



Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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As a young girl I faithfully read Dan Valentine's columns in the Salt Lake Tribune. I saved several and enjoyed them again later on. One thing he did every summer was to re-run a few columns because he needed a vacation.

This was not originally intention, but this summer has been filled to the brim with trips and activities and ATV's and grandkids and other relatives. All of which I am enormously grateful for. With these feelings of gratitude close at hand, I am going to share with you what proved to be my all-time most commented on column. This appeared seven years ago, and I have a couple of additional comments to make along the way.

Here it is:

With the approach of the Thanksgiving holiday, (We wish the weather was that cool!) a person tends to ponder over the things they have to be thankful for. One of the items on my list is being thankful to live in a small town.

What is so different about living in a small town? Here are just a few personal observations . . .

You know you live in a small town when it takes half an hour to buy a gallon of milk because you see so many friends to talk to.

You know you live in a small town when it is considered rush hour to wait at a stop sign for five cars to go by on Main Street.

You know you live in a small town when the bus driver calls your babysitter to make sure she is home before having your child get off the bus.

You know you live in a small town when you pass a motorized wheelchair on Main Street.



You know you live in a small town when you give directions to your house by saying, “It’s just south of the old Robison place.”

You know you live in a small town when you lived there for over 40 years and are still considered a “move in”.

You know you live in a small town when you see a double cab pickup with a long, enclosed trailer angle parked at the post office.

You know you live in a small town when you accidentally leave a favorite recipe at the grocery store and the clerk saves it for you because, “It looked like an important piece of purple paper.”

You know you live in a small town when the post office clerk hands you a few hundred dollars in large bills and asks you to go the bank and get change for her.

You know you live in a small town when you walk past your hairdresser’s shop and she comes out to see if you’d rather get your hair cut then instead of waiting until tomorrow.

You know you live in a small town when you have problems with a stray horse walking through your garden and are asked if it is male or female because it is not illegal for female horses to run loose.

You know you live in a small town when there are cars and trucks and chairs marking people’s spots for the upcoming Fourth of July Parade on Main Street three days before the parade, even an old couch that you saw a few days before outside D.I.

You know you live in a small town when you don’t worry about the kids yours are with because you know who the bad guys are.

You know you live in a small town when part of the entertainment on a windy day is watching shopping carts race across the parking lot at the grocery store.

You know you live in a small town when you live next door to a llama.

You know you live in a small town when you talk to the wrong number on the phone for five minutes because you know them too.

You know you live in a small town when the pests in your yard include not only grasshoppers and deer, but sometimes even pigs and cows.

You know you live in a small town when two of your neighbors don’t get along because one of their fathers stole water from the other one’s uncle sixty years ago.

You know you live in a small town when you get a bill in the mail for a gas skip.

You know you live in a small town when the mail delivery man pulls up to your car in the grocery store parking lot and tells you he has a letter for you in his dead letter file.

You know you live in a small town when you drive down the street and a man hails you down and says, “Your car is making a funny noise. Pop the hood and we’ll see what the problem is.”

You know you live in a small town when you can’t drive down Main Street without getting a wave from someone along the way.

You know you live in a small town when people on the street compliment you on the Face of Fillmore.