

Writing with positivity and humour

Phyllis Humby - May 2021

I was wrapping up my May column, The Write Cure for Stupid, when hubby leaned into my office doorway. He should have known better because invariably he'll get sucked into giving his opinion on something I've written. This was no exception and he listened while I read the column. I could tell by the way he said it was good that he didn't think it was good. Then he could tell that I could tell, and we both laughed. No, it is good, he said, but there should be more of you in there.

Having no idea what he meant, I encouraged him to elaborate. That sounds like you're bitching, he said, and we're probably all tired of hearing rants about the way people are behaving during Covid. Something positive and humorous is more your style, he told me.

When he started switching his weight from side to side, and edging farther into the hallway, I knew he was outta here. Wait a minute, there's nothing funny to write about. Do you hear me, I shouted after him.

That's just great. My column was ready to go. Just hit Send. But oh no, he had to plant the seed of doubt. I took another look at my 'I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore' harangue. Admittedly, it had a lot of sarcasm and criticism, which, to be truthful, is also a part of me, but Marv was right, there's too much of that now.

There was nothing to do but open a blank document and wrack my brain for something Positive to write about. Okay, we received our vaccination. That's Positive. As expected after my shot, I was instructed to sit for fifteen minutes, and I pulled a book from my bag. Within those few minutes, I'd become oblivious to everyone around me and was surprised when a voice told me I could go now. "Do I have to," I asked him. "Could I just finish the chapter?" Actually, as hubby had already gone out to the car earlier, if this volunteer hadn't told me to leave, I might have been reading until the janitor arrived.

Here's more Positivity. I'd posted in Facebook about my husband's prowess at bread baking, only to be chastised for being insensitive to those women who no longer had husbands. I felt chagrined and was – wait for it -- Positive I'd never post anything about my husband again. And it would likely be the end of posting about my grandkids, too. Not everyone is as fortunate. And I'm Positive there will be no photos of my gorgeous granddaughters. No point rubbing that in, either.

Not everyone can have beautiful grandchildren. Or children, for that matter. When my son was born, he had a face only a mother could love. But he did grow into a handsome man. So I suppose that's something Positive, too.

From now on, I'll post only Positive inspirational memes for Facebook friends. Speaking of which, I have several new friends from the cultural circle in the Sarnia-Lambton area. Posts from local musicians, artists, photographers, and writers have brightened my newsfeed considerably. It's good to connect with people I admire but have never had the opportunity to meet in person. Following local entrepreneurs and sharing their posts is also a Positive way to support the community. I'm happy that the business owners have social media to keep clients informed during the restrictions that prohibit or limit in-person shopping. As a former retailer, I empathize, and wonder if I could have handled this situation with as much aplomb. Kudos to all of you!

Hubby was right. There's enough negativity out there already. Let's stay Positive and try to find humour wherever we can.

Support local business. Stay safe. Be considerate.

