## FILING INCOME TAX: THE MOST MONUMENTAL, **UNINSPIRING TASK**

## **PROCRASTINATION** DOESN'T PAY. WRITES TED BROWN



BROWN

There's an old saying I heard years ago: "In this world, nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes.

As I sit down and prepare to organize myself for my income tax, I'm inclined to agree.

Getting my stuff together in preparation of filing my income tax is always the most monumental, uninspiring task to muster up the enthusiasm and actually get it done.

The Sidekick has a love-hate relationship with me doing the taxes - she loves to get an early refund, but she hates the fact I take over the kitchen table (or dining-room table) to spread out my files, receipts, countless T forms and any other documents the government requires us to hang on to for seven years

I tell ya, I can find more reasons to procrastinate about getting my tax files in order, than Carter's has pills.

You know, like "The driveway is slippery - gotta spread some salt," or perhaps, "The dog needs to go outside" (for an hour or so).

Or, "I have to work on something in the shed" (not sure what it'll be, but there's gotta be something out there that I can bang on to sound busy for the next couple of hours).

Up to last year, I dodged the bullet - The Sidekick had traditionally turned a blind eye to my procrastinations.

But last year, I crossed a line. I found myself standing at the front counter of my accountant's office, on the second-last day of April, with my accordion file filled with my financial paraphernalia in order (OK, somewhat in order).

The receptionist wasn't happy with me. For decades, I've prided myself in having my income taxes in order several weeks earlier.

She pointed out to me that there was no guarantee they'd be able to process my income taxes in time.

Cocky me - I said I was OK with that, as I usually received a

Guess what ...

It turned out that 2017 would be the year I had to pay.

Now The Sidekick didn't come out and say, "I told you so," but I could certainly read her mind: she really wanted to make some comment.

But we have an agreement regarding making snide remarks to each other.

Instead of rolling our eyes, and making some nasty derisive comment, we simply close our eyes for a bit. The other partner immediately gets the message.

I swear her eyes were scrunched shut for several min-



Members dress in bygone fashions to celebrate the Georgetown Women's Institute's 50th anniversary in March 1953. Photo courtesy of the Esquesing Historical Society

And yes, I did get the mes-

So this year, as I pen this weekly literary masterpiece, I have officially begun.

I made the annual trip to Walmart to pick up an accordion file, I have sorted and stacked all my T forms, receipts and charitable receipts, and I'm ready to go.

And as I finishing typing this column, I'm set-up on the dining room table, ready to dive into that pile of papers. I'm really trying my best to keep The Sidekick happy.

She can easily turn a blind eye to the dining-room table for a few weeks, but being set up on the kitchen table really gets under her skin (lots of heavy-duty extended blinks are launched from there when stacks of papers make it impossible to see the top of the kitchen table).

Yup, my bank papers are assembled, my receipts are sorted, and my Excel worksheet documenting the income for 2018 has been printed and duly arranged, all ready to be assembled in my accordion file folder.

And as the rest of the world is on March break, I'm going to force myself to "git 'er done," and be able to wash my hands of it for yet another year.

It will also be much easier on The Sidekick's "scrunched-up"

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