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Tradition is a sticky word. Some people love it and others resent it. I on the other hand admire the work and thought that goes into keeping a group together one day, every year.

Every Fourth of July my family goes up to our cabins for Family Olympics. The anxiety kicks in before you even arrive at the lake, you're waiting for your name to get called and maybe by the luck of the draw you will get on the stacked team.

Then the games began, wiffle ball chipping on a bean bag toss board, canoe racing, and a family kickball game are just the start.

"I am super grateful for my family, this is a time of year that we all get to come together and it is almost required to attend," I thought to myself.

My family is packed full of athletes: collegiate softball, soccer, and football players. There is not a lack of competitiveness between us. Sometimes we get a little too into the games, but no one takes it too personal because we know that it isn't about winning the events.

"My favorite thing that has happened so far was when



our family kickball game got cut short because we were all getting too competitive," I thought to myself.

Family olympics represents way more than the competitiveness that it brings out in us or what color bandana your team gets that year. It's about being together with family. Taking in every moment with them because it won't last forever.

