Good Ole Days

Posted on Jun 27, Posted by Kenny Martin Category Reflections From An Old Friend

Even no older than I am, I can remember when folks spoke to one another as they passed on the streets, waived at complete strangers as they drove down the road, opened doors for the ladies or offered them a chair when none were available and just had respect for one another. Oh how times have changed, and not necessarily for the better. Now if you throw your hand up and wave at a passing motorists you might just get a bit of road rage directed your way, or even have someone mistake your kind gesture as an inappropriate hand gesture, thus, receiving one in return.

Don't get me wrong; there are still lots of great people who do lots of good deeds. The problem is, that number seems to be dwindling. And from all accounts, there is no apparent reason for the reduction to be found. As a small boy I can remember more yes sirs and no sirs, yes ma'am and no ma'am, please, pardon me and excuse me. Now we seem to hear huh, what, and what about me more and more.

There was nothing wrong with sitting on your front porch. We knew our neighbors and they knew us. All you needed to seal a deal was a person's word and a handshake. Now instead of sitting on our front porch so we can see our neighbors, get to know them and see what's going on in our communities, we sit behind our house on a thing called a deck or patio surrounded with a six foot privacy fence. And for the most part, we might know a couple of our neighbors. Also, in order to seal a deal today we need four attorneys, a notary public and a witness. Oh, how I miss the good ole days.

If clothes, music, fashion, dance styles, cars and hairstyles can come back in style, so can the manners and innocence of the good ole days. We have the best country in the world and we didn't get that way by accident. Let's bring back a little bit of yesteryear by having more house warming events, block parties, patience and getting to know our neighbors. Who knows, we might just make another friend or two if we try. God Bless the U.S.A.

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