

## These Good Old Days

These days will one day be the Good Old Days.

Looking back, we'll say: Remember that house we used to live in? We won't mention that we were short on cash and desperately needed more space.

No.

We'll say: That house saw some good times didn't it? So much laughter. So much love. It was a good little house, we'll say. I miss Those Days in That House. Man, those were the days!

We'll have forgotten the place where the ceiling leaked and how the door stuck when it rained. Harder to forget will be quiet Sunday mornings spent reading separately together and family dinners almost every night.

The photographs we're taking now will be faded by then. But the smiles will seem so bright and fresh to our tired eyes as we page through time-worn albums. We won't notice the weight we needed to lose or that the same old clothes appear again and again.

No.

We'll say: We were young then, and so in love. Remember when the kids were little and at home? We'll have forgotten the endless diapers, the vomit, and the tantrums. All we'll have space for in minds over-full with memories will be sweet kisses given freely and often, chubby arms thrown about our necks.

By then, I'll hardly be able to hear the way you chew your food and you'll have grown selectively deaf to my snoring. But we'll

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long for the energy that enabled us to stay up all night reading, or driving, or talking, or...

Those sure were the Good Old Days, we'll someday say.

So,

Anticipating that now-distant conversation and honouring the light that will shine once more in weary eyes at the remembering:

I'll choose now to share my secret smile with you. The one so wide it displays the crooked tooth. The tooth you'll never even notice until one day it's no longer there. And I'll laugh at even your corniest jokes. Jokes I'll long for on days when life has proven itself to be not really all that funny. And we'll gift to each other our most outrageous dreams. The ones that shock us both at their audacity. One day they may prove themselves false but oh how we'll have needed the strength that made us speak them. The strength that made us listen and accept.

And I'll share with you a life more than worthy of remembering.

These days will one day be The Good Old Days. So we'll live them now as These Good Old Days that they are.