

Getting Along

By Kenita Gibbins

Without manners, no one will want to spend time with you or me. If you want to join a small group, you need to ask, may I join you? If someone says sure, then you need to smile and say thank you. It would help to listen to the conversation before jumping in ranting about President Trump. We have relatives that like him! I don't understand why, but it is better not to ask. I think talking about the weather can be boring, but sometimes saves the day.

My grandparents, aunts, uncles, friends of the family all came from Texas and Oklahoma. Granted, this isn't the South where they breed Southern Belles. However, manners mattered and still do. I did call my friend's parents by their first names. Thank you and please were vocalized when I was young, Manners have not gone away from the children I mingle with at church or the zoo. When we went to the Botanic Gardens, I had the privilege to talk with a girl about ten years old, who loved rolling down the hill. I told her I admired her over and over skills. She smiled and said thank you, and went back to her play.

Sometimes I think it is weird how George and I found each other. He went to Boys State in Colorado representing Boulder High School. I went to Girls State in Oklahoma representing Chandler High School. We met in political science at the University of Colorado. We have stayed in tune over the years probably because we keep our manners with each other, and we don't fight about politics. I'm thankful we can talk about differences. We have no problem this year. We will vote completely for the Democrats.

As a Senior Citizen, I still think manners have a place in our lives that include our husband, wife, roommate, neighbor, or people we see daily on the High Line Canal. Thank you, fellow writers, for reading my thoughts.