

Pleasant Valley Sunday

By D. C. Goode

The cacophony of lawn mowers and edger's roar thru the neighborhood on a Saturday morning that make it sound like I must be in the middle of a Rocky Mountain logging operation.

The song "Another Pleasant Valley Sunday" by the Monkees echoes in my head...
"Another pleasant valley Sunday ay aay, here in status symbol land..."

and I wonder why so much effort is put into a dang lawn. After all, when you add up the expense, the water, the maintenance and all the other things that go into making a yard look nice...it's nuts. Personally, if I have to pour that much water and money into something in the ground; I better be able to eat it. That either makes me a Pragmatist, or a guy that is trying to get out of mowing the lawn. Stupid neighbors!

We moved to this marvelous little piece of Suburbia 8 years ago that was far enough away from "town" so that it felt like we were out in the country. And indeed we were, but that didn't last long. The housing boom of 2004 soon brought that to an end. I hate tract homes. I remember a comedic country song from the 1960's called "I got into the wrong house again last night" about the guy that comes home drunk and goes into a half dozen houses (that all look alike) before he finally stumbles into the right one...5 hours after he was supposed to get home. The wife is furious...you get the idea.

I feel like that guy sometimes even when I haven't had a drop.

By now, both of us are asking, "So what's your point?"

I guess it's this, I grew up in an America where "individualism" and "uniqueness" were what made America a cool place to be. Every town you went to had it's own flavor. Almost every business was one of a kind. It made it a marvelous adventure to travel around and see how other folks lived and did things. Even as close as the next town down the road. In this day and age, I'll bet I could blindfold you, put you on a plane and take you to just about any city in the country, drive to the local mall, take off the blindfold and you wouldn't know if you were in Los Angeles or Fort Worth. Well OK, maybe LA was a bad example.

Let's face it, L A indeed has it's own "Special Flavor" that IS pretty "Unique".

I was born there so don't go getting all bent out of shape cuz I dissed L A. I was born in the San Fernando Valley, so maybe I'm not even qualified to be writing this...dude.

Back to my point, because of this Wal-Marting of America I think we've lost something that we should get back. Yes, maybe I am just a fella getting older and getting nostalgic about "Back in the day" but the fact is that the greatest minds throughout history were the ones that thought and dreamed "Outside the box". I realize there are still those minds around but shouldn't that trickle down to all of us? For example:

Paint your house lime green and purple! Put up your Christmas lights up at Easter (That's closer to Jesus' real birthday anyway)! Park sideways in your driveway. Or better yet, your neighbor's driveway. Get a tattoo that says "proposed site for a tattoo". Call your congressman and ask "Sooooo Whatchya doin'?" Drive the speed limit. Be kind to a jerk (it'll drive 'em crazy). Write your congressman a simple letter that says, "I know what you've been up to".

When they ask you "will that be Credit", say, "Yes, I hope so...let's see, shall we?"

Shop at a store that there is NOT a major/national brand.

And when you vote, PLEASE don't vote based on anything you saw or heard on TV, Radio or The Internet. Gather FACTS and let your vote be based on your own decision about what you believe to be the truth, not someone else's.

Well it's time for me to go mow the lawn..."Another Pleasant Valley Sunday aay ay..."