



### ***Be of good cheer...***

Have you ever heard that saying? We often speak of Christmas cheer, or being in the Christmas spirit. Interesting that I should decide to write about cheer in June. Stick with me...Here's why...

Not too long ago I was out on my mountain bike by myself (don't tell my wife...) in Central Oregon. For those of you who know Bend, it's growing like crazy! Even the mountain bike trails are more crowded. Well, since we have a home in Bend now, I've begun to consider myself a local. And in my *infinite* (NOT!) *wisdom*, I think I know who on the trail is a local and who is not. You see, in Mark's world, locals say *Hi!* or *Good Morning!* and *tourons* (Bend-ites name for moron tourists – that's a story for another day) don't. Pretty cut and dried, right? Not so fast Mark...

So, couple my WISDOM (?) with my JUDGMENT-alism (!) and what do you get?

### ***A sixty-year old on a mountain bike who is anything but "of good cheer..."***

especially when those d\$#\* bikers aren't friendly...

But, for some reason...I didn't let myself off so easily this time. The phrase, ***Be of good cheer*** came to mind. And so, on this ride, I started to practice it, greeting everyone. Until...someone didn't greet me. Then, my "trick knee" figuratively went out once again and I was grumpy and judgmental...again...

### ***What's wrong with them?***

### ***Why can't they be of good cheer?***

Fortunately, I caught myself in the midst of my return-to-grumpy.

### ***Why should I let their lack of***

### ***good cheer control my cheer?***

So now, ***Be of good cheer*** has the chance to morph into ***Be of good cheer...no matter what!***

No matter if I don't get back the cheer I put out there. No matter if I want to judge others.

### ***I can control the cheer I give;***

### ***not the cheer I get (or don't get) in return.***

The weekend this all happened was the weekend my wife's cousin and husband were visiting from Kentucky. We had some great talks and the ***be-of-good-cheer*** talk was one of the best. As they were leaving our house on a Monday morning, the last thing he said to me was,

### ***Be of good cheer...***

So, I choose to be of good cheer! If you see me and I'm not, remind me to re-read my blog. I'll be glad you did!