

I swore off making New Years Resolutions years ago.



Back in the day, making promises I knew I couldn't keep seemed preposterous, if only because I would be providing even more cannon fodder for all the nay-sayers who would rub their hands in gleeful anticipation of yet another chance to call me on all those unrealistic, unkeepable promises.

Note to self: Only make promises you can keep.

Note to others: Just because you're right about something doesn't mean anyone wants to hear it, especially me. That pretty much covers all unsolicited advice from the state of my finances to the final destination of my soul.

Nonetheless, this has been a weird year. Normally a pretty even-keeled soul, I have been on the rollercoaster, just like everyone else, one I did not plan or want to board. As a result, I find myself worried that I'm regressing back to my twenties – the decade of my life to which I would dearly love to go back in time for the sole purpose of cold-cocking myself. That is to say, I catch myself whining more, blaming others for my problems – which in the grand scheme of things are quite minimal – and losing my temper over the trivial and banal.

There's an old saying, "I've been rich and I've been poor and rich is much better." I would have to temper that one a little – for me it's more like, "I've been impoverished and I've been freakin' destitute and the degree to which one can stand the condition is dependent on the ability to live without the things you're obliged to have."

To wit, I am not rich – probably not even middle class – but at least I've grown up enough to know I am mighty blessed, even if I still don't have a Blackberry.

It is from that mindset my resolutions – to be made this year only and adhered to in perpetuity –

have been born.

Here goes...

1. I hereby resolve to stop the whining. I won't let my blood pressure spike when I hit every red light between Richardson and I-26. I show Mr. Finger Puppet to little old ladies piloting great big land yachts in the fast lane at a stately 33 and a half miles per hour. I won't snarl every time my Beloved makes a suggestion, however so subtle, that maybe perching the car atop the rear bumper of the car in front of me might not be the most effective method of persuasion for him clearing the lane or failing that, achieving the speed limit.

2. I hereby resolve to remain firmly focused on being thankful. I am not living on the Isle of Palms— even though our recent tax bill made me wonder otherwise— but I am living in a decent neighborhood and do not want for much. Life ain't easy, but it's a lot easier for me than a lot of other folks, many of whom live right down the road from me.

3. I hereby resolve to be positive. Things don't just happen to you unless you let them. Get proactive and stay that way, and stick to the plan. Of course, as Adam West once said in a classic '60s camp Batman flick, "Some days you just can't get rid of a bomb."

But all that sort of goes back to resolution number one. Seems like everything does, when it comes right down to it.

So Happy New Year!

Really.

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