Florida Jar

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Florida Jar

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"After seeing the commercial for Disney world, my brother Kevin and I were convinced it was Heaven on Earth and we knew we had to get there. We weren't sure where it was, but it didn't really matter. We planned to raise enough money to take our family to Disney World, but it was all going to be a surprise. We would plan it ourselves."

Cover Page Footnote
After seeing the commercial for Disney world, my brother Kevin and I were convinced it was Heaven on Earth and we knew we had to get there. We weren't sure where it was, but it didn't really matter. We planned to raise enough money to take our family to Disney World, but it was all going to be a surprise. We would plan it ourselves.

"I found forty-eight cents today, Kevin. It was just sitting on the sidewalk."

"Yeah, I found fifty cents in the couch. Let's go put it in the jar."

The bottom of the jar was just about covered with silver and copper coins and there were a few green bills in there, gifts from mom and dad for good behavior or extra housework. We hid it in our closet so our parents couldn't find it. The front had a large picture of Mickey Mouse and the words FLORIDA JAR glued on it with letters cut from magazines. The back had $875 written in black marker as the commercial suggested this is the cost of entering utopia. We also made a chart broken down into twenty-dollar increments so we could mark our progress.

With the newly deposited dollar, the grand total rose to about twelve dollars. My second grade education told me we needed to save 863 more dollars if we were going to pay for the family trip. My brother and I heard our parents' conversations about how tight money was and we knew we had to do it all ourselves.

Two weeks before our projected trip time of Christmas, my brother and I only collected forty-five dollars and we didn't have nearly enough. We often thought about taking the money and buying toys, but we managed to stay focused on "Destination Disney World." However, even an eight-year-old and a five-year-old could figure it impossible to raise that much money in a short amount of time.

Christmas morning arrived and there weren't as many toys under the tree as there normally were. There was however, a big manila envelope that had MIKE and KEVIN printed perfectly on the front. I opened it after all my presents as my mother politely demanded. Inside it read BOYS, GOOD WORK ON THE JAR. I MADE A DONATION FOR YOU.

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I ran upstairs as fast as I could and my bewildered little brother was right behind. Inside the jar was 875 dollars mostly in crisp 100 dollar-bills. A note on top read, HAVE A GREAT TIME AT DISNEY!

Last Christmas when I came home my mother had her own jar set up. MERCEDES JAR read the front with $40,000 written on the back. I laughed for a minute, as I hadn't thought of my Florida Jar in years. I threw a dollar in her dream jar and thanked her for funding our childhood dream, but more importantly our lives.