

Adults find joy in the simplest things

By Mark Pavilons

Those who've spent any time at all in 'adulthood' know the drawbacks and pitfalls.

Bob Newhart once warned us not to run into adulthood: 'It isn't all that much fun.'

Canadian band The Pursuit of Happiness (I'm an Adult Now, 1985) pointed out when we're adults we don't hate our parents anymore and we have our own reasons to drink. 'While we can sleep in any time we want, we don't because there's too much to do.'

When we reach a certain level of 'maturity,' we think back with fondness of simpler, less stressful times. Most of us had decent childhoods and enjoyed the fashion and music fads through several decades. Yes, we've seen it all!

When we became serious adults, our perspective changed. Sure, it may have taken some of us longer to evolve from the 20-something mindset, but we did eventually.

We Boomers are an interesting lot. We went to flea markets and second-hand stores. We collected old records, books and trinkets. We were easily amused.

Some of our kind went kicking and screaming into adulthood and then, like the passing of a summer thunderstorm, all was quiet and wet.

Our shoulders broadened, and our female counterparts, well they adjusted better and just knew what to do as moms. They're a tough bunch.

A lot of us Boomers followed the traditional route ??we found someone special, got married, had kids, settled in and hunkered down for the long haul.

We raised three amazing children, who are mostly adults now. Weird, looking at these offspring, who only resemble their parents in looks and blood type. Totally different crop, this generation.

Our needs and desires took a back seat to our children, as parents have to be on call 24/7.

My wife is the classic stay-up-late mom who ensures her charges arrive home safely. She's also the first up, ensuring everyone gets off in the morning in fine fashion.

Me, not so much. It's as if my mind hangs out a 'do not disturb' sign once a certain hour hits.

I often say I quickly reach my 'best before' time most evenings by 11.

I'm also starting to really believe in the phrase that things can wait. The older I get, the more I understand Garfield.

As homeowners who try to keep our households in order, my wife revels in a clean kitchen and clutter-free home. I try to accommodate by doing dishes and keeping countertops tidy.

But she's adamant about maintaining order in that nasty plastic container cupboard, where snap-on lids run wild and nothing fits. Can you imagine your 20-something self ever being concerned over Tupperware?

She is also constantly telling us all that if we take something, put it back in its place. Sounds easy enough in practice.

When our children were younger, we had much more patience, tolerance, and yes, energy.

As I near, and crest 60, things have changed. I still engage in discussions and debates, but have a time limit on things. My attention span isn't what it once was.

Our needs have dwindled to life's simple moments, much like our youth. I no longer reach for the stars ??I'm happy if the chips and TV remote are in reach!

So, we moms, dads and grandparents have earned our stripes and now just want things to work out. We want the huge see-saw to tip in our favour. We find comfort in the smallest, often weirdest, of places

As an adult?I enjoy ?my spot??on the couch, much like Sheldon in The Big Bang Theory.

I love it when plans get cancelled, and I can sink deeper into my spot on the couch.

My wife loves pens, and writing with a nice one. Not that she really does, but every time I bring home a new pen, she snatches it up and adds it to her collection.

She loves freshly cleaned sheets and laundry, that have to smell just right. The dryer lint screen has to be kept clean.

My wife also loves having her morning coffee early, when no one else is awake. This is her ?me? time.

While I once demanded the toilet paper flow over the top, and the paper towel run clockwise off the spool, I have backed off. But I still switch it when no one is looking.

Do you have a favourite utensil or spatula or coffee mug??Yes, that's a sign you've matured!

We are concerned about whether it's trash day or recycling week, and we Boomers are still amazed that when you order something online, it arrives on the doorstep the next day. That makes us happy.

We adults have witnessed a lot of change in our years, and there are more on the way. We're entering a new era of electric everything ??electric cars, scooters, personal hovercraft, even driverless cabs and helicopters. Now, I doubt I'll be taking full advantage of such things, but my kids will.

For them, running out of gas at the side of the road will no longer be in their vocabulary. Calling an ?Uber? will be a whole new thing. Virtual jobs, virtual vacations and virtual everything will rule the future.

They won't have to get frustrated finding AAAs when the remote dies. They will never do dishes or take out the trash ? robots will do it for them.

They may very well avoid all those adult chores that we so love!

Let us mature adults revel in our favourite spoon and just getting out of bed in the morning!