

# Spring is here for Elise

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It's Spring . . . .

I can tell because I can no longer see out of my car window due to the heavy mud build-up. Each year this time, I think two thoughts simultaneously. One, I should really get the window washing liquid put in my car so my windshield wipers can move something other than muddy water around. Two, I should go home for a visit and avoid the mud completely.

This year, I have an added incentive to go home in May. My niece will be receiving her first Holy Communion and will be wearing the dress I wore many years ago at my first Holy Communion. My Mother, secret sentimentalist that she is, has saved that dress

through all these years.

I mention this because we have just finished celebrating the "WEEK OF THE SMALL CHILD." We so often forget that the special occasions of childhood create the special memories of adulthood.

As a grown-up, I will watch my niece on her special day, and remember my own and how wonderful my parents made it. Our whole family gathered for a celebration of love and good food. When she grows up, she will also have these special memories — memories of love and family, of grown-ups paying special attention to an important day in her life and going out of their way to celebrate it with her.

Every child should grow up with these memories. As adults we might find it difficult to

have the necessary enthusiasm to make time to go to a school play, or band recital or other activity, because we are so tired after a hard day at work. But look at your child and remember that to him or her you are the most important person in the world. Your love and approval comes above all else. He or she needs to know that the feeling is mutual. They need your admiration and approval as they take each small step towards adulthood. They need the praise and attention of their family to help them find their sense of self-worth.

And you need to be there for yourself — because your children will never be this small again. They will never need your love and approval so much. You will never be

so important to each other as you are now.

Make time to give your child these memories so that when he or she grows up, they will have learned how to give the same memories to their children. In this way love is passed from one generation to the next. In this way, your memory will live forever in the collective memory of your descendants. It's a small price to pay for an infinity of love.

'Til next month . . . .

