

SMALL PLEASURES

This morning, in the act of dressing after my shower, I stopped moving and waited for a sneeze that was about to happen, anticipating it, hoping it would not go away. It was a satisfactory sneeze, and I realized then that a sneeze was one of the small pleasures of life. How ridiculous!

There are other more ordinary small pleasures; the first sip of coffee in the morning, the first sip of wine in the afternoon, the back scrub in the shower, the hot water bottle on my cold toes. There is the sweet ache of tired muscles after physical exertion, the smell of sweet alyssum crushed underfoot, eating chocolate, the sound of familiar music, a familiar voice.

Then there are the pleasures of the mind; finding a book I haven't yet read by a favorite author, rereading a favorite story, filling a crossword puzzle blank. I enjoy coming across an essay of my own that I thought was clever. Every day is full of small pleasures, if you only think to look for them.

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