

I had a really good day yesterday – I mean a really good day. Because so, I thought it would be interesting to share it with some of you close to me. Seems we get so few of the really good ones, that I think it might be a good thing to share them, perhaps with the hope of reminding some who may be having some rough days lately, that the goods ones are out there and often pop up when your least expect them.

First thing in the morning, I finally fixed the faucet on the tub. The first part I got was a knock off brand to save a few bucks and its leaked worse than the one it replaced! The original Moen part did the trick, so the repair – a week long fiasco -was a good way to start the day.

I celebrated that with a cup of coffee on the porch, where I saw a bald eagle circling about 200 feet above our house. Its broad, white tail gave it away, as it banked against the wind and rode the early Spring thermal up and up and so gracefully around. Its great wingspan, obvious even from its distance, cutting the rising air, up and around and up, ever increasing its expansive view of the valley below. Then, when barely visible, it straightened its path into the prevailing wind from the South and effortlessly glided down the ridgeline till out of sight.

Later, on the drive down to the river to take the dogs on a long walk along its banks, we saw a porcupine atop a pretty small and slender tree, perhaps 25 feet off the ground. I have seen porcupines up small trees like this before, though not for years, which they do to escape predators, but also in search of food, apparently liking the fresh new growth at the top of small trees. Jan will not be surprised that I had NOT brought my phone, so was unable to get a photo. But they can be unpredictable when approached and my day would definitely had headed in the wrong direction had I needed to pluck quills from anywhere on this chubby body of mine or from my dogs.

Once to the water, Georgia chased a single great blue heron and a ½ dozen common merganser ducks from the river, or should I say HER river, as she takes it as her duty to chase anything she sees from the rivers edge. The heron grunted its dismay and the ducks quacked up a racket while the beating of their wings first on the water, then on the

air, made such a delightful sound. Georgia stood belly deep in the river, quite proud of her accomplishment. Odis could not have cared less.

Once about a mile downriver, along the rough access road that follows the river and also leads to a few abandoned fishing cabins, I saw the most wonderful sight. In the shallow ruts of the road, oak, maple and hickory leaves, fallen from last Autumn, had settled and rainwater of maybe an 1/8 of an inch lay above the leaves. It was almost noon and the sun had just risen above the very steep ridge that slopes down to the river. That sunlight, reflecting upon the water above the leaves in a 20 foot section of that rut in the road, provided the most fabulous golden coppery shimmer that I have ever seen. For several minutes, I stood amazed and mesmerized, simply awestruck at the beauty this natural world of ours can present.

After another mile or so Odis, Georgia and I reached a spot where off the road a bit and up a gentle slope, there is a large boulder amidst all the tall trees. It is about 4 feet high, 6 feet long and 4 feet wide and is where I had spread some of Jamie's ashes several months after her passing. My godsend-of-a-therapist had suggested such a place when I was struggling so with the loss of the only daughter I will ever have. I was mired deeply in some soul wrenching muck and having a near impossible time processing, absorbing and dealing with her death. Jan and I dealt with this loss together as a couple and as Jamie's parents and we luckily had each other to lean on through those early months. But on my own very personal level, I felt impossibly lost and unmoored. I felt desperate and devastated and actually became quite worried that I would never recover from this loss and simply stay forever in that horrible depressed state. But I found that having a specific place to go and talk with Jamie, where I could bring some of her belongings, bring some things that reminded me of her and bring some photos of Maple - the niece she never saw - brought the necessary solace to me which up to that point I simply could not have imagined.

Anyway, I go early each spring to clean the leaves and fallen branches from the boulder, re-set up the items I have brought and place any new ones. I guess it is an altar of sorts, or at least a special place, with

different talisman or amulets or special things of meaning. My sister in law Susan sent me a dreamer catcher kit several years ago that I put together, but then bequeathed to this location to keep nightmares or bad spirits from Jamie. Don't get me wrong, I do not believe in such things as actual truth, but symbolically, they are meaningful to my internal life and psyche.

We had a nice talk, though very emotional as is usually the case. Georgia, who with Odis are normally just wandering around the area when we first arrive, always senses when my emotions change and is quickly at my side, sniffing and licking my face and my tears away. That makes me laugh, which eases me and changes the mood nicely.

We headed back and the earlier golden, coppery shimmers in the road ruts became even more meaningful, because the angle of the sun had changed and now the shimmers were more typical silver shimmers off of water. Still nice, but clarifies that certain special moments are just that, a perfect instance when many different things come together at the same, short time and space.

Tired from the long walk and a bit emotionally drained, I took a soft but deep nap in my special nap chair. I woke just in time to eat some fruit and head out to play guitars with two good friends of mine, Bill and Paul, at a small local brewery, where on Wednesday nights, we are typically the only 3 customers that Jess the bartender has. We have a few beers, play a few songs, sound better than we deserve to and all in all, have a few hours of a really good time. There is little like friends doing something they enjoy together.

Once home, I put some icing on my "cake" of a day, enjoying a Ramon Bueso cigar out on the same porch, with the same two dogs, where I started the day with a them, a coffee and an eagle. I looked up to where that eagle had been that morning, delighted to see a thin cloudy night, with a 1/2 moon shining, surrounded by that rare, special circle of moonlight glimmer a good distance away and around it. I sighed and thanked my lucky stars, which were nowhere to be seen, for being blessed with such a fabulous day.

After my stogie, I went inside and heard that pinging sound of incoming texts from my phone. Jan informed me that my mother's sister, Lorraine had passed away. Lorraine Mae was the 3rd of the 9 Luckow children, born at the start of the depression in 1929. This was certainly sad news and news that could put a damper on a real good day, but Lorraine was just short of 91, an age I would sign up for today if I could get that guarantee. And let me put it another way - on my final day on this earth, I hope and wish that as many people as possible can have as good of a day as I got to have today. Knowing the positive thinking clan that the Luckow's were, I am quite sure Lorraine would have hoped and wished for the same thing.

So that was it, that was my great day. Most days are not like that and some are just downright shitty. So, when such good ones come along, it seems important to honor them and share them with others, so we can all remember that there are real good days to be had in this world. We may need to grin and bear and hope to soon forget the not so good ones, but those good ones, well, we need to share, cherish and hold those tight to our hearts.