

Something Good about Everything

"For every setback there is a comeback." — Anonymous

I learned:

Walking — slipping on black ice is more dangerous
than skiing.

I learned:

Falling back in slow motion, one can hear the breaks, twice; sounds of pain.
Don't take loafers to ski country.

I learned:

How to get out of laundry-day: slip on ice; a pile of
laundry scatters in snow.

I learned:

Help in Steamboat, Colorado, arrives like a bullet train.
Sirens, a melody in the snow,
sounds of music when they are for you.

I learned:

People freak beyond at your dislocated foot
on black ice, facing 90° West. Scissors
are huge that cut your favorite jeans.

I learned:

Two sticks called crutches become your best friends
for 8½ weeks.

I learned:

How to move to escape pain, in solitude —
not to explain patience in one word,
adore my husband's gentle kiss.

I learned:

Friends give new meaning to generosity, a marvelous
discovery, and disbelief.

I learned:

A daily confinement bedroom turns into a
spring garden.

I learned:

Hurt and pain — *Break a leg* — an attention-getter with
its many faces.

I learned:

To find a rainbow in my clouds in a lane
I didn't choose.

I learned:

To have time for a rare bird, a red-tailed hawk,
on a snow-covered branch, my daily

morning buddy; a messenger of peace.

I learned:

Fifteen stair-steps in our Colorado condo, a prison
upstairs, with sunshine, no trips to the
refrigerator cause your pants to fall off.

I learned:

To wash my hair on a stool with one leg hanging
over the bathtub;
glamour in a ditch — on vacation.

I learned:

How to cope with disappointment and smile as though
I invented it.

I learned:

Promise of peace, receive communion on Sundays
as Leah, a friend, brings God
to my humble upstairs.

I learned:

New magic moments, listening for Lew's steps,
a tray of food fit for a queen.

I learned:

I have a husband, for weeks did not, would not
go skiing without me.

I learned:

To cry behind my hand at the wonder of a man
who left his skis in paid storage
to take care of me, his invalid.

I learned:

Seeing stars beyond my sight; converted to optimism —
time to write — healing is a matter
of time but also of opportunity.

I learned:

Be happy wherever you are; find the music
in your life. When last did I
receive a lollypop?

I learned:

To fly home, on crutches; a wheelchair waiting
at every airport.

I learned:

To enjoy spring from the kitchen window,
on a blue lake in Arizona.

I learned:

Looking down with every step will keep you safe,
knowing sunshine is above.

