

The joy of snow days, when St. Anthony comes through, March Madness limericks, and other inspiration (7 Quick Takes)

~1~

The other day the boys and I were scrambling to get out the door, falling over ourselves, trying to remember the backpacks and the water bottles and the homework, and I was just hoping we would make it on time. Through all the chaos, Daniel smiled and said, “I can’t wait for today.”

I want to greet every day with that kind of joy.

~2~



Just when we thought winter was over, the snow arrived! And, I have to admit, I loved the surprise. There’s something wonderful about seeing nature step forward and show its stuff. This was a lovely snow, too, and it gave the boys two days off from school. Maybe they didn’t need two full days off, but the second day gave them more time to play

in the snow—and isn’t that what matters most?

Now let’s hope for good, strong sunshine so it will all melt away before we have to hide eggs for Easter Sunday. And...dare I say it...no more snow days until December or January.

~3~

If you read my post about Daniel’s First Communion Workshop, you might think that

it was all about the Rock, Paper, Scissors tournament. And that was definitely the highlight. But it was also wonderful because we learned and explored and our second grader had the chance to taste the unconsecrated hosts—but not the wine because a helpful friend had already warned him that it tasted terrible.

At one point Daniel and I were in church and the seminarian doing the presentation was explaining why there were candles on the altar.

“No amount of darkness can take light away,” he said. “Wherever Jesus is there is light.”

I loved that so much I wrote it down. That’s why I always try to have paper and a pen in my purse.

~4~

My husband lost his wedding ring the other day. We turned it over to St. Anthony, and then we looked everywhere. I called his parents to see if we had left it at their house. He went through all the trash and recyclables. No ring. Then just when we had given up and were talking about buying a replacement, I looked down and there it was on the floor next to our bed.



So we did what anyone would do: We went out to dinner. And when our food arrived, the man delivering it said, “Hi, my name is Anthony. I’m the manager here. If you need anything, just let me know.”

Of course his name was Anthony.

Then we ordered the tiramisu.

~5~



My mother-in-law's birthday is St. Patrick's Day, so we went to her house for a party. My brother-in-law and his wife had brought a painting activity. They brought a picture cut up into squares, and we were each given a square (or two or three) and then small canvases. Our job was to paint the image from the square onto the small canvas. If that

sounds easy, I wish you had been there. I think my image looks more like fried eggs than flowers, but I did try!

Painting is not something that comes easily to me, but it was fun to try. And it gave us something to do while we waited for the Bingo to start, which was the whole point of the event as far as our sons were concerned.

~6~

Have you read *Just Mercy* by Bryan Stevenson? I read it about a year ago during our employee book club, and it is one of the books that has really given me a new perspective on racism and justice in our country.



Bryan Stevenson came to speak at Loyola University Maryland this week, and he was just as interesting and inspiring as I hoped he would be.

Some of my favorite quotes:

"Sometimes we have got to position ourselves in difficult places."

"We have a criminal justice system that treats you better if you're rich and guilty than if you're poor and innocent."

"We have to understand that the essential ingredients of inequality and injustice are

fear and anger.”

“It’s only in proximity that we can begin to understand the things we need to understand to create justice.”

“Proximity means we do not just need to be present but to be loving.”

So much to think about.

~7~

I was thinking of starting a #MarchMadnessLimericks campaign on Twitter. We could all write limericks like this:

Chicago has wind and deep dish

And some Ramblers that know how to swish.

Then with their Sister Jean,

They’re a well-oiled machine.

Let’s hope they get their Tourney wish.

I am fairly sure no one will join in, especially this late in the tournament. But now that we’re down to the Elite Eight, there is so much potential for rhyme.

Read more quick takes at Kelly’s blog, This Ain’t the Lyceum, and have a wonderful weekend!