

SOCK EPIPHANY

The washer ate another one of my socks. Or maybe, another one escaped out through the bedroom window during the night. All that I really know for sure is that I wore a pair of socks to work every day last week and I think that they all went into the laundry. This weekend, when I tried to match them up (each pair had a unique little design on them... it figures), I had one sock without a mate. Someone's been eating my socks!!!

My wife, keeper of the laundry, tells me that if I actually put my folded laundry into my dresser drawers, instead of piling it on top of the dresser, that I might be able to find my socks. I have many responses to this suggestion. I could ask her why she doesn't just put the laundry into my dresser drawers – but I respect her and appreciate her laundry efforts enough to know better. Besides, I carry the laundry upstairs and I throw it on my dresser, I should put those pesky socks in a drawer where they can't escape. I could accuse my wife of hiding my socks in an effort to try to teach me a lesson – slowly driving me mad, forcing me into the abyss of sock paranoia. But I don't think that's true, not really. Maybe the socks get sucked into the dryer vent and wedge in that white ribbed tube that runs through the basement out to our backyard– I really need to clean that out.

There are a million ways to look at this dilemma. I have settled on a more positive response. “Look honey.” I told my wife the other day, “The dryer made an extra sock for me. When it makes another one, I'll have a new pair.” “Lucky you!” She replied deadpan.

Hunter shook his head.

The dog sighed.

I'll keep looking, and waiting. Meanwhile, I'll attack that pile of clean laundry. There's a problem I can solve.

Resiliency. Whether it be Dr. Whitbeck's socks or a fifth grade expert report, third grade owl reports or learning to read in first grade, if you can identify the tough part, set some realistic goals, and develop a plan, then the problem is solvable. It's when a problem overwhelms us, when we focus on our failures that the problems become insurmountable. Ask for help, or leave the problem for a short while to return to it later. Often you realize what the real problem was. Don't get caught up in failures. Keep looking for that lost sock – maybe it'll turn up in your pants pocket. Mine did.

C. Whitbeck