

"Writing the truth
as I see it;
trying not to
offend
those who will
disagree."

The truth as I see it™

Idaho Common Sense™



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What is a good day?

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I watched a movie about a young couple trying to figure out how to get along with one another. As they talked, the man asked the woman to describe a day she remembered as a good day. She did not describe what I expected.

I wonder. If we really think back on the good days in our lives, will they be what we think they will be? You know, the kind of day you will never forget, the kind of day you felt a quiet joyful peace? Let's spend some time remembering those days. I bet some of those days at the top of your list will surprise you.

When I was about 5 years old, I remember dad taking me to the swimming pool he managed each summer in Holdrege, Nebraska. Normally if we had a "pop" we would split one because they were expensive, a nickel. But that day he let me have a whole lemon "pop" to myself. That was a good day.

Another summer when I was about 10 years old, dad walked cornfields for DeKalb Corn, doing some sort of measurements. I found out you really could hear the corn growing in Nebraska, a harsh cracking sound. And any day I wanted to go with him, I did. He never said no. At lunch we would stop near an irrigation ditch, share bologna sandwiches and sharp cheddar cheese while he drank coffee and I drank

lemonade. After lunch he always let me swim in the irrigation ditch. It was just the two of us, and he always wanted me to go with him. Those were good days.

One day, when my son was about two and a half, I pulled into the driveway and saw a little head stick through the living room curtain and start jumping up and down, screeching in delight. He learned the sound of my pickup and would climb onto the back of the sofa so he could look out the window and see me drive in. I was someone's whole world. That was a good day.

About 10 years ago, my wife and I went to the state fair in Blackfoot, just the two of us, no kids. We walked through the fairgrounds, ending up at the free stage, sitting and holding hands while listening to a band called Cody. We had been married about 15 years and she was still my girlfriend. That was a good day.

There was a day in Yellowstone National Park when my daughter was a teenager. We were fishing a small creek; a day of laughing, fishing and just sitting on the bank talking about whatever. Just the two of us. Another good day.

I remember a chilled fall morning in Island Park. My wife convinced me to get up before sunrise, make coffee and drive to Harriman State Park to hear the elk bugling. The two of us, holding

hands, seeing our breath in the cold air, and listening to the elk bugle while watching the sun rise. Twenty years of marriage and I was still holding hands with my girlfriend. A good day (and a lucky man).

And the good day for the woman in the movie? It doesn't even matter. They are different for each of us. The key is not to miss them while we are trying to find something better. Good days are often not planned. Instead, they sneak up on us and surprise us.

I wonder how much money we spend trying to buy good days, not realizing they are mostly free, not realizing good days are everywhere – the backyard, the kitchen, a nearby river, a nearby park, a walk in the neighborhood, a drive in the country.

I almost forgot my most recent good day. It was the day I sat in an old overstuffed rocking chair covered in an ugly pink fabric that my dad gave my mom when I was born. I spent several hours rocking, drinking coffee and thinking of the good days for this column. Now, that was a very good day.

And what were your good days?