

Halloween

1 Nov., 2021

Last night, I had fun.

We live in a compact tract of homes two and a half miles outside a small town in an otherwise very rural setting. Accordingly, the night saw large groups of costume-wrapped, hopeful children from miles around, since we're the largest single cluster of houses in the area.

I've always loved Halloween; truth told, this and Thanksgiving are my favorite holidays and always have been. But for twenty-five years in the house in which we raised our own kids, we hardly ever had many trick-or-treaters, thanks largely to our location on a quiet corner out of the neighborhood's natural travel paths. I blame my current girth, in part, on my inability to eschew (get the pun?) the mountains of remaining candy each morning after. And last year was pretty much a bust, thanks to the pandemic.

This night was different. Crowds of kids and parents. Costumes galore. Cuteness reigned. And I was delightfully surprised at the goodwill I experienced from children and parents alike. Polite thanks were the rule of the night, very few handful-grabbers and many, many teenagers taking charge of their younger siblings. Parents stood near and watchful and some even wore masks, although from the end of my driveway, they presented little risk of Covid transmission.

Even the fact that Halloween was paltry last year played to my joyful advantage this year, as I saw a double crop of first-timers among the toddler and pre-K contingent. Man, did I see a lot of wide eyes as I invited them to choose their own treats.

Lots going on in our world upon which I don't care to reflect. But for today, I am content.

Because, last night, I had fun.