

## TRANSCRIPT FOR PODCAST EPISODE 59-MINE YOUR MAGIC MOMENTS

I'm Jill Baughan, and you're listening to the podcast called Find Joy...No Matter What.

This is Episode 59.

If you're in a tough place right now, your joy may seem like it's hiding--or gone.

I understand. But it's still there, I promise, just waiting to be resurrected. And this podcast is designed to help you do just that...no matter what else is going on in your life.

For just a few minutes each week, I'll tell you a story--one that just might inspire a way to uncover a piece of joy you might be looking for. Then, we'll consider how it might speak to your life, because even though you'll hear quite a few of my stories during our time together, I believe you'll find your own in every one of mine.

Finally, I'll offer a benediction to send you into your day--or into your night.

So. If you're up for doing joy shots with a friend today...have a listen.

Magic moments are short, unplanned times of great delight.

That'll be our definition today, anyway.

You don't engineer them; they take you by surprise and fill you with joy--like accidentally finding an extraordinary treasure in the middle of an ordinary day (sometimes in a most unlikely place). They expand your vision beyond your current troubles, and transport you--not away into escape, but back in touch with your heart. The expansive part of your heart, not the breaking part.

Many of us spend significant amounts of time in pursuit of magic moments, because, let's face it, life can be tough, and we want to do all we can to squeeze a little enchantment out of it. But often our efforts don't quite do the job.

Not that planning magic moments is a bad thing; it's just that it tends to set you up for disappointment. You may relate to this:

A couple summers ago, our family thought it would be a blast to go to an amusement park one warm summer day.

Okay, it was a *hot* summer day. Blistering, suffocating hotness that rose like volcanic gas from the asphalt. In one of those happiest places on earth, where lines for rollercoasters were an hour long and people were actually passing out from the heat.

Exactly what were we thinking?

I'll tell you what we were thinking: we were (as was everyone else there) determined to make some magic, stifling temperatures and crowds or not.

During the day we witnessed a number of parents losing patience with crying children. One mom and dad--who otherwise appeared to be very nice people, by the way--angrily told their son that he had "ruined" their day by being so unhappy.

Finally, after a whinefest that lasted a little too long, the dad exploded, "That's it! You're grounded!"

The kid was *four*.

How the heck do you "ground" a four-year-old? Seems to me his whole life was already "grounded" by virtue of his preschool status.

Anyway, engineering magic moments is tricky business.

Just catching them, however, is a lot more...well, magical.

All it takes is a little watchfulness and a couple of open hands.

You've most likely had a bunch of magic moments in your life, and so have I.

Like the time in 2014 when my mom and I were celebrating her 97th birthday at the mall. (Yes, her 97th birthday. At the mall.) We were tooling our way to Macy's when I spotted a tempting sight: Santa, in all his rotund glory, was sitting on his throne, surrounded by wonder and elves. He was giving Mom the eye.

And when Santa gives you the eye, you *must* respond.

"Hey Mom!" I said. "It's your birthday! Let's go get your picture taken with Santa!"

Askance was how she looked at me, but I knew I had momentarily lured her into my brand of shamelessness. Of course, she had her picture taken. It was awesome--she was laughing so hard--a moment of pure joy, nothing else.

I had a Christmas ornament made for everyone in the family of that magic moment, and every year when I hang it on the tree, I smile and thank God for that magic moment, and a way to celebrate it over and over.

Then there was the end of a day a last year when I said to my husband, "Well, now I can die a happy woman." And all because of a fleeting opportunity to revisit a childhood memory and fulfill a dream.

A little backstory to explain:

I don't know exactly how old I was when I got my polio shot--5 maybe? But I do remember that I hated going to the doctor and, as far as I was concerned, any day that included a polio shot couldn't be but so good.

But after the trauma of that visit, we needed groceries. And when we turned in to the KROGER parking lot in Bluffton, Indiana, I caught sight of it with my delighted little eyes: the Oscar Mayer Wienermobile--redemption in all its shiny, wiener-y glory. My day was officially made.

Almost.

I wanted to go inside for a look around, but alas, we were not allowed. So after a superficial examination of that brilliant, ginormous Oscar Mayer ad, we left. (At least with my very own wiener whistle.)

Decades later, though, on an ordinary Saturday of running errands, what did catch my eye was a genuine modern day version of the same official Wienermobile.

Of course, we stopped, to investigate, and jumped in line because this time, not only were we allowed inside to explore, but we could participate in creative photo ops. And of course, we got our very own wiener whistles.

All in a KROGER parking lot.

Oh, the full circle-ness of it all.

So, so magical....

And then there was the time one summer when I had broken my leg, and my sister-in-law and I were at Sweetwater, a gigantic music store. She was pushing me in a wheelchair to preserve my energy when we rolled past a totally unexpected surprise--an enormous spiral slide that went from the second floor to the first. I spotted it, shouted, "Marge! Look!!" and we both knew what was happening next.

Who could resist?

It was a little tricky, but we figured it out: She pushed my chair into the elevator up to the second floor, then to the top of the slide. I got out of the chair, hopped to the top of the slide, set my hind parts in the "go" position. Then she ran with the chair to the elevator, and went to the first floor to the bottom of the slide. When she gave me the thumbs up, I pushed off and slid, broken leg in the air, all the way down.

(Of course, I got back in the chair and waited for her to run up the stairs and slide down. Then we did it all again several times. With all the rest of the children.)

Magical!

And then there was the time not long ago, we visited Glen Canyon in Arizona with friends on a little speedboat. All afternoon we explored canyon after canyon in the fingers off of Lake Powell. Mind you, this was an all-day trip in a canyon. Obviously, the "beaches" in the area were just small patches of uncivilized sand. Did I mention it was all day?

So you cannot imagine our elation as we motored up on this most impressive structure: the floating toilet.

And this wasn't just some Porta Potty, undulating precariously in the wake of a bunch of outboard motors. No, it was the Taj Mahal of latrines. We were so very excited to dock the boat (yes, there was a dock) and climb on over to this new adventure--a little bit rock and roll-y, but inasmuch as going to the bathroom can be fun, it really was...rather magical...

Now...about you...

You will probably find that, the more you practice looking for moments of magic (those short, unplanned times of great delight) the more frequently they will appear in your path, and you just might discover that your life is absolutely loaded with them.

Take a couple minutes and think about a few magic moments from your own life. Write them down in a special little notebook. Or find pictures of them. Frame them. What do they have in common? What do your magic moments reveal about you? About your heart for adventure? For new? For aliveness? For joy?

If you pay attention, they can teach you about what brings you delight

So we must live, not striving for these moments, but ready to accept them, to revel in them, be grateful for them. And when they are landing on us, take note somewhere, somehow--and let them live on as joy, in our hearts, in our minds, and in our picture frames. No matter what.

And so, my friend,

May you realize a magic moment is comin' at you...

And when it comes, may you have your hands open, always at the ready,

And may you live joyfully, knowing you are embracing sacred, holy magic moments as a gift from God Himself...

Thanks so much for joining me.

If you know people who need the eyes and the heart to embrace the unexpected delight that's surrounding them, no matter what, I invite you to share this podcast with them, and subscribe yourself on iTunes, or wherever you listen to

podcasts. Or you can go to my website at [jillbaughan.com](http://jillbaughan.com), click on a podcast episode and sign up to receive episodes in your inbox. Just don't miss a single one, because I so look forward to being with you again soon.

Mine your magic moments for all they're worth, my friends. And always, always remember, if you go looking for joy, you'll most likely find it.

Till next time...