

New Year, New Changes

Every year we get excited about celebrating the New Year. This year was different with all types of celebrating including the wearing of masks and not very many midnight celebratory kisses. It seemed that most of us were ready to let go of the crazy year of 2020, but also still a bit apprehensive about what the new year will bring.

The one thing we are guaranteed is that new changes are coming. It happens all the time. I think as we age, we start to notice the changes even more. In the years of raising children, going to PTA meetings, trying to juggle being 'super Mom' and 'employee of the year', we are simply too tired or too busy to really track change.

The other day while on the phone with one of my cousins, we were talking about our Grandmother. My cousin said 'gosh, she saw so many changes in her lifetime'. Starting with all the way back to horse drawn wagons, inability to put out house fires easily and, home births not by choice are examples. Then getting to live through modern niceties like a cold refrigerator and fancy washer and dryer that made a homemaker's life so much easier.

Even as we work with the city of Cresson, change is still coming. Hopes of a City Park while balancing a limited budget based solely on sales tax, the one thing that we know is that change will come to our little city.

Many of the readers will welcome change once the relief route is completed in a couple of years. No more getting to post on Facebook about how frustrated they are with the unplanned wait at a train that has been there longer than any of us.

All our precious children that are school age will see change. It will not be this year, but in the future, we will no longer utilize the long bus ride to and from school each day. We will have our own drop off lane and lots of Moms and Dads taking and picking up students daily.

When I was growing up in Cresson, I would ride my bike to the little grocery store that is now Anthony Orchards and walk in with my list of bread and milk and ask nicely to the owner, Mr. Fidler at the time, to put that on my Daddy's bill. Today, nobody would allow a bike rider to cross Highway 377, much less put the cost of goods on someone's tab.

Change is never easy, but change is what keeps us looking forward to tomorrow. Will we like everything that change brings? I hardly think so, but without change, where would we be?