



# WHEN A CITY GIRL *goes country*

By Annette Bridges

## The Grass is Always Greener

The grass is always greener. Whether it is or not, what's so bad about believing it so? I've often shared video clips on social media of our cows anxiously moving into a new pasture. My typical remark to my hubby was, "Our girls are ready for a change. I don't blame them. I enjoy a change of scenario from time to time myself."

I wrote the above a couple of months ago as a possible beginning for a new column. The words also were written before the spread of this novel coronavirus.

As I sat down to finish writing this piece, I realized what I was going to say had changed somewhat. Simply put, my perspective has changed. Indeed, this coronavirus pandemic has changed and continues to change how I view my world.

No doubt you are familiar with the entire proverb, the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. I'm guessing most cattle ranchers would say they have cows that believe this is true. We've all probably had that cow that sticks her head through the fence to graze grass on the other side.

One might reason and wonder why not eat the grass at your feet that's been fertilized instead of grass that may not have the same nutrients? One also could reason going for the grass almost out of reach was a testament of hope and determination to go for that impossible dream.

As I finish writing this column, we've all been hunkering down for weeks. Cabin fever may be setting



What is so bad in believing the grass might be greener on the other side of the fence? (Photo courtesy Annette Bridges)

in for some.

The rainy Texas winter and spring hasn't helped. I suspect I'm not the only one who had their trip to the Texas Hill Country for the spring bluebonnet wildflower season cancelled. My daughter reminds me I should be grateful to have hundreds of acres to stay home on since many Americans are confined to a small yard, and some don't even have that.

No matter where we all live, I guess many of us are gaining a new perspective about what matters most and what doesn't. Sometimes what we thought we couldn't live without, we have come to realize is not as important or necessary as we once believed.

I've always been the kind of gal

who welcomed change. In fact, I often initiate changes whether absolutely necessary or not. This has been a life-long instinct. My momma could have told you about the many times she would come home from work to find all the furniture in our house in a different spot.

I loved to move everything around and make changes just for the joy of it. I've always related to that cow that loved to eat the grass on the other side of the fence. Maybe she did it just because she could, and maybe that was the fun part.

At the onset of this pandemic, being encouraged or instructed to stay home as much as possible felt stifling and depressing. As the

weeks have gone by, I've started discovering a new appreciation for our home and ranch. I've noticed things I never paid any attention to before, appreciating their beauty and discovering their usefulness. I've become hyper aware of things I've taken for granted as well as ways I've been wasteful.

It may just be that "the grass is always greener on the other side" is getting a new meaning in the midst of this pandemic.

A new promise for when we get to the other side—the promise for a better, more humble, more satisfying life that comes from lessons learned, new insights and revelations gleaned and gratitude that helps us see what's there instead of what isn't. ☺