

Waking up

20Dec2020

Most mornings, I get up first.

I'm more of a morning person, Mary being a night owl and of course, I have to be at my computer for my day job by 8. So, I get up, to a chorus of thankful yips from our canine daughters, see to their feeding, start the coffee. You know the drill.

Mary broke tradition this morning, much to my relief as I was having one of those 'oh, please, don't let it be that time' mornings. I heard the familiar sounds of filling bowls and claws prancing on hardwood floor and excited dog vocalizations. But somewhere during the process, I must have snoozed off again because next thing I know, a half hour has gone by and Mary's delivering coffee to bedside.

As I said before, I am a morning person and the evidence of this morn notwithstanding, once I am awake my day has started. So, robe bewrapped, slipper shod and with coffee cup in hand I ventured forth.

And walked into a winter wonderland.

Mary had made use of the coffee brewing time to clear the kitchen counter for today's planned cookie decorating, straighten up a bit and turn on all the lighted Christmas decorations. My introduction to the day was devoid of societal problems, plagues or plans. All I had to do was sit down, sip my drink and take it all in.

My life's path to this morning has been an adventure in wrong turns, changing plans and unsure footing. Ask Pat or Sherree or Cindy or Marilyn or Bill or Steve or Susan and you will hear as many versions of where I was headed, only to be wrenched off course by, well, whatever influences came along. So many decisions or failures to decide, so many unexpected opportunities and barriers and consequences both intended and un-

This morning, it all fell away as I looked around at rooms full of welcome and yes, hopefulness. And Christmas lights.

I've said it before and I'll say it again – I married well.