



Who cares what you look like? Dance anyway.

Just me and the dogs home on a Sunday. Pat Green, "Three Days" song is blaring loudly all throughout the house. I remember all of the words, even after all of this time. Puttering around about to have lunch with my mother-in-law. I am walking and then all of the sudden... I felt myself starting to dance around the house. You know, one of those, "I don't care" kind of dances that are so free and unscripted. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and I laughed. The dogs were looking at me like I was crazy. I just went with it. Who cares what the dogs think, anyway?!

Not a care in the world. Dancing and singing as loud as I could. For just a few moments, the song made me forget everything around me and I was transported to a different place and time. I was so carefree and happy and had so much FUN being goofy and joyous for a while. That is what music does. It makes memories. It brings back old ones, too. It transforms us. Gives us strength. It lifts us up. Music makes us sing long while we are reminded of those we love or once loved. It helps us through heartache and problems and celebrates victories with us.

At that moment earlier today, I remembered times of old and made a new memory for myself. I let go and it was SPECTACULAR.

What is YOUR song? Time to turn on the music, turn it up and be free.

Thank you so much for reading today. I hope that I made you smile and think a little bit. To