



The Good Stuff

My husband got me a grapefruit margarita kit for Christmas from the Coral Cottage. We enjoyed it and when I saw the producers of it at the Surf City Business Expo recently, I told them that. We enjoyed the margaritas, though they were pretty sour, I said, but I loved the rimmer the best. Both ladies looked at me rather oddly, before saying 'That wasn't rimmer, they were ingredients; perhaps that is why they tasted so sour. She pulled out the instruction card, which said the grapefruit and lime packets were to be mixed into the margarita to give it its most robust flavor. Instructions? I am pretty sure I tossed those when I dismantled and stored the ingredients. Instructions are only for when all else fails, right? How often do we forget to read the instructions, and/or add all of the important ingredients into our lives? We hold onto the good stuff, using it sparingly (if at all), 'saving it for a rainy day'. M perfect brownies come to mind, the ones I made in middle school and hid under my bed so my brothers wouldn't eat them all. I found them months later growing green hair.

When mom died, I had to distribute and dispose of 5 decades of houseful of treasures. Her candle collection alone filled an entire closet, and the volume of free gifts from the Belk cosmetic counter was enough for me, my friends and their daughters to enjoy. It was only recently that I finally parted with her china and our original dining room table. I never used either, but they were hard to let go since we enjoyed so much 'good stuff' around them.

We are all surrounded by good stuff, and while this means different things to different people, the universe offers ample abundance. For me, it starts with kissing my husband first thing in the morning, followed by cuddle time with our faithful canine companion. It's the extra walk on the beach at sunrise rather than rushing into my daily routine. It's the time I take to visit a friend, share a prayer or call a loved one, just to say 'I love you'.

Over the course of our lives, we get it all: the good, the bad and the ugly. And we get to choose which moments we savor. What we focus on expands, and when we focus on the good stuff, we experience more of the same.

What ingredients do you use sparingly, as rimmer, and what do you neglect to include that keeps you from enjoying the full flavor of life?

Go ahead, burn the candles, use the cloth napkins and fine china, eat the brownies; life is short and YOU are worth it. The freedom you feel will ignite you.

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