

9-14-18 The Wall

Perhaps you have heard of the benefits of writing down what you are grateful for each day. Many of us joined the wellness challenge to do this for a while at the Halifax town hall, thanks to the lovely Linda Cole who is always positive and always looking for ways for us to be healthy, thus reducing our insurance costs, also. Accepting the challenge meant a commitment. The commitment resulted in the awareness of our gratitude and the tangible outcome of written statements.

It was a very interesting experiment, if you will. It increased awareness throughout the day for all of us. We were keen for those moments. Or, at the end of the day, we reflected and realized we did, in fact, have items to list. Those items might be people, actions, sights, sounds, animals, the weather, health, an act of kindness, or even something funny that made us laugh out loud.

But, it was a chore of sorts and by the end of the challenge, many had tired of it and were grateful for its conclusion.

Be that as it may, that does not mean that we did not learn from the importance of keeping an eye out for those special moments.

And then, there are some moments so special, you can't help but recognize them as precious moments for which you are grateful.

Such a moment, such a happening, occurred in my life recently and it was all because of a little boy. He was, I would say four at the most and, if four, small for his age.

I was just leaving my side door, entering my driveway to get something from my car. I saw a woman at the end of the driveway looking at me and she had fleeting facial expressions, expressing the possibility of several different thoughts.

At the same moment, I saw this little boy running in my direction up the driveway toward me.

What was the meaning of the woman's changing facial expressions? Did the woman not want me to talk to her son? Did she think I was displeased that her son was entering my property without my permission?

I had no time to think about those fleeting expressions, for here was the boy, heading toward me with arms outstretched. Then I saw the mother was smiling. I guessed it was okay to talk to her son. Something about his enthusiastic face, looking me right in the eye, made me ask, “Do you want to tell me something?”

He answered “Yes!” “I love your wall!” Then he gave me a big hug, while his mother watched, smiling. She added, “Yes, he loves your wall.”

I told this little boy how when I bought this house, I knew when I saw this little brick wall, between my front yard and the sidewalk, I knew children, perhaps especially little boys, would enjoy walking along it.

I told him “I am so happy that you love it!” “Please walk along it any time you wish!”

While adults are talking about building walls to keep people out, this little boy enjoyed this wall tremendously and the wall became the reason for us meeting and smiling and sharing our gratitude. I was grateful for the wisdom and authenticity from this child. He dared to happily blurt out what adults often shy away from; expressing ourselves, giving thanks, sharing our joy.

I learned that there are times when a wall can be a good thing after all and I was reminded of why I love children.

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