

The Snow Day That Wasn't...

An excited four year old boy came bursting into the room.

"Hey Dad, it's going to snow in two days!"

I made a mental note to recheck the lock on the bathroom door. Obviously, it was no match for Parker. Then, sister barged on in.

"Snow, snow, white, white snow," she exclaimed with glee.

Somehow, the weather report had spread like wildfire through preschool. Apparently, the lock picking lectures were also well attended. Soon, a well coordinated snow dance was being performed all about the house.

"I am going to make a snow castle."

"Can we ride a sled, Daddy?"

"Frosty the Owe-man!"

Discussing the inherent inaccuracy of weather predicting was no use. We did our best to quell expectations, but our words fell on deaf ears. By Thursday night, the excitement was palpable.

Friday morning rolled around and I awoke to the usual, "Dada...Dada...wake."

I rolled from bed and peeked through the blinds...no snow. Maybe the kids forgot.

"Daddy...Daddy...snow?"

Or maybe not. I picked my princess up from bed to start the day. We went through our morning diaper change ritual and made our way to the living room. I swiftly put *Tinker Bell* on the TV and made breakfast. All was well. The snow was forgotten.

My son woke shortly after and raced to the window, just as Dad had done.

"Dad, where's the snow?"

The morning drug on and we finally started to see some flakes around nine. By ten o'clock the flakes were large and fluffy. There was an abundance of snow, but nothing stuck. Jackets, hoods, gloves, and galoshes were all on. The kids were ready. The snow was not. We traipsed around the outside of the house and found a bit of snow on the trampoline. Dad was disappointed.

Luckily, the kids were not. They didn't know any better, so they ran around trying to catch flakes in their mouths. They posed for pictures and acted like it was the coolest thing in the world, just to see frozen rain. A mud angel magically appeared. The amount didn't matter, they were happy with what they got.

All along, I was worried about the disappointment. Turns out, you can even have fun when it doesn't snow. You just have to appreciate what's right in front of you.

Until next week, keep smiling.

-Please send comments to Drs. Parrish at www.ParrishDental.com.

