

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](http://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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