

Limelight America

by Michael Drew Shaw

Our radio show talks a lot about giving. Paying it forward like Kevin Spacey does in the movie of the same name. Toledo's Lois Mitten Rosenberry gives a lot as you will hear this week.

I'm writing a book called *Unsuspecting Friends* in which the main character is a tree. After my first draft a friend told me about Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree*. First published in 1964, the book has become one of his best known titles and an inspiration to me.

The Giving Tree is about a young boy and a tree in a forest. The tree always provides the boy with whatever he wants: branches to swing from, shade to sit under and apples to snack on.

The tree loves the boy very much and gives him anything he asks for. In the ultimate act of self-sacrifice, the tree lets the boy cut her down so he can build a boat, leaving only a stump.

Many years later, the boy, now an old man, returns and the tree says, "I have nothing left to give you." The old man replies that all he needs is a quiet place to sit and rest. The tree happily obliges.

In my book the tree is a he, a Sweet Gum that gets made into a picnic table. The people he meets are his *Unsuspecting Friends*.

I don't know why I like trees so much. It has something to do with that big old Elm in front of my childhood home on St. John Street. Spring is especially good for trees. Their buds pop as the days get longer, which is the perfect opportunity to give you Sweet Gum's thoughts on Daylight Savings Time.

Ben Franklin came up with Daylight Savings Time way back in 1784. Last night I stayed awake to watch it happen, but nothing happened. At exactly 2:00 a.m. I was looking up through the troposphere and the stratosphere and nothing happened. One full hour, sixty minutes, gone, poof, just like that!

Now I've been trying to figure this out for years and it still doesn't make any sense to me. At 2:00 a.m. on a designated day we lose an hour. Now if people turn their clocks back before they go to bed that's one thing, but if you're a picnic table like me just sitting out here under a bunch of atmospheric layers with no clock and no watch - and a sun dial wouldn't do any good - isn't something supposed to happen at 2:00 a.m.?

Doesn't it become 1:00 a.m.? And if it does shouldn't those of us with no clocks or watches or sundials or egg timers be able to see a full hour disappear? How could you miss that much time flying by?

*Now think about this. If you're on Eastern Standard Time, does 11:00 p.m. in California become 10:00 p.m. at 2:00 a.m. here? And that's just the half of it. It's not even Sunday in California at 2:00 a.m. here. Saturday night still has sixty minutes to go. What happens to **that** hour?*

And what would happen in California if Daylight Savings Time started at 3:00 a.m. instead of 2:00 a.m.? Things would be happening right at midnight at the exact same time that one day changes to the next.

It's all very confusing and I am very tired, thank you very much so goodnight. I wouldn't be surprised if it's Thursday when I wake up yesterday and it's not even Monday yet!

Listen to **Limelight America** on Fox Sports Radio 1230 WCWA, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday 5-6 pm and online at **www.limelightamerica.com**

You can email Michael at **mds@limelightamerica.com**