



Ever' Day Things

► by Tom McBeth

Sometimes we gotta relax and count our blessin's

The other day, I was havin' a bad day. It looked like a couple of my real-estate transactions were turnin' sour, and I thought I wasn't going to get paid.

A banker had been tellin' me for three weeks that a couple I had sold some land to was going to get a loan. Then he told me — two days before the closin' — that the loan was not going to happen. Another deal I had been workin' on for more than a month was 'bout to blow up because of some things that were found wrong with a house that had not been known previously.

Ever'thing ended up workin' out, but I didn't know it would at the time.

Some other things were not goin' too well either. I was just about ready to go to that bank and spit some bullets at somebody. Real-estate deals are like a wheat crop: They can turn sour a whole bunch of times before harvest or when you're s'posed to get paid.

I had been foamin' around all mornin', and things were not gettin' any better. As I was puttin' things in the Blazer to go to an appointment, I heard somethin' I had not heard in a while. Out of the clear, blue sky, a bird began to sing its song.

It didn't make things all better, but that bird's song lightened the load I had been packin' 'round all mornin'. I don't know why that bird decided to start its song right then, but it sure came at a welcome time. 'Bout that time my dog, Bo, came up to me

waggin' his tail, which was his way of askin' me if he could go along.

He's my pardner, and he thinks kinda like I do. Bo could tell that I needed a little help with my attitude.

Bo seems to know when it is time to talk me out of a bad frame of mind. He always gets a real kick out of ridin' with me or Randi, so I let him talk me into takin' him along. He hauls pretty good, and he always tells me when it's time to make a pit stop. He has this little dance that he does when it's time to find a tree. He's a bird dog, and sometimes he gets carried away with all the smells that are around him, then I have to tell him to load up so we can go on about our rat killin'.

Could be worse

When I get to feelin' sort of sorry for myself, my wife, Randi, will remind me that I could have it a lot worse. She's right. *I do* have a lot of good luck, or blessin's — whatever you want to call it. (I think *blessin's* is better terminology.) Randi takes real good care of me and puts up with all my nonsense and still loves me. She is a strong woman.

Not only do I have a good wife, but I also have two great kids and a wonderful daughter-in-law. I just couldn't be prouder of them. They have accomplished a lot of stuff in spite of their weird father. I'm gonna be a grandfather soon, and I can't wait to see

that sweet child. When I remember these things, I think I have it really good. Then there are other days that make me forget how good I have it.

The other day, I took a contract into another office in town. One of the older guys who works in the office introduced himself to me, and I did the same. He asked if I were my brother's son. I am eight years younger than my brother, so that made me feel real good. In fact, I could hardly wait to call my brother and tell him what Mr. Hand had said. My state of euphoria was short-lived.

I had an appointment the next mornin' in Wichita, and Randi went with me. We stopped at McDonald's to get some coffee and a breakfast sandwich. After I ordered, the gal told me what we owed. So we moved to the pay window where she told me a different amount, proudly announcin' that she had given me the senior citizen's discount! Randi patted me on the arm and quietly said, "Be nice." I didn't say a word.

I told my brother when I got ahold of him on the phone that I had good news and bad news. He asked what the good news was, and I told him that Mr. Hand had thought I was his son.

He said, "If that is the good news, what is the bad news?" I told him I had just got my first senior citizen's discount, and he laughed at me. I couldn't figure out why he was laughin', 'cause he's older than me. We were both laughin' pretty soon.

Count your blessin's

I guess I am also blessed pretty heavily with my family. Some of them have their eccentricities — of course, I don't have any myself. We've got ever'thin' from nose-ringed rock musicians to accountants, and from computer geeks to bronc riders. God bless 'em.

When things are turnin' a little sour, stop and think about how great the world is. Even though it can be somewhat miserable at times, it is also pretty great. A whole bunch of us have a lot of blessin's that we don't stop to think about often enough.

Tom McBeth

