Ten Things of Thankful: We lost an hour, but what did we gain

Where does that hour go? We always have questions about Daylight Savings Time here, and it's hard to explain. What happens to the time? And why do we throw our lives into this chaos twice a year?

Today, as everyone has been hungry and tired at the wrong times, I have been trying to look for the positives. So today seemed like a great day to come up with my own Ten Things of Thankful.



- 1. This morning at Mass one of the Eucharistic ministers fell as she was coming down the altar steps with a chalice. She was fine, but Jesus' blood spilled all over the floor. It was so amazing to watch the priest rush to her side to check on her, while managing to gesture to keep everyone back from the spill. Then he bowed so reverently and made sure the right cloths were used to clean the area. I explained to Daniel what had happened, and he was mesmerized. I have been thinking about it all day and how distressing it was to see Jesus' blood spilled.
- 2. Lately Daniel has been encouraging me to receive the Eucharist under both species. I usually just receive the host, but it seems to be important to him. And why shouldn't I do something different for Lent? "Mama, are you half-God now?" he whispered when we came back to the pew. We talked about Jesus being inside us, and how special receiving him in the bread and the wine is. We think we will teach our children our faith—and we do—but what a wonderful surprise it has been to see how they push me to grow in mine.
- 3. We made pumpkin muffins today and we had so much fun! Sometimes family baking projects can be challenging, but today it went really well. Our boys took turns measuring and pouring, and Leo read the recipe for us.



I am realizing how much they are growing. And they even ate the muffins afterward, which was a surprise. Leo put Old Bay on one of his.

4. Spring is coming! The birds are singing, the snow is melting, and we let some air into the house today. There is still plenty of snow around, but there is also grass! Real grass! In another

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5. Daniel and I went for our first neighborhood walk in ages, and on mostly clear sidewalks. On the way home he jumped in every puddle he saw—cold, icy, slush puddles. I shivered at each one, but I let him jump. "This is my story, Mama," he said. "I jump in puddles."

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He talked nonstop the whole walk, and I just listened. Then I put a very happy, wet little boy in the bathtub when we got home. I'll have to figure out how to dry out his shoes.

- 6. I can take a shower and feel confident the house will still be standing afterward. I'm not sure why this is still so astonishing to me, but I still remember not knowing how to shower when we arrived home from China as the new mother of a 2-year-old. I get such a thrill out of knowing our children are mature enough to make this possible.
- 7. I work for a family-friendly employer, something I can't be grateful enough for after (during?) this winter. I want to believe that the ice and snow is finished for the year, but Leo is still praying for more snow.

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8. My mother, sister, and I held a prayer gathering for a friend who is expecting her first baby. There were just four of us (well, and my niece, who was born in October). We said the rosary and had muffins and fruit and tea.

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I am so grateful to my sister-in-law who passed the idea along after she attended a blessing for a baby who was on the way. And I want to think of more reasons to gather and pray.

- 9. My husband insisted on doing the shoveling last week—and there was quite a bit. He is also working on our taxes. Did I mention that he does all the laundry, too?
- 10. This could be our first five-day school and work week in...well...forever. I don't want to say it aloud, so let's pretend I didn't. But we haven't started a week where that was even a possibility since...mid-December? I'm not even sure I remember how to pack a school lunch. But I'm delighted to try.

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