

I Will Do it Crasturday

by Dennis Payton Knight

Without a doubt, my favorite day of the week is Crasturday. Not recognized on any written calendar, Julian, Gregorian or otherwise, it nevertheless exists on mine. Its name comes from the Latin word for tomorrow, *Crastinus*, which is also the root of the word for my own personal favorite pastime, procrastination.

Crasturday comes every week of the year, with an extra one in leap years, but its place on my calendar is peculiar because it is always the day after that which I am living in. I fill all my Crasturdays with lofty plans. I have taken many a piano lesson on a Crasturday, built fences, painted fences, plumbed bathrooms, decoded Sanskrit, studied Spanish, French, German, Japanese and Navajo. Crasturday is when I do the New York Times Sunday crossword puzzle. Crasturday is when I practice my spelling and study world geography. Crasturday is when I catch up on my filing and practice my marksmanship. I have read Shakespeare, written songs, coined phrases, skydived, waxed my moustache and balanced my budget on Crasturday.

It is, without a doubt, the most productive day of my week. Novels get read and new ones written, sentences diagramed, rhymes rhymed, bills paid, closets organized, windows washed, lawns mowed, dandelions purged, leaves raked, shirts ironed, weights lifted, and pushups pushed up.

Crasturdays are endowed with special characteristics. The hour hand rotates around the clock not twice but fourteen times on Crasturday, giving me 168 hours to check everything off my list, and enough time in between to clean the refrigerator, defrost the freezer and cook and consume all the parsnips, turnips, kale, quinoa and brussels sprouts waiting in the vegetable bin, then reheat and eat the leftover beets and boiled carrots, do the dishes and take a nap.

Unlike Sunday through Saturday, on Crasturday I can suspend time when I need to. If I need another five minutes, it is granted on my thought command. If I want time to be over, whatever task I am tiring of will be rescheduled to some future Crasturday. Automatically. Or if I'd rather a job just be behind me, so it shall be. It will be checked off my list and I shall never think of it again.

I have joined choirs and barbershop quartets on a Crasturday, square danced, line danced, jigged, polkaed, yodeled and joined the Optimists. I have updated my little black book, learned the harmonica, cleaned the oven, rearranged the furniture, let out my pants, bathed the dog, detailed the car, and replaced the mainspring on my Timex. I have designed mansions and outhouses, studied astronomy, sculpted my own versions of David and of The Thinker, all with pants, of course, repainted Whistler's Mother, reconstructed the Ten Commandments, read *War and Peace* and written to Congress.

Crasturday is every man's answer to the old admonishment, do not put off until tomorrow that which you can do today. Tomorrow may never come, but Crasturday always does.