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where the optimist  
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REASON.

ANTHONY LICCIONE  
joyfulscribblings.com

Shit Happens

Description

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I couldn't think of a better title for this post than shit happens because that is what literally happened last week at our house. We are all adults here and the word poop just doesn't convey the same feeling. Last week I stepped off of my basement step barefoot into wet soggy carpet. My husband was on the computer checking email oblivious to the fact that our carpet was wet because he had shoes on. I then peeked into the bathroom next to our stairs afraid of what I might find. It looked as if there was an explosion. There were bits of toilet paper and a few brown specs covering the floor.

We were both puzzled because the toilet wasn't clogged or overflowing. However, the carpet was wet all along our wall going into our storage area where the sewer drain is. Needless to say there were also flecks of toilet paper by the sewage drain. Fortunately it didn't smell, but my husband was

sure this could not be good. I proceeded unsuccessfully to try to soak up the water with towels. This was definitely a dirty job and bigger than the both of us.

We called a neighbor who gave us the number to a water emergency removal service. The carpet needed to be ripped out and the floor needed sanitizing. We called the plumber who surmised that this was an inside job due to something questionable getting stuck in the drain which led to toilet paper clogging the pipes. If my parents are reading this right now they are probably doubled over in laughter because I used to clog our toilets monthly when I was a kid. I apologize if this is too much information for you, but I promise there is a lesson in all of this.

Our basement situation could have been much worse and was contained to a small area and fortunately we have some coverage with our home owners insurance. The next morning I thought about how close the water came to my cabinet which houses many of the scrapbooks I spent countless hours creating for my children. Unfortunately it often takes disasters to remind us of the things that are precious. It made me think about where I am storing the things that I value and how I'm caring for them.

We've been in our house for 16 years and I've accumulated a lot of stuff. This year I've been working on releasing things which was my [one little word](#) for 2015. We are repainting several rooms in our home and the basement was one of those rooms I wanted to repaint, but was low on the priority list. The blessing in all of this mess is that my basement will get refreshed as well now with new carpet and paint. It's an inconvenient situation, but also a blessing in disguise.

Have you had any shit happen lately that was also a blessing?

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