

Corduroy Day

Last Friday evening I had the unique opportunity to sit down with my partner, Frank, and several friends (Aaron, Ryan, Ryan, Jayson and Richard) and toast a once-in-a-lifetime event . . . literally, an event that will never happen again for me unless I live to be 146.



It was 11/11/11. And at 11:11:11 p.m., I lifted my Zinfandel and clinked glasses with everyone to celebrate what—a birthday? An Aztec calendar event? The second coming?

Nope. It was—as NPR announced it—Corduroy Day. All those ones were lined up on the screens of our iPhones like the wales of a pair of corduroys. In binary terms, everything was on. And because of that, it seemed like a good reason to get together with friends.

Okay, just say it: what a bunch of dorks. Maybe. But the drinks were good, and the company even better.

I got to thinking about once-in-a-lifetime moments. We have many of them that we don't even think about. Birth and eventual death. Some religious ceremonies like first communion or bar mitzvahs. Falling in love for the first time.

How many times have you waited for your odometer to turn over to all-ones or all-fives? I know you've done it too.

Sports are full of these moments. Some are huge milestones like Jackie Robinson breaking the color barrier. Others seem like a big deal—like Roger Bannister breaking the four minute mile—until high school kids start doing it over and over (now it's more of a "first"). Still others seem like a once-in-a-lifetime event that may someday, sooner or later, happen again. Frank's father would probably assert that Northwestern will never return to the Rose Bowl—good thing you went in 1996, eh, dad? And what about events

like the "Miracle on Ice?" That combination of lowly amateur team beating Cold War juggernaut is probably a one time event, but certainly we'll see other versions of it.

I used to think that coming out was a once-in-a-lifetime event, but really it happens every time you meet a new person or move to a new city (Lyndsey wrote about that in her last post). The decision to come out happens once—the rest is really just acting on that decision. And bravo to David Testo for doing just that. Maybe the thousand or so e-mails that he received from supporters is a once-in-a-lifetime moment for him—and an affirming one I'm sure. For those of you

who want to read more coming out stories, GForce has links to a bunch of them.

In the spirit of blogging, I decided to Google "once in a lifetime" and see what came up. Among the ten first-page results were two event sites (life events that only happen once, like the passing of Haley's comet); two weather sites (epic snowstorms and such); one site that offered once-in-a-lifetime "make a wish" experiences to military personnel (<http://operationonceinalifetime.com/>); and five results for marriage planning sites—yes, 50% of the sites listed.

Really? That seems oddly ironic considering that barely 50% of marriages last an entire lifetime. I guess if you think of a wedding as a once-in-a-lifetime epic party, then maybe . . . no, no—get that soapbox away from me.

When is the next toast-worthy date on the calendar? New Year's Eve is a given, I guess. 12/12/12 occurs next year and falls on a Wednesday—perhaps a two-martini lunch at 12:12:12 p.m.? I also read about Pi Day on 3/14/15. I had a math teacher that used to joke about the formula for the area of a circle: (Pi) RSquared. He used to say "cornbread are squared; pie are round." Soooo, maybe dessert on Pi Day?

Maybe the most important thing to consider from all of this is a comment I read on another blog while doing this research: "Every moment of your life is a once-in-a-lifetime moment . . . so make every moment count." So, I'm going to continue toasting with my friends (for any reason that strikes me at the time), reading stories about freshly-out athletes and telling my partner that I love him every moment I can.

And on Pi Day? I think I'll have cake.