

Nice and good do not always have the same meaning

I have come to the conclusion after exhaustive research that nice is not the same as good.

We live in Florida's Friendliest Hometown. I know that because I read it on a sign. Skeptical at first, I have come to realize over the last six years that The Villages is a friendly place, a nice place and a good place to live. Nice and good can coexist, it seems. That is the best of both worlds.

There are not a lot of adults who were born in The Villages. They, or we, have mostly come from other places. We have brought the customs and beliefs of the places we have lived to our community, and that is most likely what makes it a good and nice place.

Nice people tend to smile, nod and be pleasant when engaging you in conversation when, say, you go to a new



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church or your first meeting of a club in which you are interested. That is what nice people do.

Good people, while they are talking to you, will tell you that you have spinach between your teeth, an open zipper or a bit of toilet paper attached to the bottom of your shoe. Good people are not afraid to speak up to save you embarrassment, while nice people may go to great lengths to avoid unpleasantness.

I once worked with a physician's assistant whose motto was, "do the right thing." It is

her belief that if you do the right thing, good things will follow. The right thing means sometimes admitting a mistake, or confessing to a fib. And that is good, even if it is temporarily uncomfortable for you.

Jerry and I had the pleasure of attending the monthly meeting of The Villages Amateur Radio Club two weeks ago. We met some nice people. We felt at ease, and when we let it be known that we were having some problems with Jerry's HAM rig, a gentleman named Don LeFavour offered assistance.

He did not have to do that. It was a nice thing to do. Don made arrangements with me to come to our house and troubleshoot what was up with the radio. He brought with him a crony named John, whose last name, regretfully, I did not get.

These two virtual strangers went out of their way to help us. In addition, they made sure to reinforce the invitation to attend the club's field day, which will be June 22-23 at the Sheriff's Annex at Morse Boulevard and County Road 466.

Had we not met these folks, Jerry's radio still would be sitting in the garage collecting spider webs. Thanks to some good and nice people, he will be back on the air, indulging a hobby which he loved for many years, now that he again has the time to do so.

I like to have a nice doctor, auto mechanic and minister. Pleasant is pleasant. If I had to choose, though, I would choose the good doctor, mechanic or minister over the nice one. A great bedside manner does not go that far when the diagnosis is wrong; a mechanic who gets me on

the road again as soon as he can to be nice can be beat by the mechanic who takes his time and makes sure my car is safe.

And the minister who tells me what I need to hear is doing good, while the one who merely shakes my hand now and then and thanks me for coming to church is nice. Of course, a combination of nice and good is preferable, but hey, this is not a perfect world.

I would like to thank The Villages Amateur Radio Club for welcoming myself and good old WIHDA to the club. And I would like to wish the rest of you a nice week. Or a good week. Or both. The choice is largely yours.

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