

# The Very Best Day

## A CHILDREN'S TALE

BY ANNE CAVANAUGH SAWAN  
ILLUSTRATED BY AUDREY ROBINSON

Mommy, tell me again about the very best day.

The day the social worker called and said you could adopt a baby, was that the best day ever?

Well, that was a wonderful day, full of wishes, dreams, and hope, but, no, it wasn't the best day ever.

The day you opened the mail and saw a picture of me for the first time, was that the best day?

That was without a doubt a truly marvelous day, full of happiness, excitement, and joy, but that was not the best day.

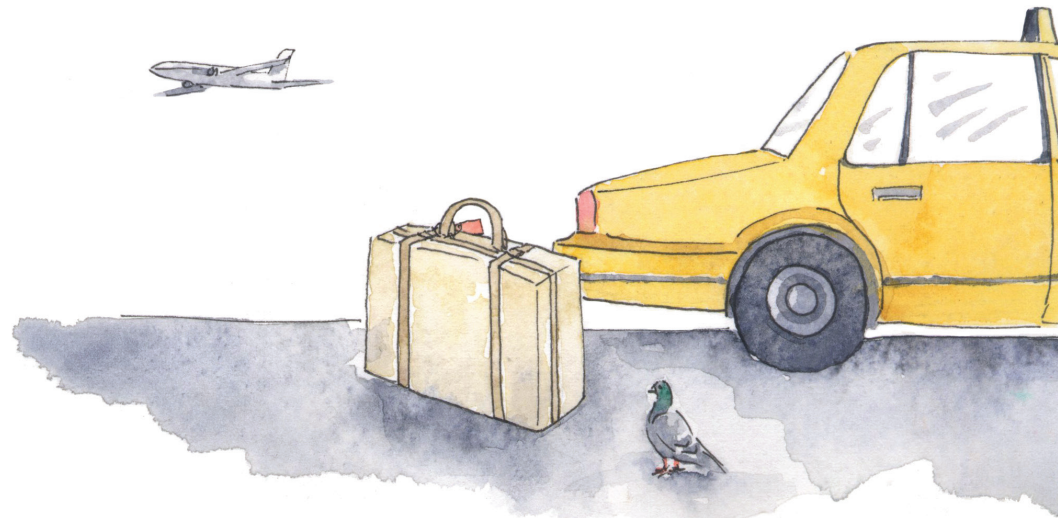
The day you went on the airplane to come and get me and bring me home—was that the best day?

That was an extraordinary day, full of luggage and taxis and lots of rushing around, but, no, that wasn't the best day ever.

How about the day you held me in your arms for the first time, was that the best day?

That day was so very close to being the best day. It was a miraculous day, full of love, wonder, and awe, but it was still not the best day.

The day you and me and Daddy all came home, and there were lots and lots of people at the house having a party, and a big painted sign, saying "Welcome Home," that spread across the whole front porch—was that the best day ever?



That day was utterly special, incredible, amazing, and fabulous! It was a day full of hugs and kisses, meetings and greetings, brothers and sisters, grandmothers and grandfathers, aunts and uncles, cousins, and friends, cakes and cameras and gifts, but still, *still* it was not the best day ever, because...

While all of those days were wonderful, marvelous, extraordinary, miraculous, special, incredible, amazing, and fabulous, the best day, *the absolute, very best day ever*, was the next day.

The sun came up, dogs barked, birds chirped, and you were there.

There were empty cups scattered about the house, and paper plates with crumbs of chocolate cake still stuck to them. There were scraps of wrapping paper and brightly covered ribbons covering the floor, and three clunky suitcases waiting to be unpacked in the corner. And you were there.

Daddy fed the dogs, got out the flour, cracked some eggs into a big bowl... and you were there.

I put on a pot of fresh coffee... and you were there.

Your brothers and sister came running downstairs, and suddenly there was laughter and yelling and sticky pancakes... and you were there.

The snow started to fall quietly outside... and you were there.

And what could have been just an ordinary day was suddenly wonderful, marvelous, extraordinary, miraculous, special, incredible, amazing, and fabulous... because you were there.

Now that, **THAT** was the very, very best day ever.

**ANNE CAVANAUGH SAWAN** is an author, a mother of five children, and a child psychologist. She and her husband adopted their youngest child, Eliza, from the Middle East, in 2007. On what inspired her to write *The Very Best Day*, her first children's book, Anne says, "Someone asked me what the best part of the experience had been, and I thought, 'The best part was just being home.' So I wrote it down."

