

BLOGGER | ELLEN SEIDMAN

Confessions of a Bag Lady

My hips have nothing on this battle of the bulge

It's that time of year when everyone's making New Year's resolutions. Mine are in the bag—my utterly dilapidated, worn, pathetic tote, the one I have been carrying around for months now and keep meaning to replace. The lining is falling apart. There are threads hanging everywhere. If I tried to donate it to the Salvation Army, they would pass it up.

"I think you need to fix that," said my friend Danielle a few months ago when I sat down on the commuter train and placed my bag on the floor.

I nodded. I thought about finding a bag-repair place. Never did.

And so it goes: another thing I haven't gotten around to doing. Along with the countless photos on my computer I have yet to make into prints. And the new books I want to order for the kids. And the baby gift I have to get for a friend. And the potted plant that needs more soil. And the burned-out lightbulb in the playroom that needs replacing. And the new glasses I should order because my current ones are held together on one side with Scotch tape. And the school T-shirt form I only *thought* I filled out. And the bucket of shells

I collected on our Captiva, FL, trip two years ago that I was going to make something with. And the pile of winter clothes that need to go into storage, but—hey, here comes winter again! And the Ironman Triathlon I want to complete! (Uh, yeah. *Not* on my list of the 29,351 things I need to do.)

The work bag is getting particularly ridiculous, though. I'm at the point where I clutch it tightly to my body when I walk into the office building and ride the elevator. If I go to an event and someone says, "Would you like to put your bag down?" I'm all, "No, thanks!"

It's become the black hole of my life; I've thrown stuff into the bag and thought that I've lost it, only to realize that it has fallen into the no-man's zone between the lining and the leather.

It will not surprise me if one of these days, some kindly woman hands me a buck as I sit on the train, bag in my lap.

I suppose I'll get around to fixing it before retirement. Meanwhile, if you happen to bump into me, remember you can't judge a mom by her bag. ■



Ellen Seidman, who blogs at lovethatmax.com, is pleased to report that she got a new tote and is no longer committing a fashion faux pas



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