



A Note from Executive Director, Vicki Hickman

Like many of you, I love to travel! Typically, my vacations are spent in a warm, sometimes tropical location on the beach, or more recently on a cruise ship. I abhor snow and find it difficult to tolerate weather below 65 degrees. So, it came as a surprise to many people when I booked a trip to Park City, Utah, which is a ski resort town. If you have read my past articles, you know that I am rather clumsy. So, it is a reasonable and accurate assumption that I do not ski. My husband, Todd, daughter, Ashley, and son-in-law Brendon, are all excellent skiers. Ashley desperately wanted to ski (real slopes, not Perfect North) with her father. So, in November she planned this recent (non-refundable) 5-day trip to Park City. I agreed to go along and serve as babysitter to my grandson, Roman. One month later, Ashley learned she was pregnant and would be too far along to ski in February. Since the trip was non-refundable, we decided to go anyway.

Park City is a beautiful, scenic place to visit. It's in a quaint little touristy town, with lots of souvenir shops and restaurants. Ashley picked a lovely condo near the slopes where she, Roman, and I spent our days.

It snowed almost continuously, so my visions of walking through town, pushing Roman in his stroller while shopping and sipping lattes were thwarted. Instead, there were piles of snow and ice on the streets, sidewalks, crosswalks, etc., making it nearly impossible to walk with a stroller. Most of the restaurants do not allow anyone under 21 to enter; something Ashley never noticed before. With a baby in tow, this made it very difficult to find a place to eat close by.

The plane ride from CVG to Park City was a direct flight, but took roughly 4 hours, and we hadn't thought much about how we would handle a 13-month-old (who just started walking on his own) during those 4 hours. We chose not to purchase a seat for Roman, since he is under 2 years old and is permitted to sit on a lap. Since Ashley is pregnant and doesn't have much lap available, Brendon is over 6 feet tall and doesn't have a lot of room, and Todd doesn't have much patience, I was the default lap for Roman. We spent hours, playing with the Delta tv screen in front of us, looking out the window, playing patty-cake, with me singing several rounds of "Wheels on the Bus" and a teething Roman eating several packages of the free Delta Biscoff cookies (they are surprisingly delicious). Thankfully an hour-long nap (for both Roman and Todd) gave us a break!

During the trip, Ashley was experiencing "morning sickness" daily; and Todd caught Norovirus, leaving Brendon skiing alone the last day. Our days were spent taking care of Roman and working on a jigsaw puzzle while he was asleep. I loved spending time with Ashley and Roman. I especially enjoyed being an extra set of hands and getting up with him early (since I get up at 5am), allowing Ashley and Brendon to sleep in.

I'm quite sure this trip sounds boring, and indeed it was. However, I had a wonderful time and am so grateful for the opportunity to go on this trip. I was reminded of what is most important; and that I must be intentional in keeping trivial matters from taking my time so I can have time for the most valuable things, which are moments with my family. It brought to mind a story I heard long ago, though I didn't think too deeply about it at the time. It is "The Jar of Life and the Golf Balls". I looked it up when I returned and want to share it with you:

A professor once stood before his class with a large empty jar. He filled it with golf balls and asked the students if it was full. They agreed it was. Then, he poured pebbles into the jar, shaking it so they filled the spaces between the golf balls. Again, he asked if it was full, and they agreed. Next, he poured sand, which filled the remaining gaps. Finally, he poured in two cups of coffee, which seeped into the sand.

The professor explained: The golf balls represent the most important things—family, health, and loved ones. The pebbles are important but less critical things like work and possessions. The sand represents small, trivial matters.

"If you fill the jar with sand first, there's no room for the golf balls or pebbles," he said. "The same goes for life. If you spend all your time on the small stuff, you'll never have time for what truly matters—your family and loved ones."

One student then asked, "What about the coffee?" The professor smiled, "No matter how full your life seems, there's always time for a cup of coffee with someone you love."

-Vicki