Perfect Day

My perfect day is far distant from what I have today. Many of my current daily aspects are truly from the blessed column of life, and I am extremely appreciative of all I have been given. I have all the essentials covered and am loved by many. I would hope that I could move toward making my every day closer to what would be a perfect day. In consideration of the possibility of every day being a perfect type of day, I am describing the perfect every day.

On my perfect day, where I am is not an important detail; what is important to me is my frame of mind, who I am with, and certain ideal environmental conditions. For this perfect day, I would awake without alarm, feeling completely rested and somewhat anxious to begin. It is before daybreak, I get out of bed where my wife is still peacefully resting. Without disturbing her serenity, I slowly make my way to an outdoor respite that will offer a wonderful view of the imminent sunrise. I am comfortably positioned with a gentle breeze and beautiful sounds of the morning activities of nature. I watch the sunrise and begin to take in the fragment aroma of the world awaking. The smell of fresh bread baking and coffee brewing is a reminder of the great opportunities that will be afforded to me throughout the day. I spend a few minutes in solace so I can commune with God giving thanks for the day and asking for both the vision to see what is available and the wisdom to make the best choices.

I return to our bedroom, where my wife has awoken and I can see in her face that she is well rested and at peace, she is looking forward to the day as I am. Together we exit the home and take a short walk where we talk about the day and discuss what each of us is looking forward to. While walking we are bathed in the fragrance of flowers, the sound of birds, and scurrying small creatures, there is the distant rumble of running water.

We return home and get ready for the day. After getting dressed, I spend no more than 20 minutes checking mail, where I find status reports that everything is either progressing as planned, or will be addressed through the use of our defined systems and processes. This check brings me peace as I know nothing will require my direct attention. Once adequately prepared for the day, we leave our home.

Depending on the specifics of the day, we either depart together in my tricked out diesel pickup truck, or she may take her SUV to her own early activities. Regardless, my next destination is my boat. I board and head out via a navigable waterway to a peaceful, secluded spot with perfect reception. I anchor and take in the early mid-day sun while listening to my music. I may slip into the water for a short bit, or simply sit and feel the gentle warmth of the sun while consuming a cold beverage of choice. After this, I make my way back to shore and head to lunch.

If my wife had not been with me, we would have met for lunch. We consume food that is gluten free; but absolutely delicious! We eat outside under some form of cover as the afternoon sun is very warm. There is an intermittent breeze that brings with it the smells of food, nature, and people. The breeze stirs the flowers in the vase on our table, and tries to disrupt any papers we may have about. We take that as a reminder to be present and keep our attention inward toward each other. Over lunch we discuss the day and upcoming plans, immediate, short term and long term. We may develop a list of items we will need for upcoming events. Anything on that list that we will not directly provide, we make arrangements for. Our afternoon is outlined with room for flexibility if change is needed. We close our meal with appreciation of the time we spent together and embark on the next part of the day.

I attend a seminar where I preside over an interactive discussion on a topic that I have a deep understanding of and am passionate about. This is a small group session where all are positioned round table style to support the direct interaction of all participants. There is no need for microphones as the acoustics and proximity allow for simple conversational speech. To prevent dead air silence, there is light background music in lieu of the typical white noise fan sound. This is an invigorating session where we may not all agree, but we are all respectful and gain perspective on this topic. Any followup items are assigned and all leave feeling improved from the event.

It is late afternoon, and again I spend no more than 20 minutes checking messages. Once more finding nothing that requires immediate attention, but upcoming events are confirmed and future options are becoming available. A few things are noted for discussion topics and appropriate time allocated for these actions. The warm fuzzy feeling of success begins to grow, and as I again catch the eyes of my wife I know all is well, and we are good.

As afternoon turns into early evening we meet our grandchildren and spend time telling stories, and enjoying the playground. The world here is full of sounds and color. There are the sounds of other children in the area, leaves rustling, footsteps through pea gravel, and a distant sound of traffic. The equipment is clean and colorful. All primary colors and geometric shapes can be found. A true sanctuary surrounded by the busy life of today, yet shielded from its harsh reality. It is often hard to tell who enjoys this more, as the stories come from all. Rather it is their spin of the world they see, or us providing a teaching moment, it is all smiles and laughter.

From there we join all our children for dinner. As we approach we catch the smell of a perfectly prepared dinner. Rather it is from the grill, oven, or pan, you instinctually anticipate that it will taste good. Depending on time of year, this easily could be at sunset or dusk. Everyone savors the dinner and in turn is able to tell us all about their day. We all greatly enjoy this time and the most common theme is laughter. While the food is absolutely delicious, there is no doubt that it is each other's company that is enjoyed most of all, and anyone around would know that the Stevens are at it again. It is a great time for all.

We leave the table, literally. No one stays to pick up/clean up; on a perfect day, dishes and trash are just taken care of (it is a catered dinner!). We gather for a game night. As we divide into teams rather it is couples or boys versus girls all are nothing but grins. The one outcome that is absolutely assured is all will leave a little sore from the many long bouts of belly laughs. When this period winds down we give hugs and bid everyone a goodnight.

My wife and I drive home, the sky is clear and stars visible. The weather is perfect and temperature pleasant so we can drive with open windows. There is light traffic, no one forgets to dim their lights as we pass. We make it to our home and spend a few minutes with each other reflecting on the day and outlining tomorrow and any future commitments. We dress for bed and prepare for a good night's rest. I say my prayers, give thanks for the gifts of the day, and make any request for guidance, console, or intercession. I drift off to sleep with the sound of a gentle rain and distant rumbles of thunder.