

Day of the Dead Parade, 2008



Halloween was Friday and then the Day of the Dead was Sunday and we dressed up for it and walked in the parade, which began at the end of Higgins Ave. at 6pm. The girls (Jen and her book club group) practiced Michael Jackson's Thriller dance and did it in the parade. Kadin and I followed along and did it too, to a lesser extent. It was great fun. Getting dressed up with a painted face and playing the freak for an hour or two is good for the soul. There are times, like that night, where I know that there is no better place for me than Missoula, and that I am living the dream, which is so easy to forget.

There is the serious side of the Day of the Dead—remembering those who've gone before—and I think I've lost more than most my age: Dad, Papa, Gigi, Grandpa Barney. Cheers to the ancestors, and here's to remembering those we knew.



Kadin, Jen and I