

## Just Dance....

A couple years ago on a cold, icy, windy January (imagine that in Michigan) I was turning the corner at M-20 and Maple Street in Big Rapids. There on the sidewalk was a young man trying to fight his way home through the elements. At one point he lost his footing on the ice and began to fall. Catching himself he shifted quickly into a dance. It put an immediate grin on my face and as I watched him in my rearview mirror I saw that he continued down the sidewalk with a dance step. I love to dance, but I never would have thought of dancing at a moment like that. Actually I'm more certain that I would have ended up doing the splits which was something I couldn't do when I was twelve!

This young man reminded me of how life can be like a dance...if we choose it and that dancing is fun, can relax us, can keep us fit and can connect us to other people and can be used to turn a potentially bad situation into a positive. When you hear songs like the Chicken Dance, the Alligator, the Hokey-Pokey you can not... not dance. And when you're watching your grandmother, your teacher or the bank president do those dances....well, you can not... not laugh!

Another thing about dancing is that you can do just about anything and it can pass for dancing. You just need to be confident and move where your body takes you. With dances like the twist, the jerk, the swim, the pony, the bump (oh, am I showing my age) to well, whatever they call the dances today you have lots of dance options to choose from.

You can't really dance and be upset at anything. Once on the dance floor, your feet and hips start moving, arms start swinging and fingers start snapping, you start humming and all is good with the world. It all works together. Oh sure there are a few folks who would say it doesn't really work together, but on the dance floor it doesn't matter. Have you ever seen anyone dancing that didn't have a smile on his or her face?

So, I've noticed that since the holidays people are a bit uptight. I'm not sure if this is post-holiday syndrome (I'm sure there is some name for it), but dancing would be a good remedy. I'm thinking that before you head off to work you could kick your favorite music on (mine happens to be on the oldie channel) and just start cutting a rug, shaking a leg or your booty. Just two minutes worth of dancing. Enough time to get your heart rate up a bit, put a smile on your face and have your family and your dog wondering if you really have lost it this time!

Or once you get to work invite your co-workers over to your cubicle, your cash register, your grill .....turn on the tunes and do The Mash Potato,

The Macarena or the Waltz. Call it a team-building session, a collaborative effort, a brainstorming session. I'm most certain your boss will go for it! And if you are the boss...well, start your next meeting teaching everyone how to do the Hustle.

A couple years ago there was a great song by Leann Womack and part of it went like this.....I hope you still feel small when you stand beside the ocean. And whenever one door closes I hope one more opens. Promise me that you'll give faith a fighting chance. And when you get the choice to sit it out or dance. I hope you dance.

I do hope that you will choose to dance!!