

A Perfect Day

2-17-25

What would be a perfect day? That is hard to say because there are so many candidates of things to squeeze in. In addition, one needs to look at a current day or one 20 years ago. Let's go with 'now' - for now - since, as they say, there is no going back.

My perfect day would have to include time spent in my garden, especially my veggie garden, as it is more organized than my home flower garden. Of course, the weather would be sunny but not hot – say around 68 degrees. I would be digging out a few weeds and then harvesting some luscious red tomatoes of several varieties with no blossom end rot or other defects. There would be ample for eating, sharing and canning. Casey would be out there helping me – my faithful Sherpa and companion.

Dinner that night would need to be “Date Night.” That is what we call our weekly get-together which includes Casey, Ian and Layla. I suppose to make it really perfect, Bob would decide to come along too. That would mean picking a restaurant that isn't too loud or too spicy.

I could add in some singing, but lately that requires some work on my part and I am definitely picturing a low demand day. All of my current singing opportunities seem to require some work on my part- directing the church choir, directing the Grannies, or accompanying the Grannies on my tenor guitar. So scratch that out. Maybe a good session with my ukulele group would fit the bill instead.

I supposed I would have to include time spent with the writing group for a guaranteed good laugh.

Now move me to the back porch – sitting in a comfy chair reading a good mystery in the sunshine – again, not too hot. There would be birds bravely daring to come to the feeder while I sit there quietly and a couple of chipmunks carefully climbing the circular stairs and cautiously peeking around the corner and warily coming out to eat dropped bird seed.

The beauty of these musings is that none of this picture is unrealistic. I should be able to have my perfect day when late April or early May arrives in a couple of months (minus the ripe tomatoes that will take their sweet time developing and be ready to pick later in the summer). I haven't really asked for much, have I?

Now if this perfect day was shifted back 20 or 30 years we would have to also shift the season to winter. Then I'm at the top of a relatively broad, steep hill covered with freshly groomed snow. I ski down making those broad, graceful turns that feel so good to execute. In fact, I'm thinking of just such an experience at a ski hill – I think in Montana, but I'm not positive of that. It was one of those perfect hills on a perfect day. It was a relatively steep hill, challenging enough that there was no one else going down it. I recall turning around at the bottom and looking back up it with a sense of complete satisfaction.

Maybe even such arm-chair recollections help create a perfect day in the present.