I love milk. I love cows because they produce milk. I love 'Got Milk?' commercials because they remind me of milk. Yes, it is true: I am obsessed with a beverage. But I certainly have my reasons.

I maintain one of the busiest lifestyles of anyone I have ever met. I thrive under pressure, with adrenaline flowing, and under these circumstances, I am able to structure time so that everything happens in an orderly and convenient manner. Even though my life is moving so quickly and changing so drastically as I grow older, a few minutes for a nice glass of milk every day are all I need to be rejuvenated. I make sure that I maintain a healthy lifestyle, no matter how hectic life may seem.

I can track my entire life through milk. My liquid love has been with me since Day One. Of course I do not remember this, but I began my life by drinking milk from my mother as an infant, growing progressively stronger each day with her milk as my only means of survival. As a toddler, I remember that my best friend, Bart, absolutely hated milk -- the smell, the taste, and even the thought of it. For one horrible week, much to my mother’s dismay, I insisted that I, like Bart, never wanted to drink milk again. One morning, however, even though Bart and I were both supposed to hate milk, I woke up and eagerly drank the fabulous fluid from my sippy cup because it was what I wanted to do. At the tender (and stubborn) age of three, milk played a part in my epiphany that I did indeed have a mind of my own, a realization that has stayed with me through all my life’s endeavors.

Through my years in elementary school, I stuck to a daily lunchtime routine that included a carton of milk, naturally. I vividly recall sipping milk through little white straws in the spaces between my teeth after a visit from the Tooth Fairy. Those lunches were followed by the liveliest of recesses. Between recess, dance, soccer, and softball, I never did suffer a broken bone, which only further supports my claim that milk has actually helped me avoid disaster in life. I consider it imperative that I am able to tap into the child within me as I make my way down the road to adulthood.

I am not an all-out milk fan, I will admit. I scoff at chocolate and strawberry- flavored milk, my only defense being the adage that if something ain’t broke, don’t fix it. I prefer one-percent white milk over skim or whole. Sure, I like my milk in one specific way in all its pristine glory. In every other aspect of my life, I am a completely creative person, from my ideas in class, to my paper writing, to my performances on stage, to the games I create impromptu with the children I babysit. Milk is a consistency in my busy world, which I think is something that everyone deserves.

I remember, when hearing of the outbreak of Mad Cow Disease in America, thinking that my beloved milk would be affected. I was relieved when I did my research and discovered that it only affected the country’s supply of meat products. On a more touching note, I passed on my love of milk to my baby brother, Jared. We adopted him when I was nine, and I remember the joy of moving him on from baby formula to real milk; holding this tiny person in my arms, knowing that I would never love anyone else in the whole world quite as much, the milk and me keeping him content, making him happy. My family is the single most important thing in my life. If milk can remind me of moments with my parents and brother, then I love it even more.

All in all, I will not get osteoporosis when I am old. I will continue my streak of trips to the dentist without cavities. I will drink milk for good luck on my wedding day. I will love milk for my whole life, not only because it keeps me healthy, but also because it is that little bit of “same” that I truly appreciate when my diverse activities seem like they are taking their toll. Milk brings me back to the best moments in my life, and I believe that my future can only benefit from reflecting on my past. So to answer my favorite ad campaign’s question of whether I have “Got Milk?”: You bet.

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