

Make the day special

This is one of those days, a day made special. What makes it special? Not much going on, other than a breakfast of pancakes, sausage and real maple syrup. My little family looks forward to this day all year. The pancakes are pretty ordinary. The sausage is usually top notch. The maple syrup is locally produced heaven in a bottle. In all of that, the day is just another day. But for my little family, this day is special. It has been special for many years.

I'm not sure what year it began, but our little town has a Maple Syrup Fest every spring. This was not the first maple syrup festival I went to, but it has been one that I've been to the most. Our local Maple Syrup Producers use this day to advertise their product, and share it with the community. An educational day, to see how the syrup is produced. Of course you get to taste the finished product in many forms. But really, once you've seen it a few times, you could give the tour yourself. Again, not much there to make it special is there? But for us the day is still special.

You may ask yourself why. I have many times. The answer is quite simple. We took an ordinary event and made it that way. We found a shared joy in family and friends. A simple task of sharing a meal of sticky sweet syrup, combined with a wagon ride to see a few maple trees. A choice was made to make this day a little different than the rest.

This day had its beginnings in the shadow of a slight bit of depression. It was a day to help someone get out of the "winter blues". One year, a choice was made to get out and enjoy an earlier spring day. And so, our yearly visit to a maple syrup festival was born. It became the thing to do in early spring. It continued, year after year, to be a source of fun for the entire family.

Other days were added to that list, not just in spring time, but all year round. Not just to combat a bit of the seasonal blues, although that was on the top of the list, but to enjoy family and the company of others. We make those days special.

This is very important in life. We go along day by day. We do the same things over and over again. We go to work or school, we come home after the day has ended and we wait to start all over the next day. How boring that would be if that was all we did. But our society made some special days. Most of us call them the weekend. Days outside of the ordinary. Days we look forward to. I also think we need to add extraordinary days. Something to anticipate. Something to hold in heart. Those days need to be shared. They can be shared with family or friends. They are days that lift the heart and the mind. We make them that way and those days find their way into our stories and shared experience.

Some of the special days were started and shared with just one person. Those days are no longer shared, but they still hold a comfortable place in my life. They were days we made together.

A very important life lesson was learned many years ago. Any day can be special. Any day can be held above the rest. We look for those days and hold them dear, because we made them. They are ours. Maybe this is part of seizing the day?

... To be continued...