

# Live it: Filling the bucket list

“What is next on your bucket list?” my son asks me one evening, while we are sitting across from each other eating fudge pops.

Hmph, I think, I am not ready to have a bucket list. The phrase “bucket list” was popularized by the 2007 Morgan Freeman/Jack Nicholson movie by the same title, about two men who believe they’re dying, and set about to do all the things they haven’t yet done in their lives. In the movie, they are older than I am and so I just thought that was something one does later. Why does my son think I’m ready to have a bucket list?

Ah, yes. I have learned the “life lesson” answer to this question. I should live each day to its fullest. Do all the things I want to do, each and every day. I don’t know what the future holds. I know this to be true. Life hands out too many curve balls to hold onto any “I’ll get to it later” kind of response.

Yet, I’ve been thinking about all the things I do not want to do in my life. These are activities that I hear about, read about and watch other people do. And these are things I have on my Liza (“There’s a Hole in the Bucket”) List. Full disclosure follows:

Sky dive – I don’t ever want to feel my body hurtling through the atmosphere.

Be on a reality television show – I don’t want to dance, survive, sing, have a make-over or cook publicly.

Open a restaurant – it’s hard enough to feed a hungry football player in fall and then adapt to feeding the leaner hungry wrestler in winter.

Climb Mount Everest – hiking is one thing, but going where the air is thin, the crevasses deep and the risks perilous is quite another.

Run a marathon – I can barely run the 3.2 miles around Purgatory Creek to raise money for a nonprofit; the idea of running from St. Paul to Minneapolis seems simply unnatural.



PHOTO BY JODY RUSSELL  
**Filling buckets.**



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prairie  
rustlings

Okay, there. It’s done. My Liza List is written.

So back to that Bucket List ... and to my son finishing up his fudge bar, waiting for an answer. Yes, I do have a list of things I want to do. I want to learn Spanish and volunteer in Peru for part of a year. I want to teach my dog to fetch her leash if she wants a walk. I want to hike the same stretch of the Superior Hiking Trail in spring, summer, fall and then winter. I want to write eight more books. I want to raise thousands of dollars for cancer research. For starters, that is. I’m sure the list will grow as I begin to check these things off ...

Live it. Fill those buckets and live it.

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