

Clay's Clean Out Plan

Shared by Dee Dee Whipple's son, Clay

I've never had a great hobby. Sure, I had sports and I guess video games, and I still do, though video games sure have changed since I was younger, but I never had anything that I would consider a real hobby. Something that just holds my interest. Something that I want to continue to work on, to continue to perfect. Something that I like talking about or sharing with others.

My grandfather had woodworking. He loved it and was seriously good at it. From clocks to music boxes to humidors for his cigars to Pinewood Derby cars for a particular grandson . . . I won every year . . . he loved his workshop where he'd spend hours at a time. It was his passion and his hobby.

I have buddies who have gotten into brewing their own beers. They love it, and they have spent quite a bit of money on specific equipment and ingredients, and they spend quite a bit of time perfecting the tastiest batch of beer.

I have other friends who love to cook. They take great pride in mastering a new recipe or they love creating new dishes which of course they want to share with friends . . . a couple of their recipes still need some work.

My mom has miniatures. Mainly dollhouses, and things for dollhouses, and things to decorate the inside of a dollhouse with. Basically, take a look around your own house. Notice the carpet, the pictures hanging on the walls, the chandelier over the dining room table, the dining room table itself, the dresser, the nightstand, the lamp on the nightstand, etc, etc, and scale it all down and that's what my mother does. She makes all of that stuff, and quite honestly some of it is seriously good. My mom has a real knack for this miniature thing as do many of her friends.

Unfortunately for my mom, her grand plan here was to make spectacular dollhouses for her grandkids who would spend countless hours playing with them and staging them, and decorating them, etc. However, she had six grandkids and only two of them were girls and neither of them were all that interested in dollhouses.

However, that didn't deter my mom who continued to build spectacular dollhouses and other miniature . . . things . . . I don't always know what to call them . . . it's a lot of really small shit . . . so she has over the years collected A LOT OF STUFF!!!!!!

So much so that I've lost track of just how many actual dollhouses she has, AND I've stopped counting all the other little miniature . . . things . . . she has. Rooms full of stuff. Closets full of stuff. Attics full of stuff. Shoe boxes full of stuff. It's frightening.

Which brings me to MY PROBLEM . . . and that is someday . . . hopefully many years from now...my mom will no longer be here, and she's going to leave all of this stuff behind.

Now, just like I made sure to grab one of my grandfather's handmade clocks and humidors when he passed away, I am sure both my sister and I will want to grab a couple of things that our mom has made.

And who knows, maybe one of us will have a granddaughter and we'll want to give her one of the dollhouses. Could happen. Absolutely possible. How cool would that be to give one of our granddaughters a dollhouse made by their great grandma? Seriously, that would be neat.

However, that would still leave somewhere in the neighborhood of, oh, I don't know, say 10,000 other items that would now need a new home.

Enter Clay's Clean Out Plan . . . a large industrial sized dumpster. You can rent these things by the week. I've already looked into it. I know it's a little morbid. What can I say? I'm trying to be proactive here. And I figure it would take at least a full week to get rid of most of this crap . . . I mean stuff . . . I mean my mom's beautiful, hand-built miniatures. But I think it's fair to say that at least 90% of her collection ends up at the bottom of a large, rusty, industrial dumpster.

The other 10% will be slowly, methodically blown up. As in exploded somewhere in an open, deserted field. I admit I don't have the exact location chosen yet, but here's what I do know, I live in Northern Illinois which means I am just a 30-minute drive to the Wisconsin state line, and what does that mean? Well, I'm 30 minutes from all sorts of roadside cheese stands, porn shops and firework stores. Actually . . . getting off subject here for a moment . . . Wisconsin could very well be the greatest state ever!!!

But for about \$100 I can buy enough explosives to obliterate every dollhouse my mom has. And you know what? I'm super excited about it. Some people give moving toasts when a loved one passes away. Others put together a photo montage for people to look at. Some even launch Chinese lanterns in a ceremonial garden. I'm going to blow up every single dollhouse my mother has ever built.

Okay, so maybe I don't have a hobby, and maybe I'm not that into my mom's hobby. But, someday, again hopefully many years from now, in an open field, with a fire extinguisher on hand, surrounded by friends and family who knew my mom well, I'm going to light up the night sky with my mom's hobby, and it's going to be EPIC!!!!



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