

CELEBRATE DANDELIONS AND CHERISH THE LITTLE THINGS!

Whatever happened to our affection for dandelions?

Remember the first time one showed up in your yard in early spring when you were a kid?

It was a moment of joy, wasn't it?

It was a moment you seized with every amount of energy you had!

You snatched that beautiful yellow blossom up with great care and rushed it straight into your mom, proclaiming with excitement, "I picked this for you!"

And being the loving, compassionate, mother she was, she glowed and responded, "Oh sweetie, that's beautiful!" Then the two of you would fill up a glass of water and display your treasure proudly on the kitchen table.

I stood in my front yard the other day, just minutes after mowing the grass, scowling at all the dandelions I had just mowed over. I was frustrated, irritated, and somewhat jealous. Most of my neighbors had nice green lawns with no dandelions. Mine had several.

As I contemplated the ways I would do away with them, the thought hit me: *It used to not be this way!*

I used to love these things, and now all I want to do is destroy them. When I was a kid, they brought a sense of freedom from the throes of winter. Now that I'm an adult, they bring a sense of frustration and mild embarrassment.

How is it that life becomes like that?



What we once celebrated as kids, we must now control and contain as adults. What we used to have no inhibitions over, we are now embarrassed by. Take dancing, for example—most of us adults would never walk down the street, through a store, or into our workplace dancing, right? But one of my daughters will dance nearly everywhere she goes. She has no inhibitions about doing such a thing. Within her is a spirit propelling her to move to the song she hears playing in the world around her.

Perhaps we should pay attention to that song as well? Perhaps we should throw caution to the wind and begin to dance a little more in our lives? Perhaps we've stood still and serious for too long?

I'm not suggesting that we ignore our responsibilities as adults. And I'm not suggesting that we refuse to grow up. Life just doesn't permit that kind of thing. We have to grow up and take responsibility at some point. We're mothers, fathers, spouses, friends, and employees, after all.

What I'm suggesting is this: stop and take a breath every now and then. Enjoy the life you've been given.

Don't trade silence for cell phone minutes.

Don't invest less in your kids so you can get a fraction of an inch further in your job.

Don't ignore the love of your life and allow a hobby to bring more fulfillment.

And by all means, don't get so bent out of shape when a dandelion appears in your yard. Take a moment to celebrate its arrival.

