubbermaid container. It had been there a while. We kept rice in it. Then we didn't. And there it was, capacity 5 liters or 21 cups, taking up a lot of counter space. I couldn't bring myself to throw it away. I knew if I threw it away, Tizi would go looking for it. I'm a tosser; she's a keeper. I took it to the basement and found a place for it in a cupboard.

When we moved into this house we bought and assembled five cupboards in the basement. It was a big mistake. When you have cupboards, you fill them up with stuff. When the cupboards have drawers and doors, you don't see that stuff. You forget about it. In my opinion, most of it could be thrown away. In Tizi's opinion, most of it has value.

My father-in-law used to say, Tieni da conto la roba. Non si sa mai. Take care of your stuff. You never know. Over his workbench my dad kept screws in jelly jars, sorted short, medium, long; philips head, flat head; self-tapping. He was his own hardware store.

When I took the Rubbermaid downstairs I opened a cupboard door and found another container, 5 liters 21 cups, exactly like the one I thought of getting rid of.

You just never know. Unless you do.