

The Good That Still Gets In

Casey Edwards | Voice With a Purpose

“I am allowed to let something be good before everything is okay.”

There can be a strange hesitation at the edge of a good moment.

Someone says something funny, and a laugh escapes before we have time to check on all the things that are still wrong. A song comes on. For a few minutes, we want to hear it all the way through. Then the mind returns with its clipboard.

Are we allowed to enjoy this? What about everything else?

As though pleasure needs to wait until every worry has been accounted for.

These are the words I want to carry into that hesitation: I am allowed to let something be good before everything is okay.

I want to give that sentence a little room. Enough room to sit with it without immediately asking whether I have earned it.

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THE GOOD THAT STILL GETS IN

Because there may still be an unanswered question. There may be pain that needs tending, a conversation that needs having, or a sadness that comes along wherever I go. I can care about those things and enjoy the song.

I do not have to stop it halfway through to prove that I remember.

There is something tender about allowing pleasure when life is unfinished. It asks us to receive a moment we cannot guarantee will last. Perhaps the afternoon will become difficult again. Perhaps tomorrow will ask more of us.

For now, the tea is warm. The person across from us is smiling. Something ordinary is worth lingering over.

I would like to linger.

How I Carry These Words

I want to begin with something small enough to enjoy without turning it into an assignment.

A favorite mug will do. So will a ridiculous conversation that wanders so far from where it began that nobody remembers the original point. There is a special kind of pleasure in laughing with someone who has also lost track.

I want to leave room for that person in me, too. The one with preferences. The one who is curious. The one who might choose a completely impractical shade of purple simply because she likes it.

She belongs in this life alongside the woman who knows how to keep going.

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And when something feels good, I want to let the sentence end there for a moment. This feels good. I can explain the complicated parts later, if I choose. Enjoyment does not obligate me to tell anyone that I am better.

Some days, even a small pleasure may feel far away. I want these words to be an invitation I can return to, with no attendance taken. There is no need to search a hard day for something cheerful to report.

But when something does reach me, I would like to welcome it. Let the laugh finish. Listen to the last verse. Stay at the table a little longer because the company is good.

The good that still gets in deserves a little of my attention.

One Quiet Question

What would you enjoy today if you did not have to explain how it fits beside everything that still hurts?

You can begin with something very small. You can also leave the question here until you are ready.

May a little pleasure find you without asking for a progress report. May you have time to enjoy it when it comes.

Until our next visit, I'll leave the porch light on.

With love,
Casey



A FEW WORDS TO KEEP CLOSE

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