

I haven't made any new year's resolutions. I gave up doing that year's ago on the basis that I always failed at keeping them and then I would feel disappointed with myself.

Instead I've spent the first few days of this new year sorting out things - some work related bits, some financial planning for the year ahead, but mostly the house. My other half is a brilliant house husband while I am away in London. He is a brilliant dad, an excellent cook and he keeps a tidy house.

But this week I have found myself on my hands and knees hand scrubbing the floors, cleaning the cupboards, and filling copious bags with bits to go to the charity shop. To be honest I have found it rather therapeutic. A book published by a Buddhist monk about how cleaning your house can make you happy has become a surprise hit.

Yes cleaning can be a chore and usually done in a rush in order to get it out of the way but a really good deep clean can be hugely satisfying. I have donned on some old jogging bottoms, tied my hair up in a scarf, popped on some marigolds, cranked up some sing along CDs and done some really good cleaning and it has been great. I've probably perspired more than if I went to the gym! But as the monk says cleaning can cleanse your soul. It has been a mind break and that is something we all need occasionally.

While I still have a list of things to do as long as my arm and only a couple of days left to do them at least I won't go back to work feeling I have failed because I have broken my resolutions...although god help the first person to walk mud into the house!