

Published based on [The Day My Clothes Spoke to Me](#)

The Day My Clothes Spoke to Me



A new year. A new opportunity. A new day. A new beginning. Ah, the inspiration of it!

I spent part of New Year's Eve cleaning out my clothes' closet. I took everything out of my closet and laid the stuff in stacks around my room. Then I began. Toss. Keep. Give away. Store in a different place. Reorganize. Somehow the arrival of the New Year beckoned me to start over again. To think in new ways. To look for new strategies.

Magazine articles about decluttering and organization called to me.

I was in a ruthless mood. If I didn't love it, it went no matter how much I wondered if it might come back into style in a year or if it might fit me better later.

The process became spiritual.

I picked up a blouse. I thought of my mother and her changing memory. The blouse represented a shopping trip we'd had. I felt saddened and a deeper realization of my time with her changing as she ages.

A dress touched my memory of days gone by and folks I love who I don't really see anymore. Tears filled my eyes as I allowed the memory to fill my heart.

Another outfit took me back to a season of my life. Ah, those were good days.

The blouse I would wear for my anniversary this week. More smiles.

Ah, there was that item that needs hemming and one that needs a button.

And those two little dresses I bought for my granddaughter for Spring. I smiled as I thought of her.

Almost like the year in review except it went much further.

My emotions ranged from gratitude to delight to satisfaction to joy to melancholy to sorrow to ambivalence to regret.

I was both glad I could get back into those pants I love and yet frustrated that I had a lot of

work to do in order to be able wear that cute skirt.

The finished project gave me satisfaction. My life would be simpler. More organized. Less stressful.

And the project reminded me of how I must evaluate my life periodically and the usefulness of the things that fill it. I posed these questions to myself and now, I pose them to you:

What is really important in your life?

What is being ignored? What needs repair?

What needs to go to make room for the things that “fit” today?

What needs to be given new priority?

What needs to be grieved? Appreciated? Planned for?

The New Year is a gift. God promises us that His heart for us is to give us future and hope. So allow His Spirit to do the work inside you that will prepare you for the new day. Value the old things that are foundational and drink in the new knowing that God’s plans for you are good. A new year. A new day. A new beginning.

Ecclesiastes 3:1, 3:6

To everything *there is* a season,
A time for every purpose under heaven:
...A time to gain, And a time to lose;
A time to keep,
And a time to throw away;

You can also find this article published on [The Day My Clothes Spoke to Me](#), and on the tag pages [clothes](#), [Ecclesiastes 3](#), [future](#), [memories](#), [new](#), [New Year](#), [New Year's Day](#), [reorganizing](#), [Resolutions](#).