

Enjoying the Simple Things in Life

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I'm in the Outer-Banks and Elizabeth City this week, two cool cities by the sea. Unfortunately, the weather, my schedule, and my list of things to get done didn't permit me to do much sightseeing. From what I've driven past though, there are some cool spots out here.

Yesterday I drove into old downtown Elizabeth City by the water and ate a neat little diner called the Capital Diner. It was straight out of the movies and had a nice old-timey feel to it. Each booth even had the standing coat hanger by it, and most of its patrons were an older crowd.

Looking at some of the patrons, I daydreamed about what their life stories could be. There was an older gentleman eating pie. He has been coming to the restaurant every day for the past 40 years. He probably orders the same thing every time. The waitresses didn't even have to ask what he wanted, she knew when she saw him come through the door. He was here when the diner had the only color TV in town, and folks would gather around to get the latest news and watch the big time football games. He was here before all the new housing developments sprung up in the surrounding area and before the city had its own university. He's seen the city through the end of World War II (when he would come in with his pops) and through the civil rights era from this very diner. He remembers when coffee was only 15 cents a cup and how it remained unchanged even when he returned from Nam. He remembers bringing his future wife here for the first time, and feeling like a million bucks with this girl. He continued coming here, even when the kids moved away to the big cities with all their ambitions and big plans. Even with all these new, fancy places that have opened, he remained loyal. Still sticking with the same pie and coffee.

Still enjoying the little things in life.

I looked down at my sandwich, took a bite, leaned back and relaxed.